

THE

ROCHESTER GEM,

AND

LADIES' AMULET:

DEVOTED TO

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

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

VOLUME ELEVENTH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SHEPARD & STRONG.

1839.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

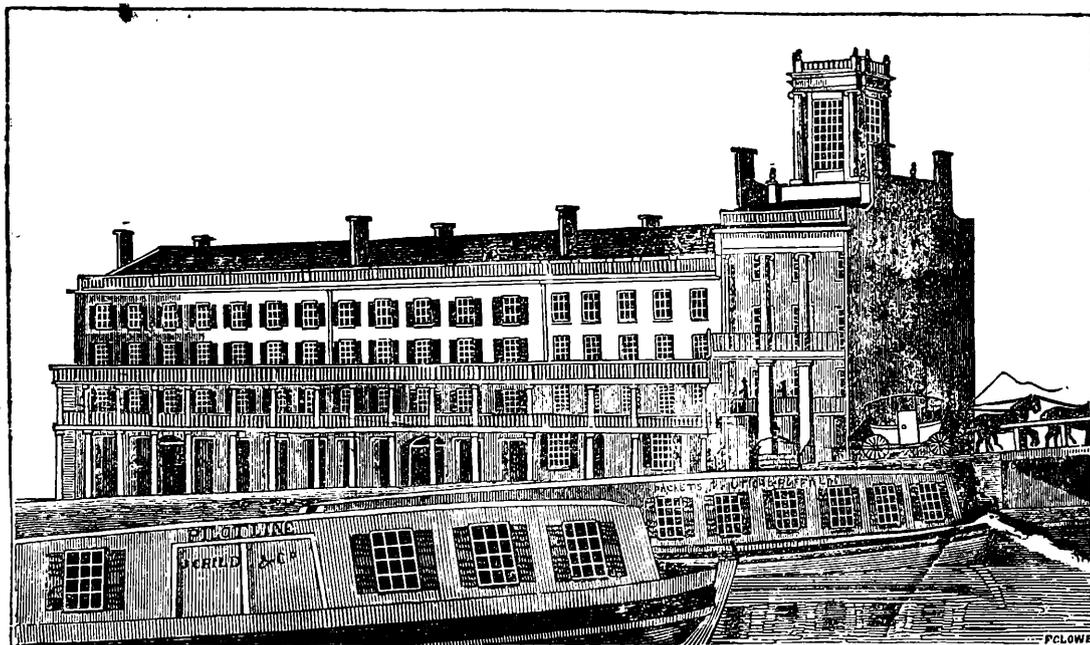
\$1.00 per Annum.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1899.

No. 1.



THE ROCHESTER HOUSE.

Kept by CHARLES MORTON, in Exchange-Street, south of and adjoining the Erie Canal, at the west end of the great Aqueduct. Built chiefly of stone, with a wing on Spring-Street.

The BANK OF WESTERN NEW YORK at present transact their business in a pleasant suit of rooms in the south end of this spacious building.

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Gem.

FROM A YOUNG RAMBLER'S JOURNAL. SKETCHES OF WESTERN SCENERY, CHARACTER AND INCIDENT.

Look now abroad—another race has filled These populous borders—wide the wood recedes. And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are til'd; The land is full of harvests and green meads, Streams, numberless, that many a fountain feeds, Shine, disembowled, and give to sun and breeze Their virgin waters; the full region leads New colonies forth; that toward the western seas Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.—
W. C. BRYANT.

The mighty Mississippi—who can describe it? There is something about it that appears to the beholder peculiarly sublime, and yet he can scarcely tell wherein that grandeur consists. Some writers have thrown out the idea, that this well-known river is simply *beautiful*—thus detracting from its true character. Instead of being a smooth stream gliding gently along the plain, the great 'Father of Rivers,' below its confluence with the Missouri, is a turbid, furious mass of waters sweeping with majestic grandeur, along a line of many hundred miles, through a picturesque valley to the Gulf of Mexico. Its thousand graceful curves, countless isolated islands, and innumerable bayous, tend to add sublimity to the scene.

True it is, the Mississippi does not present to the eye the same kind of variegated scenery of the lordly Hudson, nor the lovely aspect of the charming *La Belle Riviere*;^{*} yet it can justly boast of its rich plantations of snow-white Cotton, and luxuriant fields of low land golden

^{*}The name given to the *Ohio* by the early French adventurers

Rice. Occasionally, too, is seen below Natchez a most productive crop of riband Sugar Cane. Indeed, to view this great valley—this terrestrial paradise, you would not wonder at the computation which has been made by some political economist, that the unnumbered millions of Europe could find ample room and subsistence on the banks of the Mississippi alone. This estimate is thought not to be too extravagant—the inexhaustible fertility of the soil warranting the conclusion.

The country bordering on this noble stream, has the fascinating appearance of fairy land,—through which once roamed myriads of rude, unfettered natives; the recurrence of which thought gives a tinge of wildest romance to the lofty forest that overhangs its banks. While traversing the great valley of the Mississippi, particularly the lower part, the tourist cannot resist the reflection, that he is in a region of chivalry, where once the steel-clad warriors of Fernando de Soto shook their glittering lances in savage defiance.

Nor need the traveller revert to a period so remote to find topics suitable for instructive meditation. In the astonishing rapid prosperity of the West, he can view an example unparalleled in the growth of nations. Like the prophet's gourd, it has emphatically attained its gigantic greatness in a single night. In effecting this mighty revolution, the hardy pioneers of the West encountered perils and endured sufferings, the bare thought of which is enough to cause the hearts of common men to shrink in utter dismay. Not so with the Boones and the Shelys, the Scotts and the Hardins, the Clarks

and the Seviere, the Tiptons and the Putnams, and a host of other distinguished worthies. Though the rude blasts of the wintery storm played fearfully around their frail cabins, and the unkenneled savages "let slip the dogs of war," still they heeded them not. Though they often experienced alike the pinchings of hunger and the afflictions of disease, every new obstacle only served to incite them to renewed exertions, and to nerve them more strongly for battling against opposition in every form. The unvarnished story of their hardships almost staggers belief. Under all these adverse circumstances, however, they prospered beyond a precedent.

Years rolled on. Their implacable enemies buried under the olive tree of peace the bloody tomahawk, and once more brightened the golden chain of friendship, which had been but too long neglected. Since that auspicious period, never has a country flourished more rapidly; never has a people been more signally blessed. In the onward march of civilization, settlements and counties, states and territories have been augmented as if by some magic influence. Legislators have been not a little puzzled to invent new names for the cities, towns and villages, in such quick succession have they sprung into being. How wonderful the "transition from gloom to glory."

If, in the limited space of three score years, the West has emerged from an untrodden wilderness to a populous and opulent country, teeming with the 'thousand and one' conveniences and luxuries of life, what may we not expect during the ensuing century? It is now but the

bud of hope—the germ of future promise; it nevertheless requires no prophetic vision to foresee that it is destined to become the bulwark of the Republic—the strong arm of a mighty nation. He who loves his country with a patriot's devotion, will view the rising destinies of the Mississippi Valley with pride unspeakable, and a hope full of certain fruition. In the beautiful language of one of our most gifted fellow-countrymen, when I reflect that the now prosperous West was, fifty years ago, a wilderness roamed by savages, I seem to realize a living picture of the progress which learning and civilization are making in this remarkable country, whose race is swifter than thought, and outruns anticipation.*

This is but a brief and partial representation of the extensive valley of the Far West. Before dropping the subject, it will not be entirely uninteresting to glance at some of the more prominent traits in the character of those adventurous pioneers who so fearlessly penetrated the remote western forests. In whatever light we view them, our admiration will be excited, our wonder increased—admiration for the unconquerable perseverance they evinced in the prosecution of their Herculean enterprise; and wonder in view of the miraculous result of that feeble effort, upon which a kind Providence so graciously smiled. Ambition is thought to lessen the plumes of the warrior's brow. To acquire laurels of fame, however, was not the object of the hazardous exploits performed by the gallant spirits who opened the way to the settlement of the richest valley in the known world they were actuated by nobler motives—they fought in defence of their hearth-stones, their kindred, their wives, and their little ones.—Fearless of every threatened danger, they rushed to the rescue of their captive daughters, and inflicted dire vengeance on the savage abductors. The crimsoned battle-field, the panther's midnight howl, or the Indian's thrilling war-whoop, were alike terrorless to the daring backwoodsmen of the wilderness west. They struggled, they bled, they conquered; and upon the altar of gratitude ought sacrifices to be offered by unnumbered thousands

Enjoying the freedom secured by their toil.

Think you this gallant band complained of their country's ingratitude? Well might they have done it; but the same generous feelings that prompted them to forsake the comforts of civilized life, to prepare an inhospitable wild for the reception of future millions, also enabled them to bear without a murmur their country's cold neglect. They were men of iron nerve, and would sooner suffer than complain. Though a Daniel Boone has been honorably mentioned even by BYRON, the Prince of modern Poets, and has found a faithful biographer in the person of our talented native writer TIMOTHY FLINT; yet others equally meritorious have been comparatively forgotten. Admitting for a moment, that while living their war-beaten brows were encircled with laurel-wreaths, still that fact would have been but a poor satisfaction for the penury and want of their declining years.—Fame has ever proved but a miserable remedy for the sufferings of poverty. Nor is this all.—The old age of this ill-treated band was, in many instances, imbittered with the melancholy reflection, that the lives of their beloved bosom-partners and their own tender offspring, murdered by savage hands, were not spared them to smooth their pathway to the tomb; but no! such heavenly consolations were not reserved for the

Manuscript letter of Paulding.

care-worn veterans. They had been the destined instruments of settling a wilderness country, whose happy citizens now suffered them to pine away in woe and obscurity. Alas! but too many of them were striking examples of the ingratitude of Republics—the victims of disappointment!

One by one they have been gathered to their fathers. Almost literally exact is the sentiment contained in the single line—

'Their ashes flew, no marble tells us whither.'

But of one thing we are confident: *their works do follow them.* As long as our free institutions are perpetuated, so long will the memories of the pioneers be cherished with grateful remembrance. Much of their merit rests on their individual perils, and still more on the moral grandeur of their enterprise; the glorious consequences of which could not by them have been foreseen. Even now we love, in Fancy's eye, to follow these departed backwoodsmen in their adventurous career of usefulness; to view them in their forest-homes, their sanguinary border wars, and in the tented field. On scenes like these our memories love to linger. But when we look at the other side of the picture, our hearts are pained; we cannot brook the idea that men so deserving should have been left unrewarded; the wants of their helpless old age unheeded, unrelieved. Such, however, is the ingratitude of this busy, selfish, unfeeling world!

L. C. D.

Alexander, N. Y.

Written for the Gem.

THE CEMETERY OF MOUNT HOPE.

BY A RECENT MEMBER OF THE FEMALE SEMINARY.

Mount Hope! How impressive is the hour when from thy summit we watch the fading glow of the western sky, and by its mellow light trace the forest boundary of the landscape, and in dim prospect see the vast Ontario, like a deep blue cloud resting upon the verge of the horizon! The spreading fields and scattered groves look as if fresh from their Creator's hand. Clustered dwellings and rising spires mark here and there a village in its quiet beauty. The peaceful Genesee flows in graceful windings around thy base as if to guard thy sacred precincts from unhallowed intrusion, while at intervals the opening foliage reveals its silver wave.

Yonder in the distance, where the dim mist hangs like a curtain, rises an infant city with its towering edifices and heaven-directed spires. The chiming of its bells and the hum of business fall softened on the ear amid these shades. From every diverging path may be seen the graceful coach, the laborious wagon and the pedestrian approaching this consecrated spot—one common interest directs their course. Thy winding paths, and deep ravines, and sweet lawns, carpeted with bright flowers, are replete with beauty. At sunset's tranquil hour, how varied the throngs which assemble here! The grave, the accomplished, the lover of nature, the frivolous, the gay, here meet—some to admire thy beauties, some to learn lessons of wisdom from thy instruction, others to forget amid the giddy mazes of pleasure thy mute but touching eloquence.

Imagination loves to dwell upon the scenes these dells and glades have witnessed. Had they the power of utterance, they would tell us that nature gave the opening buds their hues, and the bright flowers that dress these gentle slopes their coloring, when there was no eye to admire but her own; and, that the feathered songster's notes were sweeter still when thou wast the free bird's unmolested home. In these

dark glens the timid fawn has found a safe retreat from his fleet pursuer, and from those gushing streams the bounding deer has drunk his evening draught. Thou couldst tell of the Indian's home, endeared to him by a thousand associations;—here has he marked the changing seasons, sought his game, watched the approaching storm, and in the deep thunder as it reverberated among these hills heard the Great Spirit's voice. On that open space the council fire has burned, around which the swarthy Chiefs sat in solemn state and spoke of dire revenge. How fearfully has the war-whoop awoken thy sleeping echoes as the painted warrior rushed to the battle and crimsoned thy soil with human blood! Here, too, have the defenceless found an asylum, and from these heights watched the movements of their insidious enemy. Here have wounded Chieftains been borne to die, whose quivering lips, unused to Mercy's sweet accents, called for vengeance on their foes. When victory has smiled upon the warriors, here has the sacrifice been offered, and shouts have rent the midnight air as savage men held the terrific war-dance around the writhing victim at the stake.

"Seasons went and came;" but in their rapid flight witnessed sad changes, leaving thee each succeeding year more desolate. The sacrifice was no longer a nation's offering, the council fires no longer burned. Few and sad were those who performed the sacred rites. There, was no longer the Indian's quiet home, but the distant shades were his last retreat from the strange invader. As in his lone wanderings he saw the wigwam forsaken, the hunting grounds laid bare, and the white man's dwelling reared by his father's grave; he turned from the painful scene, and his compressed lip and stern brow told the agony within. He sat him down by his hut, but heeded not his wife's tender sympathy or his children's soothing caresses. He felt that his nation's glory had departed, and he longed to die. Like the majestic oak which the tempest could not uproot, but which was scathed by the red bolt of heaven, he was the wreck of former greatness. He was a living monument of a nation's wrong. Perchance at some lone hour, mooring his light canoe in yonder graceful stream, he leaves it at thy base, Mount Hope, and ascends thy summit to view the spreading forest beneath thy feet, and mark the changes which the white man had wrought. How sad is that eagle eye as he gazes on this world of mystery and change, and as he, the last of his race, takes an eternal farewell of these scenes of his youth and of the graves of his fathers!

And now desolation succeeds, and silence reigns around. The deer starts at the breaking of the twig beneath his feet, for the fear of the white man has extended to him, and he too flies. The winter's snow lies untrodden, until the warm breezes of spring melt the glittering cover; but they revive no hearts here. Summers bring their fruits and flowers, and autumns tinge with rainbow hues thy primeval forests: still all is silence save the dismal hootings of the owl or the wild bird's tremulous note.

Time in its rapid flight brings civilization to these rude wilds. Another race has usurped the red man's home, and yon crowded city demands a resting place for its dead. This is the chosen spot; and seems not Nature to have intended this for man's last repose, when at Creation's morn she heaved thy undulating surface and circled thy borders by yonder stream? Now the boundaries are traced which shall mark the graves of a household. The aged come to view their final resting place, expect-

ing that soon the flowers which now bloom in beauty at their feet shall wave o'er their silent graves. Though the thoughts of death pass quickly from the minds of those who in the hilarity of youth assemble here, yet they too shall repose beneath these quiet shades. Here shall rest the father, whose prayer for his loved ones' welfare has so oft ascended from the domestic altar; and the mother, "whose smile is scarcely, felt in its constancy, until it is withdrawn." Here too shall the fair infant's form be laid, and the mother's heart will overflow with grief as the earth hides it from her sight, and the father's saddened countenance will show that his fond hopes are blighted. When disease shall have wasted the form of her whose smile cheers the domestic circle and whose voice soothes her infant to its slumbers, when that smile shall be sealed upon the countenance and that voice hushed in death, when that loved form shall be brought here to rest beneath these oaks' dark shadows, the stricken husband will here resort and show his prattling boy, his mother's grave; and when he tells him of that bright world to which she has gone, his young soul will kindle as he kneels and prays to meet her there.

These paths which the lovers of nature now tread will be the same when the sorrowing orphan shall follow with slow step their windings to her parent's tomb, and shall feel with fresh bitterness that her affections have no other home. Here will the great, the good, the aged and the young, the frivolous and the vicious, alike return to dust. Those about whose path faith sheds a bright halo, and those who walked in the gloom of moral darkness shall slumber side by side. The dust of the oppressors and the oppressed shall here commingle. Silence, deep profound silence, shall reign in "the house of the dead," save when the words of Inspiration—"dust to dust" shall break upon the ear. The rustling of the wind and the fall of the autumnal leaves will only mock the solemn stillness.

Towering monuments will mark the resting place of the great, but no voice will come from the silence of the tomb to tell for what distinguished. Here shall filial piety rear the sculptured marble o'er the revered relics of a parent, and the graceful willow's drooping boughs shall give evidence that a parent's enduring love has marked the place where youth and genius repose. The white rose shall scatter its spotless leaves on the grave of innocence. And the simple stone will tell of her who was arrested in her bloom, whom consumption had marked for its own, as the "sunbeam marks some pure snow wreath on the mountain's brow, yet spares and tinges long with rosy light."

When the Archangel's trump shall shake the earth and the slumbering dust shall obey its mighty summons, Mount Hope, thou shalt heave with life, and rising multitudes tell how thickly thou wast peopled. "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." With blissful exultation they shall rise, who with holy zeal spent strength and life in the service of God: Crowns of glory now await these. Those who turned many to righteousness shall come forth, shining as the stars in the firmament. The youthful who in life chose wisdom's ways, ascend glorified, and all who loved the Lord on earth will mount on cherubs' wings with ten thousand times ten thousand glittering ones before the throne of Jehovah. Now distinction, which long slumbered in the dust, shall again be known, for "some shall awake to everlasting life, and some a shame and everlasting contempt." Then

shall arise with shrieks of despair those who in life dashed the cup of salvation from their lips. Fearful is their doom. They sink to the regions of woe, whilst in the distance they hear the redeemed singing as they sweep their golden lyres—"Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Hallowed be thou, then, Mount Hope, sweet chosen resting place of the dead! What thrilling associations cluster around thy cool shades, and quiet dales, and lonely hills! Imagination loves to linger with thee; her wing never tires in thy bowers. Mount Hope, thou hast received a Christian baptism. The gospel which has brought life and immortality to light alone could have so sweetly named thee. Thou art in truth a type of heavenly rest. Thy bright summit reminds us of that mount which needs not the light of the sun, for "the Lord God and the Lamb are light thereof;" thy shadowing trees, of that tree of life "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations;" thy fountains, of those living waters of which those who drink shall never thirst; and yon stream which laves thy base, of the river of life which flows from the throne of God. Mount Hope, thou emblem of happy rest, be thou the place for hallowed converse and heavenly contemplation, until the last trump shall wake thy slumbering dead.

Written for the Cem.

PUBLIC WALKS.

MR. DAWSON—I have for a long time had it in contemplation, and finally decided, to address you for publication, some remarks on the subject of *Public Walks and Places for Exercise* in the city of Rochester. If you think proper to insert them, they are at your service.

Shakspeare manifested much knowledge of the universal desire for such conveniences and ornaments, when he represents Marc Antony as urging the Roman people to avenge their Dictator's death, because

"he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves."

From the report of a committee appointed by the English Parliament in 1833, "to consider the best means of securing open spaces in the vicinity of populous towns, as public walks, &c.," the following just sentiments are extracted:—

"It cannot be necessary to point out how requisite some public walks or open spaces in the neighborhood of large towns must be, to those who consider the occupations of the working classes who dwell there, confined as they are during the week-days as mechanics and manufacturers, and often shut up in heated factories. It must be evident that it is of the first importance to their health on their day of rest to enjoy the fresh air, and to be able (exempt from the dust and dirt of public thoroughfares) to walk out in decent comfort with their families. If deprived of any such resource, it is probable that their only escape from the narrow courts and alleys (in which so many of the humble classes reside) will be those drinking shops, where, in short lived excitement, they may forget their toil, but where they waste the means of their families, and too often destroy their health."

These representations I conceive to be as applicable on this, as on the other side of the Atlantic. Our territory, moreover, is not overloaded with population; and the expense would comparatively be small, of providing such places of resort. In this vicinity, at least, the necessary reservations and improvements should not be withheld on the plea of inability from this cause, when the more populous cities of the east have so far surpassed us in these manifestations of taste and public spirit. Boston has its Mall, &c., and New-York its Battery and

Parks, where the value of real estate greatly exceeds the nominal average here. And it is a truth, that New-Haven, which La Fayette considered the most beautiful city in our Union, is indebted for its attractions, wholly to its rural appearance produced by the hand of art.

And if it be true, as I think it is, that the recreations, which such places furnish opportunities to the public for enjoying, do indeed allure from vice in any of its modifications, especially should a republic, based as it is upon the virtues of the people, be pre-eminently celebrated for such provisions.

We have in the limits of this city, places for five public squares—Brown and Caledonia on the west, and Franklin, Washington and Manhattan on the east side of the river. Are any of these, I ask, fitted at present for public promenades? Yet, the numbers that visit the Pinnacle and Mt. Hope Cemetery, distant as they are, sufficiently manifest the partiality of our citizens in this respect, were proper opportunities afforded for indulgence.

A thought here suggests itself, respecting the insulated condition of Rochester. It is, emphatically, all city or wilderness; and beyond the limits of its population, after running the gauntlet through the environs, we are surrounded, with but few exceptions, by objects of too little interest to repay the troubles encountered on the way.

As such places should manifestly be public, they must be prepared at the expense of the city. Whether present operations, or past expenditures would permit appropriations, would become an inquiry should this subject be deemed worthy of consideration. H.

Rochester, December 24, 1838.

A package of papers passed through the Post Office, in Binghamton, last week, bearing the following musical inscription:

"To the Forks of Chenango I am bound, Uncle Sam:
Let me ride in your Mail Bag; I'll go as I am.
When I get to Broome county, you shall have, I engage,
Three cents, if you claim it, of Elvira Page."

Written for the Cem.

THE REQUEST.—The following lines have a local interest which can scarcely be appreciated by the general reader. The *Chariton Burial Ground*, is a fit emblem of "the dark valley of the shadow of death;" and I once remarked casually, that I never wanted to be buried in it. On recovering from my late dangerous illness and delirium, a lady told me, that the subject had been talked over among my friends, and that, in the event of my death, Judge L—, would have had me placed in his own family Burial Ground, at Hackberry Grove.

The thing affected me much, and suggested

THE REQUEST.

Oh, bury me, not as if fated
To lie in that desolate spot,
Where the Night shade and Henbane are mated,
And the rank weeds of Chariton rot;
Where strangers unheeded are lying,
And none ever mention their name;
Where naught but the night-wind is sighing
'Mid the leaves of the Papaw for them.

But bury me, as they intended,
'Mid the shades of the Hackberry Grove,
Where the song of the Whippoorwill's blended
With the notes of the lone turtle Dove;
Where the wild roses bloom without number,
And the earth ever smiles in her tears,
As the bright sun awakes from his slumber,
And the dew on the green sward appears.

Yes, bury me, there where the lone one
May rest with the dead, if he must,
And be gathered to them as their own one,
And mingle his dust with their dust;
When the ties of our nature are riven—
All the ties of affection and blood,
Still one faith, and one hope, and one heaven,
Shall unite all the children of God.

Chariton, Mo., May, 1838.

BLUM.

*Written for the Gem.***HENRY BROUGHAM.**

NUMBER ONE.

Greatness is best seen, and most admired at a distance. Familiarity, or contiguity, destroys the reverence and admiration, which every one inherently exercises, towards that which is truly great. A great man is rarely prized by his contemporaries, or regarded as elevated above their own level. We hence hear a continued sentimental sighing for the degeneracy of our own times—a wish for the existence of some such mighty spirit as his, whose deeds and renown may be blazoned on the page of history. The conqueror of Europe was in his day, the object of a newspaper squib! Shrouded in the dim mist or the uncertain twilight of time and distance, the hero is seen only in his loftiest proportions. The same phenomenon in the physical world, which causes a dwarf to seem a giant, by the refraction of the rays of light, applies with even more force to our mental optics. And morally considered too, how wide the difference between the living great, and the entombed hero, whom a nation mourns. In his grave are buried all those passions of envy, jealousy, pride and hatred, which would cause men "to pluck an angel down." This spirit and this influence are not peculiar to this age or country. It is the growth of centuries—it has abounded in all lands.

Since the world was, or at least since mind began to conflict with mind, there has ever been some lofty soul, which over-looking the barriers, that bounded the age in which he lived, has advanced beyond his time, and has drawn a nation, or mayhap a world in his footsteps. Such men shine for a time, as single, lone stars in the firmament of human existence, till they become lost in a clustering galaxy of genius, or become the centre—the sun of some mighty system.—And then is there seen, some new and resplendent luminary.

Such a *one* is now living in this age, in the prime of his manhood, in the vigor of his intellect; in the full blaze of his commanding genius. To him, the lowly born, ennobled senators listen and applaud; to him, is allotted a proud station in the empire of mind; kings have courted his smile, and a nation has hung upon his accents, and the sentences which sparkled like fire from his glowing pen. He has lived in a mighty revolution—but he was not born of that revolution—it was born of him! He is in the world of modern science and political philosophy, what Martin Luther was in the great reformation, not its creature, but its author and mover—not the puppet, who dances on his allotted wire, but the master spirit which controls its actions. He may be assimilated to Luther in his intrepidity, energy and zeal—in his bold and commanding search into causes and effects. Hence he stands independent; he has not been forced to resort to despicable intrigue; to court the favor of those whom he may have despised; to sacrifice his principles; or to stoop to unworthy means to "ride the whirlwind and the tempest" of revolution.—Neither is he a philosophical empiric, for his fame lies not in the success or the plausibility of some new and startling theory. He has broached no theory but has contented himself with arraying before England, mighty and resistless facts, in the stern and simple language of truth.

True it was, that he proclaimed that "the school-master is abroad," and elevated him with his "primer" above the warrior in the full array of military panoply. But he spake of that

which had been;—of that which was. Unlike Bentham, he coined no popular saying, and "making it the corner stone of a system, built upon it high tomes of dreamy philosophy. It will thus be seen that HENRY BROUGHAM stands in solitary magnificence. The shadow of his name has fallen upon the universe. He owes his rise and fortunes to none but himself.—Wealth has not exalted him,—proud ancestry has not ennobled him, for he was prouder as a Commoner of England, than as Lord Chancellor of Great Britain; and high deeds of martial renown have not paved his way to greatness and to power. He had but one aid, one solitary dependence. *It was his own genius.*

Henry Brougham is a native of Scotland, as alleged by the biographer Chalmers, although of English parentage, and is now about fifty-nine years of age. His education was at Edinburgh, the modern Athens, and hence the bias of his mind; and the doctrines in morals, in politics and political economy, which he has espoused and defends, are of that school. No abstract theories are there allowed to consume the ardor of genius, and exhaust the spirit of enquiry, but the mind is brought at once to grasp realities, and the scholar is taught to live in the world as an actor in its busy scenes, and not as a spectator of life's gorgeous drama. Such is the mind; such the character of Brougham.—He seizes with giant power his subject, and speculates not upon the hidden properties, but at once lays open its secret springs, its several parts, and minor details. Brougham was educated for the bar, and commenced his career upon the scene of his birth. Of that career, how various are the opinions! It were a vain task for the trans-atlantic biographer, to attempt to decide upon its merits. He lives but in the lifeless pages of a volume, or a newspaper, and yet even from that uncertain chronicle, he breathes life and intellect. Perhaps the inexhaustible stores of legal lore have not been mastered: perhaps his memory has not been burdened, with references to cases, and pages, and volumes, but the great principles of that science have received fresh light and vigor from his profound scrutiny. He has applied his analytical powers, his close reasonings, his varied stores of learning to beautify and illustrate its time-honored maxims. If extensive practice in the higher courts; if constant claims upon his professional services bespeak his standing at the highest bar of Scotland, Brougham can claim even that character. But his mastery skill as an advocate, who will challenge or deny? It comes to us across the broad ocean, still glowing with vivid freshness and strength. It lives on the pages of history; it enlivens the records of jurisprudence; it stands up the admiration of a nation, whose honor, and whose sovereign's honor he sought to preserve untainted. When liberty of opinion or of the press was to be advocated and protected; when the rights and liberties of his countrymen were to be vindicated, his voice rang like a trumpet peal. If the progress of free principles needed a champion Brougham stood forth, and neither fear nor favour, nor reward, could restrain his patriotic zeal or sway his manly integrity.

But it is as the intrepid, the skilful, the able, the talented counsel of the persecuted and unfortunate Caroline of England, on her famous trial before the House of Lords, that he is best known. He confronted his king and was not abashed; he was forfeiting court favor, and he was careless of the sacrifice. He threw himself upon the honor, the justice, the right feeling of the English nation, and it bore him

through the struggle unharmed. When suddenly restricted in the grounds of his defence; when it was by a technical decision narrowed to a single point, he displayed resources, and powers of mind, which none but Brougham could have possessed. As an orator, in its usual acceptation, perhaps he did not excel. No nicely mouthed delivery claimed consideration; no elegantly turned sentences drew forth admiration or wonder. But his style was like the man—*unique*. His sentences were short, terse and pointed—his delivery full of fire, energy and passion. When the most extraordinary incidents of that most extraordinary trial were over; when corruption, perjury and malice had been unmasked, and held up to the light of day, and the full blaze of scorn and indignation, by his ingenious sifting examination, his unwearied diligence and perseverance, and something which was more than mere tact, and had been treated with all his powers of keen sarcasm, ready wit, and indignant eloquence, he concluded his labors with a speech, which occupied two days in the delivery, and which will ever rank among the grandest displays of forensic genius and talent. He closed amidst profound silence, the most brilliant speech, which ever awakened the echoes of St. Stephens, with an appeal which struck home to the hearts, the consciences, and the better feelings of those who heard it. The Queen triumphed over her persecutors—over that unmanly persecutor, at once her king, her husband, and the father of her child, whom his contemporaries have celebrated as "the first gentleman in Europe!" And Brougham triumphed—and from that day, he has led the heart of that people, almost captive at his will.

It was during the period of Brougham's practice at the Scottish bar, that in conjunction with Francis Jeffrey—himself a host—and Francis Horner, he established that novelty in the republic of letters—the Edinburgh Review; a magazine whose fame has spread abroad, wherever the English language is known, and which for a long time held such a pre-eminent rank in the literary world—a terror to luckless authors; the reformer of the abuses of the "grey goosequill;" the unsparing censor of men and things which squared not with its ideas of moral, social, political and critical rectitude. To the columns of this periodical, Brougham became a steady and valuable contributor, and now, at this day, when he has attained the fullness of his fame, his articles may be recognized by those peculiarities, which distinguish the character of the writer, by their depth of scholarship, by their keen satire, and their fearless independence. Of his character as an author, and the style of his productions, we shall have more to say hereafter.

It was while a contributor to this Review, that he wrote that notice of Lord Byron's early poems, (usually attributed to his associate, Jeffrey,) alike shrewd, penetrating, sneering, and savage, and which drew from the noble poet, that fierce retort, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It was one of the instances in which Brougham did not triumph. It roused the energies of Byron, and secured him then, and to all succeeding time, victory and pre-eminence; and it softened the asperities of the Review towards him, and future victims.

My next number will point to another, and not less brilliant feature in the history of this remarkable man. If in writing this, or the succeeding numbers, the praises of the writer may seem somewhat unsparing, he has only to observe, that he is one who regards him as one of the greatest lights of modern ages, and a model

for imitation, and he would fain wish, that he could as readily catch the glow of his genius, and the inspiration of his mighty mind, as he can assume the name of

HENRY BROUGHAM.

From the Lady's Book.

ELISSA, OR THE PRESENTIMENT AT THE WELL.

BY O. HOLDEN, ESQ.

It has been often enough said to have been tested, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The brief story we are now to relate, is a true incident of American life, without the least coloring of incident; and not a few among the readers of the *Lady's Book* will recognize its original, at once.

Elissa Waldron was the only daughter of an honest and intelligent farmer, who resided a few miles from one of our largest cities. Their humble but neat cottage stood a little distance from the avenue leading out of the metropolis; and though the small farm of Mr. Waldron did not indicate wealth, it was admired by all who rode out to partake of the sweetness of the country, for the universal indication of thrift and industry that every where prevailed. Mr. Waldron was marked by the excellent qualities which form a good and an admired citizen, and the partner of his life was equally the pride of the rural neighborhood in which they dwelt. They had, by a life of industry and economy, placed themselves above want, though they never could be called rich. It was their constant care to inculcate correct principles in their only daughter. "If," said Mr. Waldron one day to Elissa, "you learn to be above the world, by knowing how to provide for yourself by your own hands, independence, my girl, will be your inheritance." It was in pursuance of this early implanted principle of self-reliance, we suppose, that induced Elissa to go to the city, when in her teens, in the capacity of domestic service. She lived in the family of an old friend of her father's for about two years, more like a daughter than a servant, for Mrs. Underwood was a good lady, and Elissa filled a large place in her heart.—She was ever so attentive, intelligent, and affectionate in the relation in which she occupied.

The estate of Mr. Underwood was situated a little distance from the dense portion of the city. In a large garden which was the pleasure of his home hours, he had a well for the double purpose of supplying the family with water, and sprinkling nutriment to the rare exotics of his hot-houses. Elissa went out one day, as she often did, to draw a pail of water. Mrs. Underwood was passing in a distant part of the garden, and saw that Elissa was standing gazing in the well for some time, with an almost vacant stare. Her curiosity was excited, and walking towards the well, in a gentle tone she asked, "Why, Elissa, what do you see in the well?"

"Nothing, madame, only I am never going to draw any more water in this garden."

"What do you mean, Elissa, have I not treated you kindly?"

"Most tenderly, like a sister, madame, but I have had a presentiment since I looked into this well, and I am to see better days."

"Elissa, if I did not know you well, I should think you crazy."

"Oh, no, I'm not crazy, but I am to see better days—I've had a presentiment."

And nothing could persuade her to the contrary. That very day she had her trunk packed accompanied by many a little present from the Underwoods, and took stage for the rural home of her childhood. Not a word, however, did she utter to her parents of her presentiment, for she well knew that they would laugh much at her for indulging such a fancy. She kept it to herself; but so strong an impression had it made upon her feelings, that she never abandoned the thought, scarcely in her waking or sleeping moments.

CHAPTER II.

The reader will recollect we have mentioned that the cottage of Mr. Waldron was situated but a little distance from the great avenue leading from the metropolis. Multitudes of carriages in the sweet scented season of summer drove out that way that their inmates might inhale the odours of the flowers and the fields. It was not long after the return of Elissa, that one day a gentleman's carriage was literally broken to atoms, by his horses having taken fright, and

he was thrown out opposite the cottage of Mr. Waldron, having one of his hips dislocated, his left arm broken, and being otherwise so badly injured as to remain for a long time in a state of insensibility, after he had been conveyed into the cottage of Mr. Waldron. The physician positively forbade his removal to his own home in the city; and Elissa and her kind-hearted mother struggled to outdo each other in attentive nursing of their accidental patient. By their unremitting kindness, and the best skill of his surgeon, he was restored after a month or two so far as to be in a condition to remove in his carriage without risk to his life; but before leaving the place where his very existence had been preserved, he made a very liberal present to the mother, to reward the constant toils of herself and Elissa towards him.

The family merely learned the name of the gentleman, and that he was very rich; and as they had done their duty to him, and he had begged to be permitted most liberally to reward Mrs. Waldron, they expected in parting with him on the morning of his removal that he would never again be seen by them.

CHAPTER III.

It was well nigh one year from the time we have recorded the departure of the gentleman, that a carriage drove up to the Waldron cottage, and the footman announced the name of him who had been detained there by his wounds.—The family were glad to receive him, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Waldron gave him a most cordial welcome, so gratified were they to find he had been almost entirely restored to health. Elissa had to run to her room to re-adjust her toilet, when she heard a carriage approaching the court yard.

"Where is Elissa?" asked Mr. Middleton, for that was the name of the gentleman.

"She will be here soon," quickly replied Mrs. Waldron.

"I trust she is well," added Mr. Middleton.

"She is, sir, and has often said she would be most happy to hear how you were after leaving our house."

"I am glad of that, madam, for I this day visit you under very different feelings from those with which I was thrown upon your kindness and hospitality. I have come to ask the hand of your Elissa in marriage, if her love is not plighted to another."

"Sir," said Mr. Waldron, indignantly, "would you insult us after we did all we could to save your life?"

"Not for the world, Mr. Waldron. I am a gentleman of honor, and of fortune. I am somewhat older than your daughter, but if you will but give me your permission; I will at once offer her my hand and heart."

"I know not what to think or what to say," replied Mr. Waldron; "but Elissa is of humble birth; and, though she is a dear child to us, she has none of the fine qualifications for a rich man's lady, and I dare not think you serious. If you are not honorable in your—"

"Pray, Mr. Waldron; give yourself no uneasiness on that account. I have not ventured to visit you to-day without preparation, and here, sir, is a letter from your old and intimate friend Granville, which, I trust, will satisfy you as to what right I have as a man of honor, to make proposals of marriage to Elissa."

We need only add that the testimony was satisfactory; and that in a few weeks afterwards, Elissa was Mrs. Middleton, fulfilling, as she will have it, (though it always raises a smile on her husband's lips,) the presentiment which she experienced when she was drawing water from the well, in the garden of the Underwoods.

In a little over a year and a half from that incident, she drove to the residence of Mrs. Underwood. The servants rang at the door, but as she alighted from her carriage, her girlish feelings came over her, and she walked into the back parlor without ceremony. Mrs. Underwood soon entered and passed the compliments of the morning with much embarrassment, not being able to recollect the face of the lady who had honored her with a call, which she finally had to confess. "Why, not recollect Elissa—well, I suppose I am in disguise, for the presentiment has been fulfilled, and my husband awaits in the carriage to be introduced to my former mistress."

Mrs. Underwood is now one of the most intimate visitants at the Middletons', and the latter form one of the most wealthy, respectable and deservedly esteemed families in the London of America.

THE RICH MAN'S-DAUGHTERS.

BY A LADY.

It is often said that the times are strangely altered; and certain it is that the people are. It was thought honorable to labor, to be constantly engaged in some active and useful avocation—but now-a-days, it is thought honorable to be idle. There is much complaint of the high price of every necessary of human existence, and with much truth. But if the amount of idleness could be calculated with mathematical accuracy throughout our extended Republic, allowing the drones only half-price for services they might perform, which others are now paid for—it might not be an unsafe calculation to put it down at the whole amount now paid for provisions and marketing in the United States. It is not a little inconsistent to hear parents whine about the price of provisions, while they bring up their daughters to walk the streets, and expend money.

In one of our large commercial cities, there resides a gentleman worth from two to three millions of dollars. He had three daughters, and he required them alternately to go into the kitchen and superintend its domestic concerns. Health and happiness, he said, were thus promoted—besides he could not say, in the vicissitude of fortune, that they might not ere they should close their earthly career, be compelled to rely upon their hands for a livelihood; and he could say that they never could become good wives and the proper heads of a family, until they knew with practical experience all the economy of the household affairs. One of these daughters is now the lady of a governor of one of the states—all are at the head of very respectable families—and carry out the principles implanted by their worthy parent, winning and securing the esteem of all around them.

Let the fair daughters of our country draw lessons from the industrious matrons of the past. The companions of the men inured to hardships and accustomed to unceasing toil—and so did they educate their daughters. Health, contentment, happiness, and plenty smiled around the family altar. The damsel who understood most thoroughly and economically the management of domestic manners, and who was not afraid to put hands into the wash tub, for fear of destroying the elasticity and dimming their snowy whiteness, was sought by the prudent young men of those days as fit companions for life—but now-a-days, to learn the mysteries of the household would make our fair ones faint away, and to labor comes not in the code of modern gentility.—*Saturday Courier.*

A MORAL FOR MAIDS.

With anxious look through all the grove she passed,
And with a crooked stick returned at last.

Major Noah says, "I never look at an old maid without thinking of the lesson that was read to a young one in one of the Southern states. The story, as I heard it ran thus:

A very pretty, a very proud heiress had a good many suitors, and was so long making up her mind which to have, that some of them gave up the chase. She was waiting for the chance of an offer from some one wealthier than any that wooed her. The meanwhile, she was becoming *passé*. Her Uncle, a shrewd man of the world, spoke to her one day, remonstrating against her folly in not accepting some of the suitors. She laughed and said there was full time enough and that a better offer would yet come. "Very well" said her uncle, enough is said on the subject. Go into the canebrake; and cut me the best cane you can get. But, mind, you must not turn your back to cut one." The young lady smiled at the oddness of this stipulation, and proceeded to execute his behest.

She entered the canebrake, and was met by her uncle at the other end. She handed him a stunted shabby cane. "This," said he, "is a sorry cane. Were there none better to be found?" "There were plenty," said she, "I saw many fine canes at first, but I did not cut one then, because to say the truth, I hoped that as I went on, I might see better ones. But they got worse as I went on, and at last I was obliged to take this, rather than bring none." Her uncle replied "This is exactly your own case. You refuse good offers now, in the vague hope of having better. Life is like the canebrake. You will not find better offers as you advance—just as you did not find better canes—and at last you may be compelled to put up with a middling one, or take none at all." What reply the lady made is not recorded but she married before she was a month older.—*N. Y. Star.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1839.

THE ALBANY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

From an occasional correspondent, dated

ALBANY, Jan. 7th, 1839.

The Albany Medical College commenced its first Course last Wednesday evening, with an Introductory Lecture, by Dr. REES, of New-York.

The College edifice is located on "Capitol Hill," a short distance from the capitol; and its architectural beauty, and the elegance and convenience of its internal arrangements, are unsurpassed by any other medical institution in the State. The Anatomical and Geological Museum, is already very extensive, and contains several thousand specimens; among which, is the entire skeleton of the mammoth, found several years since on the shores of the Pacific.—Not a single bone is lost or broken, and the remains of this colossal novelty, which has so long survived the ravages of Time, are again placed in their original conformation. If there are any who have gazed upon Niagara Falls without possessing fanciful sensibility enough to be affected by the grandeur of the rock and water scene—let them fly from the dull roaring of the cataract, and view the Mammoth. If this gothic prodigy of Nature does not awaken the "wild gushes of sublimity" in their bosoms, they must be cold and unfeeling indeed.

The Professors in the various departments of the College, are all amply qualified to fulfill the duties of the stations assigned them. Dr. REES, Dr. MARCH, and Dr. ARMSBY, stand in the front ranks of the profession; and the remainder of the faculty, though their fame is not as widely extended, have won a reputation "at home," that tells the stranger and student of their merit.

This Institution, like every other Medical School, has had to contend with some opposition. The dread of "body snatchers" for a few days prevailed to an extreme of agitation which I have never seen before. During the Introductory Lecture on Anatomy, an incident occurred which revived all the slumbering horror of those who had heretofore supposed "body-snatching" to be nothing more than a frolic of romance; and who thought a resurrection scene, decorated with "ghosts" and "dancing skeletons," too terrible even to be displayed in a fashionable novel. The Lecture was public, and the Hall was crowded. A dead subject was brought upon the table, when a man suddenly rose in the crowd and spoke with a wild and frantic expression of countenance, "my brother!—that's my brother!" The effect of such an unexpected interlude may be "easier imagined than described," as love story writers say at the end of their stories. But the man who saw his "brother" was mistaken, and drunk besides; and this stirring scene, which for a moment wore the dark mantle of midnight tragedy, quietly subsided into a farce. W.

James Sheridan Knowles might make a good story of this of his namesake:—

James Knowles, of Point Judah, (R. I.) in the last war lived in an exposed station, near the ocean, and never went to bed without having his gun charged by his side. One night there was a violent thunder gust, which shook the house to the foundation, and awoke his wife from a sound sleep. In affright, she screamed "husband, husband, the British have landed, or the day of judgment has come, I don't know which." "By gosh," said Knowles, springing up and seizing his gun, "I'm ready for either."

Curious Error.—A person was lately found dead one morning, at Providence, R. I. probably caused by paying too frequent visits at various porter houses on the evening previous.—The jury of inquest accordingly rendered a verdict of "death by visitation at Providence."

RE VACCINATION.—On this subject, of so much interest to every community, M. de Zeimens, of Paris, has recently written a work of much merit. He proves the high utility of vaccination, but admits that after 10 years re-vaccination is necessary, unless the virus is obtained directly from the cow, when its efficacy is a perfect protection against small pox or varioloid during life time. Whereas, when obtained from the human subject, it loses its virtues after transmissions.

Morus Multicaulis in Europe.—From letters just arrived by the Charles Carroll to a mercantile house of this city, we hear that all the Morus Multicaulis existing in the largest nurseries of France and Italy, have been bought at the most extravagant prices by American agents. The greatest speculation of the silk-growers in Europe, is now turned to the culture of the Alpine Morus and the Morus Moretti, or Macrophylla, which are considered by the best judges more fitted to any cold climate, and more adapted to give a finer quality of silk. The latter species (the Morus Macrophylla) bears very large leaves, and can, like the Multicaulis, be propagated with the greatest facility by cuttings.—*Star.*

The old Russian custom of the bride, on the evening of the wedding day, taking off her husband's boot, in pledge of obedience, is still retained in some parts of the country, as also that of the husband depositing in one boot a sum of money, and in the other a small whip. If the young wife happens to hit first upon that containing the money, she keeps it—if not, her husband gives her two or three light cuts with the whip. Hence, no doubt, has arisen the universal opinion abroad, that the low born Russian makes known his love for his wife by the application of chastisement.—*Alb. Adv.*

A Negro's Opinion of a Potato.—"A tater is inevitably bad unless invariably good. Dere is no mediocrity in the combination of a tater.—De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while de interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends de article 'pon your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man of probability in your transactions, I widout any furdur circumloeuation takes a bushel."—*Boston Post.*

A Marrowfat Squash, from Cape Horn, has been left at this office for the inspection of the public. We are informed that this kind of Squash will keep perfectly good for a year or two; and that whaling vessels often lay in large stocks of them as an article of food, as they will resist the process of decay better than almost any other vegetable.—*Charleston Mer.*

Boiled Tooth.—A boy named Hazard, says one of the Philadelphia papers, living at Crick-howell, had a tooth extracted; he returned home, boiled it for a quarter of an hour and replaced it. It is now as useful as ever! Pray, what will the dentists say to this?

A Cow, the property of Mr. F. Kent, of West Springfield, Mass. during sixty days, beginning June last, gave one thousand three hundred and forty six quarts of milk!—averaging 22½ quarts per day. The largest yeld was 11 quarts in the morning, and 16 in the evening.

The ancients tell us that during the sojournment in Paradise, Heaven sent down twelve baskets of Talk, and while Adam was eating three of them, Eve snatched up and eat the other nine.

"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then stand where you are," cried Pat, "for you're the first I've met in this murtherin country."

A Curiosity.—Among the curiosities exhibited at the late fair in New York, was a cradle made in 1641.

A LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

At a recent meeting of the friends of Education in Bristol County, held at Taunton, among others Mr. Webster and Gov. Everett addressed the meeting subsequently to the able address of Mr. Mann. Gov. Everett introduced into his speech an extract of a most interesting letter from a "Learned Blacksmith," illustrating the truth which he repeats, *that every one may find leisure for reading and study.* We think our readers will peruse with interest the following extract from the Governor's

SPEECH.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be a professional man, in order to have leisure to indulge a taste for reading. Far otherwise. I believe the mechanic, engineer, the husbandman, the trader, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions. I know some men busily engaged in these different callings of active life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge acquired from books. There would be more such men, if education in our Common Schools were, as it well might be of a higher order; and if Common School libraries well furnished, were introduced, into every district, as I trust in due time they will be. It is surprising sir, how much may be effected, even under the most unfavorable circumstances for the improvement of the mind, by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge. A letter has lately been put into my hands, bearing date the 6th of September, so interesting in itself, and so strongly illustrative of this point, that I will read a portion of it; though it was written I am sure without the least view to publicity.

I was the youngest (says the writer,) of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school, and those again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me at the age of fifteen of those scanty opportunities, which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village.—Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society library; all the historical works in which, I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero and a few other Latin authors I commenced the Greek; at this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight and a part of the evening to do the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto, tupteis, tuptei*, and unperceived by my fellow apprentices, and to my confusion of face, with the detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening I sat down unassisted, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulo to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations to a few hours after the arduous labors of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New-Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field; and by assiduous application I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility that I allotted it to myself as a task to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible, before breakfast each morning; this and an hour at noon being all the time that

I could devote to myself during the day. After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of Oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern I found my progress in this direction hedged in by the want of requisite books. I began immediately to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge at my native place to carry this plan into execution.

I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what steps next to take, I accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall of the A. A. S. and found there to my infinite gratification such a collection of ancient, modern and oriental languages as I never before conceived to be collected in one place, and Sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was invited to unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours daily at the hall, which with an hour at noon and about three in the evening make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have added so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of fifty of them with more or less facility."

I trust, Mr. President, I shall be pardoned by the ingenious author of this letter, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed, (W. Lincoln, Esq. of Worcester,) for the liberty which I have taken, unexpected I am sure by both of them, in thus making it public. It discloses a resolute purpose of improvement, under obstacles and difficulties of no ordinary kind, which excites my admiration, I may say my veneration. It is enough to make one who has had good opportunities for education hang his head in shame.

A Phrenological Anecdote.—The Snow Hill Banner, a Pennsylvania paper, relates the following anecdote:

"A gentleman not remarkable for either talent or intelligence, was in the habit of visiting a family in which there were, among others, two ladies and a little girl. The ladies were discussing his acquisitions in the presence of the child, and one of them in the course of the remarks observed that "Mr. —, had a soft place in his head."

This was treasured up by the child, and at a subsequent visit the young phrenologist commenced an examination of the gentleman's cranium, for the purpose of ascertaining where the new organ was situated. Unfortunately she imagined she found it and the mathematician who ran through the streets crying out "Eureka," when he had solved a difficult problem, was scarcely more delighted than she, when to the decomfiture of the ladies she exclaimed "Oh! sister, Mr. —, really has, as you said, got a soft place in his head, for here it is under my finger now!"

It is almost unnecessary to add we never expect to have the pleasure of publishing the marriage of Mr. —, to either of the ladies referred to.

Burr and Montgomery.—When the Venerable and Reverend Mr. Spring was in New York some years ago, he expressed a desire to see Aaron Burr—his son the Rev. Gardner Spring, objected to it, saying that Burr had lost his caste and it would not be reputable to call upon him. The old gentleman replied:—

"My son, I must see Burr before I leave the city. I went through the woods with him, under Arnold—I stood by his side on the Plains of Abraham, and I have not seen him since the morning on which Montgomery fell. It was a heavy snow storm.—Montgomery had fallen. The British troops were advancing towards the dead body, and little Burr was hastening from the fire of the enemy, up to his knees in snow, with Montgomery's body on his shoulders. Do you wonder I wish to see him?"

APARATUS FOR WARMING ROOMS.

This is a patent invention of our ingenious countryman, Mr. Perkins. It consists in its simplest form of a furnace and a continuous tube of pipe of wrought iron, generally about one inch in diameter, filled with water.—About one-sixth of this pipe is coiled in the furnace, and the remainder distributed through the apartments to be warmed. The water in that portion of the pipe which is placed in the furnace expands on the application of heat, rises with great swiftness to the highest level of the pipe, and cooling in its progress, descends again to the furnace. A regular current is thus established, by which the heat generated in the furnace is rapidly transmitted to every part of the building, whatever may be its elevation or extent. The arrangement of the furnace is such that the temperature of the pipes may be raised or lowered, and different apartments in the same house warmed or not, at pleasure.

The advantages of this mode of warming, are:—

- 1st. The great saving of fuel.
- 2d. The durability of the apparatus.
- 3d. Saving room and adaption to every kind of building.
- 4th. The healthy and comfortable temperature it produces. The air is not deprived of its natural properties by removing any portion of its oxygen, or rendering it naturally dry.
- 5th. The preservation of a regular and equal warmth in every part of the building.
- 6th. The saving of labor of servants in attending fires.
- 7th. The removal of all sources of dirt; the preservation of wood, furniture, &c.
- 8th. Removal of all danger of fire, as the pipes may be carried through the most inflammable materials, without the possibility of accident.

The foregoing, it is believed, is now the most improved and economical method of warming buildings, especially when it is required to warm them on a large scale. It is extensively in use in Great Britain. The Bank of England—the British Museum—St. Andrew's Church, &c., are thus warmed.

The improvement has been introduced in the halls of Justice in the city of New York—and it is stated that the United States Bank, now erecting in Wall-st., is also to be thus warmed.—*Troy Whig.*

From the Literary Messenger.
POPULAR ERRORS.

That a contract made on Sunday, is not binding.

That in order to exclude a child from a share in his father's estate, the father's will must give him something, however small, or mention him, in any manner.

That a lawyer to succeed in his profession, is obliged to utter falsehoods.

That the citation of many books or the use of learned words, is a sign of learning.

That persons who clamor for practice as better than theory, and are celebrated by themselves and their friends as practical men, are always more trust worthy than those whom they describe as "theorists." The former have usually no guide but their own (often narrow) experience; the latter sometimes have the lights gathered by a thousand clear and active minds, during ages of diligent and enlarged observation. A properly constructed theory, is the methodized, the digested result, of what has been seen and done by hundreds of "practical men."

That a first love is necessarily purer, or stronger than a second, a third, or fourth love.

That keeping the door open in cold weather, is conducive to health.

That other people have not as many, or as great causes of unhappiness, as ourselves.

That any simpleton will do for a legislator.

That a man, whom his neighbors would not trust with a hundred dollars of their own money, is fit to be trusted with the most important public interests.

That education consists only in being sent to school; or in book learning.

That political consistency is shown by adhering constantly to the same men, through all the changes of conduct and opinion.

That it is inconsistency to think with one party on some points, and with an opposite party on other points.

The excellence that men cannot attain, they generally avenge themselves by abusing.

Saturn.—M. Decuppis, with a telescope of Cauchoix, has, with the astronomers of the Roman College, plainly distinguished five rings round Saturn, and counted seven satellites;—the distances of which from the planet may be represented by 1, 2, 4, 8, 16—64; so that there is a great interval, (perhaps to be filled by fresh observations,) between the two last.

Give Him a Chance.—The editor of a Western paper informs his readers that he has the worst kind of a fever and ague, and asks them to let him off from publishing a paper for one week, to give him a chance to shake.

Caution to Paper Makers.—A man named Martin died a few days since, at Patterson, N. J., from inhaling gas used in bleaching rags.

"Barnaby Rudge"—the new story from the pen of "Boz," will appear in the forthcoming numbers of Bentley's Miscellany.

On the death of George C. son of Doctor L. K Faulkner, aged 4 years and 9 months.

And art thou gone—for ever fled,
Thou loved and lovely one,
And can we think of thee as dead,
Thy soul as ever flown?

That cherub voice in death is hushed,
Its laughing tones are stilled,
And pale that cheek with joy once flushed,
Life's pulse for ever chilled.

Ah! stricken hearts do mourn thee here,
In this dark vale of tears,
Thou wert to all who knew thee dear,
And died in childhood years.

But is it meet to mourn for thee,
And weep thine early doom?
Thy ransomed spirit now is free,
Flown to its blissful home.

That eye now beams with love divine,
That heart with gladness filled,
That form with glory age will shine,
Its pains for ever stilled.

That hand now sweeps a golden lyre,
And wakes its slumbering notes,
And joining with that heavenly choir,
Thine own sweet music floats.

That tuneful voice thou now wilt raise,
With angels round the throne,
And sing loud anthems to the praise,
Of the High and Holy One.

Thou wilt not see the smiling spring,
Restore its flowery reign,
Nor hear its joyous music ring,
From forest, hill and plain.

But brighter is thy spring on high,
Where sweetest flowerets bloom,
And fair and cloudless is the sky,
In thine own heavenly home.

Rochester, January 1, 1839.

S. I. C.

MARRIED.

At Greece Centre, on Tuesday evening, January 1st, by the Rev. P. Kelsey, Mr. William Roudenbush, to Miss Sarah Davinson.

In Gates, on the 1st instant, by S. A. Yerkes, Esq. Mr. James Reis, to Mrs. Mary Gearnsay, all of Gates. On the same day, by the same, Mr. Christopher Coker, to Miss Mary Hughs, all of Brighton.

On the morning of Thursday, the 3rd instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. NOAH STEVENS, of Albion, to Miss LAURA L. FOSTER, daughter of Mr. F. D. A. Foster, of this city.

In Brockport, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Baker, of Brockport, Mr. George Cornes, to Miss Lydia Adams.

On the first instant, by the Rev. Mr. Kay, Cyrenus A. Fuller, of the town of Murray, to Miss Sarah H. Brooks, of Kendall, Orleansco.

In Shelby, on the 2nd instant, by the Rev. Theodore Keep, Dr. S. F. Benjamin, of Medina, to Miss Anna, daughter of Elijah Burr, Esq. of Shelby.

In Mendon, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Anthony Blake, to Miss Mary, daughter of Jacob Phillips, Esq.

In Bethany, on the 13th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. H. L. Stevens, of LeRoy, to Miss MARY E. PAGE, of the former place.

In Chili, on the evening of Tuesday, the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards of this city, Mr. David A. Thompson, to Susannah Ballantine, both of the former place.

In Genesee, on the first instant, by the Rev. John Lunt, Mr. P. S. Lewra, to Miss Sarah E. Cox, both of this city.

At Bergen on the 25th instant, by the Rev. Josiah Pierson, Mr. Alonzo Spafford, to Miss Abigail Powell.

At Lakeville, on the 13th instant, by ——— Lathrop, Esq. Mr. Elijah Reeves, to Miss Sarah Snyder, all of Greveland.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

STANZAS.

I would be great, but let my name
Not be the name of Conqueror;
For slaughter stains the rolls of Fame,
And curses swell the notes of war.
The widows' wail, the orphans' tears,
The voice of conscience and of God,
Would haunt me thro' succeeding years,
And make me loathe that name of blood.

I would be great, but not as he
Who dares be Christ's Ambassador;
The way to blessed Eternity
Is straight—I dare not go before.
Let others lead—let them be great,
But let me follow, and be wise—
Be wise to follow through the gate
Into the bliss of Paradise.

I would be great, but let it be
The greatness of the good I do—
The greatness of my purity,
A perfect man and Christian too.
Oh, never let there be a day
But that I lessen human wo;
Then when I die, the world will say,
"He was our greatest friend below!"

Charlton, Mo.,

BLUE.

Written for the Gem.

LINES,

To her who can best understand them, by him who feels
them most.

They say I must not visit thee,
Nor see thee any more;
As if thine eye had sorcery—
Thy tongue, a Siren's power.
They say I must not think of thee,
Nor love thee, peerless one,
As if they'd have my bosom be
Insensate as a stone!

They say thou hast a noble mind,
(They know it must be said,)
But then they whisper I must find
A wealthy hand to wed.
They say I was not born to move
In any humble sphere,
As if they thought thy wedded love
Would render me obscure!

They tell me of fatalities—
They warn me of my dream;
My God! and must I think of these,
And listen unto them!
Then be it so; and they may sever
Hearts that should be one,
But they shall never triumph, never;
I'll love thee; thee or none!

Charlton, Mo.,

J. H. B.

Written for the Gem.

HEAVEN

BY C. THERESA CLARK.

Home of the blessed! Sweet heaven of rest!
Refuge of pilgrims by sorrow oppress'd;
Fain would we quit this dark valley of sin,
Enter thy gate and be welcom'd within:
Why should we shrink from the chillness and gloom,
Which mortality meeteth in realms of the tomb?
Shall death never come but in terror array'd,
And the soul of the righteous be sorely dismay'd;
When there riseth before him a scene of delight,
Like a dream or a vision in colors more bright
Than thought can conceive or pencil e'n paint,
The 'City of God and the joy of his saints?'
There, throned in his majesty, ruling in love,
The Father still reigns in the mansions above,
His sons and his daughters receiving from far,
For they see the first rays of the pure morning-star!
Jerusalem's Star, which through peril and night,
Hath guided the ransomed of Israel aright;
Or as Judah's strong Lion o'er hosts which assail
His church and His people hath deigned to prevail!
From thine altar's ariseth the incense of prayer,
And Harper's are tuning their golden harps there;
While they sing a new song to the Lamb that was slain
And eternity's depths re-echo the strain,
'Alleluia be honor and blessing and power,
To Him whom the Angels forever adore;
Thus bowing in worship all glory is given,
To one, alone worthy, by dwellers in Heaven!

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 7, 1838.

Written for the Gem.

ACROSTIC.

Could I, thou fair one, wake a minstrel's lyre,
O'er whose sweet strains thine ardor would take fire,
Recalling up a thousand joys of yore,
Nearing thy thro'ts back to their early shore,
Enrapt'ring thee with sweet yet mournful themes,
Like love's young visions, and its passing dreams,
I'd deem the task but as a pleasure bless'd,
An hour of gladness and of blissful rest.

Zealous to please thee, and to bless thee, too,
I still might render thee not half thy due.
Long life, and peace, and happiness be thine,
Love's high delights in Virtue's holy shrine.
Ah! girl, yet what are kindest wishes worth?
Heaven is gained by noble deeds on Earth.

Envy, then, not the great, by men so called,
Love not their pride; else thou wilt be intralled,
Moveless, within the chains of misery,
Ever unhappy in folly's mockery.
Not to the earth, then, be thy hopes confined;
Dwell thou on that that which nought in Time can bind;
On scenes beyond the dampness of the tomb,
Rising in beauty and eternal bloom,
For ever bright, for ever free from gloom.

January 9, 1839.

A.

From the Hartford Daily Courier.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A ROSE.

IN MID-WINTER.

'Tis sweet amid the dreariness stern winter
Casts o'er all the earth, to gaze on thee,
Thou beauteous thing! Tell me, sweet bud,
Why thou alone of all thy race, wert ransomed
From the chilling blight, and bid to bloom unhurt,
'Mid frosts and snows? Was it to breathe to me,
In accents soft, as now indeed thou dost,
Of that bright world, whose flowers feel not the chilling
Blasts that lay them low, ere yet their opening
Beauties half unfold?

Or art thou here,
An emblem fit, of those who're ransomed
From a lost and ruined world?

Or dost thou come,
Unullied as thou art, by man's defiling touch,
To whisper to my soul, of the bright hopes
That spring from Heaven, which man can neither give
Nor take away?

If such thy mission be,
God speed thee on thine errand. Waken,
Sweet bud, within my heart, such holy thoughts
And hopes, as 'mid the barrenness of earth,
Shall lift my soul above, to God and Heaven.
But let them not, like thy fair form, while now
E'en as I gaze upon it, fade away,
Be transient guests. No! let me ne'er forget
The lesson that thou hast so meekly taught;
And thus unto thy Maker prove, thou wert
Not sent in vain.

C. J.

From the Churchman.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Another year has flown,
With all its good or ill, its hopes or fears,
Days bright with joy, or wet with burning tears:
All—are gone.
Gone like the sunlight's momentary gleam
Over the rippling stream.

What hast thou witnessed here,
In thy brief round upon the course of time?
Soon on mine ear will thy last moment's chime,
Departing year,
Then tell me, what hath happ'd to mortal man
During thy little span?

Thou has seen human grief,
Like a dark troubled tide, still rushing on:
And bleeding hearts, o'er some beloved one gone,
Bent like the wind-toss'd leaf.
Long cherished friends have parted 'mid their tears,
For sad and lengthen'd years.

The widow's moan hath broke
The solemn stillness of thy midnight hours;
And orphan heads, like fair and fragile flowers,
Bow'd at the tempest's stroke.
Childhood's gay laughter hath been hush'd, to see
Earth's deep despondency.

But joy too hath been thine:
Thou has been witness to the nuptial vow,
When flowers around some fair girl's pallid brow
Young sisters twine;
When harp-strings wake, and music rich and clear,
Falls on the charmed ear.

And to some lonely hearth,
The long-lost wanderer thou hast brought again;
Some mother's heart, that long hath throbb'd in vain,
For her sole light on earth;
Hath clasp'd her child, and deem'd all sorrow o'er,
Nor asked one blessing more.

And o'er my path, old year,
How has thou glided in thy rapid flight!
To memory's eye, all smilingly bright,
Thy parted hours appear
Brilliant, but fleeting, bright, but oh, how brief,
Fading like autumn's leaf.

The hand of care hath lain
Lightly upon me, and my pulses thrill
With the heart's deep unruddled gladness still,
Forgetting aught of pain.
Thou' much I marvel, that from sorrow free,
Thus long my lot shall be.

How richly, truly bless'd,
Sweet household voices yet salute my ear,
Familiar faces still are beaming near,
With smiles of pleasure dress'd,
And a fair child is sporting at my knee,
In blooming infancy.

Then, Father, grant me still,
Should sorrow wing the flight of future days,
To bow with heart of love and lip of praise,
Submissive to thy will.

Blessing the Hand, with gratitude sincere,
That rule's each passing year.

New York, December 22, 1838.

From the Children's Annual, for 1839.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

What is that, Mother?—

The LARK, my child,—
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear:
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the Lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother?

The DOVE, my son,—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return:
Ever, my son, be thou like the Dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother?

The EAGLE, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor, relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the Eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, Mother?

The SWAN, my love,—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweet song is the last he sings:
Live so, my love, that when Death shall come,
Swan like and sweet, it may wait thee home.

From the Detroit Morning Post.

WILLIAM LOUNT.

This early martyr to the cause of Canadian liberty, as
he was about to be sacrificed, requested that no notice
might be taken of him until the cause had triumphed.

"Oh, breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade.
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grass where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
'Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

MARRIED.

At Nunday Valley, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. E.
Ennis, Mr. John E. Dake, of Portage, to Miss Eline
Barrett, of the former place.

By the Rev. S. C. Church, on the 1st instant, Mr.
Henry McCartney, to Miss Amanda Prentiss, all of
Mount Morris.

By the same, in Sparta, on the 27th ult. Mr. Charles
Granger, to Miss Phebe B. Van Middlesworth
in Palmyra, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. C. M.
Butler, Mr. George W. D. Gilbert, to Miss Philena
Dufree.

At Sodus, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Merrit,
Mr. John Eckert, of Newark, to Miss Elizabeth Smith,
of the former place.

In West Bloomfield, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. J.
Chase, Mr. John Fisher, to Miss Mary Ann Harman,
all of West Bloomfield.

In this city, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. E. Tucker,
Mr. Alfred White, of Auburn, to Miss Sarah M. Booth,
of Brighton.

In Rome, Oneida county, on the 31st ult., by the Rev.
Nathan B. Burgess, Mr. A. B. Bennett, merchant of
Brockport, to Miss M. E. Leffingwell, of the former
place.

ELEVENTH VOLUME OF THE GEM.

"The Gem's alive, and alive like to be," if the pre-
sent 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 shil-
lins 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 de-
termine 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.

CYRUS J. LEE, is our authorised Agent for the
Gem and Amulet, in the city of Buffalo.

The publication of this number has been delayed
for the want of suitable paper.

THE



GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

\$1 mail, \$4.50 city, in advance.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1859.

No. 2.

SELECT TALE.

Our readers will be interested in the following Story, from the "Lady's Book." Besides being very cleverly written it leaves upon the mind a wholesome moral.

TEMPER—A TALE.

"There is Emily, mamma!" exclaimed Edith Evylen, and she sprang from the door step on which she was standing, and bounded over the lawn to meet her friend.

"Oh Emily! you bring good news, I am sure—you remain with us, do you not?"

"I do indeed, Edith. Mamma will be most happy to leave me with you, and Mrs. Evylen, until her return."

"Then it is all settled," said Edith, and she smiled fondly upon Emily, as she drew her arm within her own, "and we shall be so happy, dearest! Frederick Herbert is with us; it is a sort of holiday just now with him—you know he has been lately admitted to the bar—and body, and mind, require relaxation after his long course of arduous study; there he stands with mamma in the door way; should you have recognized him?" Emily shook her head. "It was so long since she had seen him—she had so little remembrance of him when a boy."

"Yet we often retain distinct impressions of persons, seen when very young," said Edith; "I am almost surprised your recollection of Frederick is not better." Nodding with a good humored smile to Herbert, who advanced to meet them, she said "you have the advantage of Miss Riverton, my clever coz, she remembers nothing about you, more than of any other boy."

"My recollection of Miss Riverton is very different indeed from that," said Frederic, bowing with an air of animated pleasure to both ladies. I well remember the sweet countenance, that has changed only to become perfect, and which I think, would have enabled me to recognize her under any circumstances. Mrs. Evylen now came forward, and welcomed Emily with a kindly, but languid smile. She was a full, faded woman, of perhaps some forty summers, with a listless and heavy countenance, which the heat of a warm afternoon did not by any means improve.

"I am glad you are come, Emily," she said, "It is so stupid here, I longed for the sight of your happy face again—really the heat is intolerable, this weather oppresses me so much, I am quite unfit for society, I think I will lie upon the sofa again; indeed it is the only comfortable way of passing one's time;" and with a yawn she made no attempt to repress, she entered the house to put her laudable resolution into practice.

"Lay aside your bonnet Emily, my friend," said Edith, "and let us sit under this pleasant shade tree, we shall have air here, if any where."

They were scarcely seated, before Mr. Evylen joined them; he was a tall spare man, upon whose brow the world had drawn many a hard and harsh line, scorn and incredulity marked the white and wasted features; as they lay in repose; traces there were of much manly beauty, and when he smiled there was a captivation, but without softness: few, I ween, had ever marked through the stony coldness of his eye, an expression of feeling, sympathy, or benevolence; there was in his character a selfishness too intense to leave room for the exercise of better feelings. Edith was the sole tie that bound him in social life—his wife had long ceased to be an object of interest or esteem—but for that only child, that daughter of rare and exceeding beauty, he was never tired of forming ambitious projects, and even his exacting and proud spirit was satisfied with the undisguised admira-

tion she every where excited. Evylen was thoroughly versed in all the minutiae of good society; prepossessing and gentle in his manners, because self-possessed, and artful, he was a general favorite pleasant companion, in the circle he deemed exclusively his own.

Smiling upon the group as he approached, and addressing Herbert, he said: "I fear your resolutions will melt into 'thin air,' these are powerful temptations to swerve you from the dull path of duty, but remember nephew, mine!—paine will not rule a divided empire, she claims all your heart, and will enter into no compact with Cupid: and these fair ladies would only injure you, without benefitting themselves, if they induce you to think differently."

"You are right, uncle," said Frederick, in a voice into which a tone of sadness had stolen, easily detected by the quick eye of Evylen, "but stern necessity will be the strength of my good resolves; it will be long, very long, before I pay other court than what is demanded in my profession; but in our fair land," and his eye lighted cheerily, "there is a broad path of distinction as open to the briefless barrister, as to those who 'sit in high places,'" and if I carve my way upward, I may hope the reward will await me at last:—and he bowed to both ladies, though his eye rested with a long, earnest glance upon Edith.

All unconsciously, there was springing up in the heart of Herbert a passionate love for his cousin—and little wonder that he loved her—that queenly girl, with her high and sparkling beauty! Yet her pure and faultless features bore the impress of character, too commanding for the lot and happiness of woman; the eye, black and piercing, could flash forth the rays of intolerable anger—the mouth so perfect, was yet so haughty, and so resolute! the brow so high and broad, bore out, and sustained the noble character of her beauty—the full proportioned and stately form—the snowy shoulders, and perfect bust. The rich hair of "darkest hue" was braided back from the forehead, contrasting with the sunny ringlets of Emily Riverton, who sat by her side. Fair were both those maidens—but how unlike! Deep in color, as those of Edith, were the eyes of Emily, but how inexpressibly soft and touching the expression! It is seldom we see a black eye that can lay claim to that rare and peculiar beauty. In a life time, I have known but two persons so favored; irresistibly sweet and gentle, was the beaming glance of Emily; soft hair, many shades lighter than that of Edith, wound itself about a neck and forehead of surpassing whiteness, the face of Emily lighted by the glad, joyous eyes, and pure color that played on her cheek, was eminently beautiful. She was not so tall as Edith, nor so full proportioned, rather above the middle height, and very graceful in form. And now turn we from the pleasant shade tree, to learn something of the past history of the group.

In rearing up her young and beautiful daughter, Mrs. Evylen had brought to the task mental incapacity of the grossest order; over her head years had passed without bringing wisdom; she was too indulgent, and too good natured to correct the ungoverned temper of Edith, or to curb with a strong hand, the self-will that every day strengthened in her character. Forgetful of her high and solemn responsibility of mother, Mrs. Evylen was never so happy as when superintending the child's dress, and seeing her lovely little face decked with smiles; to that effect nurses were desired to humor the dear little creature!—"That all children were troublesome, and would have their own way—they must not wrangle with a child, but give up." Humor her they did, to some purpose; "give up"

became a standing rule in the family, and there was a general, an implicit yielding to the wishes of the spoiled girl. Mr. Evylen immersed in business, and much from home, had few opportunities of judging of the real disposition of Edith; had he known the truth, he was too worldly not to have corrected the error, the worldly advantage of his child, was the chief object of his anxiety, and he was wise enough to know she would be greatly injured by a temper so imperious. As Edith grew up to womanhood, her intimacy with Emily Riverton, caused a sudden and serious check upon all exhibition of violent anger; a sense of shame was awakened, and when that intimacy had ripened into a firm and fast friendship, it became a great, redeeming trait in the character of Edith, that she bore patiently with, and even strove to benefit by the counsels of Emily, her good and faithful monitor, who warned her of error with a steadfastness and truth that few could have borne, reared in the ruinous self-indulgence that marked the early years of Edith Evylen. Two years passed at a fashionable boarding school, completed the education of the future wife and mother! A dissipated winter in town followed, causing the heart of Edith to glow, from the intoxication of gratified vanity; to her young imagination the homage she received was dazzling; and then, and there, when her heart was open to receive such impressions, did her father open to her his plans, hopes, and expectations. He told her "his affairs were in confusion, he could still keep his standing for a time, but his ultimate hopes of success were upon her—a wealthy son-in-law would furnish the means to reinstate him in his former successful and prosperous course of business—to relieve him from his present state of dreadful insecurity; and he poured into her not unwilling ear many a tale of splendor; and of triumph, of willing slaves, won by magic of wealth and beauty; of a rule in the circle of fashion, her matchless taste could render powerful." The taint of worldliness was given to her young mind, and she was conscious of a growing and intense desire to realize her father's vain imaginings. Where was the rightful guardian of the young and exposed years of Edith? Where was the mother, whose duty it was to point out the errors into which her child was falling, and endeavor, with energy and decision, to correct them—slumbering at her post, when the dearest and best interests of her only child was at stake. How think ye? would the ambitious projects of that worldly father have weighed in the balance against the warnings, and admonitions, prompted by a mother's ceaseless and untiring love? High—high in the air they would have gone, frathery things for the winds to sport with! In the daughter's heart, the name of mother is a holy spell—a holy and trusting spell, leading to all good and gentle, and womanly thoughts! Should not an influence so refining, so beneficial, be rendered effective, by the aid of strong and judicious mental culture? Oh! that men would study their true interests, and educate their daughters; the cry is ringing through our land, mothers do your duty! Right—but they must be fitted for that duty; and when mothers are unqualified, by mental incapacity, it falls upon the father—it is his duty; the path lies before him in a flood of golden light! If you would make your home a happy one—your household hearth a scene of contentment and love, give unto your daughters resources which will render them independent of the wholesale slanders, and vain frivolities, sought with avidity by hundreds, as a stimulus to the dull monotony of domestic life. Do you call the present a system of education, that will fit women to be wives and mothers? Do the fathers of our fair land

give this momentous subject sufficient attention? Is it their part to look on with indifference when fair girls are springing up around them, with the seal of promise upon their brow, and an intellect running riot, for want of judicious training? Money is spent freely, but it is time that is needed; the defect in the education of girls is to be found at home; our teachers do their part faithfully. Why then do girls evince an indifference, not to say distaste, to a course of judicious reading? It is because the taste is not formed at home. Let a father point out a course of reading, encourage, and aid the young beginner; let intellectual pursuits occupy much of the time spent in the domestic circle; the taste once acquired will never forsake them.—Amid the round of youthful gaities, a daughter may not fully appreciate these advantages, and a father must contend with her disinclination to study, but let him persevere; for there comes an after time, a long after time of quiet and seclusion. Then will the heart of that daughter rise up in silent undying gratitude to the father who has so guarded and guided her young mind, that her happiness is secured, independent of outward circumstances. She will never forget in the long hours of inevitable solitude, the fostering hand that has led her, by a pleasant path, to the enjoyment of happiness within herself; it renders the tie, between father and daughter, infinitely more endearing and sacred; the father's thoughts are not a "sealed fount" to the keenly sympathizing girl by his side, and he is repaid a thousand fold for all his early care and attention, by such communion.

Let fathers do their duty for a generation to come, and mothers will take the place God ordained they should; well and wisely qualified to perform the important duties which devolve upon them in life. It is no argument against us, to point out the countless multitude of mothers who are nobly sustaining their character, eminently fitted so to do; that there are hundreds, nay thousands in our land miserably disqualified, no one will venture to deny. Let this grand defect in the home education of girls be remedied, and we shall not have it marked, in the note book of a passing traveller, that vacuity of mind was a cause of evil, and a curse to American women.

Widely different in all respects, was the mother of Emily Riverton from Mrs. Evelyen. In educating her daughter, Mrs. Riverton had ever borne in mind the peculiar trials that fall to the lot of woman in her various relations in life;—she felt how invaluable the blessing of a cultivated mind had been to her in the weary intervals of sickness, the long hours of privation and sorrow most women are subject to; she was sustained in adversity; her temper rendered serene and cheerful, by the strong efforts of a well disciplined and vigorous mind. "The sole daughter of her house and heart" was growing into a beautiful woman, a companion and support of her declining years. Emily had been wholly educated by her mother, who had lost several children before her birth; the death of her husband followed soon upon that event; and Emily remained a tie that bound her to life, and roused her to continue an active exertion. The time and attention of Mrs. Riverton was almost exclusively given to her child; under her fostering care and pruning hand, nothing really valuable was neglected, while there was found, by a judicious appointment of time, leisure for those accomplishments that sit so gracefully on woman. Mrs. Riverton's health had received a severe shock from her early domestic afflictions, she had at no time felt the vigor of frame, and elasticity of spirits, that follow an entire respiration to health; but she was quite equal to all her duties; and like too many others, satisfied with being so. She neglected the out-door exercise that would have strengthened and restored her enfeebled frame to its original vigor; her health gave way, and Emily's attention was required and freely given. It was beneficial to the mind of that gentle girl to go through the self-denying process of a sick room—to bear silently the caprices of the worn sufferer—to check the countless fears that spring from the heart to the face, and ever wear in the presence of the invalid, a quiet and cheerful countenance; how rich the reward that awaited her at last! The pale cheek of the stricken mother lost slowly, but surely, its sunken expression, and asher hue; light came to the eyes, color to the lips, and strength to the bowed and debilitated frame.

It was at the commencement of Mrs. River-

ton's illness, Edith Evelyen returned home from school; her father's residence was within a few hundred rods of Mr. Riverton's house, and both were not more than a two hours ride from the city. Emily was then sixteen, Edith a year older. In their more youthful years, any great intimacy between them, was checked by Mrs. Riverton; in this she was aided by Mrs. Evelyen's habit of spending her summers "where most the gay do congregate," and Edith accompanying her. The friendship that now sprang up between these fair girls she had no desire to check, believing Emily secure from evil influence, and hoping with a Christian's spirit, to benefit Edith. She saw with sorrow the neglected and faulty education of the maiden, but she admired her wondrous beauty, and was fully alive to the enthusiastic love she bore to Emily. In the nature of Edith Evelyen there was no disguise; high, haughty, and imperious as she was, she scorned a mean action, and would not for any gain, have sullied her lips with a lie. Generous by nature, where her prejudices did not interfere, (strong, for they had grown unchecked) she was capable of self-sacrifice of no ordinary kind, for the sake of a friend. And how did the example, and character, the soothing words, and kind advice, of such a woman as Mrs. Riverton, act upon the stormy passions that so often shook the frame of Edith? as the voice of Him, upon the waters, who said—"peace, be still!" the raging of the human sea sunk down silent and abashed; and Edith rightly appreciated the obligations she was under to Mrs. Riverton. She had seen enough of the world, even in her young years, to feel the indelible disgrace temper inflicts upon its possessor—and that possessor a woman. But Edith was not cured, the defect was yet there, but the haughty exercise of it was much checked; she felt, and often bitterly, the superiority of Emily's acquirements over her own, she admired the course of uniform study, and judicious reading, that constituted the chief pleasures of her life; without having resolution to follow the example. Consoling herself with the reflection that "her's was not the fault," "I should have been taught these things;" she would say, "no one ever acquired a love for study at a boarding school, but at home. It is too late for me now, unless I educate myself over again, which I have no ambition to do; alas! I am like a blind man, groping my way up a hill, countless impediments meet me every at step."

During the summer of Mrs. Riverton's ill health, the most of Edith's time was spent with her friends. A winter intervened, spent by Edith in—— city, entering with her whole soul into the pleasures of a town life. It was a startling surprise to hear from her father such an unequivocal avowal of his circumstances, she recoiled from the thought of surrendering all that splendor that girt her beauty round with such a spell, and she listened all too willingly to the scheme of a wealthy marriage, that would continue her in her present station, perhaps ensure her a loftier one.

It was the summer after the winter spent in town, that we have introduced Edith to our readers, one among the group, beneath the pleasant shade tree. During the time of their separation, Emily had been with her mother, whose health much impaired, it was hoped would be re-established by a protracted stay at the springs—thither she had gone, accompanied by her brother, consigning Emily to the care of Mrs. Evelyen. The meeting with Edith satisfied even Emily, always exacting from those she loved, loving so tenderly! Edith brought back the same warm attachment to her friend she had ever felt; the taint of worldliness could not reach the one bright and pure feeling, interwoven with the best and truest feelings of her heart.—Too beautiful herself to feel the smallest sensation of envy, she gazed with rapture and wondering delight upon the expanded loveliness of Emily, and began already (as women are apt to do) to build fairy castles for her sweet Emily, and her cousin Frederic. Herbert was the only child of her mother's sister, an orphan from his early youth, much of his holiday time had been spent under the roof of Mr. Evelyen, his guardian. Save his profession, he was without pecuniary resources, his wealth sufficed to give him a finished education; there was little doubt of his ultimate success on the busy stage of life; he united great decision, and energy of character, to an acute discriminating mind. Apparently reserved at first, as he became more familiar, there was a wondrous charm in his conversational

powers, which were of a high order. Nature had been no niggard in her gifts, and he was handsome enough to please the eye of Edith, grown critical of late) and naturally enough, she looked forward to much increase of pleasure from his residence in her father's house for a month to come. The heart of Edith had softened more than the proud girl liked, under the influence of Herbert's attractions, and she hailed with joy the visit of Emily; she was too generous to wish her cousin's love, when in her heart she knew his poverty was an insuperable bar to their union. Present wealth, her husband must be master of, or none of her's could be; and a heavy sigh would often end this kind of reasoning—she was teaching herself to believe it a stern necessity. Let it be borne in mind, the faults of Edith were the natural results of a perverted and faulty education: the principles so carefully instilled by her true friend, Mrs. Riverton, had not taken deep root, they had fallen upon a soil choked up with the errors of a neglected youth; the arguments of her father had acted upon Edith with all the weight of character she was accustomed to associate with the name of father! Had her mother been capable of acting a mother's part, the selfish and worldly views of Evelyen would have fallen like snow upon the pure water, leaving no trace behind.

During the month Emily and Herbert remained at Mr. Evelyen's, there was much gaiety and out-door amusement. Emily Riverton's young heart was beginning to know a love stronger than that she had borne her mother, and deeper far, and more enduring, than she would admit it to herself to be: she was unconscious of the love Herbert bore to Edith, so constantly had Edith striven to blind her to the fact. In very fondness too, she believed sincerely that Emily was better fitted to constitute the happiness of Herbert, than herself; and then Emily was an heirless too! the very thing he most wanted. And so she went on, encouraging in Emily a preference, and striving to implant it in the heart of Herbert. Sometimes she feared he had suffered his thoughts to stray too often to herself, but she never dreamed of the strong and earnest feeling that lay unstirred in the heart's depths, or of the deep hope he treasured in his bosom, and resolved to test ere he left his uncle's house. His real admiration of Emily's beauty he was not slow to express to his delighted cousin, while his manner was most generally the same to both. Edith took care they should be constantly together. Many a flattering word fell laughingly from the lips of Edith in speaking to Emily of her lover, as she ever styled Frederick; nor did it once enter the head of Edith she was acting wrong: the creature of impulse, she lost sight of the injury she inflicted upon Emily, in the sanguine hope she would see her united to one so every way worthy of her.

Affairs had gone on in this way, until the last day of Herbert's stay arrived, without his being able to see Edith alone, through her determined efforts to avoid him. Her mind had been in some degree awakened to the true state of Herbert's feelings, and she resolutely evaded every opportunity for explanation on his part.

She was so sure he would love Emily yet! so beautiful, so worthy to be loved! But, between Frederick and Edith there had been long years of intimate communion, when he had been to her as a very dear brother, and she to him, the light and guiding star of his existence! If these thoughts would rise unbidden, they were stricken back by the steady firmness of Edith; and when she approached, with Emily leaning upon her arm, to where he sat reading in the library, she said distinctly, and cheerfully:

"This is the last evening Frederick, you spend with us, come let us have a ride upon the water, what say you, my Emily?" The brow of the young girl was shaded by some inward thought, but her eye lighted, and the color rose up joyously in her fair cheek, as she marked the assenting eagerness of Herbert; she did not know it was because Edith had asked him—she gently said:

"I know of few pleasures more delightful than a row upon the waters, in 'the still evening time.'"

Frederick had been vexed, and annoyed, at what he believed to be the intentional avoidance of him by Edith; but she had herself sought him, invited him to go. His heart rose high with hope once more, and he inwardly prayed favoring fortune to befriend him in this, his last extremity. A pleasant walk brought them to

the water's edge: as the light, fairy boat shot out into the clear water, a long ray from the declining sun fell on its pathway: "See! Edith, see!" cried Emily, "'tis a kiss the sun has thrown us, to bid us welcome to the fairest haunt his beams ever shone upon." Edith laughed merrily at "the conceit," as she termed it, and bade Herbert row far up the stream, and suffer the boat to glide down the current; a few strong pulls, and the fair lady was obeyed.

Emily sat abstracted, and apart. Herbert noticed it, and bending suddenly forward, he said, in a low earnest tone: "Edith! how tranquilly and joyously the boat glides over the water, could you not fancy this the stream of life, and that on its bosom our lot was cast together?"

"Not together, oh! my cousin;" said Edith, sadly, but firmly, "not together, you must struggle and toil for high advancement; mount upward on the eagle's wing, and build your eyry in the sky! And I too," she continued proudly, "have mine own dreamings, they are of power and splendor; we both climb the hill of fortune, Herbert, but our lot is not together;" and the cold, resolute tone of that rich voice fell with a dull and heavy weight upon the excited and bounding heart of her cousin, bringing to his bosom conviction strong, and terrible, that for him there was no hope!

Emily had not distinctly heard the words of Herbert, but struck by his manner, she noted the reply of Edith: it was the first stroke, upon the young and trusting nature of Emily; she strove to force back the tears, that gathered into her dark eyes, to steady the shaking lip, that warned her the inward struggle was too apparent, she bent over the bright water struggling for composure; large drops—one—another, and yet another, fell silently upon the stream. It was singular she had never even thought of this with all her admiration of the wondrous beauty of Edith, she had never foreseen such a result, and shame mingled with her better feelings, preponderated indeed over every other. From the seclusion she had always lived in, she was little skilled in divining her own emotions, and even then, she would fain have believed, shame for herself, pity for Frederick, had caused the waters of bitterness to flow—and that no abiding feeling could be traced in the depths of her fond and foolish heart. The soft, and touching expression of Emily's countenance, wore a mild and mournful sadness. The clear water mirrored back back to her anxious gaze no further expression of sorrow, or distress—how gentle and womanly was Emily! how fitted for happiness; in the different stations the sex is called upon to fill. None can ever know, but those who have the burden, the self-abasement, the crushing sense of degradation, that wrings the heart of a noble and high-minded woman, compelled to do homage to physical power, clothed with the form, without the majesty of man!—Better, far better that a woman so situated, should lay her head in the silent grave, and be at rest! Not such a one was Emily Riverton. She could submit, well, wisely, and gracefully; she was in all things a woman, softly, and femininely so—such a one as Milton drew, ere the taint of sin rested upon the purity of our common mother: but with intellectual advantages of a high, and finished order, a disciplined and well regulated mind, she was a woman, fitted to be a companion, wife, and mother.

But the boat! the fairy boat! is gliding onward, cutting the blue water, like an arrow; over myriads of creatures, is that tiny boat winging its way, bearing in its bosom, struggling hearts, and mournful faces—all—all like the work of one creative hand.

Silently, and separately, after landing, they walked back to the house; in the door-way, Emily excused herself for the evening, and went directly up stairs: unexpectedly, Herbert found himself alone with Edith, his voice faltered slightly, as he said:

"I will not affect to misunderstand you; whatever may be my fate, may your decision work out good for yourself: may you indeed be happy, great, gay; all your heart can desire, Edith, my long-loved Edith!" and he covered his face with his hands, to conceal the emotion he could not master.

"There is good in store for us both," said Edith, kindly, cheerfully; "many happy hours shall we yet spend together, or I am no true prophet; farewell, then my cousin—brother may you meet with that success in life, I so ardently desire for you; the time is not far distant,

Herbert, when another and a fairer will console you for the present disappointment;" and raising her eyes dim with tears, to his face, with another faint and almost inarticulate farewell, she hurried from the room.

The day after Herbert's departure, Mrs. Riverton sent her carriage, to convey her daughter to her brother's residence, where she intended for some time to remain. Emily, had been gone, probably a week, when Mr. Evylen brought home a gentleman, he introduced to his family, as Mr. Vernon. He was a short, thick-set man, with a full, round, merry face, the result of much active exercise, and excellent health; it was impossible to look at him, without being struck with the good nature expressed in his countenance; his light-hearted, happy look, no real misfortune had ever clouded. The kindness of his nature, his good feeling to every one he came in contact with, united to the observance great wealth is prone to command for its possessor—rendered him perfectly at his ease, in a society, of whose forms he was wholly ignorant. He had mingled little in the social circle, although he was considered by many a fair belle, worthy of her brightest smile: his oddities, and forty years as his age, weighed not for a moment in the balance, against his vast wealth.—Straightforward honesty of character, and strict integrity had marked his course through life.—He was known "Upon 'Change" as "honest John Vernon," and few things gave him greater pleasure, than an allusion to his cognomen. He possessed good sense, but was considered timid in disposition; little could be known of the hidden workings of a mind, circumstances had never called forth. Upon the surface there was ever playing an inexhaustible fund of good humor, and pleasantry. He had been a week at the house, when Mr. Evylen desired Edith, one pleasant morning, to walk out with him;—she readily complied, and almost the first words her father addressed to her, was:

"How do you like Mr. Vernon, Edith?"

"Oh, very much, Papa; he is so good tempered, humors me as if I were his child, and a very spoiled one too; be assured I have tried him pretty well, I have not encountered many tempers all sunshine, and I was wicked enough, to convince myself, if his was an exception; but I own myself foiled—he is always happy, good-natured, and obliging."

"A very fair character, you give of my friend John," said her father, laughingly, "but, do you know, my love, he is the first match in—city?"

"Too old for me, Papa," said Edith, coloring violently, "quite too old, he commits such horrible mistakes, in all the minutiae of good society: I should die for very shame, before I had been his wife a year."

"These things," answered her father, "all arise from ignorance; he has never mingled in society at any period of his life; and I assure you, Edith, it was with no little management, I brought him here. A little instruction from you, will bring these little matters right; and consider, how great the advantage to you, should you become his wife, in that ready good-nature, that will ensure a ready compliance with all your demands—John Vernon has never manifested a narrow, or illiberal spirit, his great wealth, is not the result of long continued economy, or petty savings; but of large speculations, in which he has been singularly successful. I have always believed, that Vernon possessed a degree of mind, if you can find the way to it, he has never received credit for." Edith, as I have before said, received, and cherished strong prejudices; it would have been impossible to persuade her, that Vernon was anything more than a good-natured old gentleman, for whose mind and manners, she entertained the most sovereign contempt—to regard him with respect, to marry him was impossible. She expressed these feelings, with strong earnestness, to her father, who at once said:

"I have already told you, Edith, the alternative; you must step down from your high pedestal of rank and fashion; consigning, by your own act, your mother and myself to beggary. I am sure of the aid I absolutely require, from John Vernon. You have cherished a dream in your inmost heart, my daughter, of a suitor wealthy enough, and worthy to be loved; such you may never meet with: be wise, my noble daughter! wear the triple crown that is laid at your feet, you will be unlike all others, should it not conceal a thorn."

By judicious flattery, earnest persuasion, and

incessant watchfulness, lest she should repent and draw back, Evylen, at length succeeded in obtaining a promise from Edith, to think favorably of Vernon's suit. With Vernon, his task was not so difficult; bewildered by the beauty of the maiden, the first hint of Evylen, moved his heart with an emotion it had hitherto been a stranger to; nor did it ever strike him, that Edith could not love him. To Vernon's heart, the feeling came in its first freshness; never before had he felt for any woman, the tenderness that springs from love; his utter ignorance of society, was Evylen's security in venturing to hint, as he did, his desire for a marriage between them.

The kindly and warm heart of Vernon, beat with a rapture, which would have astonished the fair lady had she known it, when he received her very cold, and quiet acceptance of his offered hand; if he felt disappointment, it was silenced in the belief that "maiden bashfulness" prevented an expression of her feelings. Evylen anticipating this state of things had, adroitly enough, prepared his mind to receive that impression. And now pass we over another month until the day of their nuptials.

They were splendid, so Evylen had willed it. There had been much comment on the wooing and managed privacy, and he strove by this display, to still all voices but those of admiration or envy. How glorious was Edith in her regal beauty, as she stood at the "high altar!" Costly robes were around her, rich gems were wreathed in her glossy hair—and the bridal flower, the pale orange blossom, just touched the snowy and lofty forehead; very pale was the cheek of that fair bride! and once, or twice, you might see the firm lips quivering with a thought too strong for the heart's agony to sustain. It was a fearful moment for one so young, so gifted, so full of warm, generous, but unguided feelings: and he who had rendered it unto her so peculiar, and severe a trial, the father, how did he feel, as the solemn words went forth, that bound her through all time to another—there was in his heart, a fear, strong and exciting, of exposure. He dreaded lest the fortitude of his child should give way; but he need not—she was calm, calm to the last; she smiled without a tear, or a flush upon her pale cheek on the crowding and congratulating friends around her; and if in the sanctuary of her own department, she suffered the pent tears, and choking sobs to have way—blame her not; even if her own act, in a great measure, yet blame her not. The fault lay with its darkest shade upon him, who had guided her with a strong hand to such a sacrifice.

[REMAINDER IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Off with his Nose.—An English newspaper says that the new Russian Minister of the United States is called Somonosoff (saw my nose off.) An *Attache* of the same legation in Washington, Blowmanozoff (blow my nose off.) Besides which we have Col. Kutmannosoff, of the imperial guard, (cut my nose off,) Gen. Nozebegun, (nose begone,) and many others.—*Augusta Free Press.*

The law passed last year graduating widow's pensions, will occasion an expenditure this year of rising a million of dollars.

From the Detroit Advertiser. THE INVALID'S FAREWELL TO AVON SPRINGS.

Farewell to thee, Avon—I no longer may quaff
The life giving balm that flows in thy bosom,
That makes the pale cheek of the invalid laugh
With the hues which are seen in Health's cheering
blossom.

Long, long shall I cherish the pleasures I knew,
As I travers'd thy glades and soft swelling mountains,
To read the bright may* thou hast spread to view,
Or list the sweet voice of thy murmuring fountains.

Through the journey of time shall I hallow the hour
That brought me in pain to thy lovely retreat—
Where life glows anew, and sympathy's power
Steals on thy soul like a charm that is sweet.

Fare-thee-well, Avon—for the mind fondly clings
To thine arbors of shade, and health gushing waters;
To thy gardens and groves, and the kindness that
springs
In the hearts of thy sons—the smiles of thy daughters.

Again, fare-thee-well—for I met thee in sorrow,
With a form that was wasted by illness and gloom;
But O, I shall leave thee, dear Avon, to-morrow,
With a heart that is light, and a brow that has bloom.

A. H.

* The uplands in the vicinity of Avon Springs present a landscape of surprising beauty, embracing an extensive view of the Genesee Valley.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Common School Journal.

LESSON ON THE ATMOSPHERE.

Teacher. What have you been studying?

Scholar. About the atmosphere.

Teacher. Of how many ingredients, or parts, is the atmosphere composed?

Scholar. Principally of two. There is a very minute portion of a third.

Teacher. What are they; and in what proportions do they exist?

Scholar. About twenty parts in every hundred are oxygen; about seventy nine parts are azote or nitrogen; and about one part carbonic acid gas.

Teacher. Do these different parts equally support life?

Scholar. No. The oxygen only supports life. The azote or nitrogen neither sustains life nor injures it. The carbonic acid gas is a poison; and were we to breathe that alone, there is perhaps no poison, except prussic acid, which would kill us quicker.

Teacher. Is the air, when thrown out from our lungs in respiration, in the same state as when we draw it into them?

Scholar. No. When the air is thrown from the lungs, it has, in different persons, from four to seven or eight parts in a hundred less of oxygen than when inhaled; and it has as much more of the carbonic acid, or poisonous gas, as it has less of oxygen.

Teacher. What then would be the consequence of breathing the same air over and over again?

Scholar. Were we to breathe the same air only four or five times over, life would be destroyed just as quick as though we were immersed in water.

Teacher. Suppose the air we breathe in the school room, instead of passing off, mixes with air which we have not breathed, and is thus, in part, breathed again?

Scholar. Then we should approach death, through stupidity, faintness, and vertigo, just in proportion to the quantity of bad air in the room, and the length of time we breathe it.—Is not this the reason we often feel so dull and lifeless over our books, and so lively and frolicksome out of doors at play? Folks scold us, and tell us we like play better than our books; but I believe it is often because they give us, not the breath of life, but the breath of disease and death, in the school room.

Teacher. How is it known that the air, which is invisible, and which we cannot grasp in our hands to examine, is composed of different parts?

Scholar. Chemists are able to separate the different parts, and put one part in one bottle, and another into another bottle, as easily as I can separate cents from quarters of dollars.

Teacher. How is it known that the part called carbonic acid gas is poison?

Scholar. The experiment has often been tried on animal life. There is a grotto in Naples where this gas issues from the ground, and, as it is heavier than the common air, it runs along on the ground in a stream, and some cruel persons, who act as guides to the travellers who go there to see the curiosity, carry dogs with them, and they thrust the noses of the dogs down into the gas;—the dogs are immediately seized with convulsions, and would die in two minutes, if not released. When the dogs see their masters going towards the grotto with a stranger, they guess what is coming, and try to scamper away. But their masters drag them along with a rope, in order to try the inhuman experiment upon them. And if dogs try to run away from the grotto, where they are compelled to breathe the poison, why should not children try to run away from those schools where they are compelled to breathe the poison? If they do not, they have not so much wit as dogs. A dog would not go to such a place after the best food, and why should a child go to such a place after the pleasantest learning?

Teacher. You are very right. A sufficiency of air is necessary, not only to life, but to health, to vigor and cheerfulness of mind. And what I wish you to understand further, is, how immense a quantity of it has been created for us, by the goodness of God. There is an ocean of it almost fifty miles deep all round the earth; it is two times higher than the top of the highest mountain, and more than ten times higher than any eagle ever flew. No man can go so high towards the sky as to get above it, nor so deep

into the earth that it will not surround him. It is not only given, but delivered to us. It costs nothing either for making or for transportation. It cools us in summer—it sustains our fires in winter. It carries ships across the ocean. It is called the free air, because it is free, without money and without price, to every body; and nothing but folly and unthankfulness can deprive us of so great a blessing. Please ask your father if he does not think it best to have some ventilator in the school room.

BENJAMIN RATHBUN.

A Prison Scene.—As one of our citizens was recently journeying homeward from the commercial metropolis, he stopped, for an hour or two, at Auburn. Impelled by motives of curiosity, he repaired to the State Prison, and went the usual rounds, with the view of contemplating in his "low estate, one whom he had known and moved with in palmy days of proud and golden prosperity, but who was now within those gloomy walls, a convict felon, condemned to years of silent toil, side by side with villains of every hue and crime. In a secluded part of the immense building, he found the object of his search, attired in the coarse particolored convict dress, soiled and dirty, his hair cropped closely to his head, and his small, yet dignified form, bent painfully over his task. His countenance was deadly pale, save where, upon each cheek, a small deep hectic spotted the troubled workings of his unquiet mind, while his unshaven chin, with a beard of a week's growth, contrasted strangely with his high marble-like forehead and altered features, imparting a wildness to his appearance, which befitted the gloomy scene around. It was BENJAMIN RATHBUN, the forger. He was occupied in shaping the beechen blocks of which joiner's planes are made, and steadily wrought at his new employment, his delicate hands, unused to manual labor, plying busily and dexterously the tools of his work-bench. As the visitor gazed upon the sad spectacle, through the narrow openings of the dark passage from which the convicts are watched by the guards of the prison, unseen by the prisoners, another visitor stood by, similarly occupied, who had been employed by the man they were contemplating, as one of the superintendents of his two THOUSAND laborers, when engaged in carrying on his gigantic operations. The latter stood silently intent on the scene, until he burst into tears, and turned away. The irrepressible sympathies which arise in the human breast, often in defiance of the stern decisions of justice, and often lavished upon unworthy objects whom some redeeming traits have endeared to us, overpowered his feelings, and he left the prisoner to the "peopled solitude" of that populous dungeon.

Nor is it to be wondered at, that the humiliation of this sometime "Girard of the West," should produce in the public mind, a feeling of regret, mingled with the conviction that the wholesome though harsh correctives of justice, must be visited as well upon the loftiest as upon the lowliest heads, that are alike sheltered under the canopying ægis of our laws. The conviction which had settled upon almost every mind, that, through the influence of friends, the ingenuity of able counsel, and the quibbling technicalities of law, he would, at the close of his protracted trials, ultimately escape conviction, had prepared the community to expect such a result—and when the verdict which has linked his name with infamy was finally recorded, the public, as well as prisoner and friends, were taken by surprise, and scarcely believed it real. It was a staggering blow at the high hopes he had evidently cherished from the close of the former trial, in this city, which had resulted in his acquittal upon the indictments on which it was founded. Placed again at liberty, after his long incarceration for want of bail, he was once more actively ranging the scenes of his former enterprise, and planning busily for the future. The ambitious schemes which once more swelled his restless bosom, and gilded the hitherto darkened prospects of existence—none but himself and confidential friends know. But these budding hopes and bright anticipations were suddenly blasted and sterner visions thronged confusedly before him. His ignominious doom, with its abject toil, its lonely hours of pain and lonelier of remorseful thought, its cureless aching shame—lay with a sickening deadly weight upon his heart.

Next came the prison scene, where, amid the clank of fetters, and the rattle of chains, and

the harsh grating of dungeon doors; he commenced the routine of his monotonous task.—And what maddening reflections have been his, in the few weeks which have since succeeded! What bitter, unavailing regrets have dwelt, with a constant and mournful presence, in his agitated breast! What lonely yearnings for the forfeited delights of social life once more, the forfeited esteem and confidence of the wronged community in which he had striven to build up his fame! and conscience, like a reproving angel pointing with moveless finger to the past, has through his waking hours, been a silent yet haunting monitor, whose mental scourgings have been more terrible than the physical ones which have borne upon his frame.

It is a sad lesson—the fate of BENJAMIN RATHBUN!—*Buff. Com. Adv.*

THE PALACE OF HEROD.

The palace stands on a table of land, on the summit of the hill overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such was the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wildness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered with a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olives rising in terraces to their very summits; there, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace; and, looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among those still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper for his "lords and high captains, and chief estates of Gallilee;" here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife "danced before him, and the proud king promised, with an oath, to give her whatsoever she asked, even to the half of his kingdom."—And while the feast and dance went on, "the head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger and given to the damsel." And Herod has gone, and Herodias Herod's brother's wife, has gone, and "the lords and high captains, and the chief estates of Gallilee", are gone; but the ruins of the palaces in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valley's which beheld their revels are here; and, oh! what a comment on the vanity of worldly greatness, a Fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns! I was sitting on a broken capitol under a fig tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins that we saw: and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king, he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage to the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace, knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance of time, I look back with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among those ruins, talking with the Arab ploughman of the king who built it, leaning against a column which, perhaps, had often supported the haughty Herod, and looking out from this scene of desolation and ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy land.—*Incidents of Travels, &c., by G. Stevens.*

The learned Blacksmith.—We published in our paper a few days ago, some account of a learned Blacksmith, who was acquainted with more than fifty languages, ancient, modern and oriental. By an article in the Observer of Saturday, we learn that this Blacksmith is Mr. ELI HUE BURRITT. He is a native of New Britain, in the town of Berlin in this State, where he learned his trade. He has resided a year or two past, at Worcester, Mass., principally on account of the excellent library at that place, of the American Antiquary Association. He now does regularly every day a journeyman's day's work, at the locksmith business. Connecticut, and the village of New Britain in particular, has reason to be proud of such a son; and we trust the Young Men's Institute of Hartford will be so successful in the establishment of their library, that they will offer sufficient inducement for Mr. Burritt to return to his native state and take up his residence among us. They certainly cannot desire a nobler incentive for effort.—*Hartford Courant.*

From the Dublin University Magazine

THE GHOST AND THE BONE-SETTER.

Well, Terry Neil, for that was my father's name, began to feel his heart growin' light and his purse heavy, an' he took a bit iv a farm in Squire Phalim's ground, just under the ould castle, an' a pleasant little spot it was; an' day and mornin' poor crathurs not able to put a foot to the ground, with broken arms and legs, id be comin' ramblin' in from all quarters to have their bones spliced up. Well, yer Honor, all this was as well as well could be; but it was customary when Sir Phalim id go any where out iv the country for some of the tenants to sit up to watch in the ould castle, just for a kind of compliment to the ould family—an' a mighty unpleasant compliment it was for the tenants, for there wasn't a man of them but knew there was something quare about the ould castle. The neighbors had it, that the Squire's ould grand' father, as good a gentleman, Good be with him, as I heer'd, as ever stood in shoe leather, used to keep walkin' about in the middle iv the night, ever sinst he burst a blood vessel pullin' out a cork out iv a bottle, as you or I might be doin', and will too, plase God: but that dosen't signify. So, as I was sayin', the ould Squire used to come down out of the frame, where his picthur was hanging up, and brake the bottles and glasses, God be merciful to us all, an' dhrank all he could come at—and small blame to him for that same; and then if any of the family id be comin' in he id be up again in his place, looking as quiet an' innocent as if he didn't know any thing about it—the mischievous ould chap.

Well, yer honor, as I was sayin', one time the family up at the castle was stayin' in Dublin for a week or two; and, so, as usual, some of the tenants had to sit up in the castle, and the third night it kem to my father's turn. "Oh, tare an' ouns," says he unto himself, "an' must I sit up all night, and that ould vagabond of a sperit, glory be to God," says he, "serenading through the house, an' doin' all sorts iv mischief."—However, there was no gettin' off, an' so he put a bould face on it, an' he went up at nightfall, with a bottle of potteen, and another of holy wather.

"Oh, blur an' agres," says my father, "isn't this a hard case," says he, "that ould villain, lettin' on to be my friend, and go asleep this way, an' us both in the very room with a sperit," says he. "The crass o' Christ about us," says he, and with that he was goin' to shake Lawrence to waken him, but he just remembered if he roused him that he'd surely go off to his bed, an' lave him completely alone, an' that id be by far worse.

But there was one quare thing I forgot to tell you. He couldn't help, in spite av himself, lookin' now an' thin at the picthur, an' he immediately observed that the eyes av it was followin' him about, an' starin' at him, an' winkin' at him, wherever he went. All of a suddint the storm stopt, as silent an' as quiet as if it was a July evenin'. Well, yer honor, it wasn't stopt blowin' for three minutes before he thought he hard a sort iv a noise over the chimney-piece; and with that my father just opened his eyes the smallest taste in life, an' sure enough he seen the ould squire gittin' out iv the picthur, for all the world as if he was throwin' aff his ridin' coat, until he sept clane and compleat out av the chimly-piece, an' thrun himself down an the floor. Well, the slieven ould chap—and my father thought it was the dirtiest turn iv all—before he began to do any thing out iv the way, he stopped for a while, to listen wor they both asleep; and as soon as he thought all was quiet, he put out his hand, an' tuck hould iv the whiskey bottle, and dhrank at laste a pint iv it. Well, yer honor, when he tuck his turn out iv it, he settled it back mighty cute intirely in the very same spot it was in before. Well, yer honor, my father was asy enough until the sperit kem past him so close, God be merciful to us all, that the smell iv the sulphur tuck the breath clane out iv him; an' with that he tuck such a fit iv coughin' that it al-a-must shuck him out iv the chair he was sittin' in.

"Ho, ho!" says the squire, stoppin' short about two steps aff, an' turnin' round facin' my father, "is it you that's in? An' how's all with you, Terry Neil?"

"At yer honor's sarvice," says my father (as well as the fright id let him, for he was more dead than alive), "an' it's proud I am to see yer honor to-night," says he.

"Well," says the sperit, "although I was as ober as most men—at laste as most gintlemen's"

—says he: "an' though I was at different periods a most extemporary Christian, and most charitable and inhuman to the poor," says he; "for all that I'm not as asy where I am now," says he, "as I had a right to expect," says he. "An' more's the pity," says my father;—"may be yer honor id wish to have a word with Father Murphy?"

"Hould yer tongue, ye miserab'le bliggard," says the squire; "it's not iv my sowl I'm thinkin', an' I wondher you'd have the impidence to talk to a gintleman consarnin' his sowl; and whin I want that fixed," says he, slappin' his thigh, "I'll go to thim that knows what belongs to the likes," says he. "It's not my sowl," says he, sittin' down opposite my father; "it's not my sowl that's annoyin' me most—I'm unasy on my right leg," says he, "that I bruck at Glenvarloch cover the day I killed black Barney."

My father found out afther, it was a favorite horse that fell under him, afther leaping the big fence that runs along by the glen.

"I hope," says my father, "yer honor's not unasy about killin' iv him?"

"Hold yer tongue, ye fool," said the squire, "an' I'll tell you why I'm unasy on my leg," says he. "In the place where I spuid most iv my time," says he, "except the little leisure I have for looking about me here," says he, "I have to walk a great dale more than I was ever used to," says he, "and by far more than is good for me either," says he, "for, I must tell you," says he, "the people where I am is uncommonly fond iv cold wather, for there is nothin' better to be had; an', moreover, the wather is hotter than is altogether plisint," says he; "an' I'm appinted," says he, "to assist in carryin' the wather, an' gets a mighty poor share iv it myself," says he. "An' a mighty troublesome, warin' job it is, I can tell ye," says he; "for they're all iv thim surprisingly dhry, and dhrinks it as fast as my legs can carry it," says he; "but what kills me intirely," says he, "is the wakeness of my leg," says he, "an' want you to give a pull or two, to bring id to shape," says he, "an' that's the long an' short iv it," says he.

"Oh, plase yer honor," says my father, (for he didn't like to handel the sperit at all,) "I wouldn't have the impitence to do the likes to yer honor," says he; "it's only to poor crathurs like myself I'd do it to," says he.

"None iv yer blarney," says the squire, "here's my leg," says he, cockin' it up to him, "pull it for the bare life," says he, "an' iv ye done't, by the immortal powers, I'll not lave a bone in your carkisk, I'll not powdher," says he.

When my father heard that, he seen there was no use in pretendin', so he tuck hould iv the leg, an' he kep pullin' an' pullin', till the sweat, God bless us, begin to pour down his face.

"Pull, ye devil," says the squire.

"At yer sarvice, yer honor," says my father.

"Pull harder," says the squire.

My father pulled like the devil.

"I'll take a little sup," says the squire, reachin' over his hand to the bottle, "to keep up my currage," says he, lettin' on to be very wake in himself intirely. But, as cute as he was, he was out here, for he tuck the wrong one.—"Here's to yer good health, Terrence," says he; "an' now pull like the very devil," and with that he lifted the bottle of holy wather; but id was hardly to his mouth, when he let a screech out iv him, you'd think the room id fairly split with it, an' made one chuck that sent the leg clane aff his body, in my father's hands; down wint the squire over the table, an' bang wint my father half way across the room on his back upon the flure. Whin he kim to himself, the cheerful mornin' sun was shinin' through the window shutters, an' he was lyin' flat on his back, with the leg iv one iv the great ould chairs pulled clane out iv the socket an' tight in his hand, pintin' up to the ceilin', an' ould Larry fast asleep, an' snorin' as loud as iver. My father wint that mornin' to Father Murphy, an' from that day to the day of his death, he niver neglected confession nor mass, an' what he tould was betthur believed when he spake iv it but seldom. An', as for the squire, that is, the sperit, whether it was that he did not like the liquor, or by rason iv the loss iv his leg, he was niver known to walk again.

Throw sand on the pavement when glazed with ice. A lady at Boston slipped down the other day from this cause and broke her arm.

Sad Mistake.—The parish of Wilow, mel in England, was thrown recently into a terrible consternation, by the circulation of a report in the North Cheshire Reformer, that their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Morris, had been advocating in Stockport, and urging the inhabitants to petition for a taxation on wives! The whole village was in an uproar. The females held a consultation, at which the wives said, that if such a tax was levied it would create family quarrels, and the maids justly argued that the chances of marriage would be fearfully increased against them. After which they came to a resolution to proceed to Mr. Morris' house. Mr. Morris was apprized by one of his friends of the predicament in which he had placed himself, and when he saw the maids and matrons approaching his house, his fears were excited, and securing himself by locks and bolts against the injured fair, he went up stairs and endeavored to appease their wrath by a speech from the chamber window, in which he laid the blame on the printer for his carelessness in making a misprint. The ladies, not knowing any thing about a misprint, separated, assuring him of what they would do when they caught him again on his way to Stockport. The misprint was *wives for wines*.

John Smith vs. William Smith.—A most ludicrous incident took place when these two redoubtable names were called. No less than twenty-five litigants all cried "Here," simultaneously. The crier was absolutely puzzled, but, wishing for the best, he ventured again: "John Smith and William Smith." "Here!" roared a podgy-looking baker, who had just entered the Court. Matters got still more complicated. "Vich is the Bill Smith wot howes nine-teen bob for bread?" said the crier. No body answered. "Vich is the Bill Smith av howes the beer score?" "I does," said about one-half of the Smith, present, and it was a considerable time before the numerous family of the "Smiths" were classed in any thing like order.—None would own the "half penny worth of bread, but nobody denied the "sack."—*London paper*

"Vel, here is I, a settin on a pipe—I wish I was in Holland—they has the pipes smokin hot, in Holland, and these is cold as the breakfast vat the beggar gi' me yesterday—my eyes! vot's that man runnin for? I vonder if he's stole sumthin'—vond' he be prime if he gits off? I se mighty cold—I se a mind to go and thrash that feller vot call' me a loafer, on the levee, just for exercise—pshaw—me talk about exercise—vosn't I walkin' all night, a tryin' to find lodgins, and didn't I chase a rat two squares, vat had a piece of meat a runnin' off with it.—Crickee, it's a vonder I vasn't pisoned last summer by sassenges—how the dogs did fight for them nice presents! I wish I was a packet ship—wouldn't I be full o' vine and crackers, and good things—I'd never let 'em insure me—vat! abandon me to the underwriters, ven I got wrecked? no—never?" So saying, our loafer walked off with a theatrical air.

Three Irishmen pretty well primed with whiskey, were reeling home along the banks of the Liffey, last week, when one of them, who was discanting on the virtues of his favourite liquor, which he declared to be meat and drink to man, fell off the quay into the river. "Oegh," exclaimed one of his companions, "sure you're now provided for, for you had mate and drink, and now you've good washing and lodging."—*London paper.*

"Here's such a good 'un" from the N. O. Pic. A loafer, who had got his Christmas load on, "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hands, and exclaimed, "Well, that's a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against!"—*Bost. Trans.*

LOVE LETTERS once caused a lady to exclaim "When the devil's very desirous of ruining a man or a woman, he always pokes a pen in their paw!"

The number of new brick houses erected a Baltimore during the past year is stated to be 365.

It is rumored that Queen Victoria is to marry the eldest son of Louis Philippe.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1839.

Munificent Donation.—We have never recorded an act of liberality, with more heartfelt satisfaction than the following:—

John Greig, Esq., of Canandaigua, has presented the Society for the relief of orphans and destitute children, which was incorporated last winter, by the title of the "ROCHESTER ORPHAN ASYLUM," a lot containing about an acre and a half of land, most eligibly situated for buildings for the institution, on the elevated ground, a few rods South of Caledonia Square, the estimated value of which is from two to three thousand dollars. It is the most desirable location, all things considered, for the purpose for which it is intended, of any unoccupied lot in the city.

We have heard it stated that Mr. Greig, on learning the fact, that the Ladies of Rochester, under whose care the Orphan Asylum has so greatly prospered, were desirous of procuring grounds on which to erect suitable buildings to accommodate the children which they are supporting, directed his agent to select such a lot upon his tract, as would be desirable, and when the selection was made, executed a deed and presented it, with a flattering compliment to the kind hearted managers of the Society. This generous act should stimulate our citizens to an effort to erect on the spot an edifice, which, while it affords a home to the houseless and friendless orphan, will be a monument to the philanthropy and benevolence of the liberal donor.

Common School Journal.—We have received the first number of a neat little pamphlet under the above name, published at Boston. An extract from it will be found in another column, which contains some valuable hints on the necessity of breathing pure air, and may be considered a fair specimen of its familiar and pleasing mode of communicating instruction to juvenile readers.

Correspondents.—One of the poetical articles from S— we publish. The other is respectfully declined, as its publication would be unjust to the author; for it was evidently written under the circumstances which she mentions. She will excuse us for saying that nothing should be written "without any attention."

Written for the Gem.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

NUMBER II.

As was observed in our last number, Brougham was one of the original projectors of that bold and independent novelty, in the republic of letters—the Edinburgh Review. It was an undertaking worthy of his original and fertile mind; of his broad and comprehensive views. It took the literary world by surprise. Professedly devoted to criticism, it contained short, nervous and condensed treatises upon the various subjects, which it reviewed, which in most instances excelled those works upon which it placed its stamp of approbation or condemnation. All the skill and vigor of Brougham, Jeffrey and Horner, were brought into requisition. It courted neither favor nor applause; it was as fearless in censure, as it was liberal of praise. Entering at once into the arena of politics, its opinions became the oracles of the liberal school of the day; and rigid in its adherence to truth, it proclaimed those truths, boldly and fearlessly. The pen of Brougham may be traced in many a glowing and manly essay—in defending many

a known but then unpalatable maxim of political science. No subject was too light, nor yet too learned, or scientific or abstruse for its observation. Its power was felt in its inception, and like the infant Hercules, it strangled many a serpent of political, moral and literary monstrosity, in its very cradle. For one reason, and it was for the time sufficient, the Edinburgh Review was not popular with the American public. Although an organ of reform and liberal sentiment, it yet had imbibed all the prejudices, for which Scotchmen, more than their Southron brethren, have been conspicuous, against our republican institutions, and this extended to every thing which had its origin in our country. It was the Edinburgh Review, which asked through the pen of Jeffrey, that sneering and illiberal question: "Who reads an American book?" In this feeling Brougham doubtless participated at the time. But does this ultimately detract from our admiration of that mighty mind which casts its light over the old world? No! That same review, under the auspices of Brougham, has changed its tone, and it is creditable to him that he should be as ready now to bestow praise, as he was formerly free to censure. American literature now finds in that periodical, a zealous advocate, and the mind of Brougham has received new light and vigor from the freshness and fervor of the new world's intellect.

It is not alone from the pages of this Review, that Brougham has thrown upon the world the effort of his masculine genius. He is at once a member and an ornament of England's mightiest pillar of science, the Royal Society. His communications for that institution, and for Nicholson's Journal, have placed him amongst the first, and most inquiring men of science of the age. Nothing seems to escape him. The laws of nature, and the laws of England have alike engaged his attention, and he shines pre-eminent in both his greatworks, on the "Colonial Policy of Europe," and in the latest vigorous production of his versatile pen, on "Natural Theology."

But it is as the champion of Public Education that Brougham claims the admiration and applause of England and America: In his benevolent exertions, he includes both peer and peasant. In 1825 he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, over an opponent no less distinguished than himself; Sir Walter Scott. It was obtained too, by the casting vote of the eminent and philosophical Mackintosh. He was foremost among the founders of the London University, and it was owing to his perseverance, zeal and indefatigable exertions, more than those of any other man, that the University was opened in 1828, in less than a year and a half after the corner stone was laid. Here a hereditary noble of Britain would have paused, and acting upon the maxim, "take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor," would have confined his enterprise, and his exertions, to the proud old dome, which should serve as collegiate halls. Not so with Brougham.—He is truly the friend of the people, and he has proved that he is *theirs* not in lip-service only, but in *deeds*. He is no demagogue, nor like the "big beggar man" of Ireland, the pensioned of the poor. He cast his eyes over the "fast anchored isle," and saw a mighty mass of mind, inert, uneducated, unenlightened, and debased. He felt, that the foundations of a government are strongest based, in the intelligence and discernment of a people; that with such, vulgar appeals to the passions, have no force, and treason no lurking place. He felt, that it was not

the high arched halls of a university, which could or would teach the working classes and the poor. He had proclaimed that the school master was abroad," and he was determined that both noble and commoner should be the subjects of his "primer." It was a proud stand and a proud pledge, and well and nobly has he fulfilled it.

In 1827 the "Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge" was formed, of which Brougham was elected chairman, and has ever since acted in that capacity. Of its vast benefits, the praise is loud on both sides of the Atlantic.—By means of that well known publication, the "Penny Magazine," useful and entertaining knowledge has been brought to the doors of many a poor man, and his heart gladdened with an insight into the truths and wonders of the world of natural science, of art, of literature, of morals, of history, and of philosophy. It is a known favorite in America, as in England.—Our readers must have perused its amusing and instructive contents with delight, and we cannot forbear in its perusal, expressing a wonder that a chancellor of Great Britain should descend from his proud place in Westminster Hall to become an instructor in the humble cottage. He is so in truth, for it is known, that he is an extensive and valuable contributor to the pages of this humble periodical, and that the voice whose majestic tones ring in the House of England's peers, is heard in its silvery notes in the abodes of the lowly. The style and manner of Brougham's writing is like his oratory, concise, pointed and glowing as from nature's hands, and is every where adapted to his subject. If he treats of national polity, it is stern and lofty, of natural theology, it is clear and brief in its illustrations; of science and literature, it is nervous, yet smooth and liquid. In one word, *mind* shines through all its efforts, and you see no parrot imitation of great models. *Himself is his model.*

Amidst his varied and incessant avocations, he is a newspaper contributor, and the character of the man is portrayed in every paragraph. If public virtue be his theme, he has the thunders of a Demosthenes; if wrong be exposed, or reform be advocated, he has all the powers of Cicero arraying a Cataline. A ministry has quailed beneath the sarcastic and cutting articles, which he has thrown off in a moment of relaxation; and the biting satire is most felt, when it is concealed in the disguise of eulogy, and of calm but pungent irony. *He is a giant even in a newspaper paragraph.*

My next number will treat of the parliamentary career of this great man, when it will be seen that amongst modern reformers and modern statesmen, none occupies a loftier station; or has achieved more for the benefit of his country, and of posterity than

HENRY BROUGHAM.

Errata.—Most of the patrons of the GEM, have already received this No.; but having discovered a gross error in the arrangement of the story on *Temper*, we are induced to publish our edition over again. Our readers, therefore, will understand the cause of receiving a surplus copy.

A Powerful Remedy.—A cotemporary, in recommending a cough mixture, says it was given to two high pressure steam boats, and stopped them in ten minutes.

A young lady was lately so carried away by the eloquence of Prof. Bascom, that she exclaimed to a friend "He's a perfect cataract of flowers."

"Discoveries of the North Men."—We have received by the politeness of the Rev. Mr. Davis a copy of his published Lecture upon this interesting subject. From the few moments we have had to look it over our impression is that it will well repay an attentive perusal. His remarks upon the magnificent ruins of the City of PALENQUE in central America are calculated to awaken a lively interest to know more of a race of men that once inhabited this vast continent.

A descendant of the great navigator, AMERIGO VESPUCCI, after whom America received her name, has arrived in this country. Her name is AMERICA VESPUCCI, daughter of the illustrious house of Vespucci, of Florence, in Tuscany.—Since the time the renowned discoverer was raised to such distinction, the children have borne the name of AMERICA uninterruptedly.

North Carolina Silver.—The editor of the Raleigh Register mentions, that Mr Boswell King of Davidson, Co., had in his possession, a few days since an ingot of Silver worth about \$40, obtained from his mine recently discovered, the richness of which is said to be almost unparalleled. Some of the ore is said to yield 98 per cent of pure silver.

Knickerbocker.—This periodical for January is unusually good. The last moments of Jack Garnet are beautifully written. It is the best periodical in the country, and this is saying a great deal.

C. MORSE, bookseller, Exchange-street, Rochester, is Agent for the Knickerbocker.

Mr. Thomas, the veteran editor of the Cincinnati Post, says the first edition of the Bible ever printed in America, was at Cambridge, the second at Trenton, and the third at Worcester, of which latter the aforesaid editor read the proof sheets.

The distance from Boston to Chicago, is 1340 miles, over which there is an uninterrupted line of communication by steam and canal. Soon inland navigation will be extended to St. Louis, 1670 miles.

The British Minister at Washington, Mr. Fox, rises at noon and dines at sunset, sups in the night and goes to bed in the mornings. He is called the English owl, in allusion to his habits.

Upwards of fifty thousand copies of Mrs. Childs' Frugal Housewife have been sold in England. They are not so much needed here—perhaps.

Job says there is nothin' new under the sun. I don't mean to tell Job he lies, but I guess he never seed my new jack-knife,' said Ichabod Towhead as he stood whittling a cider tap.

Tolerably Good.—An urchin of a boy some ten years of age, was asked by a trustee of a school district No.—in Benton, whether he was old enough to draw public money; said he "didn't know but would ask his mother." So home he went and told his parents he wanted a box put on his sled, for Mr.—wanted him to draw public money for him.—Penn Yan Dem.

The Respirator.—This is the name of an instrument invented by Mr. Combe, to protect the lungs of invalids from sudden atmospheric changes, as for instance going out of a hot room into a temperature below zero. It consists of three or four layers of wire gauze, which constitute a covering for the mouth. This absorbs the warm air of the breath as it leaves the lungs, and gives it out to the fresh air which enters.

Severe Retort.—"Does your anxious mother know you're out, my dear?" inquires an impudent fellow of a modest little damsel whom he met in the street. "To be sure she knows I am out," was the ready reply. "for she sent me to buy some pork—are you for sail?"—Phil. Cour.

Young girls, like kittens, are pretty playthings; but as they grow up, look out for their claws.

The Bedouin Arabs are at Charleston, where they find a climate as pleasant as their own "Araby."

Feeling.—He who feels deeply, will express himself strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial.

There are eleven papers published in Detroit city. Three daily, one tri-weekly, and seven weekly. The Advertiser states the aggregate circulation at about 7,000 copies.

A Young Husband.—A lovely young damsel, with health blooming on her cheek, and hope sparkling in her eye, stepped into a book-selling establishment, a day or two since, and addressing a handsome clerk behind the counter, said, "I will thank you for a 'Young Husband,' Sir,"—meaning of course, Dr. Alcott's late work. The clerk gazed for a moment on the vision of loveliness which appeared before him—then laying his hand on his heart—making a low bow—he gallantly replied, "If you wish for a young husband, I am at your service, Miss."

The poor girl's blushes betrayed her confusion, at this unexpected reply—but she damped the ardor and hopes of the youthful aspirant to her hand by stammering out—"I—I—I want one for my—my—my brother, Sir."—Bos. Jour.

Tea and Coffee.—The following extracts are from a work recently published by Dr. Furnival, of Hartford, on the successful treatment of consumptive disorders:—"Tea is a powerful promoter of digestion, and gentle stimulant to the stomach; we must avoid drinking it too hot as well as dinking too much at a time, which would weaken by over distending the stomach; the infusion must not be made too strong.—Very hot tea is a very fertile source of indigestion. Tea is well adapted for persons of plethoric habits, for those who are indolent and will not take exercise, for those who eat a great deal, and who live on a highly animalized diet. In China it has been remarked that the inveterate tea-drinkers are emaciated, feeble, of leaden complexion, and are subject to diabetes. Coffee (the student's drink) is more stimulant than tea; and for six or eight hours after its ingestion, it seems to exert an antisoporific influence. It is best fitted for persons of lymphatic temperament, for the indolent mind or the inactive body, and it may assist digestion in the debilitated stomach. It is counter-indicated when the temperament is sanguine and bilious, when the mental faculties are exalted, or mind excitable, and during the presence of any diseases of irritation or inflammation."

Moral Cowardice.—Why is it, in fact, that the tone of morality in the high places of society, is so lax and so complaisant, but for want of the independent and indignant rebuke of society? There is reproach enough poured upon the drunkenness, debauchery, and dishonesty of the poor man. The good people who go to him can speak plainly, aye, very plainly, of his evil ways. Why is it, then, that fashionable vice is able to hold up its head, and sometimes to occupy the front ranks of society? It is because respectable persons, of hesitating and uncompromising virtue, keep it in countenance! It is because timid woman stretches out her hand to a man whom she knows to be the deadliest enemy of morality and of her sex, while she turns a cold eye upon the victims he has ruined. It is because there is nobody to speak plainly in matters like these. And do you think that society is ever to be regenerated or purified under the influences of these unjust and pusillanimous compromises? I tell you never. So long as vice is suffered to be fashionable and respectable, so long as men are bold to condemn it only when it is clothed in rags, there will never be any radical improvement. You may multiply temperance societies—you may pile up statute books of law against gambling and dishonesty—but so long as the timid homages of the fair and honored are paid to splendid iniquity, it will be all in vain: so long will it be felt, that the voice of the world is not against the sinners, but against the sinner's garb: so long, every weapon of association, and every baton of office will be but a missile feather against the leviathan that is wallowing in the low marshes and stagnant pools of society.—Dewey's Moral Views.

From the Boston Post.

MUSINGS.

Thoughts of to-day Are gone to-morrow; And childhood's play, Doth end in sorrow. But some thoughts live, Some sorrows end; What life doth give, That let it send.	The more we knew The less our joy, Hope's brightest glow Doth but annoy. As strikes the sun His strongest ray, His light we shun, Though bright and gay.
Life's but a school, And all must learn Each simple rule That comes in turn. Things hardest got We highest prize; Man's hardest lot Is to be wise.	Live, love and sleep, Enjoy the hour; Forget to weep, Nor yearn for power. Content is bliss, And love is sweet; Know then but this— That life's a cheat.

"SELF CULTURE: an Address Introductory to the Franklin Lectures, delivered at Boston, September, 1838; by William E. Channing." Dutton & Wentworth, Boston, have printed an elegant edition of this Address for the Executive Committee of the Association before which it was delivered. The name of William E. Channing is sufficient endorsement for its sound, philanthropic principles, and pure philosophy.

"One of the very interesting features of our times is the multiplication of books, and their distribution through all conditions of society.—At a small expense, a man can now possess himself of the most precious treasures of English literature. Books, once confined to a few by their costliness, are now accessible to the multitude; and in this way a change of habits is going on in society, highly favorable to the culture of the people. Instead of depending on the casual rumor and loose conversation for most of their knowledge and objects of thought; instead of forming their judgments in crowds, and receiving their chief excitement from the voice of neighbors, men are now learning to study and reflect alone, to follow out subjects continuously, to determine for themselves what shall engage the minds and reasonings of men of all countries and ages; and the result must be, a deliberateness and independence of judgment, and a thoroughness and extent of information, unknown in former times. The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery and legislation. Its peaceful agency is to supercede stormy revolutions. The culture which it is to spread, whilst an unspeakable good to the individuals, is also to become the stability of nations.

* * * * *

"Labor is a school of benevolence as well as justice. A man to support himself must serve others. He must do or produce something for their comfort and gratification. This is one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that to get a living, a man must be useful. Now this usefulness ought to be an end in his labor as truly as even his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own; and in so doing, in desiring amidst his sweat and toil to serve others as well as himself; he is exercising and growing in benevolence, as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive hallows and dignifies the commonest pursuit.—It is strange that laboring men do not think more of the vast usefulness of their toils, and take a benevolent pleasure in them on this account. This beautiful city, with its houses, furniture, markets, public walks, and numberless accommodations, has grown up under the hands of artisans, and other laborers, and ought they not to take a disinterested joy in their work?—One would think that a carpenter or mason, on passing a house which he had reared, would say to himself, "this work of mine is giving comfort and enjoyment every day and every hour to a family, and will continue to be a kindly shelter, a domestic gathering-place, and abode of affection, for a century or more after I sleep in the dust;" and ought not a general satisfaction to spring up at the thought? It is by thus interweaving goodness with common labors, that we give it strength and make it a habit of the soul."

Anecdote.—A captain of a vessel, loading coal, went into his merchant's counting room, and requested the loan of a rake. The merchant looking towards his clerks, replied, "I have a number of them, but none, I believe, who wish to be hauled over the coals."

Madame Caradori Allen is giving concerts in Columbus.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

I saw an oak, the mighty forest's pride;
I heard the wind wild howling by;
It fell beneath the blast, in ruin wide,
"Sic transit gloria mundi"

I saw a lofty palace, crowned with tower and dome;
Time in his course did swiftly fly,
The castle's strength became the owl's home;
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I saw a city's massive walls and flocking crowd;
War in his raging car passed by;
Wreck, flame, and carnage, join in tumult loud,
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I saw a nation, boasting, much renowned;
Oppression raised her front on high;
They fell—for God, in righteous anger, frowned
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I saw the youth, the man, the hoary head;
I saw again with bursting eye,
The solemn hearse, the shroud which wound the dead,
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I saw bright fashion's pomp, the festive hall,
I heard the sound of revelry;
Soon died away, the mirth, the sound of all—
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I stood, amid the Grecian statues, halls,
The pride of men who humble lie;
The mouldering column from its basis falls,—
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I stood, among Egyptian tombs and dead,
O'er ruins wreck I cast my eye:
A hollow voice arose proclaiming dread,
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I had a fitting dream—in fancy's flight,
I saw volcanoes belching high:
The earth in final flames—extinguished light,
"Sic transit gloria mundi."
Kenyon College, Ohio.

H.

Written for the Gem.

RHYMES,

To one who reads the Gem.

Now life is young, and hope is bright,
And fancy's scenes are gay and light,
And all is fair as beauty's smile
Reflected from a sea-girt isle.

Then who would check the rising joy,
Who mingle in the dark alloy
Of care, and apprehension dread,
And mantle gloom around thy head?

But yet, reflect; Time's ceaseless pace
Still onward speeds the silent race;
And age will blight away thy bloom,
As years fly onward to the tomb.

Then list to wisdom's pleading voice,
And make the high and holy choice,
That brings the fruit, in coming years,
Of joy, instead of burning tears.

Be gleeful, sprightly, light and gay,
As sunbeam in the silver spray;
Check not the stream of nature's flow,
Nor cast one shade upon her glow.

Yet, fairest, in thy gentle mirth,
Forget not thou art one of Earth;
Be thoughtful still; remember this,
That only God can give thee bliss.

A.

Written for the Gem.

STANZAS.

If all that we wish for we could possess,
Much happier should we be?
Go ask the monarch who sits on his throne,
If his heart is content with what is his own;
(Which scarcely has boundary:)
His actions will tell you he's wishing for more;
There's something yet wanting to make up the store
Of his earthly happiness.

If all that we wish for we could possess,
Much happier should we be?
Contentment, alone, is a fountain of bliss;
And nothing is wanting—if we possess this
We are living in luxury;
And the fools who are toiling to add to their store
Of riches and honour will toil on for more;
Nor happy with any less.

If all that we wish for we could possess,
Much happier should we be?
No—not unless wishes should rise up to Heaven;
For blessings of Earth are so poor when they're given,
That they seem as vanity;
Compared with the bliss; with the glory above,
Where all is perfection, and beauty, and love,
And endless happiness!

B.

☐ We publish the following Poem at the request of the author.

Written for the Gem.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MRS. MARIA H. ROOT.

The Morn arose in brightness, and the Sun
Had tinged with golden rays the verdant plain,
And o'er the still, calm bosom of the deep,
Serenely cast its beams, until it seem'd
As one vast polished mirror to reflect
With undiminished glory from above,
The canopy of Heaven, and the bright
Cerulean sky, the great grand work
Of that Almighty architect, whose hand
Sways all—while o'er its waters danced,
In seeming pride, the vessel which contain'd
Those light of heart, who knew no care,
Nor woe, nor dream't that aught could mar
The heartfelt happiness which reign'd around.
All nature wore a smile, and was bedeck'd
In loveliest garb, and all was one entire,
Unbroken scene of joy—

It was the bridal morn—that solemn hour,
When they the sacred vow, should each record
In Heaven's register; and Heaven seem'd to smile
In its performance,—for they two, were one;
United, indivisible, by ties
Tho' earthly, yet by heavenly influence form'd:
She was his all, and he had known her long;
With anxious eye he eagerly had watch'd
Her steps, from the gay buoyancy of youth
To womanhood, and now he saw
Her as his own, and with impatient soul,
He bless'd the moment, which by mutual love
Endeared, should haply crown their Earthly bliss.
That moment came—they now in silence stand,
Before the holy altar, at whose shrine
Their mutual vows exchange'd; each to the other gave
A promise of eternal constancy and love;
She to obey, he to protect and cherish,
Till death should tear them from the fond embrace.
High Heaven was call'd to witness, and the voice
Of earnest prayer, now clos'd the solemn scene;
A heartfelt blessing hung upon the lips
Of all who saw—to see them was to bless.
Now all was gladness, mirth reign'd o'er the scene;
Each eye now shone with joy, the index sure
Of a more joyous heat, as each one greets
The happy pair; long life, and health, and peace,
In frequent salutations are received—
The time flies on, and she must quickly leave
Perhaps for ever, her once happy home;
Her friends, her kindred, yet to her 'tis nought:
Her all is with her, and she could desert
The world for him, and tho' fond memory oft
Recalling former scenes, and hours of bliss,
Elicits the bright tears, yet soon
Tis wiped away, and in its place a smile—

The day fast wanes—
Now they are gone—and the deserted hall
O'er which in sylph-like beauty oft she trips,
Seems lone, and cheerless; and her room
Once so enlighten'd by her presence, now
Is tenantless; and now the garden walks
Reecho not her step; while the bright flowers
Hang their meek heads and in her absence droop.
The prattling girl, who once was her delight,
Asks—where's Maria?—will she ne'er return?
Ma, has she left us? will she ne'er come back?
She will my child; is mother's fond reply.
She will, she will,—but the response brings forth
A tear in either eye—for she may not!

Al! what is that!
Hark! heard you not that cry with anguish fraught,
That seem'd to rend in twain, the soul of him
Who gave it birth!—what agony is this?
Whence this despair?—this bitter, bitter woe!
It was the house of Death—I saw him stand
In anguish by the side of her, who but a short,
Short, time ago, he call'd his BRIDE.
But she had found another bridegroom—DEATH!
Fond wretched man! he gazes on the face
Of his departed one, madness is in his eye,
And horror—now he kneels—see!—see!
He kisses her cold cheek,—he clasps her hand,
Her clay-cold hand in his—AND IS SHE DEAD?
He asks, Maria art thou dead?
My bride, my hope, my darling, speak! oh speak!
One word, one breath, oh, do not leave me thus!
My dear one!—but his utterance is cho'k'd,
He clasps his hands upon his feverish brow
And yields himself a prey to bitter agony.
Oh pity! thou kind angel from above
Descend, and with thee, bring from Heaven relief
To heal the wounded spirit, to assuage
The mourner's grief!—the prayer is heard, and he
Unhappy he, at length becomes resign'd

And bows submissive to the stern decree—
And is it thus? are hopes thus bright cut down,
Do prospects deem'd unfading, fade
So soon?—Is he, who but a few short weeks ago,
Was happier than the happiest of men,
Now lone, and wounded as the stricken Deer?
Is she, whom, once we saw in cheerful mood,
Whose very presence was a blessing, now
A pale and livid corpse, stiffen'd in death;
Those eyes once beaming with effulgent joy,
Now dull and rayless; and those lips
From which her words in rapturous accents fell
Clos'd in the silence of the tomb; that form
So beautiful, now motionless and still:
So soon inhabiting the cold, dark, grave,
Yes even so!—Yet why should we repine?
She was too pure for Earth, and Heav'n had claim'd
Her for its own, to mingle with the throng
Of those angelic spirits, who surround
The throne of the Eternal; and to the God
Of Gods, the King of Kings, and Lord
Of Lords, unceasing, ever, sing
Their loud hosannas to their maker's praise.
'Mid the celestial mansions of the blest,
She's found a home, an ever during home;
There on her golden lyre, she chants the strain
Of Heavenly symphony, and untiring sings
Sweet songs of glory to the Prince of peace.
She's gone, to claim among the realms above,
A seat at his right hand—to change
Her temporal blessings, for eternal joy;
Her bliss on Earth, for higher bliss in Heav'n;
A glorious and a lasting IMMORTALITY!
Rochester, Jan. 9, 1839. J. C. C.

☐ Here is something inexpressibly tender.—It is addressed by a wife to a desponding husband.

WEDDED LOVE.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood,
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now.—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great,
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warns thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife;
For deem'st thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Prometheus flame
The shrine, than sank her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest! from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished for goal, a guiding star,
With peaceful ray would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won:
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove,
Is fond, undying, wedded love!

MARRIED.

On the 17th inst., by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Richard Gilbert, to Miss Sarah Ann Babcock, all of this city.

In Williamson, on the 16th inst., by E. L. Phelps, Esq. Mr. C. B. Wade, to Miss Esther Allen, both of that town.

In East Bloomfield, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Robert Hill, Capt. Asa P. Edgcomb, of the firm of Green & Edgcomb, Mount Morris, to Miss Amelia, daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Kellogg, of the former place.

In Stafford, on Tuesday evening last, by the Reverend J. Jillett, Mr. D. R. Prindle, of East Bethany, to Miss Harriet C. Rumsey, of the former place.

On the 16th inst., by A. P. Hascall, Esq. Mr. Warren W. Warner, of LeRoy, to Mrs. Sarah Starks, of Rush.

At Fairport, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Moses Butts, Mr. Samuel Wright, to Miss Eliza, eldest daughter of Dr. Storms, all of Fairport.

In this city, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Smith Arnold, Mr. Hiram R. Gilbert, to Miss Nancy F. Ripley, all of Rochester.

In Scottsville, on the 13th inst., by C. Allen, Esq. Mr. Erastus L. Tuttle, of Henrietta, to Miss Ann B. Woodard, of the former place.

In Genesee, by the Rev. W. P. Page, Mr. Thomas F. Bishop, to Miss Catherine Wellbasky, all of Genesee.

In Perinton, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moses Butts, Mr. Samuel Wright, to Miss Eliza Ann Storms, both of the former place.

OFFICE OF THE GEM

CORNER OF BUFFALO AND STATE STS., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



THE

GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1839.

No. 3.

SECRET TALE.

TEMPER—A TALE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

One true and faithful friend, was ever at the side of Edith, and her soft voice was inexpressible soothing to the jarred mind of the wearied girl.

"Oh Emily! my own dear Emily! how I love you for so faithfully sustaining me through this great trial—for your sake, for the sake of the faithful friendship with which your mother has honored me, I will strive to act my part aright, in this new and trying situation. I know and feel you disapprove of this match. I could read it so plainly in Mrs. Riverton's countenance. Oh! that you had been here; my best friend, in all matters of moment I have ever found you! but do not desert me dearest! surely a faithful discharge of duty will reconcile even your mother to my conduct. She will, I trust, as she has hitherto done, aid and sustain me with her advice."

"She will indeed, my dear Edith: you have no truer, better friend than mamma; allow for her first feelings of disappointment, and you will find her as kind as ever, hereafter. But do you know, I think it would not be so very difficult a matter to love Mr. Vernon; his peculiarities are against him, but he possesses sterling qualities. As a wife, my dear Edith, keep them ever before you, they will cast into the shade unimportant singularities."

"Ah!" said Edith, mournfully, "it is so easy to reason quietly, what I ought to do, in the security of my own room;—you do not feel as I do, the shame and contempt, that is struggling in my heart; only conceive—his arguing the point of my beauty, as he did last night, appealing to every one, gentlemen, and ladies too! if I was not decidedly, the handsomest woman in the room. Oh Emily," said Edith, bursting into tears, "my splendor is bought at a bitter price."

"But you have bought," said Emily almost bitterly through her tears, "it is too late to count the cost! Turn away from the contemplation of whatever is annoying in Vernon—strive, dearest, to look upon his kindly nature, with complacency; he loves you, Edith—you dare not wreck his happiness with your own."

After a long pause, Edith said: "With you Emily, I have used no disguise; I will not now. You shall know the worst feeling in my heart to Vernon—it is a recoiling, almost loathing of his attentions—of his tenderness. I have no power to describe the state of haughtiness, and irritation they produce in my mind. I dread this feeling so, my Emily; it proceeds from an unregulated and violent temper. I see by your countenance, you think the consciousness of my error, is the best hope of an amendment; I cannot control it, dearest; my temper has been the bane of my life—"grown with my growth."—There is little hope now, that I shall be able to conquer it; but I will think of these things, and perhaps the day may come, my own Emily, when you will not be ashamed of your friend." Fondly did Emily embrace her, and sanguine hope sprung up in her young and guileless heart, that all would yet end happily for Edith.

They were interrupted by a summons from Mr. Evylen; as Edith rose to obey, she kissed the fair forehead of her friend, and whispered: "I feel comforted already, dearest, O! I will strive to cherish better feelings, if they are the cause of so much inward happiness."

It was but a few hours after this wise resolve that, surrounded by an admiring crowd, her spirits broke forth with a joyousness that astonished herself. Never before had Edith looked so beautiful; the splendid graces of her person

were aided and adorned by the costliest robes; for the first time in her life she wore diamonds, of a splendor and value, that few besides Vernon could have bestowed. She was not unconscious of this great object of attraction, in the eyes of so many of her sex; and she had seldom felt a prouder triumph in her charms, a more exulting sense of the homage so universally rendered to her. Near the close of the evening, Edith was standing in animated conversation, by an open door, leading out into a balcony, running the whole length of the house. Vernon's attention was at this moment attracted towards her Emily had contrived in various ways, to detain him, believing it would be a relief to Edith; but he now rose abruptly from his seat, walking deliberately across the spacious apartment.—When he obtained a full view of Edith, he stopped short in admiration and delight; to which he gave expression in a kind of sotto voice, distinctly audible to her "dear friends."

"Never saw a handsomer woman in my life! though I say it. Looks like a ship in full sail, freighted with a rich cargo too!" and he chuckled audibly. "Magnificent! not a woman in the room to compare to her—unless indeed, that sweet little Emily could hold up her head, and take her place along side—but that's the very thing, now I think of it—never did see a woman carry her head like Edith Vernon, thank God!" and utterly unconscious of the sneers and laughter he had caused, he stepped close to his wife, threw his arm around her waist, and kissed her.

The face of Edith was whiter than her robe as she sprang from his arm, passing rapidly out of the door, she hurried to the far end of the balcony literally gasping, with mortification and rage. She struggled with her bitter, and humiliating feeling, until the hot tears forced their way, and seemed a sort of blessed relief. A step sounded in the distance; she threw a startled glance forward: it was her father, whose vexed, and angry countenance, showed the sincerity with which he uttered, "There never was such a fool as Vernon! the idiot! not to know better in such a crowd of people; be comforted my poor Edith; the warmth of his love will soon abate, and you must teach him to make it less annoying." He took her hand, but she withdrew it, almost with haughtiness, as she said, "Mock me not with the vain shadow of consolation, it is too late, father, teach me, rather, to bear my lot with patience, and strive with the guilt there is in such feelings as mine. But Oh! 'tis terrible to be held up to the scorn, contempt and scorching irony of these people;" and tears again streamed, fast and warm over her pale cheek.

Evylen laid his hand upon her arm, and said: "Summon up your courage, Edith, and go back with me, it will disappoint them of half their malice—you have only to play the 'cay maiden,' and there will be enough to declare you regarded the whole scene as a piece of merriment." He had touched the right cord—Edith was herself at once—they walked the length of the balcony, and her step was quiet and assured her manner, self possessed and graceful. As she entered the drawing room, adieus were given for the night, and Edith hoped "To see much of her dear friends' after their return, from a somewhat extended tour, they were about to make." They all responded most cordially to her wishes, and left her in some doubt as to the real state of her feelings. It was well for Edith, the last visitor had departed, ere her husband could escape from the anxious efforts of Emily to detain him, for he exclaimed, "Why Edith, some of these Jackanapes tried to make me believe I had offended you! a pretty story, when a man gets too genteel to kiss his wife! Knew you were not so silly, my sweet one, as

to take a husband's kiss as an offence." Edith shrank from his touch almost with a shudder.—Emily gently laid her hand upon her arm, and said "come with me Emily, this has been a trying day for you."

It was a bright clear morning in December, the sun sent his rays more cheerily than is his wont in that "merry Christmas time," into a room, furnished with the costly elegance wealth may at all times command. Softened and subdued, the early sun broke through the lofty and curtained window, touching the cheek of Edith Vernon with the light, that made her beauty so glorious!—the broad intellectual brow was curved, apparently in anger, for the lip was scornful and stern; she is addressing her husband:

"I have occasion for the money, Mr. Vernon, and I must have it."

"But what can you want with it, Edith? why, you have expended thousands already! no fortune in America could stand such extravagance—I could not, if I were even to try, spend such a sum."

"Very probably," was the cold reply; "have the goodness, however, to look over these bills. I have discharged them all, my entertainments of every description are of the most expensive kind, I have no money left, and need a fresh supply." As Vernon glanced over the bills, rapid exclamations escaped him, at the enormous prices, paid for articles he believed to be utterly useless—but he stood too much in awe of Mrs. Vernon to attempt expostulation, or peccatorily he would be silenced; a heavy shade of anxiety gathered over his face—and once or twice he passed his hand slowly and painfully over his eyes. Edith watched curiously his countenance, and something very like remorse came over her, when she marked the change a few months had wrought in Vernon; care, and sorrow, and time, seemed to have pressed upon his brow, with the weight of long years. Edith, true to her first prejudice, believed there was nothing in Vernon's character worthy of esteem; supposing the habits of her extravagance the cause of his sufferings, she said:

"Let us understand each other, Mr. Vernon; give me an allowance, I shall insist upon a very liberal one—to the extent of your fortune—and I will engage, in no instance to overrun it. I love money too well for the pleasures it procures us, to squander it away, and bring ruin upon myself. Think it over, and so arrange it; in that case I shall give you no further trouble about these matters; and you will find me true to my word." She rose as she spoke; enveloped her stately and majestic form, in the folds of a cashmere; tied on her bonnet, and with a cold, formal bow, went out for her usual walk.—Slowly, as the door closed upon her retiring form, rose John Vernon from his seat; he wiped his forehead, damp with perspiration, almost inarticulate words broke forth from his shaking lips—"Oh Edith! fool, fool, that I have been, to believe the love of thy young heart could be given to such a one as I—Fool! to love as I have loved, as I still love thee!—to wear the chains, yet feel them dragging me down to degradation and shame—to be thy slave—to hear, and to obey. Oh! that I could shake this humiliating sense of my unworthiness, that fastens on me like an incubus when in her presence. Oh! Edith, Edith, would to God we had never met!"—and the big tear fell upon his cheek, and rolled unheeded to the ground. Little indeed, did Edith dream of the deep devotedness of her husband's love; there was a mastery in the high and haughty spirit of Edith Vernon, that made itself felt in every nerve of the timid yet kindly hearted man; he never conversed with her, it was not desired, he

was chilled into silence most unnatural to him. Unconscious of the underground of good sense and information he actually possessed, Edith conceived his ignorance of all the rules that governed herself, and "dear friends," his want of polish, and "gentle breeding" to arise from ignorance on all subjects, unconnected with his own immediate business. But Vernon was taking mighty steps in knowledge, in the new world to which his marriage had introduced him, and nothing but the timidity of his disposition prevented its becoming apparent to his wife.—Unfortunately, Vernon yielded to every wish of Edith's and contempt was fast springing up in her heart, at the shrinking, and silent acquiescence he gave, to what she felt were commands on her part. Let us do justice to Edith; she strove against the feeling, but it was not for her to say to the unregulated passions of the human heart, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Mrs. Riverton spent her winter in town. Emily was much admired, and enabled to enter into society, by her mother's improved state of health; there was no sorrowing regrets for the past, clouding the present happiness of the gentle, and beautiful girl; her's was a mind self-disciplined, and grief did not mingle in her remembrance of Herbert. Meeting Edith in all places of amusement, the "gayest of the gay," she did not cease to ask if all was right within. She had noticed, with pain, a shrinking on the part of Edith, from all confidential communication. Alas! the conscience of Edith smote her bitterly, when she remembered her promises to Emily; how had she fulfilled them? and ever, as she thus thought, came the recollection of Emily's words, "Vernon loves you—wreck not his happiness with your own." It was Edith's misfortune to believe him incapable of loving her. Months rolled on and produced no change in their domestic life. Vernon had become taciturn and reserved; no joyous bursts of the heart's outpouring happiness ever escaped him; his cheek grew pale, his steps heavier—more and more he shrank from all conflict with his wife, and went to his business without energy or inclination. From this state he was awakened by the birth of a son. Edith was amazed at the excess of his emotion, as he folded the little infant to his bosom, shedding tears—the warm tears of reviving happiness over its soft cheek; but she caught his smothered exclamation, "Oh, it will be sweet, my boy! to labor for thee! and she thought "it is because he has an heir to his wealth." Had she known, that for months, John Vernon had sought business as a resource against the sorrows of his domestic life, she would have appreciated in a right spirit, his exclamation, as he embraced his first born; but believing money to be the ruling passion of his heart, she also believed it to be the absorbing one. During the long hours of solitude and sickness, the heart of Edith softened much toward her husband; she felt how lone and desolate her lot was! When first a mother's love sprang up in her bosom—that love so changeless through all—so unselfish and so true—her heart yearned toward the father of her child! But Vernon believing her coldness to him almost amounted to dislike, avoided her presence; and shrank from all conversation, unaware of any relenting in his favour. The stumbling block in Edith's path, her pride, prevented her making more than slight advances, and to a spirit so subdued as Vernon's it required much more to induce a renewal of that tenderness which had been so scornfully rejected, and with so contemptuous a disregard to his feelings. Edith became irritated, and suffered it to escape in various ways annoying to Vernon; but he bore it patiently, there was now a motive; for the sake of his darling boy! what would he not bear from the mother. The time of Edith's seclusion drew to its close, and with the zest, that long privation gives, she entered again into the pleasures of the gay world.

We pass over an interval of a year. In the same apartment we have before alluded to, sat Mrs. Riverton, Emily and Mrs. Vernon; traces of tears were upon the cheeks of the latter, which rested upon her hand; Mrs. Riverton was addressing her. "It is your duty to cultivate assiduously, these friendly feelings towards your husband which may yet ripen into that love without which there can be no happiness in the married state; and believe me, Edith, Vernon is far more worthy of your love than you deem him, he has suffered much. Whatever may be his feelings now, there is no doubt he once fondly loved you; if you can rightly estimate the love he once bore you—think of the suffering that

must have preceded his present state of indifference." Sorrowful Edith replied. She had suffered herself to entertain the ridiculous prejudice that Vernon was incapable of intense love: the love he now lavished on his child convinced her, how wrongfully she had judged him.—"O! the world's path is a thorny one, though its votaries call it the way to happiness. What long, long hours of weariness, of satiety, I endure! Oh that I had some one to love me! even a husband's love might yet be mine, if I could but conquer my temper, and keep down the pride that prevents my making a full acknowledgement of my feelings to Vernon."

"Surely, Edith," said Emily, tenderly, "your temper is in some degree under your own control; if you struggle earnestly, and from a good motive, you will succeed. If you fail once, a second time you may conquer; it needs but perseverance; think me not presuming, Edith," said Emily, suddenly and fondly, "when I say you must ask for aid from the Great Source of all our strength, to break the habit that long years has formed."

"I cannot," said Edith, "Oh! I cannot, my good resolves are scattered to the wind, by every gust of passion," and she wept bitterly—hopelessly.

"That woman is wise," said Mrs. Riverton mournfully, "who remembers, that the study of her husband's happiness will constitute her's;" and she rose from her seat as she spoke, telling Emily it was time to be going. They left the house, and we will give the conversation between them on their walk home.

"I do not like," said Mrs. Riverton, "the constant excuse of Edith, want of self-command; she deprecates the evil, without making exertion to overcome it. The more I see of her conduct, Emily, the more I despair of her reformation. She has acted most censurably, in this business of her child's nurse; knowing Vernon's aversion to the woman, the constant anxiety he suffers on account of his child, she should have yielded to his wishes, and not persist in detaining a woman, to whom her husband has so many objections. That child is Vernon's sole comfort in a world he has found dreary enough, and it is cruel, unkind, most unkind in Edith, to give him unnecessary pain, believing his child is not properly taken care of."

"Oh, Mamma," said Emily, "speak not so hardly of Edith, how much more has she been 'sinned against, than sinning,' through the long, neglected years of her early youth. If you knew how she loves her baby, you would know how much she suffers from Vernon's want of confidence in her want of love for the boy.—The weakness of Vernon, in shrinking away from all conflict, yielding, like a slave, to her wishes, has destroyed all respect for him in the mind of Edith. In his presence, no manifestation of maternal affection ever escapes her; the coldness of her feeling towards her husband throws its shadow upon the child. Ah! he should not doubt her love, most tenderly she loves that darling boy! The constant complaints of Vernon, his petty interferences are excessively annoying to Edith, he cannot conceal his suspicion of her want of attachment to their child."

"Bear in mind, my Emily," said Mrs. Riverton, "that she brought such suspicion upon herself, by refusing to nurse her child—there at least, she gave the world the preference."

"I do not believe," Emily replied, "she would have refused, if her mother had not so decidedly influenced her; and we ought to consider, Mamma, how wearily the hours drag on when she is much confined to the domestic circle: she dreads being alone with Vernon. She told me with tears, that wicked as it was, she almost wished she had no conscience! the hours of solitude, are to Edith, fraught with pain. But, mamma, what is your opinion of the new nurse, do you really think her unfit for her duties?"

"Owing to Vernon's anxiety upon the subject, I have taken some pains to inquire," said Mrs. Riverton. "I fear she is not to be relied upon; she was represented to me as artful, and fond of visiting. I wish to hear farther, before mentioning it to Mrs. Vernon; indeed it is a matter of delicacy to speak of it all; having become so irritating a subject to Edith. You are sad, Emily, and not without reason, for the future prospects of your friend are overhung with the dark clouds of despondency and fear. Terrible, indeed, was the responsibility of Mr. Evelyen, in causing his daughter to marry a

man, to whom she bore neither love nor respect."

And now turn we again to the house of Mr. Vernon; the dressing room of Edith, which her husband had just entered, to make another attempt to dismiss the nurse. Vernon was speaking.

"I know Edith, I expose myself to your contempt, by my constant anxiety about my child; but, I beg most earnestly, and for the last time, that you will dismiss the woman. I will engage to procure another, and one that will suit you; there is no use in my suffering so unnecessarily." Had he stopped there he might have succeeded, but he added, "It is but a small matter to you—it will be the death of me if harm come to the boy."

Disguising the anger that raged in her bosom, she said scornfully:

"Is there any other favour Mr. Vernon would ask at my hands; ordering my dresses, or directing my chambermaid; duties quite as appropriate as those he has chosen to assume. It has ever, I believe, Sir, been the mother's peculiar province, to take charge of the nursery; is it your will I resign the charge to you?"

"Do me justice, Edith," burst from Vernon in a voice of agony; "do me justice, I never interfered during the whole time the first nurse you procured had charge of the child; I was happy—happy beyond expression, in the health and blooming beauty of the boy. Where are your eyes, Edith, that you do not see the change? there is an expression of heaviness in his countenance, and often of suffering, that fills me with alarm. Do not let me plead in vain; discharge this woman, and relieve me from this state of anxiety and dread."

"It is utter folly," was Edith's stern reply, "to argue the matter further. It is the season of teething with the child; that, and that only occasions the change you speak of. I have already said all that is necessary to say on the subject. I will not discharge a deserving woman from an office, whose duties she has faithfully performed, until I see sufficient cause for so doing."

"You refuse then to dismiss this woman," cried Vernon, his face flushing to scarlet. "You have had my answer already," said Edith, haughtily: "I do, Sir."

Love for his child, was stronger in the heart of Vernon, than awe for Edith; excited beyond all bounds, he literally shouted as he said:

"Woman! are you deficient in the natural feelings that belong to your sex? You will not dismiss her! Then I solemnly swear I will;" and he sprang from the room, in the direction of the nursery. For a single instant Edith Vernon stood almost paralysed, with the passion that was mounting to her brain; she had no power to reflect; reason lay crushed and helpless and helpless at the feet of the gigantic demon, Temper. Throwing open the door, she hurried after Vernon. As she advanced, she heard his voice and that of the nurse, in high and angry altercation; more and more incensed, she laid a strong hand upon the door lock, and dashed it open to its utmost width. Vernon had turned instantly, and he stood horror struck at the appearance of his wife. The lips quivering and apart; the eye glaring with fury; the blue veins swollen across the brow, and rigid with excitement; the lofty form erect, yet trembling with the strugglings of undisguised passion. If there was iron in the nerves of John Vernon, it failed him, in that hour: he covered his face with his hands, groaning with shame for himself, and fear for his child; involuntary he shrank from the words of Edith, which broke forth in the raised tone of uncontrolled anger:

"Begone, Sir! from this apartment; you are intruding with a craven spirit into a woman's province! I, the mother of this child will care for its well doing. I am neither an idiot, incapable of the trust, or a fiend that I should neglect it. Go, Sir! and if evil befall the child, the consequences be upon my head!" and passing away from the threshold of the door on which she stood, she pointed silently with her hand in that direction. Vernon obeyed the intimation, but as he did so, he raised a face, that contrasted fearfully from its excessive whiteness, with her own flushed and haughty countenance, and bending upon her a glance she had never met before, he said:

"Beware! Edith Vernon, lest you go too far; beyond the pale of woman you have gone already—if you have degraded me, you have disgraced yourself; between you and me there

must be a reckoning. For the sake of *peace*, which I have not found, for the good of my child, which I have not attained, I have borne to be trampled upon like a slave—awed into submission like a cringing vassal, I have borne too much already—God knows how much! but I will deal more kindly with you, Edith, than you have ever done with me. I will take time to reflect; the result you shall know to-morrow;” and he left her. Amid all the shame that then visited Edith, the mortification she felt at such exposure, in presence of the nurse, the stings of conscience, that *would* be heard through every fold of self-love by which her heart was guarded, there gleamed one solitary ray of pleasure, that Vernon, though late, had shown some portion of the dignity that ought to belong to the character of man.—As the day wore on, her reflections became less painful; yet her conclusion was, “it will not last, there is nothing in Vernon to command respect; and now, he cannot love me—yet he is mine through time.” Slowly as she murmured, she undid the clasped hands, and rose from the sofa, that she might bury in preparations for an evening ball, memory of the past, and dark anticipations for the future.

While she is performing the duties of the toilette, turn we for a moment to the nursery.

“Baby is ill, I am sure,” said the tidy little nurse maid, whose office it was to attend nurse Hazlem: “don’t you think so, nurse? only feel his little hands, how hot they are! and his head burns so. Oh! nurse, Mrs. Vernon ought to know how ill baby is.” “Be quiet when I bid you,” said the nurse in the quick sharp tone of angry reproof, “there has been fuss enough already, for one day. Nothing ails the child but his teeth, he will be well enough in a day or two. Mrs. Vernon promised to let you go home to night, it is time you were off, if you mean to reach there before bed-time.

“But I would rather not go, if I can be of any use,” said the girl timidly; “indeed nurse, baby looks ill.”

“If you do not go to-night, you shall not go for a month; so lose the chance if you dare—not for a month, if I can help it, shall you visit your mother again: if there was any truth in what you say, I would be the first to tell Mrs. Vernon,” said the artful woman, “but children are often feverish teething, and ’tis a shame to trouble her about it—when she is going to such a grand ball too. So be a good girl, Nancy, and take the chance, while you have it, of a fine frolic. These inducements were more than the girl could stand, and she went. The hours wore on, and Edith was dressed. Before leaving the house, she went, as was her habit, to the nursery. She did not notice the heavy breathing of the child—but remarking the deep colour that played on its cheek, which the shaded lamp in a far part of the room did not enable her to see distinctly, she said:

“Is the baby quite well, nurse?”
“Oh yes, madam, a little fretful, or so, sometimes with his teeth; the dear little fellow! he has quite a color again; you will soon see him as sprightly as ever.”

“Lift him up very gently,” said Edith, “so as not to disturb him, I feel more than usual anxiety about him to-night. Mr. Vernon’s fears of his health, have infected me I believe.”

“Oh! sure, madam! you would not awake him out of that sweet sleep; you have no need to borrow fear from any body; you love baby so dearly, you would be the first to see if any thing was wrong: do not have him waked for such a foolish notion, it is cruel to disturb him, when he has suffered so much to-day from his gums.” Edith suffered herself to be persuaded. With an injunction to the nurse “to be very watchful of her charge,” she left the house. Nurse Hazlem watched the carriage drive from the door. Slipping down into the kitchen, she inquired of a man servant “where Mr. Vernon was?” The man did not know; he had gone from home, leaving word he would be back at a very early hour next morning. Back to the nursery went the dame, with a quick, exulting step. That night a cousin of her’s was to be married—it had been arranged on the same night of Mrs. Vernon’s absence at the ball, for her accommodation—and go she was determined. We are willing to hope the woman did not believe the child really ill; although a burning fever was raging in its veins. From a basket of her own she took a vial of laudanum, deliberately dropping, what was evidently a very large dose, she gave it to the child, too eager to be

gone, to notice its situation. As soon as the dose began to take effect, she put on its night clothes, and laid it in the bed, and without one compunctious feeling, (for many times she had done the same thing, always escaping undetected,) did she desert the lone babe, through that long night of solitary and unaided suffering.

The dim light of early morning was breaking in the East, as Edith Vernon returned home.—Throwing aside her evening dress, she resolved ere she returned to rest to visit her child. “I can sleep better,” she mentally said, “if I know him to be quite well.” By the time she was ready to visit the nursery, it was clear morning; gathering the folds of her white dressing gown about her, as she passed from the door, for the air felt chill to her exhausted frame, she entered the long passage that led to the nursery, which stood about half way between her chamber and a pair of stairs, leading up from the servant’s department. At the head of these stairs, there was a window, which gave but a dim light to the long entry. As Edith stood in the shadow, she tho’t she heard a quick step on the stair-way; a thrill of alarm came over her, and she had not gazed an instant longer before nurse-Hazlem came in sight, hastening onward. The agonized Edith took in at a glance, the white dress and pink ribbons, escaping from her cloak—fearful evidence of the night’s misdoing. In that moment of horror the blood chilled and seemed to stand still in the veins of Edith, but only for a moment. With the bound of a tigress she sprang upon the terrified wretch:

“Where is my child? answer me woman! did you dare desert my child through the long and terrible night?” She grasped her by the shoulder, shaking her till the nurse shrieked with pain. Her cries seemed to recall Edith to her senses.

“Out of my sight!” she exclaimed, “hence woman, forever!” and flinging her almost to the floor, in the violence of her excited feelings, she rushed to the nursery. As Edith laid her hand upon the door, her spirits calmed suddenly—a sense of her own guilt stole over her heart, bringing with it self-abasement, shame, and remorse. With a faltering step she entered; raising her clasped hands upward, she murmured faintly:

“Mercy—God! I am justly punished.” The first glance at the empty cradle, and disarranged bed, nearly drove her wild. With a desperate hand she threw down the bed-clothes which entirely covered the form of her boy—then, and there, the hand of retribution fell upon the head of that guilty and erring woman.

“My child! I have murdered my child! Give me back my child!—He is dead! I have murdered my child!” Clear, through the still morning air, rang the cries of that despairing mother; awakening every slumbering inmate to a sense of terror and alarm. Upon one strained and listening ear, the cry fell with a startling and terrific effect—the unhappy father! Guided by the cries, and his own horrible forebodings, Vernon hurried to the chamber, the first glance at the dead body of his child turned his heart to stone.

“Murderess!” he exclaimed, as he flung off her frenzied grasp, “is this your work”—lifting up the child in his arms, he bore it straight to his own room, closing and locking the door in the faces of the terror stricken domestics—and anon there came gasping sounds, and choking sobs; the strong was stricken like the feeble infant—forgetting in the first hour of agony and despair, that the hand of Almighty God had moved, though by a fearful instrumentality.

The physicians who afterwards examined the body, believed the child to have expired in convulsions. Nurse Hazlem absconded, nor were any traces found of her place of concealment; and we would hope the remorse that must have attended her through life, proved salutary. Alone, and unaided, in the silence of everlasting night the spirit had been rendered to its God! and let us believe, with no ungentle hand, that fair, and suffering boy was led through the dark valley! “He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” had called him to a home, where there was neither suffering nor wrong; and where the “hand of a Father! shall wipe away all tears.”

When Edith recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, as Vernon bore away the child, she found Mrs. Riverton and Emily bending over her.

“My kind friends, are you here? I do not

deserve it. Oh, Emily! go to Vernon, comfort and console him, it will kill him Emily—and I, just God! I deserve it all, upon my head is the guilt; do not comfort me, wretch that I have been. O Vernon, Vernon!” and the unhappy woman wrung her hands in the wildest anguish. Exhausted, at last, she sank upon the pillow, where she lay quite silent for a time: suddenly opening her eyes and looking at Mrs. Riverton, she said:

“Pray for me, all undeserving and guilty as I am, there is hope, when a Saviour has died—pray for me, Emily, that I may have strength to bear humbly what I have brought upon myself;” and she, who had herself known the sustaining power of prayer, in the dark hour of mortal affliction, lifted up her voice to the Most High. Through the whole of that fearful day the tried friends of Edith’s youth, deserted not the couch of the mourner—and well did Mrs. Riverton know how to administer comfort to a sore, and wounded heart; yet strong in a good purpose, there was warning for the future, mingled in her gentle and endearing sympathy. As the day wore on, every effort to gain admission to the room of Mr. Vernon failed. Nearly frantic with alarm, Edith entreated Mrs. Riverton to use authority if he would not admit her. Mrs. Riverton, anxious and alarmed, went once more to his door; no answer was returned to her repeated knockings, to her earnest entreaties that he would suffer her to come in. Raising her voice suddenly, she said in a clear stern tone—“Open the door, Mr. Vernon, or I will have it opened.” Vernon moved in the room, but did not answer: again she raised her voice, “Open the door, sir, I insist—it is for your own sake; open at once,” and the lock turned as she ceased, and the door opened. Mrs. Riverton shrunk involuntarily, from the change a few hours had wrought in Vernon; there was no tear upon his cheek, no moisture to relieve the marble hardness of his strained and blood-shot eye; the lines of his face had grown rigid; years, countless years, seemed to have passed over his head in that strong struggle with the heart’s agony. He took Mrs. Riverton’s hand, led her to the bed-side and pointed to his child.

“See! he was once, all life and love! now a clod of helpless clay, unconscious of my despair and her guilt.” His manner changed at the thought, a dark, fierce look came over him; bending down, he uttered distinctly in her ear as though he were afraid to hear the sound of his own voice—“Tell her not to go forth when they bear him to his grave; let her not pollute his last resting place with her unholy presence. Say it is my command, and if she dare rebel, I will enforce it. Leave me now, it is my wish. Do not disturb me again, when I am needed for the last office—I am ready:” and lifting his child, he placed it in Mrs. Riverton’s arms, who bore it, without a word, from the apartment.—It was long before Mrs. Riverton was sufficiently composed to rejoin Mrs. Vernon. Edith saw at a glance her recent agitation. “How is he? how is Vernon? do not fear to tell me, I deserve it all! Oh my husband, you are bitterly avenged!” Gently as she could, Mrs. Riverton imparted the command of Vernon. Edith bowed her head and answered, “I will obey him in all things, would to God I had done it sooner.”

Nothing of moment occurred until the day of the funeral; the child was buried in the morning. Emily, strove to comfort the unhappy mother, and she seemed, in some measure to have succeeded. The first violence of her grief abated, a calm came over her perturbed spirits—she laid her hand upon Emily’s arm and said softly:

“Do you know, my tried friend, I have a hope, not rash or presuming, but a humble hope, that God will pardon my many sins. I feel within a short time, “Though my sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” They have borne my baby to the silent grave—but in the spirit land, he is pleading for his guilty and repenting mother. Oh! it is sweet to believe, that my own blessed boy, is lifting his angel voice for me, before the throne of a merciful Redeemer!” and she wept long, though less bitterly than before.

On the afternoon of that day, as Edith lay upon the sofa, propped with pillows, and suffering from exhaustion, tenderly watched by Mrs. Riverton, and Emily, a heavy step was heard without; the door quietly opened, and Vernon entered. A faint cry broke from Edith, who rose hastily to meet him. She staggered from excessive weakness, and would have fallen in

Vernon had not caught her. Lifting her as he would have done a child, he placed her upon the sofa, took the handkerchief from her trembling hand, and wiped her forehead, moist with perspiration—but there passed no softening shade over the rigid, and hard lines of his gloomy and resolved countenance; moved by the slight attention, Edith was completely overcome: bursting into tears, she clasped his hand, and raised it to her lips; he withdrew it and said sternly:

"Command yourself, Edith Vernon; and listen! between you and me, there will never be communion more: the days of my married life have fallen upon me with the weight of long years of sorrow; they have not left me as they found me, a light hearted, and happy man: through the world my path is solitary, with a broken and subdued spirit. I do not reproach you, Edith; if you are a woman you must feel for the boy! See the ruin your frightful indulgence of temper has wrought—and beware hereafter! It is my wish and my command, that you leave this house within the week. I will allow you a moderate maintenance—but as God is my Judge!" he said with a sudden burst of uncontrollable and fierce wrath, "I will not suffer you to share the wealth, that has been your temptation, to marry a man you scorned! that proved your ruin, and my shame!"

"Forgive me, Vernon! forgive me—only this once! forgive me in mercy! I have been guilty, guilty indeed. Pardon me, Oh! my husband! it shall be my life's study to become worthy of your love."

"Of my love! ha! ha! ha!" and Vernon laughed terribly in the bitterness of his scorn.—"My love!—My *wealth*! I tell you—aye, for that you would sacrifice soul and body."

"Hear me, Vernon!" cried his unhappy wife, "if you will not for my sake, for the sake of my unborn babe. Oh! I have wickedly concealed it from you," wringing her hands at the change in Vernon's countenance, from excessive paleness, to the deep, burning flush of indignation—"Off woman! and forever!" he exclaimed, shaking her from him in the violence of his excited feelings, and rushed from the room.

"There is no hope for me now, save in the pardon of Almighty God!" said Edith, as she rose from her seat, with the desperate calmness of despair. Between Vernon and me there is a gulf, broad as the one that rolled between Lazarus and Dives.—Strength! give me strength to bear. Oh! my Creator, more merciful than thy creature!"

Every arrangement was made by Vernon for their final separation. Before the close of the next day, Edith was at Mrs. Riverton's country seat. Faithful friends had she found in this, the dark hour of her trial; but hers was a grief beyond the power of friendship to alleviate. She had written to her husband, but the letter was returned with the seal broken, in an envelope. All overtures for reconciliation he rejected with scorn; and Edith was only sustained, and supported in the hope that Vernon's heart would relent, when he again became a father.

About three weeks after her removal with Mrs. Riverton, Frederick Herbert arrived at ——— city, intending to visit Edith. He had risen high in his profession, and although, even, the memory of his early passion had grown dim, he cherished a warm feeling of gratitude to the whole Evelyn family, for their kindness during his early and unfriended years. From Vernon he received the news of their separation, without any allusion to the cause. In grief he took his way to Mrs. Riverton's, and thence he learned from the lips of Edith, the whole truth.

It soothed the heart of Edith Vernon in that hour of humiliation, to be able to do justice to the noble conduct of Emily; her tried and warm friendship—through all her guilt, and its terrible punishment. It needed not her voice to awaken Herbert's attention to the matured beauty and winning softness of manner, so conspicuous in Emily Riverton. We would gladly linger upon the love that springs up in the hearts of two so fitted for each other's happiness, but our story is becoming too long for our limits. In three months, Frederick Herbert bore away his young bride, to gladden the home of his after years—to sooth and sustain him in the hour of sorrow, or reverse. Happy in her life was Emily Herbert! Upon her warm and gentle heart, the sunshine of a husband's love, shone unchangeably and forever. They

were strangers to that coldness and estrangement, that so often makes a home, cheered by the blessed light of woman's love, an abiding place for the dark fiend of discord.

Half a year had nearly elapsed, since Edith's separation from her husband. The love in her heart had grown stronger with every obstacle thrown in the way of reconciliation, by his unabated coldness. She looked forward to the birth of her child, as a sure and certain bond of union between them. Well was it for Edith, that her deep remorse and good resolves, were aided and encouraged by so true a friend as Mrs. Riverton: the iron bond of habit, had confirmed her in the indulgence of a high exacting temper, that could not, at once be subdued or controlled. The continued coldness of her husband, the advice of Mrs. Riverton, and best of all, the aid she sought from on High, with an humble and repentant spirit, had wrought a total change in Edith's character. The softness, and gentleness of expression, which late events had given to the noble order of her beauty, now constituted its greatest charm.

We pass over the few intervening weeks that made Edith a mother—the mother of a boy! She named him "John Vernon;" murmuring through her tears, "Surely he will not plead to a father's heart in vain." After her recovery, she wrote to Vernon.

"Will you allow me to say, my dear husband, for dear you are to me—inexpressibly dear. Oh! Vernon, I am a mother—once again, take me to your heart, and I will be faithful to the solemn trust. Do not deny me, Vernon! I have lived upon the hope, through the whole of our fearful separation. It has sustained me, when the hand of my husband was afar off—and not as in time past, near to support in the hour of anguish, and trial. Pity me, Vernon! do not utterly condemn me! Have not I suffered? is not my remorse heavy to bear? will it not plead as some extenuation of my guilt—that my fiery temper, in the plastic season of youth, was neither checked nor controlled? Once more, and I ask it for the sake of your child, forgive your wife! You will not destroy the hope that has so long sustained me? you will not deny me, Vernon? Our babe is sleeping by my side; how soft, how innocent he looks! he is pleading, Vernon, that father and mother may unite, and "train him up in the way he should go," curbing his passions with a strong hand, lest they should bring guilt upon his own head, and misery upon others. Grant my prayer, my husband, the prayer of the sorrowing and repentant

EDITH."

It was in the afternoon of the next day, an answer came to the letter; the first glance, told the agitated Edith, it was Vernon's hand writing. "Thank God!" she said, bursting into tears, "mine is not returned." She had scarcely glanced over the letter, till her whole face was lighted up with enthusiasm and joy, while she exclaimed—"Now, he will believe, it is for his own sake, and not for paltry gold: read it, dear Mrs. Riverton—see, I may go back, and he will love me yet, will he not? Oh yes! there is much happiness in store for us both!"—and she covered her face, weeping from excess of sudden joy. Mrs. Riverton read the letter.

"Come if you will, I am a beggar! shorn of the wealth that has been the God of your idolatry.—Come if you now choose it—I have nought to offer but a husband's love.

VERNON."

The shades of evening were stealing over the thronged city, as Mr. Riverton's carriage stopped at John Vernon's door. Edith pale and trembling alighted with her babe. In the hall she met the old house-keeper, who started as if she had seen a ghost, at the sight of Mrs. Vernon.

"Where is Mr. Vernon?" Edith eagerly demanded.

"In the drawing room, and quite alone; shall I call him?"

"No—take the child to your own room, I will go to him myself."

Edith was compelled to rest herself many moments, ere she could gain courage to go in. The memory of her last interview hung over her spirits like an omen of ill. She shook off, by a strong effort, the growing weakness; with a gentle step she reached the door, and softly opened it. Vernon had not heard her; he had sunk back in his arm chair absorbed in gloomy reflection. As Edith gazed, she shuddered at the change wrought by suffering. The pale,

wan face, bore no trace of the Vernon who had made her his wife. He drew his hand slowly over his brow and sighed heavily, and then as if to check the sad thoughts that were stealing over him, he rose abruptly. A single cry, that came from the depths of a heart wrung by remorse, escaped Edith—and she was in his arms! "Can you forgive me, Oh my husband! who have caused you such fearful suffering," and she clung to his bosom as though she feared he would cast her off.

"I can—I do—Edith—my own blessed Edith! have you indeed come back with a true heart to your husband? Forgive me, Edith if I doubted the reality of your love, the sincerity of your repentance. My sore heart needed some test of your *truth*; I have brought you to no beggar's home, my own, my noble Edith!" and fondly John Vernon clasped her to his bosom—and took her to his heart—then and forever!

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A LITERARY LADY.

BY MISS CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

The days are over when literary ladies are held up for show, and set apart from the common rank, to be stared at as prodigies. In this democratic land, even the aristocracy of talent is running into the diffusive mould, so that now almost every circle shows its literary belle, as readily as its blooming beauty. And the times are past, too, when the terms *learned lady* and *genius* are supposed necessarily to involve a lacking of that common sense, which enables a woman properly to discharge all the domestic and relative duties of life.

Now, our cookery books are supplied by *the blues*, and our model housekeepers are found among the lady authoresses of the land. A Leslie and a Childie instruct us how to make puddings and pies, and a Sedgwick and a Minot teach us how to "gar auld clothes, to look amaisht as weel as new." A Sigourney is as expert at knitting and sweeping as she is at rhymes, and divers other of the leading stars in our galaxy of feminine genius, shine even more brightly in the domestic sphere than in the public gaze.

It was my good fortune to number among my friends, a lady of some literary reputation; and during a visit in her neighborhood, I had an opportunity, one day, of witnessing the combined exercise of her literary and domestic genius, in a style which, to me, was quite amusing.

"Come, Anna," said I, as I found her tending one baby and watching another too young to walk, "that piece for the Souvenir, which I promised the Editor I would get from you and send on next week; you have only this one day left to finish it—and have it I must, and have it I will."

"And how will you get it, friend of mine?" said Anna, "you will at least have to wait till I get house-cleaning over, and baby's teeth through."

"As to house-cleaning, you can defer it one day longer; and as to baby's teeth, there is to be no end to them as I can see. No, no, to-day that story must be ended. There Frederick has been sitting by Ellen, and saying all those pretty things for more than a month, and she has been turning and blushing till I am sure it is time to come to her relief. Come—it would not take you three hours, at the rate you can write, to finish the courtship, marriage, catastrophe, eclairsissement and all; and this three hours' labor of your brains will earn enough to pay for all the sewing you could do for a year to come. Two dollars a page, my dear, and you can write a page in fifteen minutes! Come, my lady housekeeper—economy is a cardinal virtue: consider the economy of this thing."

"But, my dear, here is a baby in my arms, and here is a little puss by my side, and there is a great baking down in the kitchen, and there is a new girl for help, besides preparations to be made for house-cleaning next week. It is really out of the question, you see."

"I see no such thing. I do not see what genius is given for, if it is not to help a woman out of a scrape. Come, set your wits to work, and let me have my way, and you shall have all the work done, and finish the story too. Give me the boy and little Mary, and I will do all the baby-tending for the day."

"Well, but kitchen affairs?"

"We can manage them too. You know you can write any where and any how. Just take your seat in the kitchen with your writing

weapons, and while you superintend, fill up the odd snatches of time with the labors of your pen; meantime, as Mrs. Gilman would say, I will 'shew the baby to sleep,' and then come down and help."

I carried my point. In ten minutes I saw her seated in the kitchen; a table with flour, rolling pin, ginger and lard on one side—a dresser, with eggs, pork and beans, and various cooking utensils on the other—near her an oven heating, beside her a dark skinned nymph waiting for orders.

"Here, Anna," said I, "you can write on this Atlas in your lap; no matter how the writing looks, I will copy it."

"Well, well," said she, with a resigned sort of amused look, "Minna you may do what I told you, while I write for a few minutes, till it is time to mould up the bread.—Where is the inkstand?"

"Here it is, close by, on the top of the tea kettle," said I.

Here blackey giggled, and we both laughed to see her merriment at our literary proceedings.

I began to overhaul her portfolio to find the right sheet.

"Here it is," said I. "Here is Frederick, sitting by Ellen, glancing at her brilliant face, and saying something about 'guardian angel,' and all that—you remember?"

"Yes, yes," said she, falling into a muse as she attempted to recover the thread of her story.

"Ma'am, shall I put the pork on the top of the beans," said Minna.

"Powers of romance defend us!" thought I, as I saw Anna turning from Frederic and Ellen, to pork and beans.

"Never mind, Anna," said I, "take care of these lovers, and I will manage the beans.

She resumed her pen for a few minutes, when we heard the music of the nursery above.

"Keep quiet," said I, "they shall be taken care of." So I sallied up stairs, when I found both the youngers screaming at the top of their voices.

"Come, you sweet little pledges, put your heads down and go to sleep—for sleep you must, and sleep you shall."

So I took one in my arms, and seating myself in the rocking chair, by proper calculation I contrived, as I rocked back and forwards, to give a well directed blow with my foot at the cradle with each forward movement, meantime carolling forth the roundelays of old Mother Goose.

First I struck up with "shew lol and bye baby bunting," but my music only seemed to inspire the young songster with new vocal powers. I gradually practised *Crescendo*, till I gained what my music teacher used to call a *Forte passage*. But the louder I sang, the more emulous they appeared.

I then changed to an entirely new mode, taking the well known air of "High diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle," in the most brilliant style, sharp key. This seeming to produce little effect, I suddenly changed to the plaintive minor of "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard;" but all in vain. So changing my modus operandi, I put little miss on the floor, and bethinking myself that children are always quieted by what they ought not to have, especially if it is dirty, I pulled some old shoes out of the closet and threw one of them at her.

In a trice the toe of the shoe was in her mouth proving at least a temporary quietus.

I then took my little man in hand, and after tor promenading the room for half an hour, singing with might and main, when I occasion threw another old shoe at my little lady, as she novelly of each one failed. I at last succeeded in shewing one baby to sleep and in shewing the other into quietness.

As soon as the little fellow had nestled down into a quiet slumber, I restored him to his cradle bed, and taking up the other, glided down stairs.

I opened the door and there stood my lady authoress, beating eggs.

"Misrecordie," said I, "what has become of those luckless lovers?"

"Come, come," said Anna, laughing, "you see how it is—Minna is a new hand, and cannot do any thing without me to direct her. We must give up the wedding for to-day."

"No, no, let us have another trial. You can dictate as easily as you can write. Come, I can set little miss in this clothes basket here, and give her some mischief or other to keep her

quiet—you shall dictate and I will write. Come, this is the place where you left off—you were describing the scene between Ellen and her brother—the last sentence was "borne down by the tide of agony, she leaned her head on her hands—the tears streamed through her fingers, and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs." What shall I write next?"

"Minna, pour a little milk into this pearlash," said Anna.

"Come," said I, "the tears streamed thro' her fingers, and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs." "What next?"

Anna paused, and looked musingly out of the window, as she turned her mind toward her story. "you may write now," said she, and she dictated as follows:

"Her brother wept with her, nor dared he again to touch the point so sacredly guarded.—Minna, roll that crust a little thinner. He spoke in soothing tones—Minna, poke the coals in the oven."

"Come," said I, "let me direct Minna about these matters, and write awhile yourself."

Anna took the pen, and patiently set herself to the work. For a while my culinary knowledge and skill were proof to all Minna's investigating inquiries, and they did not fail till I saw two full pages completed.

"You have done bravely," said I, as I read over the manuscript—"now you must direct Minna a while, meantime dictate, and I will write."

Never was there a more docil literary lady than my friend. Without a word of objection she followed my request.

"I am ready to write," said I, "the last sentence was—"What is this life, to one who has suffered as I have?" "What next?"

"Shall I put in the brown or white bread first?" said Minna.

"The brown first," said Anna.

"What is this life, to one who has suffered as I have?" said I.

"Put in the ginger-bread the last," said Anna.

"What is this life, to one who has suffered as I have?" said I.

Anna brushed the flour off her apron, and sat down for a moment in a muse.

"You may write now," said she and she dictated as follows:

"Under the breaking of my heart, I have borne up—I have borne up under all that can try a woman—but this thought—Oh Henry!"

"Ma'am, shall I put ginger into this pumpkin?" said Minna.

"No, you may let that alone just now," said Anna. She then proceeded:

"I know my duty to my children—I see the hour must come. You must take them, Henry, they are my last earthly comfort."

"Ma'ma, what shall I do with these egg shells, and all this truck here?" said Minna.

"Put them in the pail, by you," said Anna.

"They are my last earthly comfort," said I; "what next?"

She continued to dictate—

"You must take them away—it may be—perhaps it must be that I shall soon follow—but the breaking heart of a wife still pleads—a little longer—a little longer."

"How much longer must the ginger-bread stay in?" said Minna.

"Five minutes," said Anna.

"A little longer—a little longer," said I in a dolorous tone, and we burst into a laugh.

Thus we went on, cooking, writing, nursing and laughing, till I finally accomplished my object. The piece was finished, copied and the next day sent off to the editor. If the public ever read those pages, it might add something to the interest to know in what turmoils they were concocted.

Col. Stone versus Tobacco.—The Lecture on the uses and abuses of Tobacco, delivered by Col. Stone before the Young Men's Association in this city, and listened to with so much delight, was, on Thursday evening, repeated by request, before the Schenectady Young Men's Association; and on the next morning in the chapel of Union College, before all the students. We suggest to tobacco dealers the propriety of bribing the worthy author to silence.—*Alb. Adv.*

Five Facts.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

From the Saturday Courier.

PETER, THE STORE IS TOO LONG.

Peter Brigham paid his last penny to the toll-gatherer at Charles River, as he made his entrance into Boston. He walked about most of the forenoon, and finally asked a gentleman near one of the insurance offices, if he wanted to "hire?" Struck with the appearance of the lad, he said "Yes," and Peter was provided a comfortable home, as a sort of "do all, in a gentleman's family. To make a long story short Peter was no common youth, and he gradually rose in the employ of Mr. Parker, till for years and years he was his head clerk, and finally at the age of 22 he was admitted into the house as a partner, at one third the profits. The well known house of "Parker & Co." continued for a goodly number of years, and became one of the largest establishments of the day. The senior partner finally retired, leaving the whole concern in the hands of the junior, and for thirty years the house continued to grow with the growth of the city, under the prudent management of Mr. Brigham. He was esteemed a merchant of the utmost integrity, and maintained a most enviable reputation during his long mercantile career.

One day, the old gentleman said to Peter, Jr., his oldest son, who had been brought up in the store—

"Do you think you could manage business alone? I leave you the store, a large stock of goods, and perhaps the best set of customers of any dealer in Boston: but remember, Peter, I paid my last penny to the toll man when I entered Boston."

The elder Brigham retired to Watertown, in a neat country abode. Peter went on in the business. The spirit of improvement got abroad, and Peter thought he must tear down the old store, and erect an elegant one, with a granite front, and of great depth, to accommodate his business. When he got comfortably into it, with elegant fixtures to match, the elder looked in upon Peter, Jr.

"How do you like the store, father?"

"Peter, the store is too long!"

Peter, Jr. continued to extend his operations, and finally became the importer of the teas and coffee he sold at wholesale. He was considered a desirable match for most any young lady, and in the following year espoused Julia Wentworth, an heiress of thirty thousand. He purchased an elegant mansion opposite the Hall, and of course, fitted it up in great splendor, becoming the high circle in which his beautiful bride would move. The father of Peter claimed the privilege of presenting the Mirrors from the dining hall. They arrived from Liverpool on the preceding day the nuptial dinner party. The old gentleman had personally superintended their adjunction in the hall. All the Wentworths and Brigham were around the festive board, when speaking of the nuptial presents, the son, in the joyousness of the occasion, exclaimed

"Father, I've not seen the mirrors you gave us."

"They are suspended in this hall, my son."

All eyes were turned upon them—when, on a golden tablet, crowning each reflector, they read

"PETER, THE STORE IS TOO LONG."

Peter recollected the remark of the old gentleman, when he had asked the opinion of the store—and although he had to laugh with the rest of the company, still he felt there was meaning in it, and he never went into the dining hall but his eyes would involuntarily revert to the mirrors, with—"Peter, the store is too long." However, Peter went ahead in business. He had married a fortune, beside the excellent business left him by his father, and Brigham, jr. was not a very small man on "Change. He fell into the speculating mania which seemed to have possessed the people of the age. His notes were as good as bank notes, and his credit was "A No. 1." Every body was making fortunes in stocks—and was there any earthly reason why he should not? He went into the fancy line pretty largely. The cotton speculation too was all the rage, and he went into the adventure, as a matter of course.

And why not add a million or so by purchasing lots in the West! Mr. Cobler had made two millions by the sale of his lots where the city of Orient now rears its aspiring head—and Brigham Junr. went \$20,000 into the lots of the intended city of Hamiltonia, the most beautiful sight, (situated at the confluence of six rivers) in all the teeming empire of the migh-

ty West. It was whispered on 'Change that he had made more than half a million in Stocks, and his western lots, and that he was to make four hundred thousand on his "Eastern Townships;" he was written down as a millionaire: and at the next election, Peter Brigham, junr. was made president of the Bank of Exchange.

But there must have been a race of Peter Brighams, jr. in the days of Shakespeare—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"

and Peter found his on the ebb in the midst of the money pressure. Stocks down—cotton ditto—Western lots no sale—Eastern townships ditto. As a last resort Peter was obliged to visit the county seat of his father at Watertown, to solicit funds to help him through the pressure, or he must fall. The prudent old merchant sat down and took a cool survey of Peter's affairs. He then called the servant to bring him some bank checks, one of which he filled out thus:—

"Psy to Peter Brigham jr. one penny, the amount possessed by his father when he arrived at Charles River Bridge, and the best inheritance a father can give his son to begin the world with.

PETER BRIGHAM."

The next day the failure of the house of Peter Brigham, jr. was announced on 'Change for nearly a million of dollars. And when the stock in the new store with a granite front was sold, beneath the red flag, wild and headstrong speculators had read to them an important lesson of prudence and sagacity, in the little emblem of—

"PETER THE STORE IS TOO LONG."

EDUCATION OF THE HAND.

A highly accomplished lady, from England, remarked a few evenings since, that she was greatly astonished to find how little young ladies in America were taught to use their hands. Nearly every one, after a moment's reflection upon the varied and almost magic powers and uses of the hand, will probably feel a degree of surprise and regret that it should be lost sight of, at least in a great measure, in the education of both girls and boys.

The hand is not merely the index and agent of the mind, but more or less its director. At least a sympathy, of a most intimate kind, must almost constantly exist between these two great resources of human energy, the hand and the head—taking with them, of course, the heart.

The importance and the neglect, or rather perversion or abuse, of this curious and wonderful instrument, furnished us by our Creator, may, perhaps, render a few hints on the subject of some use to teachers, and certainly not less to parents. I will here mention a few instruments and exercises, found by experience to aid in the education of the hand, commencing with early childhood.

Children's Bricks.—The most interesting and instructive instruments, within my knowledge, for children, from one and a half to four and five years of age, is a set of bricks, or blocks of wood, twice as long as wide, and twice as wide as thick. Three inches by one and a half, and three quarters are probably the best dimensions.

Other toys, frequently expensive, may come and go, almost with the rapidity of days, but a few simple blocks, though used for months, or even years, are still new; they at least afford new employment, amusement, and instruction.

After the child has piled them in ten thousand different forms, representing houses, doors, windows, stairs, walls, rail-roads, canals, &c., &c., there are as many more, still urging him to new discoveries, and new displays of ingenuity. They receive additional interest and instruction by prints of animals, implements, &c. such as the horse, dog, knife, and hatchet, pasted upon them. The names of these objects annexed will give the young *self-instructed* pupil some knowledge of written language, constituting his first lessons in reading.

Slate and Pencil.—Every child over three years, and probably under that age, will provide much employment for his hand by a slate and pencil, aided by a sheet or a few cards, of geometrical figures. The skill and accuracy of hand and eye, acquired by children four and five years of age, in forming triangles, squares, hexagons, and various other figures, are truly surprising.

From the geometrical figures they soon pass,

if permitted, to natural representations of objects—the drawing of birds, fishes, horses, funnels, saws, houses, &c. &c.; not like most pupils under drawing masters, merely making one picture like another picture, but taking their pictures from the objects they represent. It is fully proved that every child would make some useful proficiency in linear drawing, simply by the encouragement of his desires and attempts in the five first years of his life.

After linear drawing, *not before*, a child can be profitably encouraged in forming the manuscript letters, but almost entirely in connection with objects previously drawn by him. For example, under the picture of a dog, drawn by the child, let him write the word *dog*. The same with other drawings.

Scissors and Knives.—In connection with the slate and pencil for drawing geometrical figures, children frequently use the scissors and knife for cutting the same figures upon paper. By the use of these instruments, "*geometrical albums*," in such repute among children, have been formed in great numbers, and frequently with great beauty, exercising, of course not only their judgment in connection with their hand and eye, but their taste. A great portion of the most important principles of geometry have in this way, been both illustrated and proved; and that too, by a practical application of them at the time, and not merely by abstractions, to which the study of geometry is unfortunately, as it seems to me, generally confined.

Family and School Cabinets.—Every child ought to be aided to a knowledge of the names and many of the properties of all the useful and some of the curious minerals, with a great portion of the plants in his neighborhood, embracing the different kinds of wood, with some shells, animals, &c., and a portion of fabrics and various manufactured articles, or articles of commerce, before any instruction is attempted for him from books. Nothing affords a more delightful employment for the hands, eyes, intellects, and, of course, the feelings of children, than collecting, classifying, arranging, labelling and in various ways studying the works of nature and art. Such exercises give to their homes and school-rooms charms which will draw them from bad company in the streets.—They in fact, not unfrequently create good company from that which was before bad, by giving vicious boys a preference for good rather than evil. I know of no one thing which, as it seems to me, would do more to elevate the schools and the morals of our republic, than a small "Cabinet of Nature and Art," in each of the two millions of families, and of the seventy thousand schools in our country. Certainly, no one thing can be more easily accomplished; as permission to children will lead them to do almost the whole "free, gratis—for nothing," and with a thousand thanks to their parents and teachers into the bargain.

For myself, I can see no danger on the part of parents and teachers, in closing an engagement with their children and pupils at once.—Certainly, if they do not prefer for them tipping shops, theatres, cock-fighting, various kinds of petty gambling, with a fair prospect of petty thefts, and the whole of the long train of accomplishments possessed by loafers and blackguards.

Household Furniture.—Except for the danger of incurring the displeasure, perhaps the reprobation of some kind mothers, I should strongly recommend for their daughters, the daily or frequent use, commencing at an early age, of the cambric and darning needle, the bread-tray, the dish-cloth, and a long list of nameless implements admirably fitted for useful and interesting employment for girls, before the transforming, more properly, perhaps, the *deforming*, hand of education has been upon them. But as the vulgar notions of eating good bread, and wearing whole coats and stockings, produced by wives, daughters, or sisters, are inconsistent with the modern refinements in a "*finished education*," and as I have already extended to the full limits of your convenience, I will omit domestic economy, and a hundred other subjects, which may furnish profitable and interesting exercises for the education of the hand, only adding the kindest regards of your friend.

J. HOLBROOK.

The Missouri Legislature are about to introduce the New York system of Common Schools into that State. It is high time.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1839.

Snow Arches.—Our folks, that is, we, the inhabitants of Rochester, are determined not to be buried in snow without having some amusement from the game. After the walks were cleared the banks were from 6 to 10 feet high. In order to improve the appearance of these marble-like walls, some of our merchants made passages from their doors to their opposite neighbors. These presented the appearance of white arches.

We were considerably amused two or three mornings since, to see one of nature's timids go through one of them. It evidently struck him as a curiosity at first; for he scrutinized it for a long time with many a curious turn of the head, once in a while venturing to poke himself partly under. At last, with a most comical fear, and inimitable shrug, he ventured through, and manifested his satisfaction by the most triumphant look we ever saw.

Journal of Education.—We have seen several numbers of this paper, and have been much gratified in the perusal. It is edited with a masterly ability, and with a tact and discrimination which render it worthy of the support of the friends of education.

Would it not be well for those who are moving in the common school cause to order a number of copies for distribution in the city? It is published at Detroit, Mich., at 75 cents a year in advance—JOHN D. PRICE, Editor.

A Fact.—There is a man living about fifty miles north of the city of Cincinnati, who has had twenty-four children by one wife, eighteen of whom are full grown, hearty males, capable of bearing arms. No wonder Cincinnati increases so fast in population, if they have many such chaps as this among them.

It is said that young ladies should never marry until they have relinquished tight lacing, because the marriage state ought to be free from *bondage*.

Outrageous.—A Southern editor asks, in talking of Poetry and Matrimony—"who would indite sonnets to a woman whom he saw every morning in her night cap, and every day at dinner swallowing meat and mustard?"

Society is something like a barrel of pork.—The meat that's at the top is sometimes not so good as that that's a little grain lower down the upper and lower ends are plaguy apt to have a little taint in them.

Tin is said to have been discovered in Kentucky. This metal had been thought not to exist in this country.

From the New York American.

Our old friend Knickerbocker comes this month in improved guise, and is ushered in with a bran new suit of clothes. The Gentleman having reached his thirteenth birthday, his guardians have thought fit to celebrate the event by a complete change of costume. A capital engraving of Durand's painting, "The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant," embellishes this number, which contains its usual quantity of matter. The memoir of John W. Gould, a contributor to its pages, under the name of "Jack Garnet," will be read with much interest by all who have been familiar with the productions of his pen. He died some months ago on his voyage home from South America. Among the papers found after his decease, was a very spirited sketch, said to be as effective as he ever wrote. It is a fragment.

C. C. MORSE, of this city, is agent for the Knickerbocker.

Written for the Gem.

INTREPIDITY OF A DOG.

It is now more than 36 years ago, for it was in the summer of 1802, I think in June—but I must begin my story a little further back, and detail it to you particularly.

The venerable JOHN COATS, Esq., of Geneseo, who removed from Yorkshire, England, brought two terrier dogs with him; a male and a female. The dog was rather large for the breed, and perfectly white, which he called Silver: but Meggy, our heroine, was a little black curly haired, fierce, chunky slut, and being aged and in a family way, Mr. Coats wishing to oblige his friends in the vicinity of Geneva with some of the breed, gave her to William Reed, who took her to the town of Seneca, and left her with two young men, Thomas and John Charlton, lately from England, who had bought a farm on Flint-creek, and were keeping bachelor's hall. Meggy was well taken care of, and in due time brought forth a fine litter of pups, eight of them, which she had nursed until they were old enough to be dispersed, when early one morning, an old bear came to neighbor Carson's to make a dicker for his hog; but not finding any one a stir, without speaking a word immediately took possession. But not so with the hog; it screamed "a horrid murder shout in dreadful desperation." And well it did, for it aroused Mr. Charlton and little Meggy, who ran to the rescue, and by the time that bruin had got his prize down by the Creek, and was about beginning his breakfast, Meggy laid fast hold of his haunch. The bear flew round and round to see what the matter was, and shake it off, but finding no relief, took to a tree and clambered up to the limbs, (this is a rich beach and maple country, and the trees are from 30 to 50 feet to the limbs) taking Meggy along for ballast, who not thinking proper to relax her grips in such a harbor, they had to return again to terra firma. By the time they had got there, however, Mr. Charlton had arrived—a stout young man—armed with a club, who, not knowing what kind of an enemy he had to deal with, nothing daunted, went to loundering away over poor bruin's shoulders, and he, finding himself so sadly beset by beligerents fore and aft, instead of giving fight, took to another tree, and up he went, dog and all, to the top; but finding no rest returned again to the earth, only to enjoy the sorry comfort of Charlton's club, which again made him clamber up the third tree. Could he have had fortitude enough to have remained there (as the sequel will show) Meggy would soon have fallen and been dashed to pieces, and although he had lost his *pork*, he would have saved his *bacon*—but that was not to be, and they again descended. When about twenty feet from the ground Meggy relaxed her hold and fell, but jumped up, and caught again before the bear got off the tree.

Mr. Charlton was now ready with his club, which he laid on so lustily that he felled poor bruin down, jumped on to him, and cut his throat with his jack-knife. Whilst he was in the act of doing this, Meggy sprang forward, and the bear killed her dead on the spot with a blow of its paw.

G.

Roman Etiquette.—Cato, when Censor of Rome, expelled from the Senate Manilius, whom the general opinion had marked out for consul, because he had given his wife a *kiss* in the day time in the sight of his daughter. "For his own part," he said, "his wife never embraced him but when it thundered dreadfully," adding by way of joke, "That he was happy when Jupiter pleased to thunder."

From the New York American.

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

Suppose that the same amount of time and study was devoted to the Bible, in schools, which is now devoted to the study of Grammar, would not children, and the community generally, be more able to speak and write correctly than they now are? Does any book contain purer English than the Bible? Do grammars furnish as many, or as good, exercises for reading, speaking, or writing the English language correctly, as this sacred volume?

For myself, I have never been able to understand how it is possible to learn "to write and speak correctly" by the study of grammar. But I can see very clearly, how the study of the Bible, in its beautiful narrations, in its unparalleled poetry and sublimity, in its history and biography, and in the important and everlasting truths it unfolds to moral and immortal beings, may acquaint its readers with our language in its purity.

For exercise in reading, no one book is equal to the Bible. How rare it is to hear a person, even clergymen, read this volume so as to give to its sublime truths their full force. Would not a person who could read every portion of this book well, be able to read any thing well?

As a book of history and biography, is not the Bible more important than any other volume to be used in schools?

Does Locke, Stuart, Brown, Paley, or all united, give as full, or as clear, a view of the human understanding, or of the human heart, as this volume of God? Does any other book contain better specimens of sound logical reasoning? If not, why not use it as the book of logic?

As a moulder of the human heart and human character, however, the Bible is infinitely more important than any other book, once peculiarly so, during the moulding period of childhood.—If the time should ever arrive, when it shall be the great object of teachers to bring the conduct of their pupils to the test of "Christ's Sermon on the Mount," and to the same principles strikingly and beautifully developed in various portions of the sacred volume, may we not expect to see human beings more worthy of the name of Christians, and more pure and more consistent Republicans, than any now coming to our view?

To me it appears singular, entirely unaccountable, that a Christian and enlightened nation, as Americans are pleased to call themselves, should almost wholly neglect, in their system of education, or shut out from the means of instruction, the two great volumes which are the fountains of all knowledge—the book of Nature, and the book of Revelation; and place in their stead, thousands of subterfuges, as senseless as they are irksome to all young minds, which, above all others, are constantly craving for food which shall at once gratify and strengthen them, and fit them for the high destiny designed for them by their Creator.

Ever yours, J. HOLBROOK.

A Cool Argument.—"Boo-oo-oo-oo—father don't lick me, will you?" said a little urchin one day, who had been guilty of some misdemeanor.

"What's the matter with you, sir?"

"O, don't lick me, father!"

"Come along here—what have you been a doing?"

"I broke that old broken saucer—"

"Come here to me!"

"I'm 'fraid you'll lick me," said the boy, trembling and shaking.

"Come here, I tell you."

"Wont you lick me?"

"No."

"Will you swear you wont?"

"Yes."

"Then I wont come, father; for parson Allwood says, he that will swear will lie!"

Lectures for Ladies.—Mrs. Gove, from Boston, will commence a course of lectures on anatomy and physiology, at Clinton Hall, on Monday, at half past 3, P. M. These lectures are designed for Ladies only, and we know of no good reason why ladies, and especially mothers, should not derive great advantage from attending them. Mrs. Gove's discourses have been listened to repeatedly at Boston and elsewhere, by large classes, and the press, doubtless on information from the favored hearers, has borne testimony their merit.—*Com. Adv.*

From the Albany Evening Journal.

SOUTHWICK'S FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MR. WEED—My attention has recently been called to Mr. Southwick's paper, which I had hitherto but occasionally seen. Like hundreds of others in the city, I had overlooked the claim of my family to supply them with a paper suited to their wants. The "Newspaper" has just commenced its second volume, and the present is the best time to commence taking it, as its form and contents render it valuable for preservation and binding. To the friends of religion and morality, of civil and religious liberty, of the arts and sciences, of education, of temperance, &c. &c., it furnishes a weekly report, in addition to the news of the day in a condensed form, and divested of that mass of floating matter which the politician and the news-mongers are so eager to obtain. In truth, it is precisely what it purports to be—a "Family Newspaper." Those who know SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, the editor, need not be told of his *capacity* to publish an interesting sheet, and none surpass him in experience. Pre-eminently friendly to our young men and mechanics, his exertions in their behalf, it is hoped, will not be unheeded; and to the heads of families generally, I would cordially recommend the support of this journal. I have no personal interest in this; and my communication is written without the request or knowledge of Mr. Southwick; but I do hope that in Albany, at least, a *reading*, if not a *grateful* community, will not let the "Newspaper," the only "Family" paper in the interior of our State, be found wanting in the support which it richly merits. To the readers of this, let me say—get the "Family Newspaper," lay it before your families, subscribe for it, pay for it, and you will never regret that you have taken my advice. It need not interfere with any arrangement for the office, the counting room, or the work-shop, and it will carry a stream of intelligence into the family circle which should be ardently desired by every one.

"Oh Bobby, my dear boy, dont blow your nose on my pocket handkerchief; I paid eighty dollars for it in Broadway!" "Why, la, mother, if it aint to blow my nose on, what's it for?" "Why it's to carry in my hand for show, Bobby." "For show, mother? pay eighty dollars for a pocket handkerchief for show. Well, now, that's queer, and when you went out to buy it, mother, you would not give sixpence to the poor woman and her child, what had nothing to eat.—*Star*

Natural Criticism.—I always listen with much pleasure to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was shown Gainborough's celebrated picture of the pigs: "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs; but there is one fault—no body ever saw three pigs feeding together, but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."—*Jesse's Nat. Hist.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 28th instant, by the Rev. Dr. J. Henry Whitehouse, Heman A. Moore, Esq. of Columbus, Ohio, to Miss Mary A. daughter of Dr. S. Hunt, of Rochester.

At Charlestown, Mass., on the 5th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Fay, Nathaniel Norton, of the city of New York, to Miss Caroline Greenleaf, daughter of Jonathan Call, Esq. of the former place.

In Geneseo, on the 22d instant, by Elder Hail Whiting, Mr. James B. Blodget, of Avon, to Miss Mary Low, of the same place.

At China, Genesee county, by Heman Wilson, Esq. Mr. Alexander Roy, formerly merchant of this city, Rochester, to Miss Celesta Dennis, of the former place.

In Mount Morris, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. S. C. Church, Mr. Andrew Johnson, to Miss Elizabeth Whitenack, both of the former place.

In Sparta, the same day, by the same, Mr. Palmer Atherton, to Miss Betsy Voorhees.

In Geneseo, on the 23d ult., by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Horatio N. Holmes, to Miss Maria Benjamin, of the former place.

At Exter, N. H., on the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hurd, Professor William N. Norton, of the city of New York, to Miss Elizabeth E., daughter of the late Samuel B. Stevens, of Exter.

In LeRoy, on the 23d instant, by the Rev. E. Lattimer, Mr. Wm. H. Olmsted, to Miss Maria Morehouse.

In Stafford, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Griswold, of Bergen, Rev. Geo. W. Lane, of Chapinville, to Miss Harriet Franklin, of Stafford.

On the 18th instant, by H. Hollister, Esq. Mr. Martin Fox, to Miss Caroline Johnson, both of Stafford.

In the Baptist Church, at Lockville, on Sunday last, by Elder Noah Barrel, Mr. Alfred Hedges, to Miss Ester Barrel, all of Lockville.

In Lyons, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. Lucas Hubbel, Mr. J. M. Thornton, of Lafayette, Indiana, to Miss Harriet Parker, of Lyons.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hay, Mr. John Backenstose, Merchant, to Miss Charlotte Caroline Mead, all of Geneva.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

NO FICTION.

There's beauty in the starry night :
There's beauty in the moonbeam's light,
That plays o'er nature's soft repose,
Whilst cooling Zephyr gently blows.

There's beauty in the thunder's roll,
As lightnings flash from pole to pole,
As storms arise and winds assail,
And Earth sends forth her deepest wall.

There's beauty on the Ocean's crest,
Whilst billows roll high on her breast,
Or sink in slumbers calm, to rest,
When Sol dips in the wat'ry west.

There's beauty in the whispering breeze,
That gently skims the azure seas,
And ripples, slight, the chrysal waves,
In sunlit eve's unclouded rays.

There's beauty in the twilight gray.
When toil is done—dull care, away ;
When birds are in their leafy bow'rs,
And dews are sprinkling o'er the flow'rs.

There's beauty in the rosy morn,
As stars go out, when comes the dawn ;
When nature breathes, afresh, anew,
Her sweet perfumes 'mid sparkling dew.

There's beauty on the mountain's height,
Where snows eternal, glitter bright ;
As well as in the vales, below,
Where roses bloom and lilies grow.

But, there are beauties yet untold,
More lovely far, than gems or gold ;
That far excel, the blushing rose,
Which lovely buds, and blooms, and grows—

That far surpass the sweetest flow'rs,
That ever bloomed in Eden's bow'rs ;
Or ever charged the balmy breeze,
With odours sweet, from earth or seas.

But hark ! what says that damsel fair,
Whose eyes are suns, whose beauty, rare ?
"What does he mean ? When will he tell,
"What earthly beauties so excell ?"

"O!—I know, I guess ; the girls he means—"
Just so, fair miss, you're right, it seems :—
You're good to guess on beauty's score,
And so, I think,—I'll say no more.

For who can tell, describe, or know,
All that is lovely here below ?
We give the palm to ladies, sure,
Whose eyes are bright, whose hearts are pure.
H. G. M.

Rochester, January 25th, 1830.

Written for the Gem.

TQ S., OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE "child of Hope" *has found* "on earth,"
Much—*much*, to give thee joy and bliss ;
Though fading, it has real worth,
While giving transient happiness :
We find, indeed, our sorrows here
On earth—where all our joys appear.

'Tis true the innocence of youth
Will often paint a "fancied life,"
Anticipating nought but truth
In all things—yet, the matron, wife,
And mother—oft may heave the sigh,
And, frequently,—"*she knoweth why.*"

Earth gives us bliss—not all a dream,
Nor "vanity is all we see,"
Though Hope may through the darkness gleam,
And point to an eternity,
Where to imagination's view,
Its brilliant hues seem lasting true.

But why, when earth has much that's fair,—
Much that can make a heaven below—
Should we extend a thought, a care,
To worlds of which we nothing know ?
Though suffering be the lot of all
The good enjoy—the sorrow's small.

Rochester, Jan. 21, 1830.

YOUTH.

The dreams of early youth,
How beautiful they are, how full of joy,
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shows not a taint of sin's alloy.

From the January Knickerbocker.
A PSALM OF DEATH.

'Dear, beautiful Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond the dust,
Could we outlook that mark !'

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between

'Shall I have nought that is fair,' saith he :
'Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

'My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smil'd ;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.'

'They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
But she knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SONG OF THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

Sweet sister, draw thee near,
Breathe o'er my weary brow thy silver beams ;
My flower cups are all closed,—the night dew's tear
Weighs down their lips,—they crave thy lucid beams ;
Sweet sister, draw thee near.

Midnight has shaded o'er
My mountain tops, and my deep rivers rush
Inky and cold, moaning with sullen roar ;
And then my grandeur with an awful hush
Midnight has shaded o'er.

Come forth and kiss me, sweet,
Roll high, dear sister, in thy empyreal sky ;
Laugh dimples on the sea,—my brood takes glee ;
Frost them with springing silver ;—lovingly
Come forth and kiss me, sweet !

Thy trembling pearly rays
Quiver with music, and the fair estread
Their lightsome measures to the amorous lays
'Midst flower's chaledony ; in bliss they wed
Thy trembling pearly rays.

Beneath thy magic eye
Grey Ruin smiles, as though a second life
Peep'd through the ribs of death ; sterility,
The moss clad pillar, stand with beauty rife,
Beneath thy magic eye.

Upon thy clouds of snow,
Like a fair conqueror, thou sailest on ;
While the warm fragrant zephyrs gently blow,
In lovely majesty ; thou comest down
Upon thy clouds of snow !

Joy !—sister, thou art near !
My heart is light, my face is joyous now ;
My flower cups ope their lips, as though in prayer,
List, how my forests sing !—flood, lawn and bough ;
Joy, sister, thou art near !

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by ;
And as the sobb thick gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold hearted earth
The sea will not give back its prey,
And they were wrapp'd in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son :
'Oh ! merciful Heaven ! when I'm gone,
Thine is this earthly blossom.

While thus she spoke, a sunbeam broke
Into the room :—the babe awoke
And from his cradle smiled !
Ah me ! what kindling smiles met there !
I knew not whether was more fair,
The mother or the child !

With joy fresh sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretch'd his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day—
'"Forgive me ! that I wept !"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare ;
But this, as holy writ is sure,
The griefs she bids us here endure
She can herself repair.

THE WINTER KING.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

O ! what will become of thee, poor little bird ?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard ;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black !
They'll soon scatter snow flakes all over thy back !
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away ?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day ?

'I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree,
The storm doesn't trouble me—Pee, dee, dee.'

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care ?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare !
And how can'st thou be so light hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thy evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom to nest !

'Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves!—Pee, dee, dee.'

But man feels a burden of want and of grief,
While plucking the clusters and binding the sheaf !
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air ;
And their rich gifts do not silence our care,
In summer we faint ; in the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.

A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude!—Pee, dee, dee.'

I thank thee, bright monitor ! what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
We look at the clouds, while the bird has an eye
To him who reigns over them changeless and high ;
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

Because, in all weather I'm happy and free,
They call me the WINTER KING!—Pee, dee, dee.'

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough
Whereon thou art flitting so merrily now !
And though there's a vesture well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet ?

'I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see !
To warm them, and fly away!—Pee, dee, dee.'

Some friend has sent us the following verse
on a dandy, through the Post Office.

A dandy is a thing that would,
Be a young lady if he could ;
But as he can't, does all he can
To show the world he's not a man.

Detroit Post.

PROSPECTS OF VOLUME XI, OF
THE GEM AND LADIES' AMULET.
A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literature, Science,
Tales, and Miscellany.

WITH PLATES, AT \$1, PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

In presenting to the readers of the GEM a Prospectus for another year, the Publishers avail themselves of the opportunity to return their grateful acknowledgments for the evidence they receive that this paper continues to be a favorite with the reading community in this section of the country. But while it is generally conceded that we give more interesting and valuable matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the price, and in convenient form for preservation, we are aware that there have been defects, which can, and shall be remedied.

One word respecting pecuniary matters. Experience has taught us that PAYMENT IN ADVANCE, in all cases, is absolutely necessary. We therefore, give this early notice, that after the first of January, no paper will be sent out of the city, until payment is received.

We wish all who want the 11th volume on these conditions, to forward their names as early as possible, that we may know how large an edition will probably be called for. As small bills are again in general circulation, it will not be difficult for even individuals to make their remittances.

TERMS.—The Gem will be printed on good paper and type ; in quarto form, suitable for binding ; frequently to contain a choice piece of music or other embellishment.

The price will be, to city subscribers, whose papers are left at their doors, ONE DOLLAR & FIFTY CENTS ; to those who call at the office, ONE DOLLAR & TWENTY-FIVE CENTS ; to mail subscribers, ONE DOLLAR—payable in all cases in advance.

Any person who may obtain five subscribers, and remit us \$5, free of postage, shall receive six copies.

Any person who shall remit us \$10 in advance, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one bound volume at the end of the year. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

The volume will commence with the second Saturday in January, 1830, and contain 26 Nos., 8 pages each, including title page and index.

SHEPARD, STRONG & DAWSON.
Rochester, 1830.

Printers who copy the above Prospectus, and send us one of their papers, shall be entitled to the same space in our columns.

THE



GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1839.

No. 4.

MISCELLANY.

From the Lady's Book.

MOTHERS, AS CHRISTIAN TEACHERS.

BY MRS. L. SIGOURNEY.

Though there are many mothers who decline taking an active part in the intellectual culture of their children,—yet they should not venture with equal supineness to neglect their religious instruction. For if “religion is the ritual of a tender and lowly mind, looking through the beauty and majesty of nature, to its God,” willing to believe what he has revealed, and docile to do what he has commanded, there surely exists, in the simplicity of childhood, a preparation for its spirit, which the lapse of years may impair.

Can it be necessary to enforce the precept, that prayer should be early taught, and rendered habitual at stated seasons, especially at those of retiring to rest, and waking in the morning. Begin with the simplest form of words, solemnly and affectionately uttered. As by little and little, the infant learns to lift up his heart, tell it that it has permission to bring its humble wants, thanks, and sorrows, in its own lisping language, to the ear of its Heavenly Father. Sooner, than perhaps is expected, may the guileless spirit be led to communion with the Hearer of prayer. For there are, between it and Him, no deep descents into vice, no long continued clouds of alienation, that darken His countenance, and crush in dust the heart of the way-worn pilgrim.

When regular seasons of retirement are observed as a duty, or regarded as a privilege, the next lesson should be, that the softest sigh, the voiceless aspiration, is audible to the ear of Deity. The mother may also lead her young pupils, step by step, to mingle their requests for divine guidance, their praises for continued mercy, not only with every unforeseen exigence, but with the common circumstances of their daily course. Ejaculatory prayer, the silent lifting up of the heart, by the fireside, at the table, in the midst of companions, studied, or the occupations of industry, may make the whole of life, an intercourse with its Giver. This mode of devotion must have been contemplated by the Apostle, in his injunction—“I will that men pray every where.”

There is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland, which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, simply implore the protection and favor of the Almighty. Dr. Henderson, from whom this fact is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him on his excursions, also remarked it in the humblest fishermen when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row their boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessing of their Father in Heaven. Even at passing a stream, which in their country of precipices is often an operation fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom. This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that from their isolated situation, and modes of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instructions seem to have become incorporated with the very elements of being. Let us not permit our Icelandic sisters, to go beyond us, in enforcing the duty and practice of devotion.

Next to the exercise of prayer, we should implant in the minds of our children a reverence for the Sabbath. An ancient writer has said impressively, that “in the history of creation,

we may see that God placed wisdom above power, and the *holy rest higher than both*. For it is not said, but the mass and matter was made in a moment, though its order and arrangement cost the labour of six days; but the seventh day, in which the great Architect completed his work, is blessed above all others.”

Let us imitate this climax. Whatever may have been the industry, or success of the week, its improvement or happiness, let us feel that its crown of blessing is the holy rest and contemplation of the Sabbath. This solemn and glad consciousness will assist us to present it to our children in its true aspect.

We should make them understand that God claims it as his own, and that if it is wrong to defraud an earthly friend, it must be a sin of still deeper dye, to seek to defraud an Almighty Benefactor. Teach them that all his commands have reference to their good, but that this has an obvious connection with their spiritual improvement, and ought to be strictly regarded.

One of the simplest rudiments of Sabbath-observance, is for the mother to sooth her little ones into a placid state of mind. We cannot expect from them that delight in duty which is the reward of more advanced piety. We must wait with patience, and labour in hope, not placing our standard of requisition too high, lest the young aspirant bow, as under a yoke of bondage.

Mothers, be careful to teach by your own example, that rest from worldly occupation and discourse, which the consecrated day prescribes, and by your heightened and serene cheerfulness, awaken a desire of imitation. Point out, in the stillness of the Sabbath morn, in the tent of the opening flower, or in the snowy drapery of winter, the untiring wisdom and goodness of the Creator. By those mercies, which from their continued presence, we are too prone to pass unnoticed, lead their hearts to that Giver, who forgetteth not the ungrateful. Describe with what delight the gift of the pure air would fill the poor prisoner, or the dweller in a noxious clime; how the power of walking freely over the fresh green turf would be prized by the cripple, or the sick, long chained to a couch of suffering; with what rapture the sparkling water would be hailed by the wandering Arab, the weary caravan, the panting camel in the sandy desert. To enkindle one spark of hallowed gratitude, or pious love, in the little bosoms that beat so near your own, is a work in unison with the spirit of the day of God.

Be careful that the books which your children read, are congenial to this holy season. Selections made by yourself, from the historical parts of the Bible, and pictures, illustrating them, afford a pleasing and profitable mode of instruction. In the choice of subjects, or in your illustration of them, you can keep in view some adaptation to individual character, or train of thought, and thus, without seeming to do it, delicately reprove a fault, or cherish a drooping virtue. Committing hymns, and sacred precepts to memory, is also an excellent exercise.—Spend as much time as you can in religious conversation with them. Do not dismiss them to the Sunday school, and think no more about them. Is it not a sacred pleasure to instruct them on this holy day? and would you not share in it?

Our young pupils ought not to be initiated into controversial or metaphysical subtleties.—Their understandings have not sufficient strength to grasp the disputes that divide christendom. They are perplexed by distinctions of doctrine, when their feeble comprehensions might have been guided out of the labyrinth, by that simple precept, “the fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom.” Their religion should be eminent-

ly that of the heart, a love of their Father in Heaven, a love of all whom he has made, an obedience to his commands, a dread of his displeasure, a continual reference to him for aid, renovation, and forgiveness through the Saviour, and a consciousness that every deed, however secret, is open to his eye—every word, every motive, to be brought into judgment. This foundation will bear a broad superstructure, when years expand the lineaments of character, and time's trials teach self-knowledge, humility, and reliance on omnipotent strength.

Perhaps some mother exclaims—“she who thinks herself fit to communicate such instruction ought to have much knowledge herself.” Certainly—and one great benefit of the undertaking is, that she is thus induced to study, and increase in the knowledge of divine things.

“But how are we to acquire this knowledge? We have not time to hear all who speak in public, or to read half the books that are written.”

The leisure of a faithful mother is indeed circumscribed. When she is unable to go forth, as she might desire, and seek for instruction, let her make trial of the injunction of the Psalmist, to “commune with her own heart, and in her chamber, and be still.” The retirement of the mind into itself said a man of wisdom, is the state most susceptible of divine impressions.”

To study the Scriptures, to solicit the aid of the Holy Spirit, to draw forth from memory the priceless precepts of a religious education, and reduce them to practice, are more congenial to maternal duty, than the exciting system of the ancient Athenians, who according to the Apostle, “spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.”—Transplant thyself into some enclosed ground, said an ancient writer, for it is hard for a tree that standeth by the way-side, to keep its fruit until it is fully ripe.”

To overload a field with seed, however good, yet neglect the process that incorporates it with the mould, is but to provide food for the fowls of the air. This must emphatically be the case, when the mistress of a family leaves imperative duties unperformed at home, and wanders frequently abroad, though it seem to be, in search of wisdom. Her thoughts, if she is conscientious, will so hover about her forsaken charge, as to leave a fixedness of attention for the discussions of the speaker. His voice may indeed be like the lovely song of a very pleasant instrument, but it must fall on a partially deafened ear. In spite of every endeavour, her heart will be travelling homeward to the feeble babe, the uncontrolled children, or the lawless servants.

A mother, in rather humble life, was desirous of attending an evening meeting. Her husband, who was obliged to go in another direction, advised her to remain at home. He urged, that the weather was cold, and there was no one to leave with the babe, and two other little ones, except a young, indiscreet girl, whom they were bringing up, and who being apt to fall asleep with the infant in her arms, he feared it might fall into the fire upon the hearth, or perhaps, the house consumed. But as she had gone a night or two before, and no accident had happened, she said she thought she would trust Providence again. So she went—yet her heart misgave her; as she opened the door of the lecture room, the speaker rising, pronounced his text—

“With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?”

The force of his elocution, and the coincidence of the passage with her own rather reproachful train of thought, so wrought upon her feelings, that in a short time she silently left her seat, and returned home. Afterwards she

acknowledged that this circumstance had aided in convincing her how essential a part of religion it was to watch over the unfledged birdlings of her own nest.

Though the paths of instruction are preferable to the haunts of fashion and folly, as far as "as light excelleth darkness," yet is it not possible that there may be such a thing as religious dissipation? If so, it is peculiarly to be deprecated in a mother, one of whose first obligations is to "show piety at home," and whose simple presence, even the sound of her protecting voice from a distant apartment, is often far more essential to the welfare of the little kingdom which she rules, than she herself imagines.

A lady once asserted, that she had heard nine sermons, or lectures, during the week—adding as a proof of her zeal and self-denial, that she had left some of her family sick, in order to attend them. Now, if these nine discourses, embodied the intellectual strength of profound and educated men, it would be exceedingly difficult for a matron, burdened with the cares peculiar to her station, so to "mark, learn and inwardly digest" this mass of knowledge, so as to receive proportionate gain. And I could not help recollecting the noble lady of ancient times, who had determined to visit all Palestine, and then take up her abode in Bethlehem, that she might make Christ's inn her home, and die where he was born, of whom Fuller, the historian, quaintly remarks, that, seeing she left three daughters, and her poor little infant Fox-tuis behind her, he was fain to think, for his own part, that she had done as acceptable a deed to God, by staying to rock her child in the cradle, as to enter Christ's manger.

I would not, were it in my power, say aught to diminish the ardor of my sex, to keep up with the spirit of this advancing age, and above all, to hold in the highest estimation, the knowledge of things divine. Rather would I increase a thousand fold, their reverence for such knowledge, and for those who teach it. But let not the mother of little ones forget, that her paramount duty is to impart to them what she has herself learned, and proved, and held fast, as "an anchor to the soul." Whatever accession she makes to her own spiritual wealth, let her simplify and share it with the flock, over whom the Chief Shepherd hath made her overseer.—Let none of her manna-gatherings be in the spirit of idle, aimless curiosity, but with the earnest intention better to obey the command of dying love—"Feed my lambs."

Can woman ever do too much to evince her gratitude to the religion of Christ? Look at her situation among the most polished heathen. Trace the depth of her domestic depression even in the proudest days of Greece and Rome. What has she been under the Moslem? Humbled by polygamy, entombed in the harem, denounced as soulless. Only under the Gospel dispensation has she been counted an equal, the happy and cherished partaker of an immortal hope.

Even amid the brightness that beamed upon ancient Zion, her lot was in strong shadow.—Now and then she appears with the timbre of the prophetess, or as a beautiful gleaner in the fields of Boaz, or as a mother giving the son of her prayers to the temple service. But these are rather exceptions to a general rule, than proofs that she was an equal participant in the blessings of the Jewish polity.

How afflicting is her lot among uncivilized nations, and throughout the realms of paganism. See the American Indian, binding the burden upon his weaker companion, and walking on pitiless, in his unembarrassed strength. See her among the Polynesian islands, the slave of degraded man, or beneath an African sun, crouching to receive on her head, the load which the Camel should bear. See her in heathen India, cheered by no gleam of the domestic affections, or household charities.

A gentleman, long a resident in the east, mentions that among the pilgrims who throng the temple of Juggernaut, was a Hindoo family, who had travelled two thousand miles on foot. They had nearly reached the end of their toilsome journey, when the mother was taken sick. On perceiving that she was unable to travel, the husband abandoned her. Crawling a few steps at a time, she at length reached with her babe, a neighboring village. There she besought shelter, but in vain. A storm came on, and she laid herself down, in her deadly sickness under a tree. There she was found in the morning, by the benevolent narrator, drenched

with rain, and the infant clinging to her breast. He removed her, and gave her medicine, but it was too late. Life's flame was expiring. He besought many individuals to take pity on the starving child. The universal reply was—"No, it is only a girl." He went to the owner of the village, a man of wealth, and implored his aid. The refusal was positive. "Is the mother dead? Let the child die too. What else should it do? Have you not said it was a girl?"

So the Christian took the miserable infant under his protection. Having procured some milk, he mentioned that he should never forget the look, with which the poor, famished creature crept to his feet, and gazing up in his face, as she saw the food approaching. So strongly were his compassions moved, that he determined to take her with him to his own land, that she might receive the nurture of that religion, which moves the strong to respect the weak, and opens the gate of heaven to every humble and trusting soul.

Surely, woman is surrounded by an array of motives, of unspeakable strength, to be an advocate for pure religion, a teacher of its precepts, an exemplification of its spirit. The slightest innovation of its principles, she is bound to repel. The faintest smile at its institutions, she must discountenance. To her, emphatically, may the words of the Jewish lawgiver be addressed—"it is not a vain thing, it is your life."

That she may do this great work effectually, let her "receive the truth in the love of it."—Let her contemplate with affection the character of her Saviour, and earnestly seek more entire conformity to that religion, through which she receives such innumerable blessings. Let her say with more firmness than did the ardent disciple, "though all men forsake thee, yet will not I." Ever should she assiduously cherish the spirit, so beautifully ascribed to her by the poet—

"Not she, with serpent kiss, her Saviour stung—
Not she denied him with a traitor-tongue—
She, tho' all else forsook, would brave the gloom,
Last at the cross, and earliest at the tomb."

Hartford, Conn., October, 1838.

DEATH OF MRS. MACLEAN.

Accounts have been received of the death of Mrs. Maclean, wife of the Governor of the African settlement, Cape Coast Castle, formerly Miss Landon, and better known as L. E. L.—It appears that her death was occasioned by a large dose of Prussic acid, which she took to obtain relief from a spasmodic attack. A Coroner's Jury found, that—

"The death of the said Letitia Elizabeth was caused by her having incautiously taken an over dose of prussic acid, which, from evidence, it appeared she had been in the habit of using as a remedy for spasmodic affections, to which she was subject."

The following letter from Mrs. Maclean—to a female friend in England, we presume—dated on the 15th day of October, the day of her death, was found in her writing desk.

"My dearest Marie—I cannot but write you a brief account how I enact the part of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I must say, in itself, the place is infinite superior to all I ever dreamed of. The castle is a fine building—the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat; insects there are few or none; and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute; from seven in the morning till seven when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are now over—for it is very awkward to be the only lady; still, the great kindness with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen made me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Captain Castle, of the Pylades. His story is very melancholy. He married six months before he left England, to one of the beautiful Miss Hills, Sir John Hill's daughter, and she died just as he received orders to return home. We also had a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch Governor, a most gentlemanly-like man. But fancy how awkward the next morning: I cannot induce Mr. Maclean to rise; and I have to make breakfast, and do the honors of adieu

to him and his officers—white plumes, mustachios, and all. I think I never felt so embarrassed. I have not felt the want of society the least. I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks: one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed in pieces—like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, 'a moment white and gone forever.' The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favor. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun; and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon-light. The chance of sending this letter is a very sudden one, or I should have ventured to write to General Fagan, to whom I beg the very kindest regards. Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write to me. 'Mrs. George Maclean, Cape Coast Castle, care of Messrs. Forster & Smith, 5 New City Chambers, Bishopsgate street. Write about yourself; nothing else half so interests your affectionate
"L. E. MACLEAN."

A writer in the *Courier* says, in reference to the above—

"On reading the above most affecting letter, it will at once be conceived that it must have produced on the minds of the jury an impression as to the tranquil state of mind of the writer, and of her therefore having perished by a most deplorable want of caution on her own part. But we here feel it due to truth and justice to state, that letters previously written by the same hand, a few hours, a few days, perhaps a month before, give evidence that that most affectionate and noble spirit was not always so tranquil. It should also be distinctly stated, that she never was known by her friends in England, to have resorted to the use of the deadly medicine in the case of spasmodic attacks."

The evidence also of her husband at the inquest is not quite satisfactory.

"George Maclean deposes and saith, that deponent saw nothing particular about Mrs. Maclean this morning, except that she complained of weariness; and after having given him some tea and arrow root, at six o'clock, went to bed again for about one hour and a half. Deponent attributed her weariness to her attendance upon himself while sick, and want of rest for three previous nights; that she was very subject to spasms and hysterical affections, and had been in the habit of using the medicine contained in the small bottle produced, as a remedy or prevention, which she had told had been prescribed for her by her medical attendant in London, (Dr. Thomson;) that on seeing her use it, deponent had threatened to throw it away, and had at one time told her that he had actually done so; when she appeared so much alarmed, and said it was so necessary for the preservation of her life, that deponent was prevented from afterwards taking it away; that he had been called by Bailey that morning, when he found Mrs. Maclean on the floor near the door, quite senseless; that he immediately sent for the Doctor, and assisted to carry her to bed; that the efforts of the Doctor to restore her to life were in vain, and that deponent cannot assign any cause for her death; that the letter in the following words, now produced to this deponent, and stated to have been found in Mrs. Maclean's desk this morning, is in her own hand writing; and that an unkind word had never passed between Mrs. Maclean and deponent."

To the Editor of the *Times*;—Sir—As I find there are some painful surmises in reference to the melancholy death of Mrs. Maclean, I presume to request your insertion of the accompanying letter. It is probably one of the two she wrote the night before her decease; for though without a date, it came to me a "ship letter," and not by private hand, and I did not receive it until I had read the mournful intelligence in your paper. It is necessary to direct attention to its cheerful and healthy tone; to me it is ev-

idence that for the first time during a life of labor, anxiety and pain, for such hets undoubtedly was, her hopes of ease and happiness were strong and well grounded. A mysterious dispensation of Providence has deprived literature and society of one of its brightest ornaments. She will be lamented by millions, to whose enjoyments she so largely contributed, but to her private friends the loss is one to which language can give no adequate expression.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obliged servant,
ANNA MARIA HALL.
The Rosery, 12, Gloucester-road, Old Brompton.

"My dearest Mrs. Hall—I must send you one of my earliest epistles from the Tropics, and as a ship is just sailing, I will write, though it can only be a few hurried lines. I can tell you my whole voyage in three words—six weeks sea-sickness—but I am now as well as possible, and have been ever since I landed. The castle is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England; that where I am writing is painted a deep blue, with some splendid engravings; indeed, fine prints seem quite a passion with gentlemen here. Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with book-cases of African mahogany, and portraits of distinguished authors; I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, chronometers, lavameters, gasometers, &c., none of which may be touched by hands profane. On three sides the batteries are dashed against by the waves; on the fourth is a splendid land view; the hills are covered to the top with what we call weed, but is here called bush. This dense mass of green is varied by some large handsome white houses, belonging to different gentlemen, and on two of the heights are small forts built by Mr. Maclean. The cocoa tree, with their long fan-like leaves, are very beautiful.

The natives seem both obliging and intelligent and look very picturesque with their fine dark figures, with pieces of the country cloth flung round them; they seem to have an excellent ear for music; the band plays all the old popular airs, which they have caught from some chance hearing. The servants are very tolerable, but they have so many to work. The prisoners do the scouring, and fancy three men cleaning a room that an old woman in England would do in an hour! besides the soldier who stands by, his bayonet drawn in his hand. All my troubles have been of a housekeeping kind, and no one could begin on a more plentiful stock of ignorance than myself; however, like Sinbad the sailor in the cavern, I begin to see daylight. I have numbered and labelled my keys, their name is Legion, and every morning I take my way to the store, give out flour, sugar, butter, &c., and am learning to scold if I see any dust, or miss the customary polish on the tables; I am actually getting the steward of the ship, who is my right-hand, to teach me how to make pastry; I will report progress in the next; we live almost entirely on ducks and chickens; if a sheep be killed, it must be eaten the same day; the bread is very good, palm wine being used for yeast, and yams are an excellent substitute for potatoes. The fruit generally is too sweet for my liking, but the oranges and pine apples are delicious.

You cannot think the complete seclusion in which I live, but I have a great resource in writing, and I am very well and very happy—but I think even more than I expected, if that be possible, of my English friends. It was almost like seeing something alive when I saw 'The Bucanier' and 'The Outlaw' side by side in Mr. Maclean's library; I cannot tell you the pleasure it gave me. Do tell Mr. Hall that every day I find the Books of Gems greater treasures, I refer to them perpetually; I have been busy with what I hope you will like—essays from Sir Walter Scott's works, to illustrate a set of Heath's portraits; I believe they are to appear every fortnight next year. Give my kindest love to Mrs. Fielding and Mr. Hall, and believe me ever,

"Your truly affectionate,

"L. E. (LONDON") MACLEAN.

"I shall not forget the shells."

[The name had been written "L. E. Landon"—but the word "Landon" erased, and that of "Maclean" substituted.]

"You see how difficult it is to leave off an old custom."

[The untimely death of this lady will be generally lamented. The lovers of elegant literature have long been familiar with her writings, which displayed tenderness and delicacy of feeling, with no inconsiderable powers of observation and poetic genius. In the letters to her friends given above, her affectionate spirit breathes forth with its wonted kindness; at the same time, there are indications of that susceptibility of temperament which shone forth in the literary productions, as it affected the daily existence, of L. E. L.]

It is noticed that an account of the death of Mrs. Maclean's uncle, Dr. Landon, Dean of Exeter, was received in London, the day before that of his niece transpired.

With what an interest will the following beautiful poem be read! It is from "The New Monthly," published on Tuesday:—

THE POLAR STAR.

"This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

"A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light—
How many planets are on high!
But that has left the night.

"I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

"It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

"It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

"The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore!
How can I but recall the friends,
Whom I may see no more?

"Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says, We meet again.

"Meet with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

"Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none looked up with me.

"But thou hast sunk below the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

"Farewell!—ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light,
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays would write!

"Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

"Oh, fancy, vain as it is fond,
And little needed too,
My Friends, I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you. L. E. L.

What a gallant Judge.—The following beautiful passage is from an oration recently delivered by Judge Reid, of Florida:

"On you, fair daughters of my country, will depend the character and fortunes of the new state. Your smiles and your beauties, are the roses that border and bloom along the path of human life.' They cheer and comfort the soldier in the battle field—the sailor on the bounding billow—the sages in the deep recesses of the closet. When you approve, virtue becomes more bright, serene and beautiful, when you disapprove, vice assumes a darker and more hideous aspect. It is to your eyes the first looks of childhood are directed in search of affection; from your lips the first lisps of infancy are caught; boyhood repeats his first lesson at your knee, and manhood follows where you point the way. Exert then all your influence: scatter wide the blessings you have the power to bestow. Speak the words of instruction and encouragement, dictated by your own pure hearts: and the state of Florida—the new state—will be made free, prosperous and happy, by the graces and virtues of her daughters, and the wisdom and incorruptible integrity of her sons."

Plausible.—A man being found intoxicated in a ditch, said that the pressure of the times was so great, it was impossible for him to keep his footing.—N. Y. Whig.

STEALING FOWLS.

At Cambridge, some years ago, two or three students of the University had one night on foot an expedition against the President's fowls.—They proceeded with all imaginable caution to the roosts, and in the first place seized upon Chanticleer, whose neck they wrung before he had time to cry murder. Besides being large and fat, they had another reason for making sure of him; viz: to avenge the oft committed crime of waking them too early in the morning. They next seized upon two fine pullets, and twisted their delicate necks, without any signs of remorse.

They were proceeding in their rapine, when the remaining fowls, awakened from that sleep which had proved so fatal to their companions, began to cry, 'kudaghkut! kudaghkut! kut, kut, kut, kudaghkut!' The noise brought out the President, who, coming pat upon the fowl assassins, said, 'Upon my word, young gentlemen, this is fine business I've caught you in!' Not so very fine neither, thought the students; it will turn out a bad business before we get thro' with it. And whereupon they began to apologize, and to implore the clemency of the President; but all in vain. 'I must make an example of you; but I will say no more at present. Call upon me to-morrow at one o'clock.'

The students took their leave, and the President took possession of the slaughtered fowls. All night the culprits could think of nothing but their approaching doom. They dreamed of rustication, suspension and expulsion—wished that chanticleer, pullets and all, were to Kam-schatka, before they had meddled with them.—They waited on the President according to his directions, and were received with extraordinary politeness. Not a word was mentioned of the night before. He conversed with them for some time on various topics: and they began to be impatient for the worst. At last, rising with dignity, and leading the way, 'young gentlemen,' said he, 'walk into this room.' Now, thought they, we shall have our sentence. The door opened and discovered to their view a table well set, and on it the very fowls whose necks they had wrung the night before. They were invited to take their seats at the board, and were bountifully helped to the nice bits of chanticleer and the pullets. This, thought they, is too bad!—confound the fellow's politeness! But the President urged them to eat; and finding them rather backward in doing justice to his viands, repeated his pressing invitation to take hold and spare not.

But the students felt more like a culprit with a rope round his neck, than like young gentlemen dining with the President of a college.—And in fact they were in little less danger of choking than the noosed culprit; for the dinner, though exceedingly well cooked, had a strange tendency to stick in their throats, and they could not help fancying all the while that they heard the appalling sounds of 'Kut, kut, kudaghkut! kudaghkut! kut, kut, kut, kudaghkut!' To make short the story, they were dismissed without any allusion to the last night's adventure, and thought themselves sufficiently punished for their folly.

A Texas Tavern.—A tavern has lately been opened on rather a diminutive scale near Houston, Texas, contrasting in a most striking manner with the extensive style in which most things are conducted in that Republic. It seems, according to the Telegraph, that a gentleman riding along the road discovered an old soldier by the way side, sitting very contentedly under a blanket stretched horizontally across the tops of four upright stakes. A candle box was before him, answering the purpose of a table, on which were placed a small jug, and the better half of a broken bottle. Not understanding the object of all these preparations, he stopped to enquire of the soldier what he was doing there. "Keeping tavern, sir," was the ready answer. "Will you take something to drink?"

Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.—During a considerable part of the time in which Savage was employed upon his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or streets allowed him. There he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of pen and ink, and write down what he had composed, upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1859.

Newspapers in the State of New York.—The Jeffersonian of Saturday publishes a complete list of newspapers and periodical publications in this State—from which it appears that the whole number is 307. Of these 187 are engaged in political controversy—viz:—Administration 83, Whig 104. Religious periodicals 31. Philanthropic 10. Daily papers 26. Tri-Weekly 2. Semi-Weekly 16. Weekly 206. Semi-Monthly works 7. Monthly (including reprints) 26.

New York Literary Gazette, weekly, at \$4—the organ of a literary club, and edited by JAS. ALDRICH. The first, a specimen number we suppose, the drollest kind of a literary paper, elegantly executed in quarto form. The selections; grave and gay, rich and rare. The original; pretty and pleasing, various and vigorous. The whole forming a medley, wise and witty, fresh and facetious. A reading public, cannot fail to patronize such a paper.—*Cleveland Gaz.*

☞ We have received the second number of the paper so highly commended above, and from a hasty glance at its contents and the extraordinary neatness of its typographical execution, we think it merits all that is here said in its favor.

☞ A paper has been commenced at Seneca Falls, by Messrs. Bascom & Davis, entitled the "Memorial"—devoted to a reduction of the costs attending legal proceedings in the collection of debts." It is enlisted in a noble cause—we wish it success.

More effects of Loco Foco Matches.—The store of HARVEY SMITH, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire at Stanwich, Connecticut, on the night of the 1st instant; the fire originating from loco foco matches. Mr. Smith, made his escape by leaping from an upper story window. There was no insurance, and the total loss was \$3,500.

☞ The bones of the Mastodon found in Kentucky, have lately been knocked down dog cheap, under the hammer of a cockney auctioneer in London. The Star justly considered this a disgrace to our learned Societies.

Bust of Webster.—The Cincinnati artist, Clevinger, has just completed a bust of Mr. Webster. The Boston Courier speaks of it as a work of art that has never been excelled by an American artist, and as a faithful representation of the remarkable features of Mr. Webster.

Phrenology.—Friend GRIMES continues to lecture on this science (?) at Buffalo, with great eclat, as appears from the papers of that city.

☞ We suggest to some book wright the propriety of getting up a concordance of Shakspeare.—*Buffalonian.*

A New Orleans Ball.—The ladies of New Orleans are making arrangements for a ball on a magnificent scale, to be given to the gentlemen of that city, some time in March. There are to be eight lady patronesses—four American and four French; each patroness will choose four ladies of honor to assist in performing the appropriate services of the evening. Each lady who subscribes is to have privilege of inviting two gentlemen, and a matter of most strict propriety, the married ones are to invite the bachelors, and the single girls the married men.

Specimen of Juvenile Eloquence at Utica, N. Y.—"Yes, Mr. Chairman, I do not believe there is a man, woman, or child in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years and upwards, but what has felt this terrible thundering through their brain for centuries."

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
AURORA BOREALIS.

Professor Joslin, of this city, has a paper in the last number of Silliman's Journal, in which he brings forward some new views as to the connection between the northern lights and clouds, rain and snow. He maintains that this meteor, which has so much puzzled natural philosophers, is an electrical phenomenon merely. He holds that this luminous appearance takes place in air both intensely cold and saturated with vapor, and requires a degree of cold adequate to the chrysalization of the moisture in the atmosphere. He suggests that the formation of crystals of snow in the atmosphere may evolve the auroral light. In support of this he mentions some analogies, among which is the electrical luminous appearance seen during the crystallization of water.

Professor Joslin's observations have led him to the conclusion, that in weather sufficiently cold, snow almost always follows the appearance of the northern lights, after a sufficient interval has elapsed to allow the minute particles of snow in the upper regions of the atmosphere to agglomerate in flakes and descend to the earth's surface. In milder weather rain almost universally succeeds it. He has also observed that during the appearance of the meteor, a northerly breeze prevails at the surface and a northeasterly one, the precursor of storms, in the higher region. The storm usually follows on the next day but one after the appearance of the aurora borealis.

It sometimes, however, happens, that the storm does not follow the appearance of the northern lights. In relation to this, Professor Joslin gives the following rule, which he observes has few exceptions:

"If the evening of the day after an aurora borealis is totally clear, no storm follows on the second day."

A Brahmin crushed with a stone the microscope that first showed him living things amongst the vegetables of his daily food. Men are still to be found who, if not restrained by the wise and humane laws of their country, would crush by brute force, every truth not hatched by their own conceits, within the narrow fancies of their ignorance.—*Prof. Sedgwick.*

A Word to Young Men.—How often are we pained to see young men after the business of the day is finished, lounging about fashionable places of resort; when the hours they nightly devote to the pursuit of pleasure, as it is wrongly styled, might be so usefully occupied in the cultivation of their minds. A young man has each night at least four hours before retiring to rest which he might occupy in reading and writing. Now say, he goes into business at the age of twenty, and remains unmarried for five years—he will then have for mental application, during this time, 7,300 hours. What stores of knowledge might he acquire in this period! How much useful information might he obtain! Even after he marries, his family duties will not detain him from an opportunity of instructing himself in literature and science.

A man by the name of John Bolster was crushed to death on the 1st inst., by the bank caving in upon him while at work on the Genesee Canal in Messenger Hollow, Allegany Co. We are informed that the deceased was a sober industrious man, and has left a family to mourn his untimely end.—*Mt. Morris Spec.*

☞ A couple were recently married in Philadelphia, in which the bride was a celebrated belle. On the evening of the marriage the husband first ascertained that his wife's beauty was of the Tusc-an order, as one of her false teeth dropped out while dancing.

"I've raised a new pair of boots," said A. to B. putting one forward as a sample, "a handsome fit, eh? I bought them to wear in genteel society!" "They will be likely to last you your life time," rejoined B. "and something to your heirs."

Matthias, the Prophet, after an unsuccessful excursion in Texas, had his beard lynched off at Little Rock, Arkansas, and than was rode out of town on a rail.

An up country farmer, being told he was one of the bone and sinews of the country, drily remarked that bones and sinews were but very little use without brains.

Loafers' Fashions for January, 1839.—Morning Dress.—Second third hand coat, ventilated at the elbows, color to suit the fancy or circumstances; vest full buttoned in front, especially in the absence of a shirt or false bosom, hat 'shocking bad,' little or no nap with the brim ramified, and placed slantindicularly on the head; a lock of hair in either eye, tangled sorrel-top whiskers, and a crab orchard beard, pantaloons of various colors, rather short, and with two square lateral patches, partly concealed by the shirts of the coat; boots without legs, down at the heel, well polished with mud, and in a laughing condition; stockings very little worn; a cigar should protrude from the frontal orifice, and brandy or gin take the place of can de cologne. Care should be taken not to make a too frequent use of profanity, to prevent being stigmatized as a gentleman.

Dinner Dress.—As above.

Evening Dress.—Ditto.—N. Y. Whig.

"I hesitate not to say, that of females not 1 in 50, I fear not in 500, dresses sufficiently loose to suffer no ill consequences from ligature or compression." So says Mrs. Gove, and we believe she is nearly right. Supposing our ladies had always been in the habit of dressing perfectly loose, what would they say if they were compelled to lace themselves up after the present fashion as a punishment? Why they would raise the very old nick about it.—N. O. Pic.

Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into seven classes. He says:—1. The ill natured look at the list of bankrupts; 2. The poor to the prices of bread; 3. The stock-jobbers to the lies of the day; 4. The old maids to the marriages; 5. The prodigal to the deaths; 6. The monopolist to the hopes of a wet and bad harvest; 7. The boarding school and all other young misses to matters relating to Gretna Green.'

Joking.—A down east editor asks his subscribers to pay up, that he may play a similar joke upon his creditors. We like to see a good joke go round.

Precocious.—A chap in Vermont seventeen years old recently courted a girl of thirteen, six days and then married her.

MARRIED.

In Attica, Genesee county, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Thomas Askin, of this city, to Miss Esther M. Evans, of the former place.

In Greece, on the 8th instant, by E. Avery, Esq. Mr. Henry Eldridge, of Rochester, to Miss Hulda Miller, of the former place.

In Cayuga, on the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, Mr. Leonard Wilkin, of Covington, Genesee co., to Miss Mary Root, of the former place.

In Seneca, Ontario co., on the 30th ult., by the Rev. John F. McLaren, Mr. Daniel McCrecher, of York, to Miss Florence McCandlish, of the former place.

In Groveland, on the 6th instant, by Elder Ira Justin, Mr. Isaac Fray, to Miss Jane Mills.

In this city, on the 10th instant, at the Second Baptist Church, by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Gabriel Legget, to Miss Lucy Maria Tash, all of Brighton.

On the 10th instant, by Rev. J. Dodge, Mr. R. W. Royce, to Miss Nancy Johnson, all of this city.

In Palmyra, on the 3d instant, by F. Smith, Esq. Mr. George Hicks, to Miss Mary Eliza Carpenter, both of Farmington.

On the 4th instant, by the same, Mr. Samuel Adams, to Miss Lucinda M'Loth, both of Farmington.

In Marion, on the 3d instant, Mr. Asa Briggs, to Miss Maria Dunlap.

In Batavia, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. James A. Bolles, Rector of St. James Church, Mr. Jerome A. Clark, to Miss Caroline Holden, daughter of Hinman Holden, Esq. of Batavia.

At Albion, on Thursday morning last, by Rev. Mr. Maxwell, H. L. Achilles, merchant of this city, to Miss Caroline Phipps, principal of Young Ladies' Seminary, of the former place.

In Auburn, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. L. F. Lathrop, Mr. Alpheus G. Noble, of Rochester, to Miss Jane Eliza, eldest daughter of Col. Levi Lewis, of the former place.

In Seneca, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Robert Ladlow, Mr. Amos Ladlow, to Miss Susan McAndhsh, all of Seneca.

At Trinity Church, Geneva, on Sunday the 10th inst. by Rev. P. P. Irving, Mr. Frederick G. Norton, to Miss Fanny Frazee, both of that village.

In Palmyra, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shunway, Mr. Thomas Dickerson, of Fairport, to Miss Charlotte Leonard, daughter of Cyrus Leonard, of the former place.

At West Bloomfield, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. George Charke, Mr. William E. Parmele, of this city, to Miss Laura C. daughter of Titus Canfield, Esq. of the former place.

At Scottsville, on the 6th instant, by C. Allen, Esq. Mr. Edward Read, to Miss Jane Lawry.

In Bennington, Vt., on the 9th ult., by Calvin Gilson, Esq. Mr. Thomas McDaniels, of Danby, to Miss Erir, Pratt, of the former place.

In Conesus, on the 31st, Jan. by Benoni Fosdick, Esq. Mr. William Taylor, of Conesus, to Miss Mary Snyder, of Groveland.

COMMUNICATION.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN THE CITY OF ROCHESTER.

The edifice recently erected for the First Baptist Society, is one of the neatest churches in the city. Situated on the West side of Fitzhugh street, between the large Methodist church and the Brick (Presbyterian) church, it has the advantage of a good location in a pleasant street. Neatness is combined with solidity in the structure; and convenience is well consulted in all the arrangements. The whole are creditable alike to the congregation and the Architect. It gives us pleasure to name the worthy mechanic, from whose plans and under whose guidance the work has been accomplished.—Mr. *George W. Beardslee*, the builder alluded to, is a young and enterprising citizen, whose ability may be inferred from the manner in which he has executed this important work at the commencement of his professional career.

It is difficult to glance at the numerous religious structures of Rochester, without letting the mind revert to "things as they were" within a dozen or twenty years. There is not one of the churches now used which has not sprung into existence within the latter brief period!—The *First Presbyterian Society*, organized in 1815, worshipped for some years in the frame building on State-street, (lately occupied by the *First Baptist Society*.) At the organization of that church, "there was no other congregation within a tract of four hundred square miles. Sixteen members only formed that congregation; and it may amuse some who now look upon the many and massive religious edifices of Rochester, to be informed that even those sixteen members had then to be collected from the Ridge in the town of Gates, and from the eastern part of the town of Brighton." The *First Episcopal Society*, that of *St. Luke's*, was formed in 1817—and for some years met in the frame building now removed to Buffalo street, opposite the bath-house, where it is used as a school house. These societies—the *First Presbyterian* and *St. Luke's Episcopal*—formed, with the "Friends" Society in Fitzhugh street, the only three religious societies in Rochester, when the *First Baptist Church in Rochester* was founded.

This took place in July, 1818; when the whole number of members exceeded not twelve! The first Pastor was the Rev. *Asa Spencer*, who was settled in Nov. 1818, and resigned in December 1819. After passing four years without any settled Pastor, the Rev. *Eleazer Savage* was installed, and continued with the church for upwards of two years. The Rev. *O. C. Comstock* was his successor, and continued as Pastor till 1835—"when failing health compelled him to resign a station, in the discharge of the duties of which his constitution suffered considerably." During this period, the church prospered greatly. Dr. *Comstock* has since served as a chaplain to Congress—and his son abandoned the profession of law, to serve as a missionary in the Burmese Empire.

The fourth Pastor, the Rev. *Pharcellus Church*, was settled in September 1835; and still continues his connexion with the Society. Mr. *C.* is the author of several works recently published—one, entitled the "Philosophy of Benevolence," and another, the "Cause and Cure of Dissentions among Christians." For this last named work, Mr. *C.* had a premium awarded to him—it being the opinion of the society by whom the premium was offered, that it was superior to any other work offered on that subject.

"Notwithstanding the great additions which have been made to this church," it is stated that "its numbers at present are comparatively small, being about 250; but it must be recollected that another Society has been formed of members from this, besides the many who have emigrated to the West and other quarters."

[The second Baptist Society, here alluded to, is located on the east side of the Genesee River in Rochester; and occupy the stone edifice formerly owned by the Third Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Main and Clinton streets.—This second Baptist Society is in a prosperous condition; and is under the pastoral care of the Rev. *Elisha Tucker*, who succeeded the Rev. *Elon Galusha* in 1835.]

The dedication of the new Edifice for the First Baptist Society occurred on the 7th of February, instant. The Dedicatory Discourse was preached by the Rev. *Mr. Choules*, of Buffalo. The Rev. *Pharcellus Church*, the Pastor, was assisted in the other exercises by the Rev. *Tryon Edwards*, of the First Presbyterian Church; by the Rev. *Mr. Dodge*, of the First Methodist Church; by the Rev. *George S. Boardman*, of the Bethel Free (Presbyterian) Church; by the Rev. *George Beecher*, of the Brick (or Second Presbyterian) Church; and by the Rev. *Elisha Tucker*, Pastor of the Second Baptist Church. The Congregation was very large—the Edifice being crowded.

The church is 75 feet deep by 58 feet front. The exterior is finished in the Grecian Doric order. In the front is a recess of 22 feet by 12 feet, running up 30 feet to the entablature—which entablature is 8 feet in depth, and runs entirely around the building with raking cornices. In the recess which forms the entrance to the basement and principal floors, stand two Doric columns of five feet base, supporting the entablature above. The front angles of the recess, and those of the building, are finished with antis of 3 feet 8 inches in breadth, which front is termed "Built in Antis." Above the apex, and supported by the columns, rises a tower of three sections: the lower section is 16 feet square, rising from the roof 4 feet, finished with Doric entablatures, supported by pedestals. This section forms the bell deck, upon which the second section stands. The second section is 12 feet square, and 16 feet in height—the top finished with an entablature of 5 feet depth, supported by broad antis at the angles, within which are blinds and foliage. The third section stands upon the second, with base of equal size—the top being contracted in the Egyptian style to 8 feet. The height of the 3d section is 14 feet; and it is finished with an entablature of 4 feet depth, supported with broad pannels at the angles, within which are blinds. The whole surmounted with an open balustrade, with foliage, rails, and pedestals at each angle.

In the Recess are three double doors—the one upon the inner wall opens immediately into the basement. The two upon either side open into vestibules. They are all finished with antis and entablatures in the Doric order. Over the centre door is a window with circular head and side-lights, 8 feet wide and 15 feet high, looking out from the principal room.

The Basement is divided into three apartments. The principal apartment is 43 feet by 54 feet; and the other two are in rear, separated by folding doors, and communicating with the vestry by doors, and with the principal room above by two flights of stairs. The Basement is an eleven-foot story, and is entirely above the ground.

In the vestibules in front are two circular flights of stairs, 5 feet wide, rising 10 feet to the principal floor, above which are two flights ascending to the gallery, which runs across the front.

The Principal Room, or body of the church, is 60 by 55 feet; and the space between the floor and the base of the arch is 25 feet. The arch is thrown up with an ellipsis to two recess panels—the inner panel is ornamented on the margin with foliage in stucco. In the centre is a centre-piece of eight feet diameter—composed of the honey-suckle and water-lily—also in stucco—from which is suspended the main chandelier. The base of the arch is supported by an entablature of four feet depth.

There are three aisles and 106 slips. About 700 persons can be seated. The pulpit is opposite the entrance—and has a baptistry in front. The baptistry is elevated 2 feet 3 inches from the floor, is supported by pedestals, and the top or covering of the baptistry forms a platform of 9 feet square, on which rise pedestals 2 feet high to the floor of the desk—supporting an entablature in Egyptian style, which forms the desk.

On either side of the baptistry, steps arise (in imitation of blocks of marble) to the floor of the desk, and communicating with the baptistry. These steps are thrown out diagonally towards the side aisles, and are supported on the outside by pedestals 2 feet 6 inches at the base, and 2 feet 3 inches in height—being contracted at the top in Egyptian style. These pedestals support heavy scrolls of 2 feet 3 inches in breadth, running down from the floor of the desk, and folding upon the pedestal. In the rear of the desk rises a double elevation. The inner elevation is supported by casings in Egyptian style, surmounted with an entablature—the head being ornamented with foliage. The Recess formed by this elevation is hung with drapery of damask satin. The outer elevation is supported by two Antis of 3 feet breadth, rising to the entablature above, which are ornamented with foliage in stucco.

The painting of the various parts of the edifice, some of which is in imitation of oak and marble, is creditable to Mr. *Wm. Myers*, a young mechanic just commencing business. The masonry and stucco-work were executed by Mr. *Edward Ferguson*, in excellent manner.

A balustrade fence will be erected in front of the edifice, enclosing a space of 15 feet between the building and the side-walk.

The Trustees of the First Baptist Society are *Elijah F. Smith*, *John Jones*, *Oren Sage*, *Charles Smith*, and *John Watts*. R.

Franklin.—It is rather a curious incident that when the American Congress sent Dr. *Franklin*, a Printer, as Minister to France, the Court of Versailles sent *M. Girard*, a Bookbinder, as Minister to the United States. When Dr. *Franklin* was told of it, he exclaimed—"Well, I'll print the Independence of America, and *M. Girard* will bind it."

We never went to school in our boy-hood, without making three miles of one; but then, what pleasure we had in running over every wild rock, and through every green glade, and resting on each flower covered hillock. We have not quite lost those boyish and most happy feelings—*Buffalonian*.

Paradox.—When we reflect that every mother has children of surprising genius, it is a matter of serious inquiry where all the ordinary men come from who cross our path in every day of life.

The fall that is most likely to injure a person's brain, is—to fall in love.—*N. Y. Whig*.

ROCHESTER CITY LIBRARY.

The Right Spirit.—We are glad to find that some of our citizens are handsomely sustaining the efforts making to promote the "moral and intellectual welfare of society," by the establishment of a valuable *City Library*. This Institution bids fair to be an honor to Rochester and Western New-York. The Library, which is steadily increasing in volumes, is already valuable for *reference and circulation*.

Among the late donations for increasing the Library, we noticed on the list *one hundred dollars* from the venerable Jas. Wadsworth, of Geneseo; *another hundred* from Thos. Kempshall, our late Mayor and newly elected member of Congress; *fifty dollars* and many documents from Judge Childs, our present member of Congress; about *fifty dollars* worth of stock from Aristarchus Champion; and many other very handsome contributions in cash and books. By the bye, we should not forget one donation made while we were visiting the Library yesterday. We allude to the present of a complete set of Niles' Weekly Register for the last fourteen years—the cost of which was *seventy dollars*. This invaluable work is indispensable in such Libraries; and we rejoice to see such old citizens as our friend *William Brewster* (the liberal donor) making such valuable donations to an Institution, the benefits of which will be long felt among his fellow citizens. We hope to have to record many such donations before long. [There are various other donations well worthy of being noticed in connexion with the foregoing; but we have thought it only necessary to quote a few cases as specimens.] We are glad to find that the Ladies are extensively availing themselves of the privileges afforded by the City Library. X. Y. Z.

WILLIAMS' LIGHT INFANTRY—THEIR TRIP TO BUFFALO.

Through a series of well perfected arrangements, a portion of this spirited corps left town on Thursday morning to pay their respects to the military department of their sister city—Buffalo. They embarked on board of Shaw's "Lady of the Lake," drawn by eight splendid bays, and the "Champion," with six beautiful greys. Their course thitherward was marked with but trifling interruptions—passing the intermediate towns, unheralded, yet enjoying every possible attention of hosts of admirers, until within about five miles of Buffalo, where they were met by a spirited cavalcade of Buffalonians, comprising in part the fairer portion of our mother earth. They reached the point of destination at about 4 o'clock on Friday, where they were received and welcomed by a "thousand hands with hearts in them." After a cordial greeting and an interchange of most agreeable civilities, they were waited upon by Doct. Johnson, whose generous hospitality is every where acknowledged, and in the most expressive terms urged an acceptance of an invite to his far-famed mansion in the evening, whither the whole corps repaired in their uniforms.

The evening was most agreeably spent in dancing and other such like amusements, as befitted the temperament of each individual member. To the kind assiduous attention of Doct. J.'s most accomplished daughter, the company feel largely and for the most part indebted. She was the "bright particular star" and the cynosure of all eyes. At an early hour they made their bow and returned to their quarters at the American.

On the following morning they were received by the "Buffalo City Guards" and escorted through the principal streets of Buffalo, we

came by the shouts of the populace; and in honor of their first visit to the "Queen of the West," a salute of 13 guns from "their battering cannon—charged to the mouth" announced how truly welcome they were to the kind hospitalities of the citizens of Buffalo. The "Lady of the Lake" and the "Champion" were out, filled by the "beauty and fashion," imparting a healthful influence to this splendid array of martial grandeur.

The *denouement* of this grand affair was succeeded by a sumptuous dinner, prepared at the American, in which a goodly number of chivalrous spirits took part.

The "song" the "joke" and the "repartu," reigned triumphant at the convivial feast, for twas "full of reason and flow of soul."

The evening too, had its charms, for the gallantry of the company was too sensibly aroused to pass unheeded the flattering smiles our fair country-women were pleased to bestow, in common with the greetings of the other sex.

We announced the arrival of the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Champion," in our yesterday's paper; and from what we heard, we are sorry to confess this is but a poor account of what, under other circumstances, we might have been enabled to give. M.

Correspondents.—F. who—sent us an article upon the death of Mrs. S.—'s child, will perceive upon second thought, that his production is not appropriate to the Gem, it being entirely of local interest. Although his lines would, probably, be eagerly perused by the afflicted mother and widow, yet to our readers generally, they would not prove acceptable.

Begin Right.—I know a man who is very rich now, though he was very poor when a boy. He said his father taught him not to play till his work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till he had earned it. If he had an hour's work he was taught to do that the first thing, and to do it in half an hour. After this was done, he could play; and my young friends all know he could play with a great deal more pleasure than if he had the thought of his unfinished work on his mind. He says he early formed the habit of doing every thing in its season, and it soon became perfectly easy for him to do so. It is to this that he owes his present prosperity. I am very happy to add that he delights to do good with his riches.

Law.—If a man give you a black eye, you make him pay for it; but if he put out your eye, you get nothing, and whatever is taken from him goes nominally to the king—really to Stokes or Jack Nokes, who has no concern at all in the matter. If a man kill your pig you get the valuable of it; but, if he kill your wife or your child, you get nothing; if any thing is got out of him, it goes to a stranger as before. A man sets your house on fire, if by misfortune, you receive amends; if through malice you receive nothing.—*Bentham*.

The Old Maid's Mill.—The Pawtucket Gazette says, this famous machine (of Yankee invention,) transforms the "most ugly vixen into a perfect Venus" giving her an education and a new silk gown. It does every thing but make new teeth. These the Editor of the N. O. Picayune has offered to supply, by preparing the gums with red putty and inserting grains of corn, until they sprout. This beats wooden nutmegs all hollow.

A mistake corrected.—An orator holding forth in favor of woman, dear, divine woman, concluded thus: Oh my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife. "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

The Liberality of Love.—In Tristram Shandy Trim, giving an account of his beautiful *Beguine* who attended him during a fever, and relating the feverish dreams which disturbed his slumbers, he says, I was all night long cutting the world in two, and giving her half.

The Dreadful Toilette.—Death by the guillotine has been said to be the easiest mode of execution by which a criminal can die. The bare lashing to the slide, and the fall of the knife may be so, but that is not all the agony the doomed one is obliged to undergo; the ceremony of the toilette, as it is termed, which is performed immediately previous to leaving the prison for the scaffold, undoubtedly occupies the most painful movements the sufferer ever feels. It consists in cutting the hair close to the back of the head, and tearing off the collar of the shirt so as to leave the neck clear for the axe.

How to ruin a son.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money.

3. Suffer him to rove on the Sabbath where he pleases,

4. Give him full access to wicked companions.

5. Call him to no account for his evenings.

6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue either of these ways and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child! Thousands have realised the sad result, and gone mourning to the grave.—*Phil. Observer*.

A Busy Fellow.—There is an Editor down East who is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village Postmaster, Captain in the Militia; mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth Pills, peddles essences and tin ware two days in a week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath when the Minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and six children.

Some one was telling Sam Hyde about the longevity of the *mud turtle*: "Yes," said Sam; "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable fellow in my meadow, who was so old he could hardly wriggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: "*Paradise. Year 1. Adam*."

How to dry a Candle.—In a village not far from Chester, a lady entered her kitchen, and found the oven swimming with grease. On asking the servant, a Welch girl, the cause, the Cambrian maid answered with the greatest simplicity, "look you, mistress the candle fell in the water and I put her in the oven to dry."

"All for Love."—A free man of color, of the parish of Attakapas, named Pierre, finding his lady love unkind, took a hatchet and beat in his skull; and when he was restored to sensibility, cut his throat. He is recovering notwithstanding. This is said to be the third attempt of Pierre on his own life; provoked by unrequited love.

"I say, stranger you're drunk."

"Drunk enough, and have been so every day these two years; my brother and I are engaged in the temperance cause—he goes about delivering lectures, and I give samples of intemperance."

An old negro could not be persuaded that a fish swallowed Jonah, but he argued thus: "guess massa Jonah swallow any fish, providen him mouth large enuf, and de fish small enuf!"—*N. Y. American*.

Cigar Smoking.—Two persons of very moderate ages have died within a short period of each other at Cheltenham, of internal ulcers, brought on, in the opinion of an eminent medical practitioner, by the excessive use of cigars.

Woe! Man.—A woman was recently taken up and tried for forgery at Houston, Texrs. She bears the appropriate name of *Manna*.

The most appropriate oath for an editor to make use of, when news is scarce is "*Oh Scissors!*"—*Picayune*.

"What is nothing?" asked Pat. "Shut up your eyes," said Mac, "and you'll see it."

If young ladies did not become young women at thirteen, men would have better wives.

WHAT A GOOD FARMER HATES.

He hates long stories and short ears of corn,
A costly farm house and a shabby barn;
More curs than pigs, no books, but many guns,
Sore toes, tight boots, and paper duns.

He hates tight lacing and loose conversation,
Abundant gab, and little information;
The fool who sings in bed and snores in meeting,
Who laughs while talking, and who talks while sleeping.

COMMUNICATION.

FARMERS' CATTLE & FARMERS' SONS

MR. EDITOR—Much has been said in the agricultural papers, relative to the management of Cattle, Sheep and Hogs—the manner of training them up, their best and most natural food, and all necessary directions for providing the most economical and convenient places for feeding—also, of the enormous sums of money realized from such sources. The "Hog" is referred to in a special manner. Almost every number of these papers has some intelligence communicated by some persons, whose chief study is to facilitate the rapid growth of this noble animal. But, sir, should the majority of our farmers grant as much indulgence to their sons, as they do to their "hogs," we would be apt to see many more intelligent and enterprising young men growing up in this flourishing country, this land of light and liberty.

For my own part, the farm was my home until I arrived at the age of twenty years, when my health became so much impaired from hard labor, that I was obliged to leave my occupation and resort to some other employment for a livelihood. Being brought up to follow the plough, and to use the axe, I knew no more about the manner of doing business than the wild man. If a person had made the inquiry of me at the age of nineteen years, where the city of Rochester was—although not residing over ten miles from it—ten to one if I could have given a correct answer.

It is a notorious fact, that the farmers in general think more of a fine "hog" or calf, than of any member of their own family, which is plainly manifest from the fact, that as soon as a boy is large enough to lift an ox-whip, he is immediately taken from school and set to work. He first commences by driving cows and feeding hogs—from that to the plough—and thus gradually proceeds, step by step, until he is strong enough to do any kind of work that is necessary to be done upon a farm. He is never permitted to go from home to spend a winter at school, or even to lose sight of the smoke of his father's chimney. He is thus kept at work day and night as it were, enjoying about as many privileges as the Southern slave. He is never suffered by his father or guardian to make a trade of more than one shilling without asking permission and advice, and thereby is left destitute of practical knowledge, a stranger to the world, liable to be duped by every flattering, speculating braggadocio, that is ever striving to find some inexperienced person to share with him the ill results of some unprofitable investment. Therefore, a young man without a knowledge of business labors under many disadvantages. His money (if he has any) is distributed among his friends by way of accommodation for a short time, by merely taking their word for security; or he is persuaded by some person to buy some worthless piece of property, that never turns the same amount of money to his hands again. And thus he soon becomes insolvent by being too friendly and liberal in his dealings, and consequently is obliged to submit himself a servant to any one's call, in order to obtain the "where-with" to secure an honorable livelihood. The difficulties he meets with are so different from what he anticipated, that he considers himself viewed by other people as a fool, which completely discourages him; and finally, he resorts to dissipation to drown his troubles, and drags out a miserable, dreary life—a complete slave to his "cups," without the least energy to rise above the lowest state of degradation. The truth is—I see no just cause why Peter should be robbed to pay Paul; but it is no more strange than true, that the oldest children of the most of families are reared up with but a small share of education. They are always kept busily at work until they become of age, and are then turned off, like an "old worn out horse" upon the commons, while the younger members realize the benefit of that which they never used the least exertion to accumulate.

I cannot refrain from saying one word to the (would be) "better half." The manner which mothers pursue to make their daughters fine ladies, is truly ridiculous. The time has been when it was not thought a disgrace, for females to take an active part in performing a share of the domestic services. The dairy, the wheel and the loom were then their chief and principal study. But the fashion of the day is directly to the reverse. Those who think themselves respectable now-a-days, feel it a great disgrace

for one of their sex to engage in any of the former occupations. No matter how often the poor creature has occasion to look below the level of the horizon, and a little relax the muscles of the neck, it can hardly escape the notice of her governess, and she is bid to hold her head up, perhaps a hundred times a day. If one of her shoulders should be thought to rise but a hair's breadth higher than the other, she is immediately bound, braced and twisted, in a most unmerciful manner, and tortured, almost to death, in order to correct the supposed irregularity. And lest the dear creature, in the natural and free use of her limbs, should contract any ungentle habits, the dancing master must be called in at least three times a week, to put the body in its due place and attitude, and teach her to sit, stand and walk according to the exact rules of his art, which, to be sure, must exceed all the simplicity of untutored nature. Should the least pimple appear on the face—or what is still more alarming—should the milk-maid's flush begin to betray itself in the color of the cheek, all possible means must be used—physic and diet must do their part—nay, health itself must be destroyed, to suppress the vulgar expression. It is very singular that mothers should train up their daughters to squander away their time in the parlor, with no other employment than the frivolous chit-chat of giddy company, or the rattling of a piano, without rendering them any accomplishments that would be useful to them, should they be so fortunate as to become mistress of some well furnished dwelling, and so be separated from the care and protection of the parental roof. A parent's happiness ought always to be entwined in the present or prospective happiness of the family, and selfishness alone, improper as the feeling is in itself, might be a sufficient inducement to their proper education, and mental culture.

With an elevated taste, a young man leaves his father's roof, and mingles with society to improve and bless it. Otherwise trained—as modern customs fully prove—he enters society its greatest curse and sorest bane.

The young female, too, is no less favorably situated by the accomplishments which most benefit her sex, and make her not less intelligent than useful. She is fitted for every sphere, and sheds an improving example around her.

Why, then, let interest break upon our duty, our happiness and comfort? Yet if our hogs are of more value than our sons, and our sheep than our daughters fair; why, let us worship them, and send our offspring to the field to "graze" with brutes more noble still than they. SENEK.

Rochester, Feb. 6, 1839.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in England to his Friend in Utica.

"With several friends I left the city yesterday morning for Windsor, (22 miles by railway,) arriving there about 10 o'clock. At a quarter before 11 we went to St. George's, which is the Royal Chapel within the castle walk, and a 1/2 her Majesty arrived. A favorable situation for seeing her had been pointed out before we went into the Chapel, which we were successful in obtaining, and in consequence I found myself placed about ten yards from the royal pew, in which the Queen was seated, at an elevation of some eight or ten feet above me. This gave me an excellent opportunity of seeing her face, whenever the services required her to stand; the rest of her person was, of course, concealed by the front of the seat. After several long looks, I made up my mind that, although not beautiful, she was what we Yankees would call a 'nice looking girl,' and I then endeavored to call to mind the face of some one of our acquaintance whom she might be said to resemble. But although I have seen a dozen faces like hers, I cannot at this moment name one which will convey to you an idea of her. Her hat was of white chip, quite small in size, with a single white plume, a border of white lace around the edge, about two inches deep, and inside a simple wreath of small white roses—in short, just such an affair as the ladies would call 'a sweet pretty hat.' Her hair was dressed without ringlets, perfectly plain. She was attended by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, a respectable, well looking old lady, of about 50, Lady Mary Stopford, and the Misses Pagets, who are rather pretty girls of 18 to 20, with flowing ringlets of what poets call auburn hair. At one o'clock the services were over and we made a rush to

see the Queen to her carriage, after which we lunched, made the tour of the state apartments, and then went to the garden and terrace where it was expected that the Queen would walk. At a little after four, two fine military bands made their appearance and commenced playing, and directly her Majesty came forth from the castle with her attendant lords and ladies. The terrace consists of a fine, broad, elevated walk, encircling the garden, which occupies the hollow or excavation. She first made the entire circuit of the terrace, in the course of which she passed within three feet of me. As she passed along every hat was raised, and she bowed on either side from time to time, so that I may say I have had a bow from the Queen—a distinction, however, which some fifty others shared with me at the same moment. After the grand circuit, the court passed up and down the straight path of the terrace, which was kept free from the people, while I took a position in the garden at the steps, which gave me the opportunity of a good view of her every time she walked by. I remained here while they took a dozen rounds, and then, while stopping a few moments at the end of the walk, she twice approached me within a few feet, and here I caught her eye for a moment as we mutually bowed. I think I should now recollect her were I to meet her in America as a stranger, and without any herald of her approach.

This nearer view satisfied me that she was scarcely as pretty as I had deemed her in the Chapel—still she would be called, independently of her rank, as I think, a nice, pleasing looking girl, with an expression in her eye, however, which is large and gray, of spirit, rather than good nature. Her face is round and full, as is her figure. She walks with energy and decision. Her dress must be briefly described, though you will not, of course, expect the accuracy of a milliner. Her hat was a Leghorn of small size, with one or two white plumes and a simple white ribbon; her shawl of plain, heavy black silk or satin, with a dark brown figure some four inches deep. Her dress, a light blue gro de nap silk, rather high in the neck, with a small ruffled cape, and trimmed with two heavy flounces. Her shoes were of black leather, and to sum up her whole appearance, it was precisely that of one of our well dressed ladies in Broadway.

Her Majesty was attended during her walk by the Earl of Uxbridge, Lords Falkland and Paget, and by the Ladies C. and E. Paget, Lady Mary Stopford and Lady C. Copley; the last, I take it, a daughter of Lord Lyndhurst, and of course the grand-daughter of our Copley. The ladies were dressed as usual for ladies while walking, but the gentlemen wore in a sort of livery, the coat of a dark brown, with scarlet collar, cuffs and lappels, and I think a gold band around the hat—in short, like well dressed footmen. As the party approached either end of the walk, the attendants opened their ranks and fell back, the ladies bowing and the gentlemen raising their hats, until the Queen turned and resumed her place in front. After walking for about half an hour, the court party retired, when of course, we left, and thus ended my interview with Queen Victoria. Now all this may sound rather small on paper, but I assure you I would not have missed the sight for many a round dollar, for it is something to have seen thus familiarly and satisfactorily, a girl who from her position as the head of the greatest empire the world ever saw, is certainly the most remarkable woman of the age."—*Oneida Whig*.

A boy should go to school to learn how to learn in after life. Teach him the secret, and his own mind will store itself with knowledge and information from fountains most congenial to its character. All this can be done in the course of judicious instructions in the rudiments of common school education.

"Is that clean butter?" said Mike to a countryman who had a wagon full of butter. "Guess it ought to be," replied the countryman—"it took the old woman and two of the boys all night to pick the hairs out on't."

Said a purchaser to a horse dealer, "is that animal sure-footed?" "Perfectly," said the jockey, "when he puts his foot down, you'd think he never was going to take it up."

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 those who like to enjoy them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

ECHO.

Oh! Winter—dread Winter—I view thee at last,
I trace thy marked footsteps—I hear thy rude blast—
Loud, loud do ye howl! at my own cottage door,
Confusion ye spread 'mong the ranks of the poor.
Oh! winter, I view in thy deep drifted snow,
Betrayals of thy destruction and wo.
The summons away—yonder helpless to bless,
I hear mid the shrieks of despair and distress!

WINTER.

To dampen thy vision, for a time, I've come forth
From the cold, dreary regions of the untraversed north;
Yet I'm welcomed by many with unbounded delight,
By votaries of pleasure who rejoice at my sight.
I come but the mandate of God to obey—
His will to perform—though transient my stay.
I come—not to hasten despair to the soul,
But by the signal of Him whom no passions control.

ECHO.

Oh! say, why so fatal is thy stroke of despair?
Deaf art thou still to the sufferer's prayer!
No sympathy thine, when night and nigher
The ill-sheltered beings bend sad o'er the fire!
While piercing their cries for the true staff of life,—
Though strangers they are to the dark scenes of strife—
While thy omens of danger but blacken the skies,
They bow to thy coming with unwonted sighs.

WINTER.

Ask the darkness at midnight why thus art thou near,
But the bosom of thousands to trouble with fear?
Ask the billows why toss the frail water man's barque,
When no refuge is near, and prospects so dark?
These mysteries developed, should teach you be wise,
And bid you remember the "king of the skies!"
The seasons so changing, unaltered remain,
When the voice that created but thunders again.

A. N. S.

Written for the Gem.

THE STORM.

It came from the north, with its chilling breath,
Frowning and fierce, as the angel of death;
And its dark wing brooded awhile o'er earth,
Till the raging elements waked to birth.

Loudly and long rose the sound of its blast,
And a mournful echo came when it past;
The sky was hid by a dense, dark sheet,
And the vast air filled with contending sleet.

It hath spent its might—ay, the storm is o'er;
The sky is unveiled, and clear as before:
The fierce loud winds have returned to their den,
And smiling Peace comes in triumph again.

Now look abroad—how transcendently fair
Is the robe that the hills and vallies wear:
The earth is arrayed like a youthful bride,
With unrivalled beauty—her lover's pride.

The sun hath arisen—its gorgeous light
Hath covered the landscape with jewels bright;
The trees are pendent with brilliant gems,
And every shrub has its glittering stems.

Yet lovelier still is this magic scene,
When drest in the moonbeams silvery sheen;
Oh! then 'tis as fair as aught can be,
E'en like to a seraph's purity.

Of the charms called forth by the breath of spring,
And fragrant breezes of summer, we sing:
For the rain-bow hues of autumnal days,
Full oft is echoed a note of praise.

Then the wintry storm let us not pass by,
Though it cometh with power and majesty;
For it leaveth a beauteous spell abroad,
Which bears the soul upward, to nature's God.

A. C. P.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

THE LATE STEPHEN VAN RENNELAER.

Lost to the earth—thy memory ever liveth,
Stainless, amid the records of the past!
And with the honors that thy country giveth,
The warmer tribute of our tears thou hast.

Not thine the heart, linked by no kindly feeling
To those around thee—loveless and alone—
But midst thy princely wealth, the bright revealing
Of thine own noble nature, ever shone.

Thou hast left all—those who have ever loved thee,
Mourn for thee now, their father and their friend—
But as thy long and blameless life hath proved thee,
Well may a triumph with their sorrows blend.

Rest thee in peace! a rich reward in heaven
The faithful servant of his Lord may claim—
And a proud heritage to love is given,
In thine example and thine honored name!

TEONDEATHA.

Assembly Chamber, Feb. 9, 1839.

From the Albany Argus.
THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

[The funeral of Gen. VAN RENNELAER, the venerated and lamented Patron of Albany, was attended Feb. 2d, by a vast concourse of citizens. N. Market; and the intersecting streets at Clinton Square, were crowded with the assembled population who were unable to gain admittance into the church; and the lengthened procession included the Legislature, Executive, State and Judicial Officers, the numerous societies and faculties of which he was the head and magnificent patron, and all classes of citizens. All military and civic pomp was dispensed with; but the hearts of the entire population were there, in a spontaneous expression of respect for the personal worth and virtues of the illustrious deceased.]

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm colored heaven and rudy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessing all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

His youth was innocent; his riper age,
Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
Faded his late declining years away,
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deemed that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord,
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mist of age, it was his time to die.

THE WINE CUP.

That wine-cup! touch it not!
Youth, take thy hand away—
Poverty fills it up,
With ruin and decay.
Oh, Youngster, heed thee well,
Ere thou hast quaffed a drop—
The seeds of death are there
Whose work thou canst not stop!

That wine-cup, spurn it hence—
Though it may sparkle well—
Though it be old and red,
And suit thy palate well.
Oft, 'tis the fatal goal
Whence leads the Drunkard's path:
Then heed it, youngster, well!—
Shun woes the drunkard hath!

When in the festive hall,
Thou meet'st a jovial band,
When merry goes the hour,
Where are voices sweet and bland!—
Should there the wine-cup come,
Creating higher joy,
Oh, spurn the wine-cup then,
'Tis dangerous, my boy.

When in the wide world, youth,
Thou hold'st thy devious way,
If from the path of truth,
Temptations lead astray—
If urg'd to drain the glass,
With thoughtless, heedless men,
Oh, as thou lov'st thyself,
Touch not the wine-cup then.

Should hours of darkness come,
And thy heart's purpose fail,
Should life to thee seem vain,
And earth a dreary vale—
Oh, to the voice of truth
Take heed, nor then be deaf,
Shun, shun the wine-cup then,
It cannot give relief.

SABBATH MORN.

Oh! it was a calm and a beautiful day;
The sky was clear and the clouds were bright;
And the whole expanse of creation lay,
Like a fairy scene, on a dreaming sight;—
A merry peal from the village bells
On the gentle wings of the gale was borne;
And the echoes replied from a thousand dells—
'Tis Sabbath morn! 'tis Sabbath morn!

Who has not felt, with a holy thrill,
O'er his spirit pass such a scene as this?
And a moment forgetful of human ill,
Deem'd 't this earth, alone, the abode of bliss;
But it is not so—there are brows of care—
There are hearts with grief and sorrow torn,
That breathe unto heaven a fervent prayer
From devotion's shrine, on a 'Sabbath morn.'

From the Democratic Sentinel.

THE POLISH PATRIOT.

A Sacred Grief sublime and bright,
Descends o'er Von Shoultz's bier;
It mourns not that his soul of flight,
No more confin'd in mortal night,
Has sought its native sphere:
The hallow'd tear that glistens there,
By purest, loftiest feelings giv'n
Flows more from triumph than despair,
And falls like dew from heav'n.

Thus oft around the setting sun,
Soft showers attend his parting ray,
And sinking now his journey done,
His matchless course to evening run,
They weep his closing day,
Who hath not watch'd his light decline,
Till sad yet holy feelings rise,
Although he sets again to shine
More glorious in more cloudless skies.

As proudly shone the evening ray,
As in that contest bright and brief,
When Patriots hail'd thy moontide day,
And own'd! Thee as their chief;
'Thou wert the radiant morning star,
Which bright to hapless Canada rose
The leader of the Patriot war—
The sharer of her woes.

What tho' no earthly triumphs grace
The spot where thou hast ta'en thy sleep,
Yet glory points thy resting place,
And thither freedom turns to weep.
The pompous arch, the columns boast,
Tho' rich with all the sculptor's art,
Shall soon in time's dark sleep be lost;
But thou survivest in the heart,
And bright thy dwelling still shall be
Within the page of liberty.

And o'er the turf where sleeps the brave,
Such sweet and holy drops are shed—
Who would not fill a patriot's grave,
To share with them the dead?
The laurel and the oaken bough
Above the meaner great may bloom,
And trophies due to freedom's brow,
May shade oppression's tomb—
But glory's smile has shed on thee
The light of immortality.
Rome, Jan. 5, 1839.

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

I mind me of a pleasant time—
A season long ago,—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know;
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray,—
I've never pull'd such primroses,
Set thick on bank of brae,—
I've never smelt such violets,
As all that pleasant time
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so thick and bare
Was gorgeous, then, and gay
With gorse and gowan, blossoming,
As none blooms now—a day:
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in the old lime,
Where, hours, and hours, he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce me through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew;
The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold grey rhyme—
Seemed woven waves of golden air,
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavored then;
And hazel nuts! such clusters thick,
I ne'er shall pull again;—
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich
As fruits of sunnier clime!
How all is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!

From the New England Farmer.

PUDDING AND BEANS.

Oh, what it there better than pudding and beans!
Nor turkey; nor surlin; nor mutton and greens.
Can vie with the honest "old Indian" well done,
Well lathered with 'lasses, as bright as the sun.

'Twas our forefather's dish, in rough times of yore,
When first they 'took lodgings,' on old Plymouth shore
The corn for their food, and cold water to drink,
Made hearts to resolve, and cool noddles to think.

'Tis the pride of their sons on Saturday night,
When winds whistle loud, and the kitchen burns bright
All round the oak table to luddle with glee,
And flourish their trenchers in right jolity.

Ah, what snoring succeeds among the 'old folks,'
While the youngsters are slyly whispering the yolks
Of eggs, newly laid, and when mingled the 'pop,'
All hands on the floor, for a reel or a hop.

Oh! pudding and beans!—the delight of my youth:
When loved all the lovely, with ardor and truth;
When women were true; and their lover's were gay
As roosters on barntop, and hens in the hay.

I. B. D.

OFFICE OF THE GEM

CORNER OF BUFFALO AND STATE STS, ROCHESTER.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839.

No. 5.

MISCELLANY.

From the *Lady's Book*.
THE LAST OFFER.
BY MRS. HALE.

"O, love will master all the power of art."
"And so, Clara, you have rejected Mr. Tineford—I own I do regret it," said Mrs. Crosby to her niece.
"My dear aunt, would you wish me to marry a widower, with as many children as followed John Rogers to the stake? but whether there were nine or ten has always been a puzzle to me. Do you not think Mr. Tineford could solve that question? I wish I had asked him," said the young lady, looking very demure.
"Mr. Tineford has but three children, as you very well know," said Mrs. Crosby.
"But you know, also, my dear aunt, that my imagination always expatiates in the "Rule of Three"—that is, making three of one, which just brings out the nine, without any remainder."
"Come, Clara, pray leave this trifling; it does not become you, and Mr. Tineford is not a character which should excite ridicule," said Mrs. Crosby, gravely. "You acknowledged yesterday, that you thought him excellent, intelligent, and agreeable."
"I do think him worthy of nearly every good adjective in our language," said Clara Dinsmore, earnestly. "I esteem his character as highly as you do—but I could never, never think of marrying him."
"Oh, Clara!"—
"Spare me dear aunt, I know all you would urge in his favor, and I know, too, many reasons which your tenderness for my feelings would spare me. I am twenty-nine—O, wo is me, that I have arrived so near the verge of old maidism! My beauty is gone—nay, don't shake your head—Miss Jones says I look positively old, and that she is quite shocked, (you know her benevolent affection for me) to see such a change."
"I do not see it, my dear Clara, nor is it so. Your cheek is not as blooming as it was at nineteen, but there is at times, a more lovely expression in your countenance, a chastened thoughtfulness, which gives promise of that tenderness and goodness which I know was always in your disposition, but which, in the years of brilliant youth, you did not display."
"Who would blame me for being vain if they knew my aunt flattered me thus?" exclaimed Clara, tears of gratitude and pleasure filling her eyes. "But I must not flatter myself, that others see with your partial affection. I know there is a change; my mirror, as well as Miss Jones, reminds me of it; and the young ladies, those who were in the nursery when I came out, call me old."
"It is a great pity that girls are permitted to come out so young," said Mrs. Crosby.
"There is no use of preventives, in my case dear aunt," replied Clara, smiling with her usual cheerfulness. "I am twenty-nine, with little beauty and no money at all. How can I ever expect another offer?"
"My dear child, it is none of these motives which induce me to wish this marriage to take place," said Mrs. Crosby, earnestly. "But I know that Mr. Tineford loves you; and he estimates also your worth of character, or he would not, in the maturity of his judgment, when he has reached such a high eminence in his profession, and acquired such distinguished reputation, he would not thus renew the homage he paid you ten years ago. I do not see how you can have the heart to refuse him a second time."

"Simply because I have no heart to give him," said Clara, with a sigh, and then gaily added, you know, aunt, that he has been married, and appeared to love his wife most tenderly—he doubtless loves his children, so that between the regret he is bound to cherish for the memory of the one, and the affection he must bestow on the other, there can be little room in his heart for love towards me. This second disappointment will not afflict him; so do not urge the match on his account."

"I wish it on your own, dear Clara. Since the loss of my property by the failure of the bank, my whole concern has been for you. My annuity will cease with my life, and I feel my strength failing daily. Do not look so sorrowful, my darling, I should welcome the change with joy, were your welfare secured. And to Mr. Tineford I would entrust your earthly destiny with perfect confidence."

"I wonder if there ever was a good mother-in-law," said Clara, striving to turn the conversation from her aunt's ill health, which she never could bear to hear named, although she felt that there was hardly any hope that she could be saved.

"You would make a good one, Clara; I know your heart is overflowing with affections and tender sympathies; you would love those little children dearly—their mother was your intimate friend, and if their father was your husband, studying your happiness and securing to you every rational source of enjoyment, you could not refrain from loving his children, or rather you would feel that they were yours. I cannot bear to think you will finally refuse him, and be left to struggle alone with the hardships, and cares, and sorrows, which a single woman, without relations or fortune, must encounter."

"How careful you are, my dear aunt, for my happiness," said Clara, gratefully. "I wish I could follow your advice; but I should wrong Mr. Tineford's generous heart if I married him when I do not love him."

"You would love him, Clara!"—

"Oh! never attempt to persuade me that love can be awakened after marriage, when there is no kindling of affection before the ceremony. I should undoubtedly esteem him; I hope, treat him with propriety, but I never should love him, and you know I have always declared that I would not marry except I loved the man to whom I pledged my faith."

Mrs. Crosby looked distressed. "I must then relinquish all hope," said she.

"You think that if I have lived twenty-nine years without being in love, that my heart is ossified, I suppose," said Clara, laughing.

"I think when a young lady has had the number of admirers and offers which I know you have had, and rejected them all, that there is little reason to expect she will receive others. I have made up my mind that this is to be your last offer."

"You said the same, dear aunt, when I rejected Mr. Bellows."

"He was a good man, and is highly prosperous. It would have been an excellent match for you."

"A most wretched one—for I positively disliked him—he was so prosing and particular, he would have driven me crazy with his small fidgetings and solemn reflections. I would rather prefer living like Madame Roland, in a garret on beans, than to have married him, though he had been as rich as Rothchild."

"Then, there was William Hopkins, he was a fine talented young man; I thought for a long time that you liked him."

"I did like him as a child does its rattle, for the amusement he always made me; but I could not respect a man whose manners were so friv-

olous—so like my own. Is not that a candid admission?"

"But what could you have found to cavil at in the character or manners of that noble young man, Lucius Howard?"

"He was too perfect for me, dear aunt," replied Clara; a blush crimsoned her cheek, and there was a slight tremor in her voice as she added—"He never offered me his hand."

"Clara, I am sure I understood at the time, that you rejected him."

"No, no, aunt—you were deceived;" Clara's voice grew firmer, though her face was deadly pale; while she continued—"I have long wished long intended to confide my weakness and disappointment to you; but, it is so humiliating to own one has been crossed in love, that I never could find the opportunity when my mind was in a right mood. Now it shall be done, that you may feel convinced I do right in declining to marry Mr. Tineford—you would not wish me to vow at the altar to love him, when my heart is irrevocably devoted to another. Yes, I did, I do love Lucius Howard, and—he—loved me, but thought me unworthy to be his wife." She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Clara, my darling, this cannot be. He never could have thought you unworthy; but he might fear you would reject him," said Mrs. Crosby.

"No, no," replied Clara, in a voice of deep agony; "no, he knew that I loved him, and I believe he had little doubt that I would accept him; but he thought I permitted or rather encouraged attentions from others. You know how many admirers I had in those days, when I rejected Mr. Tineford and a dozen others; there was then no shadow on my beauty, and I triumphed in the power it gave me. Fatal power, most foolishly used to vex the noble heart that loved me, and whose love I returned. I trifled till Lucius Howard thought me a confirmed coquette, and when he acknowledged his deep affection for me, he told me that he did it to prove to me the consistency of his principles; as he knew he had often betrayed his love, he came to make the avowal openly, but at the same time to tell me that he did not seek a return, that he did not ask my hand—he believed our dispositions and tastes were too dissimilar to allow him to hope for happiness with me. He invoked heaven to protect and bless me—and took leave of me—for ever."

Mrs. Crosby was sadly distressed and confounded by this disclosure. She had always thought that her niece remained single because she found no one to suit her fastidious taste.—Never had she dreamed that Clara, the gay Clara Dinsmore, had nursed a secret and hopeless passion. Mr. Howard, she well knew, had left that part of the country entirely; he was settled in the ministry at the South—she had heard that he was one of the shining lights of the age, and she felt almost certain she had heard of his marriage, too—so she could not flatter her dear Clara with the least hope of ever renewing her acquaintance with him. But if she would be persuaded to accept Mr. Tineford, who she doubted not would be too glad to marry her, though she had loved another, the good aunt thought she might still look forward to days of happiness for her niece. So she began her work of comforting, by remarking that no person could expect an unshadowed lot. She reminded Clara of the fortitude with which she had, hitherto, borne this disappointment of the heart—entreated her not to allow the remembrance of a scene so long past to overcome her now—showed her how much of good had already arisen from this disappointment, as doubtless that improvement in Clara's character, which

had been remarked by every one, had been effected in consequence of the new reflections awakened by the parting words of Lucius—and in short, the good lady proved, to her own satisfaction, that Clara was a much more estimable person from having been crossed in love, as children, habituated to the practice of self-denial are much more amiable than petted favorites, who have never learned to control their own inclination. Mrs. Crosby hinted that if Clara would only consent to marry Mr. Tineford, and, as she was well qualified to do, train his motherless children in the way they should go, and make his home the place of happiness to him, as she easily might, that she would be a heroine indeed, as much superior to the common description of those who marry at the end of the fashionable novels, as Rebecca the Jewess was to Rowena.

But poor Clara was resolute to her vow of single blessedness, and really felt that her aunt had almost compromised her dignity, when she acknowledged that she had invited Mr. Tineford to take tea that evening with them; and furthermore, permitted him to bring a friend who was visiting at his house. "I told him truly the state of my heart," said Clara. "I felt it was due to the disinterested regard he had manifested for me, that he should know why I could not return his affection. And I told him then, that I should for the future, avoid his society, lest I might be tempted to speak of Lucius Howard. I fear he will think I have no consistency of character."

Mrs. Crosby promised to do the honors of the evening to her guests, but thought Clara must be present; and finally she consented. At the appointed hour, Mr. Tineford and his friend arrived, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Crosby. Mr. Tineford inquired, with a smile of much meaning for Miss Dinsmore.

"She will be with us soon," said her aunt. "She has not been quite well to-day." The friend of Mr. Tineford looked distressed. Just then Clara entered; the excitement of her feelings deepening the color of her cheeks, till she looked as blooming as she did at nineteen—and more beautiful, Lucius Howard thought, as he stepped forward to greet her.

Poor Clara—she was quite overcome for the moment, as she looked at Mr. Tineford, and thought of the confession she had made to him, and then felt her hand in the clasp of Mr. Howard's. But all was soon happily settled, and good aunt Crosby, as she prepared for the marriage of her beloved niece with Lucius Howard, declared that this last offer was the best which Clara ever had, and she had become convinced that a woman had better live single than to marry one man while her heart was given to another.

[From the *Vernon Courier*.

INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF ONEIDA COUNTY.

In March, 1797, Moses Foot, Esq. together with eight other families, removed from New England to the village of Clinton and commenced the settlement of that section of the county of Oneida. A short time after their arrival they held a council with chiefs of the Oneida tribe, which resulted in the following covenant:

If the cattle of the whites, for the purpose of grazing in the woods, went on the Indian grounds, or the cattle of the Indians came on to the lands of the whites, that were not enclosed, but should the cattle of either party stray away, and the other party know where they were, notice was to be given to the owners that the cattle might be reclaimed. Either party might dig ginseng on the other's land, but neither were to cut any timber belonging to the opposite party. One or two years afterwards a party of the Oneidas headed by the celebrated *Saucy Nick*, came and formed a camp about two miles west of the village, for the purpose of digging ginseng, where they remained several days. One of the settlers missed a fine fat steer, and on making search found some of the offals secreted near the Indian camp, but the birds had flown, not an Indian was to be found. This was on the morning of the day that was appointed for the inspection of the militia. The Gov. to prevent the trouble and expense of the military's going some 30 or 40 miles to meet their regiment at the German Flats, had issued his orders that a Major should attend and inspect the two small companies that were then all the organized militia in the state, west of the said German Flats. These two companies were

the germs of the 20th and 134th regiments, the two oldest regiments in the county. On the news of the depredation of the Indians reaching the settlement, a party of some ten or twelve armed young men started in pursuit.

They soon got on the trail and following them up the Oriskany creek to some point above the forks, where they found they had crossed over, crossing the south branch near the present site of Waterville; they then returned on that side of the creek passing but a short distance in the rear of Clinton, pursuing their course for the trading house of John Post, near Fort Schuyler (now the city of Utica.) When the pursuers got to the Saquoit creek, near the site of New-Hartford, the indications were such, that they were confident the Indians were but a few minutes in advance. They therefore divided their party, one half, the most active, taking a circuitous route to get in front while the rest were to follow in the rear. The plan succeeded admirably, for in a short time they had the whole party prisoners. The Indians at first stoutly denied having any knowledge of the steer, but the whites not being so easily duped, proceeded to search their packs, when on opening that of Saucy Nick, the hide and bell of the missing animal made their appearance. The proof being now too convincing to render any further denial beneficial, some of them frankly confessed they had killed and eaten the steer. The Indians were therefore all taken back to Clinton as prisoners. At some point of time after the capture, Saucy Nick was very obstinate, when one of the party by the name of Cook, a large athletic man, became so exasperated, that he was about to strike him with his rifle, one of the party however prevented it by seizing the rifle, yet Cook succeeded in giving him a blow with his cane. Notwithstanding the length of the pursuit, the military had not dispersed when the party with the prisoners returned to the settlement. The Indians then requested the favor of letting one of their number go to the Oneida to acquaint their chiefs of the situation in which they had placed themselves, engaging that the messenger should be back the next morning by the time the sun was an hour high, and that the rest of them would remain under guard as hostages. The request was granted and the runner forthwith despatched. The messenger punctually returned the next morning by the time specified. In the course of the forenoon Scanado, Beechtree and about twenty other Oneida chiefs arrived, and requested to hold a council with the whites. The principal settlers were called together and the council agreed upon, the Rev. Mr. Kirkland was to act as interpreter, Esq. Foot was to be chief speaker on the part of the whites and Beechtree on the part of the Indians. The council was held in the old log church which stood near the centre of the village of Clinton, the Indians occupying one side of the building and the whites the other. After the preliminaries were all arranged, and the parties had taken their seats, some 15 or 20 minutes of silence were observed. In the view of the savage it is a very great departure from dignity and decorum to show any impatience or haste in opening the council. Beechtree now arose and commenced, "Will our brothers hearken—? When our Father (Esq. Foot) and the pale faces came from towards the rising sun and set themselves down here in the valley of the river of nettle [Oriskany is the Indian name and signifies 'river of nettles'] we made a covenant with him. [Here he set forth the covenant substantially as I have stated in the commencement of this chapter.] This covenant our father and his people have kept; with them it is very strong; they have not broken it; our father and his people dealt in good faith with their red brothers. About six suns ago, some of our people came to dig ginseng; they knew the covenant for we had told them; but they were very bad people; with them the covenant was like pipes that we get of the white trader, very easy broken; they killed and eat the young ox of the white man; they broke the covenant. Will our father inform his red children what they must do to mend the broken covenant? It must be mended. He then sat down.

Esq. Foot now rose, and told them that to mend the broken covenant, their bad men must pay the owner for the young ox. They must also pay his young men for the time spent in the pursuit of those who broke the covenant.

Beechtree again arose and said, 'our father has said well; the young ox must be paid for,

and the young men must be paid; we do not use oxen; we have cows; we know how much they are worth, but we do not know how much the young ox was worth, will our father tell us?

Esq. Foot told him that the young ox was worth as much as the best cow in the Oneida, as it was very fat and good.

Beechtree then said, 'the owner of the young ox shall have our best cow, will our father tell us which it is?

Esq. Foot knowing the cows of Oneida, told Beechtree that a certain brown, white faced cow, would be accepted by the owner of the young ox.

Beechtree again said, 'our father is very wise, he knows the best cow; before the setting of the sun to-morrow, our young men will drive and deliver one cow; will our father now tell us how much his young men must have?'

Esq. Foot now informed him that his red brothers, the chiefs present, were good men, that they mended the covenants that bad people broke, that they might give his young men what they thought would be right.

Beechtree now said 'Will our brothers again hearken? Our bad men who broke the covenant, were digging ginseng; they had gathered some, which they have in their packs; will our father look at it and say how much it is worth? Post, who keeps the trading house at Fort Schuyler, will buy it.

Esq. Foot examined the ginseng and informed Beechtree that it would bring a certain sum which he named, it being a very liberal one. Beechtree said, it is a fair price, but it is not enough to pay the young men. They may take it at that price, and about the first of next snow, Mr. Taylor, the agent will be here, to pay us money for the 20 townships we sold at Albany, we will give you a paper directing him to pay you a certain sum (which he named) we will make our cross on the paper, we cannot write; Mr. Taylor will then pay you, and when he pays us the rest of the money to divide among our people, we shall not give any to those who broke the covenant, so that when they see they lose their best cow, have their ginseng taken from them, and have no money given them, they will be punished; they will be careful not to break the covenant any more. This proposition was agreed to, and the writing made out and signed. Beechtree then said, 'if the covenant is mended, let us again be friends.' Esq. Foot told him that if the cow was delivered the next day, the covenant would be made good, and they would all be good friends again, and the council broke up with much good will and satisfaction on both sides. It is proper here to remark that the cow was punctually delivered the next day, and the draft was duly honored by Mr. Taylor. During the whole sitting of the council Beechtree, before he made, or accepted of any proposition, had a consultation with the other chiefs, and Esq. Foot had his frequent conversations with and the advice of the settlers.

But there was one proud and revengeful spirit in that council which did not give an assent to their being again friends. I allude to Saucy Nick. He had during the whole sitting, sat with his head down in sullen silence. The blow which he had received from Cook while a prisoner, still smarting, still rankling and festering in his bosom. When the rest left the house he went with them without uttering a word, but inwardly vowing revenge, as might be seen by the close observer, in the snakelike glance of the eye towards Cook. A few weeks after, Cook had occasion to go to Fort Schuyler with his cart and oxen. While there and standing near his team, Saucy Nick made at him with his drawn knife. Cook had barely time to elude the blow by jumping into his cart and defending himself with the butt of his whip. Saucy Nick soon gave over the attempt at that time. Not long afterwards as Cook was chopping on his lot, it being the farm now owned by the heirs of the late Walter Pollard, an arrow whizzed by him but a few inches from his body. The arm that drew the bow was not to be mistaken. It was also a warning to Cook, that nothing but his heart's blood would wipe off the disgrace of the blow given with the cane. He had now learned the character of the savage, that his attempts would never be given over until his aim was sure, that length of time would never heal his revenge or deter him from his purpose. Cook, therefore, with the advice of his friends sold out his 'betterments' and removed back to Connecticut.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.

The following eloquent lines—by CORN, the Boston Bard—are peculiarly applicable to the occasion; and their publication may not be deemed inappropriate:

When Freedom midst the battle storm
Her weary head reclined;
And round her fair majestic form,
Oppression faint had twined;
Amidst the din—beneath the cloud
GREAT WASHINGTON appeared:
With daring hand rolled back the shroud
And thus the sufferer cheered:

"Spurn, spurn despair! be great, be free!
With giant strength arise;
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,
Thy flag plant in the skies!
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,
Let stars thy banners gem;
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—
Wear victory's diadem.

"Go, tell the world, a world is born,
Another orb gives light;
Another sun illumines the morn,
Another star the night;
Be just; be brave!—and let thy name
Henceforth Columbia be;
Wear, wear the oak wreath of fame,
The wreath of Liberty!"

He said—and lo! the stars of night
Forth to her banner flew;
And morn, with pencil dipped in light,
Her blushes on it drew;
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,
All-gloriously unfurled;
Soared with it to his native skies,
And waved it o'er the world!

M.

Washington Correspondence of the U. S. Gaz.

AN INTERESTING WIDOW.

I noticed among the crowd of fashion that flitted through the Avenue, a widow lady, whose history is so singular, and whose personal charms are so attractive, that I linger with wonder over the first, and with honest devotion and admiration over the last.

The lady is not yet on the other side of 5 and 30 years, and yet she has lost four husbands! and what is most extraordinary, they all died by violence. The first husband was killed in rowing a regatta between London Bridge and Shore-ditch. He was aboard the winning barge, the Lady Stanhope, when a man in the losing barge, the Duke of Suffolk, struck him with the blade of an oar, in a moment of irritation, and the poor fellow died a few days afterwards. The wife and widow, of course, went into weeds, and retired to the rural scenes of Warwickshire, where she resolved to spend the remainder of her days in seclusion. It did so happen, however, that a gallant and fashionable Major, attached to the 84th regiment of her majesty's infantry, found his way to the young widow's retreat in Warwickshire; and although her grief was excessive, sincere and unqualified, she could not, for the soul of her, resist his eloquence, when he threw himself at her feet, and descended with all the eloquence of a Tully, and in the mingled cadences and sentences of the philosopher and the platonic lover, of the delights of a "fourth estate" in the world of beauty. He talked of love, and honor, and chivalry; and swore that he lived but to adore her; and was ready to meet the noblest and most gallant knight that the world could afford at the tournament, and win the favor of his love by trial of battle. The lady listened, lingered, and wept and rejoiced over the passions of the lover; and at last cast off her weeds, and abjured the sylvan scene of Warwickshire, gave her hand to the gallant major, and set up an establishment in the Moor-fields, Finsbury square.

A few months after her union with the major, she accompanied him on the excursion to Belgium. While at Brussels, they spent an evening in the library of the Orange palace, and the lady received, as it was subsequently supposed, an unintentional insult at the hands of an Austrian colonel. The major was impetuous; in paroxysm of madness spat in the face of the offender. Usual cards were forthwith exchanged, and the sequel, was a duel on the banks of Seine. At the first fire the major fell mortally wounded, and scarcely had time to commend his wife to the protection of an English admiral, then at Brussels, before he surrendered.

"—his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

Again were weeds and seclusion resorted to by the unfortunate lady; and she had resolved, at one time, to enter a monastic institution, and devote herself to the rosary and cross; but ere she could carry her rash design into execution, a Scotch merchant, a native of Glasgow, a man

distinguished for his wealth and commercial enterprise, who accidentally happened to be in Brussels, sought, wooed and won her already twice widowed heart. They were married at the Hotel de Ville, and soon after emigrated to London. The husband not more than a month after this marriage, was called by imperious business to Scotland, and leaving his wife at her establishment in Moor-fields, sailed in the ill-fated Rothsay Castle steamer for the north. With that unfortunate vessel, he went "down to the bottom" of the

"Deep, deep sea."

And from that disastrous day, no fond hope of the ultimate restoration of his lifeless form, has greeted the anxious ear of love and affection. But the widow was not destined to remain in her "third estate" of weeds and anguish. Sir Charles * * * * * about the period of the widow's third widowhood, returned to London, flushed with success and possessed of wealth abundant, from Coromandel. He sought and found the widow of the Moor-fields, as she was then designated, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that that dashing and gallant soldier, was soon the "Commissioned Lord and Master" of the young widow's heart. Soon after the marriage of Sir Charles with the widow—it might have been eight or ten months afterwards—he was ordered on a diplomatic mission to the German States; and whilst making a journey from Lubec to Frankfurt on the Mayne, in a stage coach, the vehicle was assailed by robbers, and Sir Charles and all the inmates of the carriage, were brutally murdered. The wife, now once more a widow, had remained in England, and was left to weep over the death of a fourth husband, who like his predecessors, had fallen by the hand of violence.

I met this lady in Florence and in Rome, some few years ago. She was then intimate at the village of the Marquis of Hastings, and it was there I first learned her extraordinary story. Yesterday I met her in Pennsylvania avenue, and to my surprise she recognized me. She remains in the city but a few days, however, and is now on her way from the city of Mexico to London. She is beautiful, and though her life has been chequered by melancholy and disastrous incidents, she appears to have lost none of her pristine bouyancy of spirits; nor have the united attacks of time and sorrow made any impression on the elegance of her form, or the brilliancy of her personal beauty.

In reply to a good natured remark that I made, in relation to the sweets of matrimony, "I know little the raptures on which you dilate; there was a time when I could appreciate them; but I suppose that if I listen to your sex I shall be obliged to take another husband. But, ah me! I dread the idea, for it appears that some fatality attends me; all, all die whom I love; and the man who takes me next must possess more courage than the Austrian troops did at Jena!" I do not doubt that the widow, ere the lapse of a couple of months, will have her fifth husband.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

After a day's work of calculation and copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the tap room of a low tavern, to secure the services of the mail guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employers.—Amidst the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of inn hunters, I could not but find some subjects of reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, carbuncled, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed, and was silent.—Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two, three or more, approaches his shrine, to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sixpences, I heard the short, peremptory formula of the Bacchanal minister—"What will you have?—brandy? gin? punch? What will you have?" And the victims severally made their bids, for a smaller, a cocktail, a sling, or julap as the case might be. The constant repetition of "the form in that case made and provided," set me upon a drowsy meditation on the pregnant question, *what will you have?*—"Methinks I can answer that question," said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first to the young shoemaker, who, with a pair of newly finished boots, is a king for "grog" What will you have?—"Young man you will soon have an empty pocket.

There is a trembling ragged man with livid spots under the eyes. He is a machine maker, and his lodgings in the house. What will you have? Ah! the bar-keeper knows without an answer: he takes gin and water. Poor man! I also know what you will have. Already you have been twice at death's door; and the gin will not drive off that chill. You will have *typhus fever?*

There comes my neighbor, the book-binder: His hand shakes as he raises his full glass.—Ah, Shannon! I dread to say it—but you will have the *palsy*.

The glasses are washed out, not cleansed, in the slop-tub under the shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up, cigar in hand. Gentlemen, what will you have? I choose to supply the answer for myself; thus:—The baker there will have an *apoplexy* or a *sudden fall* in his shop. The tailor in green glasses will have, or rather has already, a *consumption*. And I fear the three idlers in their train will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards.

But what will that man have who leans over the table, seeming to pore over the last "Herald?" He is scarcely resolved what he shall drink, or whether he shall drink at all. I understand the language of his motions; he is a renegade from the temperance ranks. He has borrowed money this week. John, you will have *lodgings in a jail*.

Sorry, indeed, am I to see in this den, Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. You will have a pair of *drunken sons*.

That young fellow in the green frock coat and colored neckcloth, is a musician, a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with the air of a Greek drinking hemlock. You will have a *heart broken wife*.

What! is that lad of fifteen going to the bar? He is; and he tosses off his Cogniac with an air. You will have an *early death*.

That old man that totters out of the door, has doubtless come hither to drown his grief.—His last son has died in prison, from the effects of a brawl in the theatre. The father has looked unutterable anguish every sober moment for two years. Wretched old man you will have the *halter of a suicide*.

I must take the rest in mass, for it is Saturday night, and the throng increases. The bar-keeper has an assistant in the person of a pale sorrowful girl. Two voices now reiterated the challenge: *What will you have? What will you have?*

Misguided friends, I am afraid you will have a *death bed without hope*.

My man has arrived.—I must go; glad to escape to the purer air; and still the parrot-note resounds in my ears. *What will you have?*—You will have to sum up all—you will have a *terrible judgement* and an *eternity of such retribution as befits your life*.

The Martinique Earthquake.—The Charleston, (S. C.) Mercury of the 11th has this paragraph.

Coincidence.—It will be seen by reference to Saturday's Mercury, that the great earthquake at Martinique—and the subsidence of the water and appearance of a fissure in the Lake at St. Louis, (Missouri,) occurred within a few days of each other—and probably were effects of one and the same cause.

That there are subterranean and submerging communications throughout the bed of the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi Valley, perhaps also extending under our great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean, is highly probably. Martinique and Guadalupe, and many other West India Islands, show, by their obtruncated mountain cones, an evident volcanic formation, and that they have been thrown up from beneath.—The entire vast chain of the Cordilleras Mountains, from Terra del Fuego to California north rests on volcanic caverns and corridors of extinct craters, or of those that are still in active operation, like beacon-fires on their lofty, snow clad summits. The earthquakes of the Mississippi Valley some years since, and the formations there, indicate the same structure.—Iceland and its hot springs and sulphur encrustations show an arctic connection probably with the Plutonian arrangement, and the whole leads to the belief that there are *volcanic submerging caverns from pole to pole.*—N. Y. Star.

From the Syracuse Whig.

ANNALS OF ONONDAGA COUNTY.

The following sketch of the early settlement of Onondaga County, is necessarily very imperfect, but as it contains all the information on the subject which the writer has been able to obtain, he hopes it will not be entirely uninteresting. All the events here narrated may be relied upon for accuracy, at least they have all been communicated to the writer as true. But if he has made any erroneous statement he will thank some one to correct it, and indeed, the principal object in publishing the following narrative, is to elicit more information on the subject. He will therefore, take this opportunity to invite any one who is in possession of the other historical facts connected with the early settlement of this county, to give them publicity.

At the time of the Revolutionary War, all that part of the State of New York, west of Ulster, Albany and Charlotte counties, was called Tryon County. The principal and almost only settlements of white men in this large tract of country, were then confined to the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys. The remainder of the county, comprising what is now the most fertile part of the state, was then nearly covered with primeval forests, through which the Indians of the Five Nations pursued the chase unmolested by their pale faced brethren. At Oswego and at Niagara forts were maintained by the British during the war, and with these two exceptions it is doubtful whether any white person resided in this state, at that time, west of what is now Oneida county.

But immediately after the close of the war, the tide of emigration was turned towards Tryon County, and it was not long before the hardy pioneer of civilization had penetrated every valley. In a short time the increase of inhabitants made it necessary for their accommodation to divide the county, which was done the 27th of January, 1789, the western part being formed into a new county and called Ontario county. The name of Tryon county had, however, been previously changed, (April 2d, 1784,) to Montgomery county, and the name of Charlotte county was at the same time, changed to Washington county. As Gov. Tryon had espoused the British interests during the war, it was considered unpatriotic to have the county bear his name any longer, and so it was named after General Montgomery. Onondaga County was set off from Montgomery county soon after Ontario, though when it was first organized it included the territory comprising the counties of Cortland, Cayuga and part of Oswego, as well as the present county of Onondaga. It derived its name as is well known, from one of the tribes of the Five Nations, a remnant of whom still reside within its limits.

The courts in this county were first held at Samuel Tyler's tavern in Onondaga Hollow, where they were held till 1804, when they were held at the court house on Onondaga Hill. In 1830 a new court house was completed at Syracuse, and the county courts were then removed to that village where they are now held.

The first white inhabitant of this county was General Asa Danforth who settled at Onondaga Hollow about the year 1789. At that time there were no settlements of white people nearer him than about thirty miles, and for a considerable time after his first removal here he had to go to Herkimer, (about 73 miles,) for his flour, as no mill had then been erected nearer. Previous to his settlement here, the Indians had discovered the salt springs at Salina, and had manufactured salt for their own use. General Danforth boiled the first salt that was manufactured here for the use of the whites. After he had resided at Onondaga one or two years, a flour mill was erected in Genesee county, and then he used to go there for his flour, receiving it in exchange for his salt. The first crop of wheat ever raised in this county was sown by him on the Onondaga flats. He sowed only one bushel, and as he had no means of grinding the produce, he fed it to his hogs.

The first white child born in this county was Miss Amanda Danforth, daughter of Asa Danforth, jr., and grand daughter of Gen. Danforth. She was the wife of Col. Elijah Phillips, and died November 1st, 1832, in her 42d year.

About the year 1792, Gen. Danforth erected a saw-mill and a grist-mill at the falls on Butter-nutt Creek in the town of De Witt, about one mile north of Jamesville. These were the first

mills, and probable the first frame buildings built in the county. Both these mills were raised in the same day, and their raising was attended by persons from *Salt Point*, Rotterdam and Oneida; and, indeed from every settlement within twenty or twenty-five miles. After the raising was completed, the whole company arranged themselves into a line, which, including the master workman, the workmen and the three Indians, numbered sixty-four. So great was the anxiety of the settlers in the vicinity to have the mills erected, that many worked on them two or three days apiece without any compensation.

Previous to the erection of this grist-mill, the settlers here raised but very little wheat, as the great distance which it had to be taken to be ground, rendered it of but little value. The land, being new, was better adapted for the growth of Indian corn, which was raised in abundance, and which was prepared for food by pounding it in stump mills. As many at the present day, (when every thing goes by water or steam power), may not know what a "stump mill" is, I will describe it. In the first place a hole very much resembling, in size and shape a common barrel, is made in the top of a large pine stump. This is effected principally by burning it out. Then a huge pestle, perhaps six inches in diameter, is made of hard wood and this, with a spring pole to which it is attached, completes the entire machinery of the mill. The corn is thoroughly dried and then put into the stump and pounded with the pestle until fine enough to make Indian bread. The only power applied to such mills, as all may conceive, is HAND POWER, and yet the first settlers of this country had no other means of grinding their corn for several years.

At the time of the first settlement of this co. by the whites there were several Indian villages on the banks of the Onondaga Creek, but I have not been able to learn that there were any other Indian settlements in the county.—Companies of Indians used frequently to encamp for a few weeks or months in different places, for the purpose of making brooms and baskets, but they never appeared to have any permanent location than the valley of the Onondaga Creek. Previous to the Revolution the General Councils of the Five Nations were held at the Onondaga village, but the confederacy of the Iroquois was broken up during the war, and since then the tribe of Onondaga Indians, like all others, has fast dwindled away.

Feb. 16, 1839.

MANLIUS.

From the Violet for 1839.

THE COTTAGE.

BY MISS L. S. SIGOURNEY.

There was a laboring man, who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark grey rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the winds.

When the cottage was finished, he thought he would paint it grey, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of color, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked up most of her own living very well. But in winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.

So, he built a barn for her. It was so small that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.

When it was done, a neighbor came in, and said, 'what color will you paint your barn?'

'I had not thought about that,' said the cottager.

'Then I advise you, by all means to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint which I have brought on purpose to give you.'

Soon, another neighbor, coming in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building. 'White, is by far the most genteel color,' he added, and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present.'

While he was in doubt, which of the gifts to use, the eldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said 'he who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He

who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise.

'Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the color of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split; and the white will look well but for a little while and then become soiled, and need painting anew.'

'Now take my advice, and mix the black and white together.' So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes—and it made the very grey color which he liked, and had used before upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground a hop-vine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him when he was warm and weary.

It had always twined about two poles which he had fastened in the earth, to give it support, but the cottager was fond of building—and he made a little arbor for it to run upon, and cluster about.

He painted the arbor grey. So the rock and cottage, and the shed and the arbor, were all of the same grey color. And every thing round looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together, in their arbor, at the sunset of a summer's day.

A stranger who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how every thing round that small habitation happened to be the same shade of grey.

'It is very well it is so, said the cottager—for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long, that the world itself looks old and grey to us now.'

Then he told him the story of the black and white paint—and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous when he was young.

'I have thought of this circumstance,' said he, 'so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged me to use the white was a friend. The advice of neither was good.'

'Those who love us two well are blind to our faults—and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white—the other all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.

'If, then, neither the council of our foes, nor of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which like the grey paint, mixed both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good.'

ADVENTURE OF A MASON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was once upon a time a poor mason or bricklayer in Grenada, who kept all the Saint's days and holydays, and St. Monday into the bargain, and yet with his devotion he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was aroused from his first sleep by a knocking at the door. He opened it and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous looking priest.

'Hark ye, honest friend,' said the stranger, 'I have often observed that you are a good Christian and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?'

'With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly.'

'That you shall be, but you must suffer yourself to be blinded.'

'To this the mason made no objection; so being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and widening passages, until he stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what seemed to be a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor and spacious hall, into the interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes and he found himself in a portico or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault—bricks and mortar

being at hand for that purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. But before daybreak the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

'Are you willing,' said he, 'to return and complete your work?'

'Gladly, Senor Padre, provided I am as well paid.'

'Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again.'

He did so, and the vault was completed.

'Now,' said the priest, 'you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault.'

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great difficulty that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to the tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated.

The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand. 'Wait here,' said he, 'until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you.' So saying, he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand and elinking them against each other. The moment the bell rung its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Penil from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work, after which he was as poor as ever. He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, to keep Saint's days holydays from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies.

As he was seated one morning at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old man, who was noted for owning many houses and being a gripping landlord.

The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of shaggy eye-brows.

I am told, friend, that you are very poor.'

'There is no denying the fact, Senor, it speaks for itself.'

I presume, then, you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap?'

'As cheap as my master, or any member in Grenada.'

'That's what I want. I have an old house going to decay, that costs me more than it's worth to keep it in repair—for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up, and keep it together at as small expense as possible.'

The mason was accordingly conducted to a huge deserted house that seemed going to ruin.

Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain.

He paused for a moment.

'It seems,' said he, 'as if I had been in this place before; but it is like a dream. Pray, who occupied this house formerly?'

'A pest upon him!' cried the landlord. 'It was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich; and having no relations, it was supposed he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly and the priests and friars thronged in to take possession of his money; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in an old leather purse. The worst luck has fallen upon me; for since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent,—and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night long in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name upon my house, and not a tenant will remain within it.'

'Enough,' cried the mason, sturdily—'let me live in your house, rent free, until some better presents, and I will engage to put it in repair, and quiet the troubled spirits that disturb it. I

am a good christian and a poor man, and not to be daunted.'

The offer of the honest man was very readily accepted; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state. There was no longer heard the clinking of gold at night in the chamber, but it began to be heard by day in the pockets of the living mason.

In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Grenada. He gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of his wealth until on his death bed, to his son and heir.

ORIGINAL REMINISCENCES

OF WASHINGTON, AND OF THE CONGRESS WHICH SAT IN PHILADELPHIA WHILE HE WAS PRESIDENT.

After a great deal of talking, and writing, and controversy, about the seat of Congress under the present constitution, it was determined that Philadelphia should be honored with its presence for ten years, and that afterwards its permanent location should be in the city of Washington, where it now is. In the mean time the federal city was in building, and the legislature of Pennsylvania voted a sum of money to build a house for the President, perhaps with some hopes that this might help to keep the seat of the general government in the capital—for Philadelphia was then considered the capital of the State. What was lately the University of Pennsylvania, was the structure erected for this purpose. But as soon as General Washington saw its dimensions, and a good while before it was finished, he let it be known that he would not occupy it—that he should certainly not go to the expense of purchasing furniture for such a dwelling. For it is to be understood, that in those days of stern republicanism, no body thought of Congress furnishing the President's house; or if perchance such a thought did enter into some aristocratic head, it was too unpopular to be uttered.

President Washington, therefore, rented a house of Mr. Robert Morris, in Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, on the south side, and furnished it handsomely but not gorgeously. There he lived with Mrs. Washington. Mr. Lear, his private secretary and his wife, and Mrs. Washington's grandson, Curtis, making a part of the family. Young Curtis had a private tutor employed by the President, who was engaged to attend on his pupil one hour in the winter mornings, before breakfast, and who then commonly breakfasted with the President and his family. The President ate Indian cakes for breakfast, after the Virginia fashion; although buckwheat cakes were generally on the table.

Washington's dining parties were entertained in a very handsome style. His weekly dining day for company, was Thursday, and his dining hour was always four o'clock in the afternoon. His rule was to allow five minutes for the variation of clocks and watches, and then to go to the table, be present or absent, whoever might. He kept his own clock in the hall, just within the outward door, and always exactly regulated. When lounging members of Congress come in as they often did, after the guests had sat down to dinner, the President's only apology was, "Gentlemen, or Sir, we are too punctual for you. I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

The company usually assembled in the drawing room, about fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner, and the President spoke to every guest personally on entering the room. He was always dressed in a suit of black, his hair powdered and tied in a block bag behind, with a very elegant dress sword which he wore with inimitable grace.

Mrs. Washington often, but not always, dined with the company, sat at the head of the table, and if, as was occasionally the case, there were other ladies present, they sat on each side of her. The private secretary sat at the foot of the table, and was expected to be specially attentive to all the guests. The President sat himself half way from the head to the foot of the table, and on the side which would place Mrs. Washington, though distant from him, on his right hand. He always, unless a clergyman was present, asked a blessing at his own table, in a standing posture. If a clergyman

was present, he was requested both to ask a blessing before, and to return thanks after dinner.

The centre of the table contained five or six large silver or plated waiters—those at the ends circular or rather oval at the one side, so as to make the arrangement correspond with the oval shape of the table. The waiters between the end pieces were in the form of parallelograms, the ends about one third part the length of the sides, and the whole of these waiters were filled with alabaster figures, about two feet high, taken from the ancient mythology, but none of them such as to offend, in the smallest degree against delicacy. On the outside of the oval formed by the waiters, were placed the various dishes, always without covers; and outside the dishes were the plates. A small roll of bread, enclosed in a napkin, was laid on the side of each plate.

The President, it is believed generally dined on one dish, and that of a very simple kind. If offered something, which was very rich, his usual reply was "that is too good for me." He had a silver pint cup or mug of beer placed by his plate, which he drank out of while dining. He took one glass of wine during dinner, and commonly one after. He then retired (the ladies having gone a little before him) and left his secretary to superintend the table till the wine-bibbers of Congress had satisfied themselves with drinking. His wines were always the best that could be obtained.

Nothing could excel the order with which his table was served—every servant knew what he was to do, and did it in the most quiet and useful manner. The dishes and plates were removed with a silence and speed that seemed like enchantment.

Miss Landon—Prussic Acid.—In a literary notice of the lamented Miss Landon in the Philadelphia Gazette, written in the usual felicitous style of the editor when discoursing on such themes, an expression of surprise is expressed that the Prussic Acid she is supposed to have used for cramps in the stomach should have been employed as a medicine. It has long been in use as an anti-spasmodic, but in greatly diluted doses; as one drop of the pure acid placed on the tongue or in the eye causes instant death, which would make it a far better drop for executing criminals than the hangman's strangling gibbet. A few years ago, an eminent physician, Dr. F., of one of the Paris Hospitals, left directions for one of his pupils to administer Prussic Acid to some seven patients who lay in a row in one of the wards. It proved an overdose. Before he had administered to the last, the first was dead, and so on with the rest. The whole work being accomplished in ten seconds, and nearly destroying the reputation of the doctor. But hospital patients have none to plead their cause, and the affair blew over.—*Star.*

Music and Money.—A punster, asked by a musician, whether he was not a lover of harmony, replied "Yes, but I prefer it when it is abridged, for then it is money, and that, my friend, is the better half of it. I have no objection to your notes, but I like those of the Bank of England much better; you may make good tunes, but those make infinitely the best of tunes." "How so? that bank notes are good things I allow; but pray, what tune will they make?" "The best tune in the world—a fortune."—*Musical Review.*

Camel's hair Shawls are selling in Pearl street, New York, at prices equal to many good farms. One dealer advertises the richest shawl ever seen in America, at \$2500—another is offered at \$1000, and two or three more at prices varying from \$800 to \$300. A number of years of labor is often bestowed upon one of these articles by the Arabs, but the purchase of such a costly decoration by an American lady, savors not of good taste, nor does it help to promote civilized industry.

Religion.—"He is a bad citizen," said Napoleon, "who undermines the religious faith of his country. All may not perhaps, be substantially good, but certain it is, that all come in aid of the government power, and are essential to the basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839.

School Houses.—It is creditable to the age that public attention is being directed to School House Architecture; but it is a disgrace that this attention is so limited. Could the toms communicate the thousands of youth who have been hurried prematurely to their graves by the miserable hovels too often used as school houses in town and country, not a parent in the land would rest satisfied until proper school houses were erected in every district. How many consumption foundations have been laid by damp floors, wicker-work frames and paneless windows? And how many other diseases have the fœted atmosphere of unventilated rooms? As it has been very forcibly remarked by an eloquent lecturer upon the subject of common schools, those nations are pronounced barbarous who thrust their criminals into close and crowded rooms, or into damp and cold dungeons; but we can lay claim to pre-eminent civilization although our children are thrust for six or eight hours a-day, into rooms equally pernicious to health and life. Why, it is a fact which all must have observed, that in the erection of *stables* care is taken to secure warmth and ventilation; and since this is a fact, we may reasonably suppose, that when rich men have taken sufficient care of their *horses*, they will do something for the health and comfort of their *children*.

The New York Albion, in a notice of Signor de Begnis' Concert in that city, pays the following compliment to our friend Mr. E. L. Walker, late Professor of the Academy of Sacred Music in this city:—

"There was one important accessory however, towards the complete success of the concert, of whom we must make a passing observation—we allude to Mr. Walker, whose performance upon the Pianoforte was enthusiastically and most justly applauded. Mr. W. is hardly known to the musical world to the extent that his talents deserve; but he cannot long be obscured, and we have no hesitation in saying that his reputation will rise the more his abilities are displayed."

COMMUNICATION.

THE SECOND ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF THE ALEXANDER CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

The deep interest which the public, generally, feel in the prosperity of our Schools and Academies, especially recommend them to the attention of every individual. While the people of western New York are engaged in every pursuit that is honorable and truly worthy of a virtuous and high minded people, the annual examinations in her seminaries of learning, demonstrate, beyond a doubt, that their progress in knowledge is by no means inferior to that of any other. I would beg leave, Mr. Editor, through the columns of your paper, to notice the second annual examination of the Alexander Classical School, which took place last week. To say that it passed off highly creditably to the instructors and students of that institution, would not be granting to them that meed of praise to which they are justly entitled. The able and interesting manner in which every class, in all the numerous branches that are there taught, acquitted themselves, commends them to the highest credit, and recommends the institution to the particular attention of all who are desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of all the English branches, of the mathematics and the languages, or

each of them. The time has now passed by when a mere superficial examination at the close of the year, or at the close of each quarter, is deemed sufficient to test the progress made by the students. Parents and guardians are desirous of something more than the examinations that are customary to be had in similar institutions to satisfy them that their means have been judiciously expended, and the time of those under their charge has been usefully and profitably employed, in which they have been most happily gratified in the examination of this institution. The examination commenced on Monday and continued until Friday evening, during which time students were examined in all the branches that are taught in institutions of this kind. To give a minute account of the examination in each particular branch, would swell this article to an undesirable length; or the preference to those who pursued any particular branch, would be showing an unwarrantable partiality. The rigid course pursued by the instructors in the examination, and the readiness and promptness with which questions in every branch were answered by each scholar, left no reason to doubt that their knowledge was not thorough, or that their instruction had not been of the highest order.—The examinations in Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic, were such as reflected the highest honors on the instructor and the instructed.—The course pursued in giving instruction in those branches, is such as thoroughly acquaints the students in the principles and philosophy of a sound English education. Nor were the examinations in the Latin, Greek, and French languages deserving of less commendation.—Their accurate and familiar acquaintance with the pronunciation and grammatical construction of those languages, the beauty and correctness of their translations, were such as would put students in many of our higher Seminaries of learning to the blush. The examinations also in Chemistry, Philosophy, and Astronomy were no less indicative of the great proficiency that has been made in the study of the natural sciences, so pleasing and essential to every one, and so well calculated to draw out the powers of the mind, and lead the student to a sober enquiry into all the mysteries of the natural world.—Music too, that branch of polite literature so admirably calculated to refine the taste and cultivate the morals of "the gentler sex," and perfect them in all those minor graces that adorn the young lady of refined education, is by no means neglected in this institution. The exercises of the examination were varied by frequent exhibitions on the Piano Forte, and numerous specimens of Drawing, Painting, and Ornamental work, which reflected the highest credit both on the teachers, and those taught in those branches of the fine arts, hitherto, and still so much neglected in our schools and academies.

On the whole, the examination in every respect, passed off in the most able manner, rendering the institution and those under whose charge it is conducted worthy of the highest praise. The rigid course pursued by the instructors in their manner of teaching, and the great proficiency made by the students, prove, most satisfactorily, that it affords advantages inferior to no institution in the state. From its pleasant situation, being located in the quiet and beautiful Village of Alexander, it certainly invites the attention of parents and guardians who are desirous of placing their children and those under their charge, where they can appreciate every advantage for obtaining an education,

without exposing them to the contaminating influences which are too apt to corrupt the morals of the young, at the seminaries of learning in our large and more populous towns. The great number of students by which this institution has been patronized since its establishment, and its daily growing popularity, recommend it to the further particular attention of all who are desirous of making themselves masters of any or all the branches there taught, and of preparing themselves for the active business of life.

A VISITOR.

Alexander, Genesee Co. Feb. 1839.

From the Albany Argus.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE INCOME OF THE LITERATURE FUND.

At a meeting of the Regents of the University on the 26th day of February instant, the distribution of \$39,936 44-100 of the income of the Literature Fund for the last year was made among the several Academies entitled to participate therein. A certificate of the distribution has been delivered to the Comptroller, by whose warrant the amount apportioned to each Academy will be paid by the Treasurer of the State on drafts or orders therefor drawn on him by the Treasurers of the several Academies: such drafts or orders being accompanied by a proper certificate from the President or Secretary of the Academy under its corporate seal, that the person signing said drafts is the Treasurer of the Academy, duly appointed by the trustees thereof.

The following is the apportionment to the Academies in the 8th District:

Alexander Classical School	254 44
Aurora	368 95
Batavia Female Academy	419 84
Clarkson	260 80
Fredonia	648 84
Gaines	337 16
Jamestown	337 16
Lewiston	76 34
Mayville	89 06
Mendon	197 20
Middlebury	292 61
Monroe	50 89
Rochester Female Academy	375 30
Rochester College Institute	725 18
Springville	330 84
Westfield	235 39
	\$5,000,00

We have received a communication, which is too long a bill of complaints. Can't publish it. It commences, "It is a very pleasant to find yourself married not only to your Wife, but to all her relations within fifty miles." Our correspondent must make his complaint to the Poor Master.—*Detroit Adv.*

By examining the tongue of patients, physicians find out the disease of the body, and philosophers the disease of the mind.

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is called *high words*, they generally use *low language*.

THE THREE GRAVES.

I sought at midnight's pensive hour
The path which mourners tread,
Where many a marble stone reveals
The city of the dead:—
The city of the dead—where all
From feverish toil repose,
While round their beds, the simple flower,
In sweet profusion blows.

And there I marked a pleasant spot
Enclosed with tender care,
Where side by side, three infants lay,
The only tenants there—
Nor weed, nor bramble, raised its head
To mar the hallowed scene,
And 'twas a mother's tears, methought,
Which kept the turf so green.

The eldest was a gentle girl,
She sank in rose buds fall,
And then two little brothers came,
They were their parent's all,
Their parent's all—and ah, how oft
The moan of sickness rose,
Before, within these narrow mounds,
They found a long repose.

The cradle sports beside the hearth,
At winter's eve are o'er,
Their tuneful tones so full of mirth,
Delight the ear no more,
Yet still the thrilling echo lives,
And many a hisping word
Is treasured in affection's heart,
By grieving memory stirr'd.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.

A gentleman was invited into one of the towns of Massachusetts to lecture on temperance. Several days previous to the time appointed, general information was given to all the inhabitants of the town, and it created considerable excitement. The friends of temperance were glad of it, but the rum sellers and drinkers were exasperated. At length the time for commencing the lecture came, and the house was filled. Soon after the service commenced, the door opened, and in came one of the principal tavern keepers in the town, accompanied by a miserable and squalid looking individual, beastly intoxicated. They marched up the aisle, and took their seats near the pulpit, directly in front of the lecturer. The speaker proceeded in his discourse, portrayed the awful consequences of intemperance, enlarged upon the iniquity of the traffic, and appealed to the audience to make every exertion to root out the monster from the land. He grew warm and animated, and pressed home the truth to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. During this time, the tavern-keeper sat mute, but it could be seen by his countenance that he did not relish what was said. Not so by his companion, for when the speaker said anything that was cutting or severe, he would mutter out "It's false, (hic!)" "That's (hic!) a lie," "There's no (hic! hic!) truth in it," and such kindred expressions, till finally he fell asleep, and gave good evidence by his snoring, that he was lost to all that was passing around him.

Very soon the lecture was finished, when the inn-keeper arose, and said he wished to say a few words in reply to the gentleman. He had been an inhabitant of that town for many years; had endeavored to get an honest livelihood; had minded his own business; had never wronged his neighbor that he knew of; and he could not sit still and hear such vile and wicked slanders without endeavoring to counteract them. If such doctrines as had been propogated by the speaker should become universal, there would be an end to all society; he hoped and trusted that the good sense of his townsmen would not permit them to be led astray by the doctrines of temperance people. The temperance reform was all a humbug—it was priestcraft, and all signers to the pledge were hypocrites. He said he would close what he had to say by asking one question of the lecturer. Says he, "Mr.—if the tetotal plan succeeds, what are we going to do with our apples, our rye, our oats, and our barley? Yes, I say, what are we going to do with our barley, our oats, our rye and our apples? Yes, Mr. speaker, that's the question to be settled, what are we going to do with our oats, our barley, our apples, and our rye?" He became highly excited, and after repeating the question several times, with more earnestness than before he at the top of his voice, and giving his hat, which he held in his hand, a twirl through the air, hit his sleeping companion across the face, reiterated the question for the twentieth time. "What, say I, are we going to do with our apples, our rye, our barley and our oats?" The old fellow, who had been asleep awoke from the blow he received, and thinking it came from the lecturer, grumbled out, "Why fat your hogs with them you old fool!" The audience were convulsed with laughter, and the tavern-keeper rushed from the house chagrined and mortified.

The Lady of the first Governor of Vermont—An Authentick Anecdote.—Thomas Chittenden the first Governor of Vermont, who was a plain farmer, alike remarkable for strong native powers of mind, and the republican simplicity with which he conducted every thing in his public duties, and his domestic establishment, was once visited by a party of travelling fashionables from one of our cities. When the hour of dinner arrived, Mrs. Chittenden to the astonishment of her lady guests, went out and blew a tin horn for the workmen, who soon arrived, when to the still greater surprise, and even horror of these fair cits, the whole company, governor, his lady, guests, workmen and all, were invited to sit down to the substantial meal which had been provided for the occasion. After dinner was over and the ladies were left by themselves, one of the guests thought she would gently take Mrs. Chittenden to task for this monstrous violation of the rules of city gentility, to which she had been, as she thought, so uncourtously made a victim.

"You do not generally sit down to the same table with your workmen I suppose, Mrs. Chittenden?" She commenced.

"Why," replied the governor's lady, whose quick wit instantly appreciated the drift of the other, "why, I am almost ashamed to say, we generally have, but I intend soon to amend in this particular. I was telling the governor this morning, that it was an absolute shame that the workmen, who did all the hard labor should fare no better than we, who sit so much of the time in the house, earning little or nothing, and I am determined, hereafter to set two tables—the first and best for the workmen, and the last and poorest for the governor and myself."—*Green Mountain Emporium.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassments are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a noble Lord, now no more narrated. His Lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of stainless pedigree, and fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter to lose his heart to Miss —; and, as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbiedikes, but that he had a large allowance of brain; he followed her every where; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his Lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectation, and made every advance consistent with female delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience; and one day, when his Lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing room, silent or an occasional monosyllable, the good old lady abruptly left the room and locked the pair in alone. When his Lordship, on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — sat bending most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. His Lordship advanced towards her, but losing heart by the way, passed in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powder mine, he stopped short before her—"Miss—will you marry me?" "With great pleasure my lord," was the answer given, in a low, somewhat timid, but unflinching voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.—*Edinburgh Lit. Jour.*

From the Newark Daily Adv.

"Public attention seems exclusively directed to the education of the mind, and bodily powers are entirely neglected. The importance of this subject demands more attention. The physical education of our young ladies, and indeed all the young of the wealthier classes is indispensable to their enjoyments, as well as to their usefulness in life."—[Extract from a letter.]

We certainly use our bodies very ill. We give them foul names, call them clay, &c.; and then as vile earthen vessels, we apply them chiefly to kitchen uses, and do little more than put meats in them; or else we live in our bodies as men live in tenements which we have on short leases, and never think of improving the premises, or adding to their means of accommodating us. "I shall not live here long," is the thriftless reply to every suggestion of wisdom; and then when the tabernacle yields to time, and becomes uncomfortable, we thrust vile doctor's stuff into the breaches, just as though we were patching on Irish cabin and, like tinkers, generally make two in mending one.

It would seem that men used their bodies in this rack rent way even in their best days. We read that when Methuselah waxed in centuries, as he was lying on the ground bivouacking, as was his custom, in the afternoon, an angel appeared to him to say if he would get up and build a house to sleep in he should live 500 years longer. What was his antediluvian reply to so eligible a pro-posal? Why in substance, that is not worth a while to take a

house for so short a term! This is a type of the ways of man. Tell the lazy citizen, with a face like a poppy, to strengthen the body by exercise, that he may live long in the land, and he replies "man is but a flower of the field;" and he goes on emulating the sleepy weed, nodding and bobbing his life away. Exercise of a certain character is indeed talked of: that is to say a walk before dinner, or just so much as will prepare our earthen vessel to hold an immense quantity of meat and drink, but as for making active exertion for the purpose of developing or improving our natural powers, it is a thing never to be tolerated.

"HENRY BROUGHAM!"—Where art thou? Impatiently have we waited, for many weeks in anxious expectation for thy third appearance. Hast thou forsaken us? If so, or if not, say so.

From the New York Whig.

A few miles from the town of Chicago, Illinois, there is a little rock, on which some rude figures are graven. It is the tomb-stone of an Indian Chief, who fell on the spot, in a battle between his tribe and the whites, some thirty years ago. The following stanzas were suggested by his story, related to me by an old Indian, who had often seen the brave chief in action, and witnessed the ceremony of his interment:

Oh! bright was the morn when that Chieftain in pride
Left for ever the arms of his sorrowing bride;
The sun shone in gladness on rock and on tree,
And on the wide prairie, that rolled like the sea.

His warriors were nerved and armed for the strife,
With the tomahawk, bow, and the fierce scalping knife;
All beaded, and painted, they stood in the glade,
Like the forest in autumn's wild glory arrayed.

They speed up the mountain, and thro' the dark woods,
Where the trees in their grandeur and loveliness stood;
And on, to where bright in the sun's dazzling beams,
The sword of the foe like the lightning-flash gleams.

Then fierce was the conflict upon the hillside,
And deeply, ere night, was its soft verdure dyed;
The white and the red men their mingled grief bore,
And full fast to the earth to rise never more.

The chief stood unmoved in the midst of the shock,
And breasted its rage like the storn-compacted rock;
With tomahawk reared aloft in the air,
And heart beating high that knew not despair.

Ha! whence was that yell! that terrible shout?
A shot from the foe hath pierced his bold heart;
Full fast from the wound flowed life's ruddy tide,
And the corpse of the chieftain rolled down the hill side.

By the side of that hill, at the close of the day,
They laid the brave chief in his battle array;
And carved, with rude skill, on the rock o'er his grave,
A brief tribute of praise to the worth of the brave.
B. S.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. THADDEUS BUTTERFIELD, Printer, to Miss REBECCA STOCKWELL, all of this place.

On the 21st inst., by Rev. George Beecher, Mr. ANSON M. HUNT to Miss MARY ANN SHELDON, daughter of Thomas Sheldon, all of this city.

In North Bloomfield, on Saturday evening, the 12th of February, 1839, by the Rev. Jacob Chase, Mr. Worden B. Stiles, to Miss Cornelia Rumsey, of Mendon.

At Litchfield, Connecticut, on the morning of the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Brace, B. F. Langdon, Esq. of Castleton, Vermont, to Miss Ann Eliza Landon, daughter of John R. Landon, Esq.

In East Avon, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Marsh, Mr. D. B. Whaley, to Miss Catharine Martin, all of that place.

In Lakeville, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Harmon, Mr. Flavel Beckwith, to Miss Eliza Hudnut.

In York, on the 10th instant, by Roderick Caldwell, Esq. Mr. Gerean R. Moore, of Perry, to Miss Elmira Orcutt, of York.

In Perry, Genesee county, by the Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. William Gay, of Covington, to Miss Elizabeth Lyon, of the former place.

In Springwater, on the 13th inst., by A. Southworth, Esq. Mr. Joseph Culver, to Miss Julia Parish.

In Gates, on the 21st instant, by S. A. Verkes, Esq. Mr. Demetrius Turner, to Miss Hannah Pickett, all of Gates.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. Dodge, Mr. Daniel Penny, to Miss Rosina Clark, all of this city.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.

Luka Wells, Amber, Onondaga county,	New York.
Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county,	do do
S. P. Breck, Branchport, Yates county,	do do
Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co.,	do do
R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co.,	Vermont.
Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co.,	Michigan.
G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Genesee co.,	New York.
Miss E. A. Adams, Canandigua, Ontario co.,	do do
E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co.,	do do
A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co.,	do do
W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co.,	Ohio.
S. Hunt, Hunt's Hollow, Allegany co.,	New York.
E. B. Warner, Lima, Livingston co.,	do do
Israel Pennington, Macon, Lenawa co.,	Michigan.
K. W. Townsend, Newark, Wayne co.,	New York.
P. S. Church, Oakfield, Genesee co.,	do do
Henry Henion, Rushville, Ontario co.,	do do
S. Peeve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co.,	do do

OFFICE OF THE GEM

CORNER OF BUFFALO AND STATE STS, ROCHESTER.

Written for the Gem.
SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming,
O'er the earth—
Flowers are springing,
Into birth.

Winter's sway,
Is breaking 'way,
And Spring is coming on,
Robed in green
Earth is seen,
For Winter cold has gone.

The flowers of May
Are blooming gay,
Beneath the young green leaves,
The blue-bird's song
I's borne along,
By the soft morning breeze.

Spring is coming
O'er the earth,
Flowers are bursting
Into birth.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.
THE BIBLE.

A12—"Woodman spare that tree."

Sceptic, spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eye of unbelief;
'Twas my forefather's stay
In the hour of agony;
Sceptic, go thy way,
And let that old book be.

That good old book of life,
For centuries has stood,
Unharm'd amid the strife,
When the earth was drunk with blood;
And would'st thou harm it now,
And have its truths forgot?
Sceptic, forbear thy blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not.

Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When in my grandsire's halls
I heard its tales of truth:
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er that volume as he read;—
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.

My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy,
I've seen her eyes of blue
Weep o'er its tears of joy;
Their traces linger still,
And dear they are to me:
Sceptic, forgo thy will,
Go, let that old book be.

ALICK.

VARIETY.

A Hartfelt Wish.—The Newburyport Herald relates the following anecdote: The United States ship Wasp was fitted out from that town, and carried out a number of brave tars, among whom were some who left behind them wives and children. The ship was lost, and the representatives of her crew received a very handsome sum from the government. At the time the money was paid the wife of a lost husband received about five hundred dollars, in presence of some other wives whose husbands had remained at home, and were then living. One of them looking at the money as it was paid to the wife of a husband who was lost exclaimed 'I wish my husband had been in the Wasp!'

"Sir," lisped a Baltimore dandy to an officer on board the French ship *Velocé*, "your countrymen are a very dirty set of fellows, and this ship of yours is in a shocking dirty state." "Sir," replied the Frenchman, looking the exquisite from top to toe, the only dirty fellow that I can see is now before me, and all the filth in the vessel can be removed by tossing him over the gangway."—*Boston Post*.

"What are you thinking about?" asked one loafer of another. "Thinking on—this electioneering, to be sure," "What's that to you?" "They say they gives away liquor, and I'se dry."

"They say trout will bite now, father," said a sporting youth. "Well well, mind your work then, and you'll be sure they won't bite you, was the consoling reply.

Nothing glorious is accomplished, nothing great is attained, nothing valuable is secured without magnanimity of mind, and devotion of heart to the service.—*Josiah Quincy, Jr.*

English Singing.—Mr. W. A. Woodworth has opened a new vein of merriment, that is certainly irresistible. He has listened very intently to the pronunciation of English singers, and has given some choice instances of it, accompanied occasionally by a singularly perverted sense. Who would think to hear the Messiah open in our native language after this fashion?

Cahum-fo-rat ye hee my pe-he ple. (Comfort ye my people?)
Or a hapless maid thus sentimentally apostrophised?

Ah! rap-less maid! (Ah! hapless maid!)
I sought *Tim* through the storm. (I sought him, &c.)

Other instances of those piquant vulgarisms may be cited for amusement sake:

His de-ar little gur-rel he has left on the shoerrah. (His dear little girl he has left on the shore.)

The sun *nimsel* fix dark to me. (The sun himself is dark to me.)

Unsmiled o'er by mortals, but *tallowed* in heaven. Unsmild o'er by mortals, but halloved, &c.

Making Butter in Winter.—It is frequently said that good butter cannot be made in winter. There is no difficulty in it, if the milk be scalded. We make in our family, about six lbs. of better per week, from one cow, as good as the palate of an epicure need crave; and the process is this. As soon as the milk is brought from the barn, it is strained into a pan, placed over a kettle containing a little boiling water. It is scalded in this way perhaps half an hour, and then put where it will not freeze. The pans are skimmed after standing about two days.—Before churning the cream is warmed a little, and it is seldom necessary to churn over half an hour. In our younger days, we have churned a pot of cream four hours, and after all the toil and trouble, obtained butter as white as a bass wood chip.—*Hampshire Gazette*.

Curious Discovery.—A few days ago, a person who was 'mauling' rails in a piece of woods not far from the St. Charles road, in this county, found in the heart of an apparently full grown tree, a small bone of some animal and a kind of hunting knife. How came these articles in that situation? Were they left, a hundred years ago, in the cleft of some sappling, which has since grown up and enclosed them in their wooden coffin since that time? If so it was done by some wandering Indian or French settler.

Our authority for this statement is one of the oldest and most respectable farmers of this country.—*Charles (Mo.) Gazette*.

Shortness.—Southey, in the 5th volume of "The Doctor," says:—"I like short stages, short accounts, short speeches, and short sermons; I do not like short measures or short commons; and, like Mr. Shandy, I dislike short noses. I know nothing about the relative merit of short horned cattle. I doubt concerning the propriety of short meals. I disapprove of short parliaments and short petticoats; I prefer puff paste to short pie crust.

A Beautiful Idea.—Mr. Stephens in his Incidents of Travel, mentions that the tomb stones in the Turkish burying grounds are all flat, and contain little hollows, which hold the water after a rain, and attract the birds, who resort thither to slake their thirst and sing among the trees.

When you hear a man converse learnedly and wisely upon some topic which you are wholly unacquainted with, wait patiently till he has done and then turn to one of the company with a sarcastic smile, and ask the time of the day. It follows as a matter of course, that you might overturn all that has been said if you thought it worth your while.

The daughter of Themistocles had two lovers; the one a coxcomb, the other an honest man. The first was rich, the second poor. He took the honest man for his son-in-law; for "I had rather," said he, "have a man that wants wealth than wealth that wants a man."

The ass is the only animal not delighted with the harmony of sweet sounds.

The Ladies of Kentucky.—An Agricultural Society in Kentucky has awarded a premium of a gold thimble to Mrs. Dr. Lesavel, for her husband's appearing in the best suit of homespun. There were several competitors for the premium.

Good Advice.—Plutarch tells us that a man should not suffer himself to hate even his enemies, because in hating them, you contract such a vicious habit of mind as will by degrees break out upon your friends, or upon those who are indifferent to you.

Persevere.—If a seaman were to put about every time he encounters a head wind, he never would make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in the voyage of life.

An eccentric wag used to say that it was not wicked to lie, swear, cheat, or steal, and that he could prove it from scripture. Thus, it is not wicked to lie in bed, to swear to the truth, to cheat the devil, or to steal off from bad company.

Sentiment.—The rod of the Prophet at Horeb brought; not fire from the rock, but water, sweet water: so sometimes the blow of affliction, blessed by a higher Power, softens the heart to the flow of the gentler affections.

The man who is favored of Heaven with a good wife, should always consult her when his happiness is concerned. Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsel of his wife.

"Sall," said a tall raw boned Yankee to his sweetheart, "I hope to be everlastingly goshbus-tifiedly chawed up, if I don't love you so I want to eat ye all up."

Avoid display. Wear your learning like your watch in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to shew that you have one—but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.—*Pitts. Vis.*

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest wisdom; and he that increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Diligence.—Value your souls, and you will value your time. Whatever you do take heed of idleness. That is the devil's anvil on which he hammers out many temptations.—*Henry*.

Take the hint.—As well might a mill go without wind, water or steam, as a press without oil and money!

Proverbs.—Envy shoots at others and wounds herself. Beware of a silent dog and a wet rat.

MARRIED.

On the 27th ult. by Recorder Hills, Mr. CHARLES H. COGSWELL, to Miss AMANDA MALVIRA KING, all of this city.

On the 21st ult. Wm. H. Spencer, Esq. to Miss Laura Adams.

In Groveland, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Robert Lauderdale, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Miranda Vance, of the former place.

At Ogden, on the 28th ult., by Rev. A. C. Morrison, Maj. Zophar Willard, of Barre, Orleans county, to Miss Abigail, daughter of Deacon John Hill, of the former place.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. Stephen Whitney, to Miss Malvira Shaw.

In Allegan, Michigan, on the 23d ult., by the Rev. Luke Lyons, Mr. Daniel Parkhurst, of Jacksonburg, to Miss Maria Parkhurst, of the former place.

On the 2d inst., by Bela Dunbar, Esq. Mr. Chauncey Paul, of Chili, to Mrs. Mary Swick, of Ogden.

At Bethany, Genesee Co., on the 14th ult., by Rev. Mr. Haynes, Mr. Walter N. Lyon, of Mount Morris, to Miss Sophia Manwarring, of the former place.

At Monroe, Michigan, 31st Jan. last, Mr. Hamilton Southwick, merchant of Monroe, to Miss Martha Sherwood, daughter of Mr. James I. Sherwood, of Medina, New York.

In Barre, Orleans county, on the 3d inst., by Rev. Mr. Young, Mr. John E. Jones, of this city, to Miss Harriet Holloway, of the former place.

In this city, on the 2d inst., by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. John Lambert to Miss Susan Latter.

On the 4th inst., by the same, Mr. Michael Gilbert to Miss Charlotte Barton.

In Conesus, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Daniel Farr, of Dansville, to Miss Mary Grant, of Conesus.

In Livonia, Feb. 24, by S. Peirce, Esq., Mr. Samuel Wivel to Miss Mary Ann Barnhart, all of Livonia.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Abby Almeda, daughter of R. B. and B. G. Thomas, aged 10 months and 8 days.

Funeral on Thursday, (to-day,) at 2 o'clock, P. M., from the house of R. B. Thomas, on Adams-st., Cornhill.

At the residence of Owen J. Durney, in this city, on Friday, the 1st instant, by Ariel Wentworth, Esq. Mr. Theodore Palmer, to Miss Caroline E. Weatherly, all of this city.

THE



GEM.

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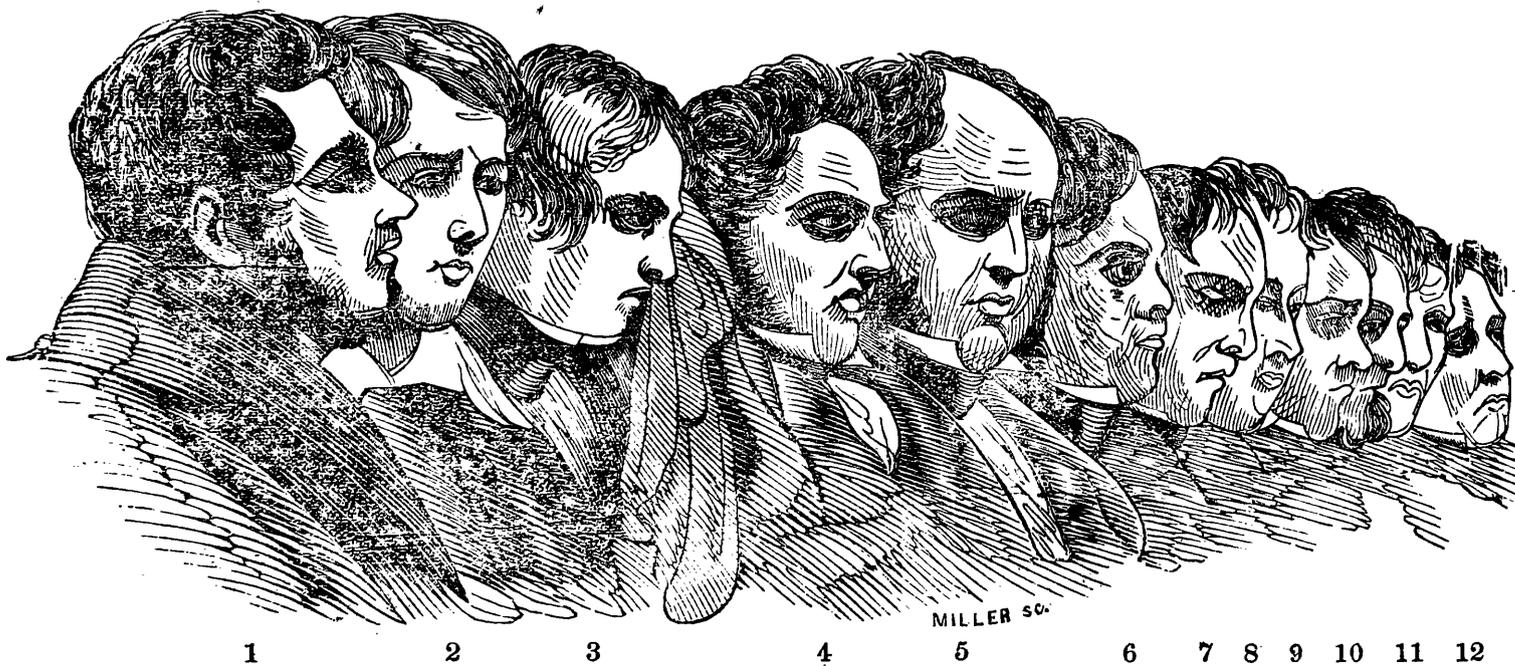
A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1839.

No. 6.

JOHN G. PARKER AND HIS ASSOCIATE PRISONERS.



From the London True Sun.

The moment chosen by the artist, Mr. Stewart, for this graphic sketch, was on Monday last, when the judges were delivering their judgement upon and in favor of Mr. Hill's application for a rule nisi, for an attachment against the Liverpool Jailor. This was a moment of intense anxiety to them, and to a certain extent revived in them hopes which must have been sadly dashed by the previous judgement of the morning. It will be seen from a perusal of their letters how ever springing were their hopes of freedom. On Wednesday these were again proved groundless. All the portraits are striking likenesses, and preserve the peculiar air of every face; they were drawn as they were actually seated in court.

1. The first on the left is Paul Bedford, a Canadian farmer and freeholder in the London district. His transportation is attributed chiefly to the malice of a neighbor.

2. The second is Linus Wilson Miller, an American law student, of Chautauque co. State of New York, his age is 20 years. He was studying law at Rochester, in New York, when the outbreak occurred. Next to him is

3. William Reynolds, also an American, a lad of 18, and the son of a respectable tradesman of Philadelphia. He was travelling at the time of the disturbance, and accidentally got mixed up with a rabble of patriots.

4th. Next comes Finlay Malcolm, whose grandfather emigrated from Scotland, and was one of the earliest settlers in the bush in Upper Canada. His father is now farming in Canada, and he was himself tilling his own land when the disturbance occurred. His Uncle Finlay

Malcolm, was the representative of the London district in the Provincial Parliament, and was a strenuous opponent. To this circumstance the nephew it is thought owes his present sentence. He fully expected from the promises made to him to have been set free on giving bail. He is a young man of much good feeling and intelligence. Malcolm was in prison for several weeks with Charles Latimer, a young man from England, who was tried and acquitted. He defended himself, and is described as being a fine talented young fellow, who gained the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. Latimer's relations are resident in England, and are most respectable.—He is now believed to be in the United States.

5th. The fifth is Mr. John G. Parker, before the troubles a wealthy merchant of Hamilton, in Upper Canada. He is a man of great intelligence. Mr. Parker was always a reformer, but of the most moderate class, and although his opinions were well known, he was not an active politician. He attended none of the public meetings held in the summer and fall preceding the first outbreak; and was never, directly or indirectly, engaged in rebellion against the British Government.

6th. Randal Wixon, who was a schoolmaster and a Baptist minister is the sixth. He has only one leg, the other being amputated in consequence of an accident in childhood. Against Wixon there was not a shadow of proof; and he was only induced to present a petition under the Colonial act, from dread of an excited jury, and from a belief that a general release of the prisoners would take place upon their giving securities.

7th. The seventh is Leonard Watson, who was a road-contractor, near Montgomery's Tavern, and whose sole offence consisted in being so unfortunate as to have forcible possession taken of his house by some of Mackenzie's men. He is an elderly man and seems much depressed.

8th. The eighth is Ira Anderson, tavern keeper, where political meetings had been held, which he let out as the Proprietors of the ~~in the tavern, and saw to Taverns might~~ ~~in the tavern, and saw to Taverns might~~ do in London.

9th. The ninth is William Alves, a young man who emigrated from Scotland with his father four years ago. He is a carpenter, and after remaining a short time in Canada, he went into the States, and returned to Canada to assist his father in settling in the bush. At the time of the outbreak he was working at Montgomery's Tavern, where extensive repairs were going on. Alves is a single man.

10th. The tenth is James Brown, a Canadian, in the London district, he was a farmer and a freeholder.

11th. The eleventh is Robert Walker, a native of Scotland who emigrated to Canada some years ago.

12th. The twelfth and last is James Grant, also a Canadian.

With the exception of Alves and the two American boys, all of these prisoners have wives and families, and such was the suddenness of their departure, that none of them had any opportunity of communicating with their families. In one instance they were told the steam boat was waiting, and only time for fixing on their irons was allowed.

JOHN G. PARKER'S JOURNAL

We have been favored with the perusal of several letters lately received by Mrs. PARKER, now of this city, from her husband, Mr. JOHN G. PARKER, who, in the latter part of November last, was sent with other state prisoners from Quebec to England, to be transported from thence to Van Dieman's Land.

It is probably known to most of our readers, that previous to his embarkation at Quebec, Mr. P. had been closely confined for nearly twelve months in Upper Canada. He was arrested at Hamilton while quietly pursuing his business, a few days previous to the insurrection, on a charge of high treason. In the common jail of that place he was confined about a month, and was then removed to Toronto, the jail of which was at that time crowded to excess. Here he remained a little over five months until the early part of June last, when he was removed to Fort Henry, Kingston. During the sitting of the Special Court at Toronto for the trial of persons charged with treasonable offences—a period of high political excitement and prejudice against persons so charged—Mr. P., despairing of a fair and impartial trial, was advised by his counsel to petition the Lieut. Governor for pardon, under the provisions of an Act of the Provincial Legislature, passed after his arrest; and accordingly he did so, with an assurance from the Attorney General, that "*his petition would be well received.*" In his petition he acknowledged himself to be the author of certain letters, on which he was arrested and on which the charge of treason was based, and which, taken in connection with subsequent events, he admitted would bear a treasonable construction; but denied any intention of taking any part personally in the contest.

It is worthy of remark, that the letters in question made no mention of any contemplated hostile movements against the government—that they contain nothing more than the current rumors of the day, and a suggestion to form political Unions, which had been in the course of being formed in the upper parts of the Province for 18 months previous, and that none of the persons in Upper Canada to whom they were addressed have been in any respect implicated in the rebellion.

Mr. Parker has therefore been sent, by George Arthur, Esq., to England, without the form of a trial; and up to the date of his last letter, remained ignorant of the fact that he had been sentenced by him to be transported to Van Dieman's Land for 14 years!

The following extracts, which we have made by permission, from his journal written at sea, and letters written after his arrival in Liverpool, we trust, will be interesting to most of our readers; who cannot fail to contrast the kindness and sympathy shown to him and his fellow prisoners in England, with the harsh and brutal treatment they received previous to their embarkation, and more especially the rudeness and unnecessary and wanton severities, not to say cruelties, perpetrated against them during their passage from Fort Henry to Quebec by Major Arthur, son of Sir George, and Col. Turner.

We regret that in consequence of several letters not having been received, among which are those written at Quebec, an unavoidable chasm is left in the narration—but which it is hoped may be filled up in due time.

Whatever may be the result of the attempts which are now in progress to procure his liberation, it must be highly gratifying to Mr. P. and

his numerous friends both in this country and in Canada, to know, that his case, with those of his fellow prisoners, has called forth the most active exertions of many warm-hearted friends, and excited a sympathy in their behalf deep and strong, from one end of the land to the other. This is a severe but deserved rebuke upon the petty tyrants of Canada, who, if they choose, may derive from this demonstration of public feeling in England and Scotland, a lesson of great practical value. But we hasten to give the extracts, that our readers may see and judge for themselves.

JOURNAL, &c.

On the 9th Nov. 1838, we left Fort Henry, Kingston, Upper Canada, on receiving a verbal notice from Sheriff McDONNELL that we were all ordered for Quebec, and only half an hour before the time of our departure. I fortunately got a cart to go to the town for my trunk of clothes while the chains were riveting on my legs. I was chained to WARR, and not satisfied with chaining us together, they double ironed us with hand cuffs, made to torture us, consisting of a bar of iron with a clevis fitted to our wrists so tight as to cause them to swell, and keep us in a constrained position. In this condition we were marched down, under a strong guard, to the Steamboat Cobourg, which lay at the Government wharf, and on board which was the 93rd regiment of regulars. We were driven to the fore deck, among the horses. It was extremely cold. Major Arthur commanded the regiment, and gave orders (so as to be heard by us) "that if we attempted to escape, or made the least effort towards it, to shoot down the damned rascals!"

We were kept on the deck among the horses all that night, without any covering. I was more fortunate than most of my companions, as I had a good cloak. I sat down about 10 o'clock on my own luggage, which was tumbled in amongst us, when a subaltern of the 93rd regiment drove me off. An altercation ensued, and on appealing to the Deputy Sheriff, who had us in charge, I succeeded in regaining my position; where I sat all night, and had my feet and legs nearly frozen. Some stood up all night, while others were glad to lay down between the horses feet, among the dung and filth.

We reached Prescott the next morning before day light, where a great crowd assembled on the wharf. About sunrise we were taken on board the steamer "Dolphin," and again placed on the forward deck, where we were allowed to stand. The day became fine as the sun ascended, and it was not unpleasant passing down the beautiful rapids of the St. Lawrence. I observed companies of militia under drill along the banks of the river, which much surprised me at the time. The boat stopped to take in wood before reaching Dickinson's Ferry, and a council appeared to be held here how to proceed. After an hour's detention, we again set sail, passed around into the American channel, and down the long Sault Rapids. This presented a scene worthy of observation, being the second time only that a Steamboat had passed down these rapids. The voyage is one of no common difficulty and danger; but we accomplished it without the least accident, and arrived safely at Cornwall at 2 o'clock P. M.

We were detained on board, after our arrival upwards of an hour. Another council was held when a guard of militia, under Colonel Turner, (who ordered his men to load their pieces with ball cartridge,) came down, and we were marched in the midst of this band of Orangemen to the jail—a stone building, presenting a much better appearance outside than it did inside.—Here we expected to have got a little respite from the pain and suffering of our irons, and intimated to Colonel Turner the swollen condition of our limbs, expressing a hope that some of our irons would be removed. The gallant Colonel, in reply, however, only denounced us as a parcel of damned rebel scoundrels, and said that, instead of diminishing our irons, he would increase them. We had no remedy but to submit. We found the jailor a good natured Dutchman, who, with his daughter, showed us some little attention, and performed acts of kindness, for which we felt grateful. I could not get my feather bed (and bed clothes which I brought with me from Fort Henry,) to sleep on that night, and Wait and myself had to take the soft

side of the floor for a bed, having our legs and arms chained together.

The next morning, (Sabbath, 11th Nov.,) I found myself more refreshed than I expected.—We had this day a refreshing season of prayer and reading the scriptures. Our host, the jailor, sent us a breakfast of beef-steaks, and expressing a warm desire to make us comfortable, but had express orders not to remove our irons. The Deputy Sheriff, who had us in charge from Kingston, on observing that our wrists were greatly swollen, had the compassion to change our irons from one wrist to the other, which afforded us temporary relief.

There were in an adjoining room two other prisoners, whom we got to sweep out our room, as we were all so chained we could not do it.—Dr. McDonnell, surgeon, called to see my leg, in which a blood vessel had broke, the bleeding of which he soon stanchied by the application of a plaister. The Doctor examined our wrists, and said it was too bad; however, he had to put up with it, as he could not interfere. On Monday we expected to have proceeded forward, but the disturbances in Lower Canada rendered our removal at that time unsafe. We were watched most rigidly. All our writing paper and ink were taken from us, by order of Col. Turner—I amused myself by drawing with a pencil a sketch of a couple of our prisoners, chained and handcuffed.

A number of young militia officers come to see us, and were very loquacious. Our Deputy Sheriff came in and took off our hand cuffs for a few hours, and then locked them on again for our comfort during the night. We were not allowed light, and had to retire to bed about 6 o'clock. At 10 o'clock we were ordered up instantly, and to prepare to embark; but we were scarcely dressed, when the order was countermanded, and we again retired to bed, an express having arrived bringing intelligence of an invasion at Prescott. The authorities knew not what to do. They started a steam boat for Lancaster, about 20 miles below, for militia; and about 200 stand of arms were distributed from the jail during the night to the militia, whom they were calling out all around; so by daylight we had got but little sleep, all being noise and disturbance during the night.

On Tuesday the town was all commotion from the apprehended invasion. We got ready to embark, and about 10 P. M., the guard were drawn up, and we marched on board the steamer "Neptune," Capt. Bullock—were again placed on the foredeck, where we stood in the mist and rain, and were not allowed to go under the promenade. We touched at Lancaster, and arrived at the Cote du Lac just before dark. We met many on the wharf who knew me, and among other persons, R. McD., of St. Catharine, who mentioned the defeat of the Canadians and the burning of their villages, saying "that to destroy the crows, the only way was to exterminate the young ones and their nests."

Although they forced us to remain on deck in the rain and cold, we got some boiled potatoes and crackers of the steward. The pilot (a Frenchman) in speaking of the burning of the villages and the destruction of families and property, cried like a child. In reciting the tale of woe, how women and children had to fly before their persecutors, he said, "what can the poor Canadians do—no pork, no bread, no house, no home?"

On landing at Cote du Lac, we were taken into carts and drove down to the old fort, where we arrived about 8 o'clock at night, having to carry lanterns to show the way. We were put into a guard room, about 12 or 14 feet square, and stowed so close that we could hardly stand, sit, or lay down. So we slept on the floor by turns. We got some bread to eat, but passed the night in great pain from the irons on our wrists, which were much swollen. Our efforts to get them removed were as unavailing as before.

On Wednesday, the 14th, I had contracted a severe cold, and was quite unwell. We remained in the fort all day, the aspect of affairs in Lower Canada rendering our removal imprudent. We were allowed to walk the parade ground, where we met some respectable looking French people, who took off their hats as Wait and I passed in chains with a sentry beside us, whose looks bespoke the agony of their minds. A great number of Canadian carts were pressed to transport the 83d Regiment on their way up. The Commissary, R. V. Adams, treated us very civilly, and supplied us with provisions. The fort was guarded by a company of Scotch

militia, who mostly spoke Galic. During the day we had some conversation with them, and they told us plainly they were forced to take up arms against their will—that many of them were good Reformers, and some shed tears at the unhappy state of their adopted country.—Our irons were taken off to allow us to wash, again replaced, and we again slept with them on in the guard house.

On Thursday morning, the 15th, we were up at day light, and after our usual morning devotions and breakfast, we were put on board a Durham boat, for Montreal. The wind being contrary, we were driven back and remanded to the guard room, until stages or carts could be procured to take us by land. Some of the prisoners were much alarmed while on board the boat, for had our fears of shipwreck been realized, we should have been in a bad condition to swim. After much delay, carts were obtained by force for our conveyance, when we started. Shortly after, we met the 71st Regiment on their way to the Upper Province. I noticed among them some of the men who guarded us in Fort Henry. At the Cedar Village, we met the militia returning from Beauharnois, which village they had pillaged and burned. Many of the volunteers were loaded with spoils. Some had horses they had taken, with carts, calashes, &c. &c. &c. The poor French Canadians looked melancholy and dejected. They were driven about like dogs, not daring to disobey the peremptory and insulting orders given by the militia. The females of almost every house we passed were at the doors, and I plainly perceived the deep drawn lines of horror and dismay depicted on every countenance.

We reached the Cascades at night, and were turned into a small guard room. It was very cold, and all the supper we had was some boiled potatoes, which we had to eat with our fingers. Not being able to obtain a bed, we had to stretch ourselves out on the floor, with our irons on as usual, and from excessive fatigue we obtained some rest, although but little sleep, from the pain of our wrists.

Next morning (Friday, 16th Nov.) we were expecting the arrival of a steamboat to take us below—observed quite a stir amongst the militia—many Canadian one horse carts employed in transporting munitions of war up the country. About noon the steamboat "Dragon" arrived from Beauharnois, with companies of militia, and a quantity of plunder, such as horses, carts, &c. &c. We were immediately taken on board, and started for Lachine. We touched at Beauharnois, which village was in ashes. The ruins of many houses were in view. One of our guard went on shore and brought some French books, which he picked up among the ruins. He mentioned having seen piles of furniture, partly burnt and broken. The Canadians looked exceedingly dejected, and from what I saw and heard, their sufferings must have been great. Many families in respectable circumstances, have been suddenly plunged into the depths of poverty and wretchedness, so that we are not alone in the furnace of affliction. Oh that the chastenings of Almighty God may bring us near unto himself daily, and may we find lessons in the daily walks of life, whether in liberty or in bondage, for the improvement of our minds and affections, and in our duties to God and to man.

The wind was strong, and we reached Lachine just before dark. After a little delay we were taken on shore, amidst a crowd of person, from whom we received some scoffs and insults; which, however, we did not regard, but passed on to the bateau in the canal. It rained and soon became dark. The French boatmen were driven about very roughly by our guard, and murmured at the abuse thus heaped upon them; but redress, of course, was out of the question.

After many delays and stoppages, altercations betwixt the captain of our guard and the lockmasters, we arrived at Montreal about 9 o'clock P. M., landed near the garrison, and were marched up to the guard room, 8 by 16 feet, into which we were ushered without light or seats, and were told by the officer to stow ourselves away as well as we could. We had had no food since morning. Some of the prisoners had bread they brought from the Cascades, which we divided and ate in the dark and cold.

After an hour or so had elapsed, an officer called and offered us some civilities. He removed eight of our number, and allowed me to get in my bed. I got but little sleep, from the

pain of the irons on my wrists, and the frequent turning out of the guard during the night.

The next morning, Saturday 17th, we made preparations for a removal, which we greatly desired, as the place where we were confined, was filthy and most uncomfortable. We still remained locked up, and during the forenoon read a pamphlet on "Submission to the Divine Will." Some officers of the 24th Regt. called to secus—remarked that we were good looking fellows, and asked whether we had any complaints to make. We told them that we required some food and water, as we had scarcely tasted either since the morning before, and it was then nearly noon. Half past 10 o'clock some water was brought to us. At 3 o'clock our luggage was taken away, and we still waited for our breakfast, which we did not procure until an hour afterwards—say 4 o'clock, this meal serving us for breakfast, dinner and supper; and while devouring our morsel, we were ordered to embark. The guard were in waiting, and a crowd assembling. We were marched down Notre Dame street, to the great parish church; thence to the steamer "British North America," on which we embarked. In the crowd, which was considerable, I observed a variety of feeling and expression. While some degree of sympathy was manifested by some, scoffs and abuse was shown by others; all of which we disregarded. In the large forward cabin of the "British America," where there was a stove, we found ourselves more comfortable than we had been since leaving Fort Henry. We were here released from those horrid manacles on our wrists, and had a comfortable night's sleep.

The next morning was Sabbath. We passed Three Rivers about sunrise. A considerable quantity of ice had formed in the river, and as we passed through it, I was reminded of the sinking of the Kingston by being cut through by such ice, and the trouble I had in raising her at Bellville. We had not gone far, when a schooner was observed sunk, with her cargo of flour, &c., afloat and drifting down the river.—The crew were saved.

The day was pleasant, and the scenery along the banks of the St. Lawrence delightful—small neat whitewashed Canadian houses, and now and then a neat church—the hills white with snow. I read one of Newton's Sermons, and in the afternoon we arrived at Quebec, and were marched up a steep street to the Upper Town. Here, as at Montreal, we soon attracted a crowd, and the same variety of feeling and expression were observable.—I saw many faces I had before seen and known.

I expected we would have been taken to Cape Diamond, as it was intimated to us we were going to Quebec for safe keeping. We were, however, taken to the city gaol, and put into a large and comfortable apartment, in which was a stove, and Jeffreys, the Governor of the jail, did all in his power to make us comfortable. Our luggage was all brought up to us, with the exception of a bag, containing some table and co-king utensils, which had been lost. I had a comfortable night's rest, after ten days most painful and uncomfortable dragging through the country.

On Monday, 19th, we had our chains taken off, and I spent the day in writing several letters—one to Sheriff McDonnell, requesting him to send you about twenty little boxes, made by the prisoners, and which had been taken from me at Fort Henry; and also the bag of utensils, should it be found on board the Cobourg where we supposed it had been left.*

It was intimated to us here, for the first time, that we were to be sent to England! Mr. Sewell, the sheriff, said the season was so late that it was not certain that a vessel could be

* These letters, concerning the protest, have never reached their destination. The Post Master General, (T. A. Stayner, Esq.) at Quebec, (who in his zeal to serve a corrupt government, can, through his agents, trample his oath of office under foot, and sacrifice the most sacred rights of the subject to Executive cupidity.) has doubtless taken a peep into them; and, as they might tend to the furtherance of justice, or have cheered or relieved the intense anxiety of a weeping and disconsolate wife as to the fate of her husband, whom they are pleased to call "a rebel," they have been retained.

The small boxes which Mr. Parker mentions, were taken from them at Kingston, the work of their own hands while in Fort Henry—and which he entrusted to the care of Sheriff McDonnell, to be forwarded to Mrs. P., have never been received. Is the Sheriff speculating on them? A number of port folios, which Mr. P. left in the hands of Mr. Tidy, to be forwarded in the same manner, are in the hands of Col. Dundas. Does the Colonel intend to keep them?

found to take us. He said, however, that he would give us the first intelligence of any arrangement being made, and in the kindest manner offered us any assistance he could render.

On Tuesday we were informed that our passage had been taken on board the "Captain Ross," for Liverpool. I then wrote more letters, and enclosed you a copy of the protest we served on the sheriff of Quebec.

AT SEA, 28th Nov., 1838. }
Wednesday, P. M. }

We went on board this vessel (the "Capt. Ross,") on the 22d instant, in the forenoon, and have proceeded thus far on our voyage without accident, having a favorable wind. I procured at Quebec a sufficient supply of sea stores, but we are so crowded they will probably do us but little good.

Through the mercy of God I am favored with good health, although numbers are sick around me. This is not surprising, as 17 of us are confined in a space 5 feet by 10, and a still less space is appropriated for 17 others on the other side of the Hatchway, making 34 prisoners.

The only light we have is through a piece of thick glass, inserted in the deck and called a dead light. It is dark between 3 and 4 o'clock, when we go to bed and lay (not sleep) until 8 or 9 o'clock next morning.

Mr. Wait and myself are still chained together, and have a berth for ourselves. Others are more crowded, having to stow 3 or 4 in each berth. The Rev. Mr. Osgood, (who is a passenger in our vessel,) has been down to see us, and has given us two or three discourses. Being sick, he has not been down to-day. We spend much of our time in reading the scriptures and religious tracts.

While I lay, during these long nights of darkness, here below, my mind is free. I can hold communion with my God and Savior, and, as Paul and Silas did, sing praises to God. I can bear up my dear family, from whom I am separated, to the throne of His grace who is able to raise up friends to them, and is able to bestow temporal and spiritual blessings which will be sufficient for their present good and eternal joy. Whether I shall ever be blessed with the joy of meeting them again on earth, is only known to Him who rules the winds and waves and reigns in the hearts of all flesh. May all things be so directed that I may yet glorify his name, and be instrumental in doing good in the world.

Thursday, 29th Nov.—Last night the ship seemed to roll in the sea without much wind. I lay most of the time awake, listening to the noise of the waves, and the seamen in altering the position of the sails and responding to the call of the captain. Two vessels in sight—did not go on deck to see them. A number still sick on board. My health, through God's mercy, is still good. Mr. Osgood came down this evening and spoke a few words to us.

30th.—Snows a little. I was on deck a few minutes this forenoon, and saw the sun through a mist of snow. We obtained to-day, from our trunks, some religious tracts, which all are engaged reading when they can get their heads near enough to the light to enable them to do so. Mr. Osgood was down this morning, and read to us a chapter from "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul"—so rich and fruitful in its directions to lead the sinner to the Lamb of God, and also the Christian in the way that he may shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Sabbath, 2d Dec.—I have been in my berth since Thursday, except when I crawled on deck for an hour this forenoon. The wind not so high as it has been. It is a beautiful sight to behold the mighty power of God in rolling the hoisterous deep like mountains—now and then the waves making a breach over our ship. The hour I spent on deck must have been about, the same as that which was occupied in public worship, by you and our little ones, in the sanctuary of God. I could raise my heart in prayer to heaven, hoping that He who holds the wind in his hands may hear and regard our petition in mercy, and though offered far and wide apart, that they may prevail at the throne of his grace.

Thursday, 6th Dec.—I tried to write on Sunday, but had to lay down my head as well as my pen, and here I have lain ever since. The wind continues fair, but a heavy sea is continually rolling over our deck, which causes the hatches to be closed tight, making many of us sick for want of fresh air. I have been able to go on

deck almost every day, for an hour or so at a time, which refreshes and revives my spirits much. Yesterday while thus enjoying myself, I had a chat with Capt. Morton, who appears to be a quiet and pleasant man, free from that boisterous manner which I have observed in some masters. He shows much care and diligence in working the ship, and doubtless is an experienced navigator.

He asked me if I had not felt the want of grog? I told him I was a te-totaler, consequently above the want of grog. He remarked that his ship had, since leaving England, consumed a puncheon of spirits, and 40 gallons of brandy—and that this was the last voyage he ever intended to make except on temperance principles—that he would never allow liquor on board his ship again, and spoke of the progress of the temperance cause among American ships. Mr. Osgood now and then comes down, and spends a few minutes with us in directing our minds to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." He has also been quite sea sick, although this is the seventh time he has crossed the Atlantic.

We have experienced a surprising change of climate since leaving Quebec. Then it was very cold, and in passing down the St. Lawrence our vessel was covered with ice, keeping the rigging and deck in such a state that, but for the fair wind we had, we should have found it difficult to have worked our way out of the gulf. But God favored us with a fair wind, which has continued with us until the present time. The last land we saw was St. Paul's Island. As we left the continent, the temperature moderated and the ice began to drop from our vessel, and for the last four or five days the weather has been as mild as in August or September in Canada.

This morning the sea is more calm, so that the hatchway can be opened, and we get a breathing of fresh air. Last night I was able to eat a morsel of food, which is the first for six days past. I recollect that Paul, when he was on a voyage and a prisoner, spent fourteen days without food, and I have no doubt but his sufferings were far greater than mine are.

Friday, 7th Dec.—The sea continues calm. I spent half an hour on deck to day.

Monday, 10th Dec.—I am getting over my sickness, and hope to improve in health daily. The wind is still favorable. When on deck yesterday, we spoke the ship "Gulnare," eighteen days from Baltimore, and bound for Rotterdam. It was a pleasant sight, to see the two gallant ships come up so near to each other as to enable the Captains to converse from deck to deck. After exchanging civilities and ascertaining their several reckonings, each took her course and bore away. In the course of the day she disappeared.

11th Dec.—The weather mild—spent 2 or 3 hours on deck, and amused myself making a pencil drawing of Capt. Morton, from a neat miniature painting, and having the capstan for a table. Saw some porpoises; sea gulls are flying around our vessel every day.

As we passed out of the gulph of St. Lawrence, we saw flocks of the stormy petrel, sometimes called Mother Cary's Chickens. Their appearance is generally supposed to indicate a coming storm, and so it proved in this case, for a heavy storm succeeded. This morning I enjoyed a taste of boiled potatoe, and Captain Morton sent me yesterday a cup of ginger tea, which refreshed me much.

It is now 4 o'clock, and I have been confined to my berth since 4 o'clock yesterday. I have a dim light, which enables me to read and write a little. I hoped to have been so situated on our voyage, as to have been able to have written out an address or memorial to Her Majesty, but our place is so confined, so many sick, and the air we breathe so foetid, that I can only lay in my berth in languor. Yet I can meditate on the goodness of Almighty God, by his protecting providence guiding us over the mighty deep; and I can lift my heart in prayer to his mercy seat. I can direct my fellow prisoners to embrace that Saviour whose arm is extended to the penitent and believing. I pray that you and our dear little ones may be encircled in his arms—that you may be kept from the evil of the wicked, and be blessed and supplied with kind friends, and those who will do you good, in this day of calamity and affliction.

12th Dec.—I retired to my berth yesterday at 4 o'clock, where I still remain, having no room to stand up in the contracted place where we

are stowed. The wind increased during the night, and still blows fresh. It continues favorable, so that we keep on our course, and expect to see land to-day or to-morrow.

I find my ankle getting a little lame. I shall give you a description of the irons which bind me: A bar of round iron is fastened round my ankle; which, at the smallest place, measures $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the largest place by the joint. Fastened to this band is a link or clevis, which measures 10 inches in circumference at the place of connection. Into this clevis is fastened an iron chain of 26 links, measuring about 7 feet in length, each link of which is 2 inches in circumference. The other end of it is fastened to Wait's ankle; so we carry the chain between us. The weight of our "moorings," as the sailors say, being about 40 pounds. Being accustomed to them, we carry them about very well, though we find some difficulty in getting our ankles and feet warm, the coldness of the iron rendering it almost impossible. These little trials I regard with indifference; they will all have an end, when we shall look back upon them with scorn, and pity the weakness of those who were induced to inflict them. What a consolation it is to me at this time, to think that you can find support and help, in this day of calamity, in the love and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is sufficient for all our troubles. Let our prayers be constantly directed to him, that these earthly afflictions may be so sanctified to us, that we may, with our dear children, be eternally and everlastingly benefited.

Monday, 17th Dec.—I have been unable to write for three or four days, from sickness. I am now better, and my appetite has returned. We are now in St. George's channel, with a favorable breeze, a Pilot on board, and will probably be in Liverpool to day. Captain Morton has showed me many civilities on the passage, and I may say that I have crossed the Atlantic with much less suffering than I could have expected considering our confined condition. The season, the weather, the wind, have all been favorable, and we have had a remarkably fine voyage. The weather has been unusually mild during this month, as much so as April or May in Canada. To day as we near the port, it is a little colder.

BOROUGH JAIL, Liverpool, 1838.

On the 17th Dec., we cast anchor in the Mersey, about three miles below Liverpool, and were conveyed in a small steamer up to the city. It was sometime before we were allowed to land, and from the crowd assembled on the docks, (having heard of our arrival,) the police found it difficult to make a passage for us to the carriages in waiting, to convey us to the borough jail, which is an old prison, built for the French prisoners during the late war, and is capable of accommodating a thousand men at a time. The prison, with the Governor's house and other appendages, covers about two acres of ground.

There were at this time about 500 prisoners in the jail, and we were put into a division entirely separate from them. On partaking of a comfortable supper, in our own day room, we retired to bed in separate apartments, three in each room; Wixon, Wait and myself were together.

The next morning, Tuesday, 18th, we were up by day light. Our food is brought to us three times a day, and it consists of bread and milk for breakfast and supper, and meat, bread and potatoes for dinner. We have a comfortable yard to walk in, in which is a pump of excellent water.

The Governor of the prison, W. Bachelder, Esquire, was exceedingly kind and gentlemanly to me at all times, as were all the under officers connected with this establishment. The Mayor and Magistrates had a special meeting to-day, and on appearing before them, they gave me the warmest assurances that they would do all in their power to make us comfortable, consistently with the regulations of the prison. M. Thornby, M. P., the Rev. Dr. Buck, chaplain, Dr. Archer, and a few others called to see me, and spoke in the kindest assurances of good will. Some said, "If I had friends in America, so I had in England." Such remarks from entire strangers, and under such circumstances, (myself being in chains before them,) filled my heart to overflowing.

The Rev. Dr. Buck brought me a few volumes to read, and some Testaments for the other prisoners. The Magistrates ordered our

chains to be taken off, and they have not since been replaced. Mr. Froste, the owner of the vessel in which we came over the Atlantic, was very courteous and kind, in attending to our directions respecting our luggage, which had to be passed through the Custom House stores. I however lost a few articles, among which was my portable desk and dressing case.

The Governor furnished me with ink, paper and quills, gratis. I then commenced making out a statement of my own case, and also the cases of a number of the other prisoners. I wrote to the Earl of Durham, Lord Brougham, Lord Glenelg, Lord Sandon, Sir Robert Peel, and enclosed a short petition to Her Majesty to Lord John Russell; and, during the week, wrote to Jos. Hume, Esq., M. P., J. A. Roebuck, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Reed, London, and several others, soliciting their attention to the cases of the state prisoners; that they might be presented for Her Majesty's consideration; mentioning, at the same time, the Protest of us served on the sheriff of Quebec.

Mr. Hume and Mr. Roebuck immediately entered into an examination of our cases, and without delay despatched an attorney, Mr. Waller, from London to Liverpool, while Mr. Roebuck himself followed, and both visited me personally on the 29th, about 3, P. M., to whom I gave all the information in my power, and from which they were led to entertain some hopes of our deliverance, and to coincide with us in the opinion that we were unconstitutionally dealt with by the authorities of Canada, on the grounds set forth in the Protest before mentioned—the following nine persons not having been tried or sentenced, viz., John G. Parker, Randal Wixon, James Brown, Robert Walker, William Alves, Ira Anderson, Paul Bedford, Leonard Watson, and Finlay Malcolm.

I applied to the governor of the prison for a copy of the warrant on which we were brought here, and by which he held us in custody, which he produced. This warrant is signed by Sir John Colborne, under authority of Sir George Arthur, with letters to transport all the state prisoners to Van Dieman's Land, "one of the settlements of Her Majesty, and a penal colony." The warrant states that "we had been convicted in due course of law, in the courts of the said province of Upper Canada, of the crime of High Treason," whereas the nine before mentioned persons have never been in a court, and have had no trial or sentence passed upon them. The time of transportation is not mentioned, nor have the patents or warrants setting forth the terms or conditions of the transportation, ever been served upon us; so that, until now, we have not been apprised in any way what was determined against us.

Immediately on our arrival being made known to the Government, orders were sent from London to Liverpool for us to hold ourselves in readiness to embark for Portsmouth, and that a steam vessel would be immediately despatched to convey us thither. In the mean time, a writ of habeas corpus was obtained, through the exertions of Messrs. Hume and Roebuck, which Mr. R. placed into the hands of the Governor of the prison, and by which the 9 prisoners, with John Grant, L. W. Miller, and Wm. Reynolds are to be taken to London, where the law questions concerning our cases will be argued before the Judges in the Court of Queen's Bench.

The other 11 prisoners who left Canada with us, viz., Benjamin Wait, Samuel Chandler, Alexander McLeod, Jacob Beemer, John McNulty, John Vernon, James Waggoner, James Semmell, Garret Vancamp, Norman Mallory and George B. Cooley, will likely be sent to Portsmouth, and thence to Van Dieman's Land.

During our stay here, I have had a very favorable opportunity to draw out a full statement of my case, and have set it forth in such a manner as I hope may result in my emancipation from captivity.

The time, upon the whole, passes pleasantly. Last Sabbath, 23d inst., was a day long to be remembered by me, as I trust it was to the other prisoners. The Rev. Dr. Buck preached to us, and after sermon, having previously learned that there were some professors of religion among our number, proposed to administer the Lord's Supper in the afternoon, which he did to some 6 or 7 of us, and I must say I never remember of having more fully realized the presence of the Saviour to my soul in this ordinance. Dr. B. preached extemporaneously, and prayed in the same manner, although a minister of the

church of England. His manner was something like that of Mr. Roaf, and his discourse was evangelical and practical.

On the 25th, we had a fine Christmas dinner served up for us, of roast beef, extra vegetables, apple dumplings, &c.—the bottle of currant wine you brought me in Fort Henry, serving for saucers. Dr. Buck also preached another sermon to us on the occasion, faithfully and affectionately bringing to light gospel truth, in a very clear manner.

Sabbath, Dec. 30.—The Dr. preached to us as acceptably as before. Received orders to-day to go with Wixon to London the ensuing Tuesday, (1st Jan.) The steam vessel had arrived from London to convey us to Portsmouth, but on Monday, 31st, the order was countermanded, and we were to await farther orders.

Tuesday, Jan 1.—Wish you a happy New Year—have had a very sociable New Year's dinner to-day. The Governor supplied all the prisoners who were in need with new shoes, which were furnished by a gentleman of Liverpool.

Twelve of us are ordered to be in readiness to go to London. The remaining eleven to go on board the steam vessel "Meteor," for Portsmouth.

Jan. 2nd.—Dr. Buck called with his little daughter, to whom the prisoners gave rings and paper mementos. The Rev. Mr. Osgood also called twice to see us since our arrival, and spoke to us in the kindest manner. He gave me a letter, expressing his approbation of the good conduct of the prisoners during the passage; as a false report had got into circulation that they had attempted a mutiny, which is without the least foundation.

At day light, 4th Jan. the rattling of chains announced to us that the eleven prisoners were preparing to embark for Portsmouth. Their chains were rivetted on them, as well as on the other eleven convicts from Lower Canada.—After dinner they went on board. Dr. Buck had previously prayed with us, and the separation was affecting as their leaving was under apprehension, that they would not see us again.

Dr. Buck saw them on board the "Meteor," (which is but a small vessel,) and the Governor spoke to the captain of the steamer of the good conduct of the prisoners while in his custody. After these twenty two were gone, we felt quite lonesome.

Saturday, 5th Jan.—I spent the day making mementos of cut papers with couplets and mottoes, for some dozen or so Ladies, who sent in their names for them. We have always maintained our morning and evening exercises, which are interesting and of cheering consequences to many of us, who take part in them. Among ourselves we cultivate sacred music.

On sabbath, 6th Jan. the Governor of the prison called on me, with an invitation to attend church with him. At 10 o'clock we were in readiness, and walked in procession (12 of us) to a snug and beautiful chapel contiguous to the prison buildings. There were nearly 500 prisoners present. We were led to a front pew, prepared for us, near the Governor's, so that the whole congregation were looking on the Canadian prisoners. The Rev. Dr. Buck soon came in. The sermon was adapted to a New Year's occasion, and was sound, practical and evangelical. The singing was very good, accompanied by an organ not of the first order. The chaunting of the Psalms and Liturgy was very well performed, and the whole service was pleasing, impressive, and, I trust profitable.—I attended again in the afternoon, much to my spiritual comfort and edification. This is the first day I have been in a place of worship since the 30th Dec., 1837, (thirteen months,) having been upwards of five months in Fort Henry, Kingston, U. C. without a word from a minister of any denomination—no offers to preach, pray or exhort to any prisoners there—while, in England, I have scarcely passed a day without a visit from a clergyman. Dr. Buck visits us daily. He made me and the other prisoners a present, each, of a beautiful copy of Hymns, a new collection from various evangelical authors.

Monday I spent in writing little mementos to various individuals, who had sent in their names for them through Dr. Archer, (the excellent and gentlemanly surgeon of this establishment,) and Dr. Buck. We have had a multitude of visitors. Many have been the applications, but the authorities have thought it best to prevent

it, which has given us the more time to read and write, &c. Our living has been comfortable, and our durance here has been such as will call forth many pleasing reflections hereafter. I have had presents from different unknown individuals in Liverpool, and many invitations to visit persons here, if released, *with offers of bed, board, &c. until I should leave for America.*

On Sabbath, 6th Jan., we were visited with a violent storm. The gale continuing during the night. I thought it would have blown down the prison, (in fact, it did blow down the county jail,) and in the morning when we got up, the yard was covered with slates, blown from the roofs of the prison buildings and houses adjacent; and these continued to fall throughout Monday forenoon. During the night the thunder and lightning was terrific. The steamer "Meteor" (on board which Wait and his ten fellow prisoners embarked for Portsmouth,) was driven back, and reached the port with a very narrow escape from shipwreck. Many vessels were driven on shore and lives lost: Several of the American packet ships are total wrecks.—On board the Pennsylvania and St. Andrews, were some of my letters, which I fear are lost. There were 17 coroner's inquests held in this city on Monday, from accidental death produced by the falling of slates, chimneys and buildings into the streets. How vain are all things here below! When in the greatest apparent security, then sudden destruction cometh. Of the unfortunate individuals on board the Pennsylvania, I believe only one escaped to tell the tale of woe.

Tuesday, 8th Jan. was the day appointed for our journey to London, and on Monday we had our baggage packed. Through the kindness of the officers of the prison, I had all my clothes washed and done up in fine style, and every thing prepared to render my visit to the "great metropolis" as pleasant and comfortable as my circumstances would allow; and all these services were performed *gratuitously*, remuneration being invariably refused. On Monday evening the Governor called me into his office and proposed delaying our journey, on account of the storm, until Wednesday; to which I consented and gave him a note to that effect.

On Tuesday the storm continued, but abated towards night, when about an inch of snow fell. I was with the Governor in his office until 9 o'clock, and we arranged to start for London at 3 o'clock, A. M. and got ourselves well stocked with provisions, such as boiled ham, bread, cheese, &c., for the journey. At 1 o'clock I was awakened, dressed, took a lunch, with coffee, which was ready prepared for us, and at 2 o'clock we entered the coaches for the railroad.—The streets of Liverpool were silent, while the bright gas lights illumined our way, and enabled me to see something of the buildings as we passed along. We reached the depot about 3 o'clock—2½ miles from the prison. By this arrangement the cars had not to pass through the tunnel into town, which they generally do. This tunnel extends 1½ miles under ground.

Our twelve prisoners, with 4 keepers, including the Governor of the prison, filled one of the cars, which we occupied ourselves all the way to London, with our baggage packed on top.—Had we been travelling in Upper Canada, 30 or 40 men would have been called into requisition to guard 12 prisoners. The governor took his seat beside me, and pointed out every thing worthy of notice as we passed along.

At 4 o'clock we arrived at Warrington, 18 miles from Liverpool, where are glass works and a cotton factory. Here we were detained for the cars from Manchester and the north, until 6 o'clock, when the ringing of bells started the manufactories all around. On account of the snow, the cars did not come up, and we started without them. Men were employed to sweep the snow from off the rails, and there being some frost, the cars were prevented going at full speed. At 8 A. M. we reached Stafford, a county town, where there is an old castle. The country, for forty miles from Liverpool, appeared very poor—fences quite indifferent—some only three rails high, with a wire drawn through to prevent pigs passing—the land generally level, with rolling hills, receding from each side of the valley thro' which we passed.

The next town we came to was Wolverton—then Wolverhampton, a place famous for its iron manufactories, great numbers of high chimneys and forges, and is enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I used to import hardware from this town. At 10 o'clock we were 82 miles from Liverpool,

and after passing Wedgebury, we reached Birmingham at ½ past 10 o'clock, where our arrival was anticipated by a crowd of persons, who soon surrounded the cars at the station where we stopped. This depot is a splendid establishment, with rail road buildings, cars, engines and other fixtures, on a scale of magnificence which really astonished me. Here we were delayed two hours to await the train of cars coming for us, as in consequence of the snow, we were behind our time. Here we were furnished with a room, where provisions of various kinds were brought to refresh us. Several gentlemen called; among them Capt. Moorsop, of the Royal Navv, who chatted for half an hour on Canadian affairs. He appeared to be a strong radical, as, we are informed, a great majority of the people of Birmingham are.

At half past 12 o'clock, we started, amidst a great crowd who had assembled. This city is all noise, smoke and bustle. After leaving the town, we went very rapidly through a tunnel, 1½ miles in length, dark and damp. Passed Coventry and Wedon, where some splendid barracks were pointed out to us, and an arsenal, said to contain ammunition and accoutrements for a hundred thousand men. The Grand Junction Canal runs along parallel with the Railway, and winds away from it again. This Canal intersects various other Canals leading to Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, London, &c. &c. The scenery from this part of the road is really beautiful. Passed Weede, a small town or village, a very ancient looking place, the houses having thatched roofs. We passed through several tunnels. On arriving at Wolverton station, we stopped 10 minutes, and all the passengers got out of the cars and drew around to see the Canadians. There were fifteen cars in our train, containing upwards of 200 passengers. The ladies appeared wonderfully interested about the poor Canadians.

We arrived at London about 7 o'clock, P. M., 108 miles from Birmingham. The country between these places appears to be much better than near Liverpool. The land is smooth and well tilled; the houses rather poor and insignificant. The hedges were not so good as I expected to have seen them in England, and I think the buildings, farms and outhouses are not equal to those of the settled parts of the United States.

Wednesday, 9th Jan., arrived at Newgate prison. On Thursday, Mr. Bachelder and son, from Liverpool, called on us. At 10 o'clock, A. M., attended chapel in this establishment, where the Scriptures are read and explained daily. The chaplain, under sheriff, Mr. Ashurst, and Mr. Waller called, and assure us that all is doing for us that can be done. On Friday, the sheriff of London, Alderman Wood, Mr. Ashurst, and some 4 or 5 others, called, showing the most kind and favorable feelings toward us, and making such arrangements as to promote our comfort. The Governor of this establishment is also very polite in his manners, and the under officers are all kind and obliging—satisfying our wants and making us comfortable. I and five others occupy a large parlor, with a good fire. On ringing a bell, an officer is in attendance and every thing brought to us that we require. I have my own bed and bed-clothes, and we are allowed light until 8 o'clock.

Sabbath, the 13th, I attended church twice—had a sermon in the forenoon and lecture in the afternoon. Monday, the 14th, the sheriff called on me; also, 3 or 4 other visitors. The sheriff was very familiar—hoped we were made comfortable, and assured us he had done all in his power to make us so, consistently with the act of Parliament. I returned thanks. He wore a splendid gold chain about his neck and breast. Mr. Bachelder also called, and told us we were to enter court to-morrow. Alderman White (a fine looking gentleman) called, and in the warmest manner possible tendered his services to me, and gave me his address, requesting me to write him, whenever I might require them, and he would at once attend to my wants. Dr. Murdo also called, and tendered his services—in fact, every one in England show themselves friendly. I retired to rest this evening, anxiously awaiting the morrow and the events of that day.

This morning, Tuesday, 15th Jan., I was up at 6 o'clock, dressed and breakfasted before 8 o'clock, and all ready for court. The Governor had coaches ready for us. We had safety chains on our hands, and proceeded in two to

the coaches—passed through a number of fine streets; the Strand was the principal one, though not equal to Broadway in New-York. The monument of George Channing looked natural. In passing, I had a glance at a few public buildings. Westminster Abbey is a fine, large, ancient looking edifice. We were taken to Westminster Hall. Passing through the crowd we entered into the large hall, and passing through it, and some smaller rooms, entered the Queen's bench. The court had not yet assembled. In half an hour the lawyers began to come in, all wearing white wigs, hanging down in curls on the collar of the coat, with black robes. There were upwards of a hundred of these barristers. We were seated in a row between them. About 10 o'clock the Judges made their appearance—Lord Dinnam Chief Justice, Justices Littledehl, Williams and Cole-ridge—four in all. Their wigs were still larger than those of the lawyers, hanging over the shoulders 8 or 10 inches below their faces. They wore immense gowns of black crape, bordered with white ermine.

The Attorney General, Solicitor General Rolph, with Sir Edward Pollock and Mr. Wightman, opened the case with a motion to set aside the habeas, as not having been properly issued, it being vacation,—and maintaining that it should have been issued by the Lord Chancellor. Their arguments lasted until 2 o'clock, when the case was dismissed for the day, and we returned to our lodgings in the Old Bailey.

During the time we were in court, the galleries were thronged. I saw many of the great men of London present—Hume, Roebuck, Hill, Faulkner, (and many others who expressed themselves kindly in our favor,) Lord Howick, Charles Powlett Thompson, &c. &c. Lord Dinnam appeared to best advantage on the bench, as having most weight and influence.—The room in which the court sit is about the size of the court rooms in Kingston or Hamilton, beside the galleries, which are reserved for spectators. Multitudes could not get admission. The room is painted a drab and oak color; judges benches of mahogany; crimson cushions and curtains of an ancient style. A Library extends all round in front, and on each side of the Judges about half a dozen reporters were writing full speed during the whole of the proceedings.

After the case was dismissed, we went out to our carriages. A considerable crowd had assembled outside; several addressed me by name, remarking "you will come off well enough—Lord Brougham is on your side, and many other good fellows." They gave three cheers for the Canadians, and as the multitude raised their voices, we drove off and left them.

Wednesday, 16th Jan.—At half past 7 o'clock we were again in the coaches, rolling down Old Bailey, through the Strand and Whitehall, to Westminster, and were in advance of the crowd, though on stopping, a multitude instantly drew around us, and as we passed into the great hall, were saluted with huzzas for the Canadians. In passing, I took a look of the hall. It is a splendid, ancient room, 40 or 50 feet high, 60 or 80 feet wide, and 200 feet deep, according to my judgment from so hasty an observation.

On entering the court room, I noticed that several ladies had already taken seats in the gallery. Soon Mr. Ashurst, with his son, and Mr. Waller, made their appearance, with their bags of papers. Then ten or twelve reporters, with their appendages of office quills, blank books, &c. &c. The galleries in the mean time, were rapidly filling up. Amongst the crowd were many well dressed ladies, and Judge Halliburton of Newfoundland (author of "Sam Slick") was present. Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Hill, Mr. Faulkner, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and not less than a hundred and fifty law gentlemen, made their appearance, with their immense gowns and wigs. Then came the Sheriff, wearing his splendid gold chain, and at quarter past 10 o'clock the four Judges followed.

The case of Leonard Watson was first taken up by our counsel, as being, on some accounts, more favorable, and because what in general terms will apply to him, will apply to the nine untried prisoners, among whom is myself. Mr. Hill opened the case on behalf of the prisoners, and spoke two hours. Mr. Roebuck followed, and spoke for an hour; when Attorney General Campbell, on behalf of the crown, replied, in a speech of an hour and a half, and was followed by Solicitor General Rolph, who spoke forty-five minutes; then by Sir E. Pollock and Mr. Wightman, who spoke half an hour each. The

counsel for the prisoners were to reply; but, as it was now five o'clock, the Judges determined to close the court for the day; so that our counsel will open to-morrow morning. It was then agreed to read the Upper Canada Acts relative to transportation, which had been before rejected.

I cannot, from all that has transpired in court these two days, come to any conclusion relative to the issue of our cases. The Judges sit in court with great dignity, and listen calmly and patiently to all that is said on both sides of the question. During the trial, Mr. Wixon got faint, and had to retire to an adjoining room, in rear of the court. Two ladies came down from the gallery into the room, inquiring what was the matter—brought him refreshments, and expressed the kindest sympathy in his behalf.

After some little delay in clearing the passage, we retired from the court. A crowd was still assembled at the front entrance and around our carriages, who saluted us with continued cheers as before, wishing us to get clear, &c. &c. We drove through the streets, now illuminated with brilliant gas light, and appeared to me very much like New York. In the Strand were a multitude of omnibuses, and vehicles of all shapes and sizes, pushing their way in every direction.

It is now past 8 o'clock. I have just got my bread and milk supper, and must go to bed, according to the rules laid down here.

Thursday, Jan. 17th.—This morning at 9 o'clock the coaches were at the door, and we pursued our way—once more to Westminster. The court opened much the same as yesterday—our counsel laid aside the cause of Leonard Watson, and took up that of Randal Wixon, applying the arguments adduced yesterday, as far as they would apply to the case to-dry.—Printed reports of these proceedings I have directed to be forwarded to you. Messrs Hill, Roebuck, Faulkner and Ashurst, have acquitted themselves with great credit and much applause, whatever may be the result. Numerous letters have been sent them from various parts of England and Scotland, applauding their exertions on our behalf, and wishing them success.

Mr. Hill closed the case to-day, and Lord Dinnam observed that the court wished a little time to consider so important a matter; and directed that "these men," (not prisoners or gentlemen, but I suppose we are both,) should be returned before the court on Monday morning next. So I have three days of leisure before me, and having some orders for prison mementos, shall fill up the time in some employment for myself and London friends.

I received a polite note from Dr. F., formerly of Upper Canada, offering me his kind services, and expressing his hopes "that Mr. Roebuck would manage to get me out of the hands of these tyrannical foes to free institutions." I returned him my thanks.

After the court closed this afternoon, the crowd was so great around the front entrance of the hall, that we were under the necessity of retreating the back way, and even then with difficulty reached the carriages. We drove off amidst cheers and well wishes as before, until out of hearing.

The prison is more than two miles from the court, which affords us an opportunity of seeing more of the city than we would otherwise enjoy. The shops are much like those in New York, as are the omnibuses; but I observe many more single horse carriages, of a cab or buggy appearance, with only two wheels; nor does there appear to be so many females walking here as you see in Broadway. In other respects the Strand is much the same.

The return of warrants or patents have been read in two cases—that of Watson, who it appears was sentenced by Sir Geo. Arthur to Van Dieman's life, and Randal Wixon for 14 years from the time of arrival at that settlement. I have not yet learned my own sentence, nor do I expect to, until my fate, in common with the nine prisoners, is announced at the close of our trial. The issue none can tell. I have my hopes and fears. The multitude of arguments sustaining the motion to set us free were so ably advanced and enforced, that it really seems to me we have much ground on which to build hopes of deliverance; and even if this decision goes against us, our case will not be abandoned, but new grounds will be taken, which may require a new writ of habeas and additional time; and even if we fail in that, I intend petitioning

both Houses of Parliament, as well as Her Majesty.

I hope you will have that confidence in Almighty God, and grace bestowed upon you by his all-powerful hand, to keep your heart and soul from sinking under this bereavement and affliction. I trust that all these things may eventually terminate for our good. Though

Dark and mysterious thus far my way,
But, lo! the Sun of Righteousness shines forth,
And cheers my soul with healing in his beams.
I know the voice that called me from my home,
And in the dungeon of affliction taught
ETERNAL TRUTHS, on which I love to dwell;
The school of suffering is the school of light.
'Tis here I learn to trample on the world
And justly estimate all earthly good;
'Tis here that sorrows tell me I must die,
'Tis here God's word assures I shall live.

Monday, 21st Jan. P. M.—We proceeded to court at the usual time. A large concourse of persons had assembled at the entrance to Westminster Hall. In passing through the crowd, I was surprised to hear my name frequently repeated, with expressions of hopes that we would get clear, &c. I returned thanks for their kind wishes and good feelings. On being ushered into the court room, I observed several ladies, and among them Mrs. Roebuck, &c.

Before 10 o'clock the lawyers assembled as before—perhaps not less than 150 or 200 crowded in—our lawyers were on the ground. I observed Mr. Hume, and several other distinguished individuals, present. The crown lawyers were in at 10 o'clock, and in 10 minutes after, the four judges, with their immense wigs and flowing robes. The court was soon still, when Lord Dinnam remarked, in delivering the opinion of the court, that they sustained the issuing of the habeas, and also the government of Upper Canada in transmitting us on the correctness of the return made by the jailer of Liverpool to the writ. We afterward showed that the return was false, and affidavits are to be filed in, and the case will be decided on Wednesday.

Although this decision is against us, and we have little to expect from this court, still we have hopes. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Ashurst are determined to do every thing that can be done. They have consulted some of the ablest lawyers in England, and will endeavor to obtain a new writ of habeas corpus, and try the question in some different form. Mr. Sergeant Wild is to enter the field with them, and I cannot but think that they see some grounds on which to build an action.

The court closed about 2 o'clock. Mr. Hill made a very excellent speech, about 2½ hours in length. As we passed out of the court, the crowd was much larger than at any time before; but all was still—no huzzas or remarks made.—On returning to our confinement, Mr. Waller, our attorney, called and told us not to be disheartened. They are to-day writing to Canada for some documents. If we fail in procuring our liberty under the habeas corpus act, I have no doubt but steps will be taken in Parliament to procure our liberation. At any rate it will likely be brought up early in the session. But that may be too late to prevent our transportation to Vandiemans land, if the government are determined to push the law to extremities, which of course we have much reason to fear.

London, Jan. 26th, 1838.

Since Monday we have been busy every day with our lawyers, preparing papers, affidavits, &c., to appear before the Court of Exchequer—the result of which is doubtful. I am of opinion that we shall be detained in England some months. I hope that we shall not be sent to the hulks, where Wait and the "Short Hills" prisoners now are, at Portsmouth. Sheriff Wood, and some magistrates, have been in to see us, and flatter my drawings. We have visitors daily—now and then some ladies. They all want some mementos. We hear the bells chime beautifully almost every day, and the clocks of St. Paul's and St. Sepulchre's strike in peals every quarter of an hour.

Mr. Ashurst and Mr. Roebuck are indefatigable in their exertions on our behalf. They seem to be wholly engrossed in the affairs of the Canadian prisoners. R. G. Wallford, Esq., was in to see me to-day. He will send you a copy of the "True Sun," which contains something respecting our case, which I have not yet seen; and he will send you from time to time such papers as relate to us.

Mr. Hume called on me yesterday and tendered his kind services. The Rev. Dr. Reed is out of town. Mr. Hume mentioned that he had called on him on my account. I have not

yet seen the Doctor, but hope he will call when he returns from the country.

Our lawyers have just gone to court, with affidavits, to procure a hearing of the cases of Walker, Brown, Alva and myself. It is intimated to us that we are to be deprived of the able services of Mr. Sergeant Wild to advocate our cause, who is retained on the part of the Crown. It is said that Lord Brougham has given his dissent from the opinion of the judges of Queen's Bench.

MONDAY, 28th Jan., 1839.

Yesterday (Sabbath) I attended chapel as usual. Mr. Carver, the chaplain, discoursed on the words, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only;" and spoke exceedingly well—connecting the text with the parable of the sower, and like it, where the greater part of the seed was lost from falling by the wayside, in stony places, and among thorns: much of the word was also lost by being heard only, and not farther regarded. He applied the subject to the hearts of all, and his congregation of prisoners is getting frightfully large. It has increased 200 since I have been here; mostly of lads and young persons in the lower conditions of life. I have no intercourse whatever with any other than the State prisoners.

In the afternoon Mr. Carver lectured on the 24th chapter of Matthew. He advanced the doctrine of the Millenarians, which he endeavored to sustain in this lecture. The doctrines held are something as follows:

- 1st. The downfall of the Roman establishment.
- 2nd. The gathering in of the Jews.
- 3d. The resurrection of the saints a thousand years before the general resurrection.
- 4th. The nations who escape the judgement of God will be converted.
- 5th. All creation will partake of this blessedness—ferocity in animals will be subdued.
- 6th. The Lord Jesus Christ will come personally before the millenium, and reign on earth, &c. &c.

I received this morning a valuable present—a large volume, entitled "the Family Expositor," by the late Rev. Dr. Doddridge, sent me by Mr. C. Childs, of Burgoyne. This will be very interesting and highly useful to us in our morning and evening exercises. I intend to take it up and read it in course to my fellow prisoners daily.

My case was brought before the Court of Exchequer to-day; and my presence being dispensed with, I did not hear the arguments. I got, however, a look of them as reported, and I must say that Mr. Hill's arguments are most conclusive, as are Messrs. Roebuck's and Falconer's, who followed Mr. Hill.

Tuesday, 29th Jan.—While reading the report this morning, I was summoned to appear before the Court of Exchequer, at Westminster Hall. I was in readiness in a moment, and went down to the front Hall to meet the Governor of Liverpool Jail, who I supposed waited for me. I was delayed some time, when he came with a little buggy, into which we jumped and drove down to Westminster in a trice. I entered Court while the Solicitor General was replying to the arguments of our counsel, delivered yesterday—the Attorney General having already preceded him. Sir F. Pollock followed the Solicitor General, and Mr. Wightman arose to conclude the arguments on behalf of the crown, when Lord Abinger remarked that they had but two days more until the close of the term; and that, consequently, their lordships would not be able to hear Mr. Wightman's arguments until next term, which I am told is sometime next May. Some remarks were then made as to what would be done with the prisoners in the mean time, it being intimated that the Governor of Newgate prison would not keep us. The Queen's Bench prison, the Penitentiary and Naval establishments were spoken of, but it appears that the court has no jurisdiction over these institutions, and it was uncertain whether we would be received into them or not. Some one intimated that Mr. Batchelder, (the Governor of Liverpool Jail) might do with us what he pleased. I wanted to tell them to let us go, and we would not trouble them any longer. So, it is not certain whether we shall be removed, and if so, where.

I retired from the court about 6 o'clock this evening, which was not so crowded as the Queen's Bench was; still the room was full, but it has no galleries. The Judges were dressed much as the Queen's Bench Judges were, and the Counsellors the same. I suppose there were

about a hundred of these white wigged gentlemen present. The Judges are very intelligent looking men, and by their remarks they made to the Solicitor General and Sir F. Pollock, convinced me that they understood the matter at issue; some points of which, I think, the former Judges did not understand.

I went out into the Great Hall that I before mentioned, and walked up to the end of it.—The walls are of white stone, and the arches and segments of circles of a chestnut colored stone—a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is in this immense Hall that the Kings and Queens of England are crowned, and some times dine on great public occasions.

After fifteen minutes indulgence in walking up and down this Hall, I had attracted a little notice from the spectators, who began to surround me, when I jumped into the little cab with Mr. Batchelder, and drove up to my quarters in Newgate; and, what was most astonishing, when we came up to the massy iron grating, the door-keeper would not admit us. What! said I, not let us into the Jail? and what will you do with me? I cannot fully explain it, but it seems they require authority to admit as well as release. In about half an hour a person arrived with a paper which he delivered to the keeper of the door, and I was allowed to enter again the hospitable mansion and join my fellow prisoners up stairs. The order for my re-commitment, I suppose, was issued from the Government office.

And now, my dear J——, how will you be off all this time of suspense and anxiety? and in what condition will our dear children be? How are they to be educated? how clothed?—how fed? and how kept warm during a cold American winter? I fear that your resources may be exhausted. These fears harass my mind and create feelings of deep anxiety; but be of good courage, and put your trust in a Heavenly Father, who is able to make all these troubles and earthly afflictions result in our final and eternal good. Oh! that your faith fail not, but may it increase,—and may you possess that confidence and assurance of the love and favor of God that you may rejoice even in the hour of tribulation.

I hope all our dear children are dutiful and obedient—that no opportunity may be lost in training them up in the fear, the love and the virtue of the Lord. If H—— had a proper opportunity, I think he would make a good scholar; you know that J—— needs peculiar care, and great pains to lead him on in his studies, and to guard him from the volatility of children. I fear C—— has lost all her music: how often have I reflected on the few happy moments that I enjoyed in hearing her play and sing my favorite "Sweet Home." Ah! shall I ever again listen to that voice, under my own roof and by my own fire side? My trust and my confidence is in him who rules the hearts of all flesh; in whose hands I rejoice to be, and who can deliver me from every trouble, and support me under every sorrow.

Wednesday, Jan. 30th.—You will already have received copies of all the proceedings towards our liberation. How it may terminate I cannot say, but Messrs. Hill, Roebuck, Ashurst, Falconer, Waller and others, deserve the highest commendations of every freeman, for the undaunted, faithful and devoted services they have rendered in favor of the Canadian provinces. Day and night have they labored, with a determination to surmount every obstacle. They now have a recess until May next, the next term of court.

And now, may you find courage, confidence and consolation in the dealings of a kind Providence towards you. Remember that he lays on us more than his people are able to bear.—Great are your trials—great may your strength be.

Trials make God's promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring to Jesus' feet—
Lay us low, and keep us there.

The Prescott Prisoners.—The Court-Martial at Kingston has adjourned, having gone through with the trial of all the Prisoners taken at Wind Mill Point. Of the 184 persons taken, 30 have been executed, 5 pardoned, 4 acquitted, and 150 remain in Prison under sentence of death.—*Alb. Journal.*

Court of Exchequer, Jan. 25, 1839.

Mr. Roebuck moved this day, for writs of habeas to bring up four of the prisoners, now in Newgate, lately arrived from Canada. The motion was made on the affidavit of Mr. Ashurst, the solicitor to the prisoners, one of his clerks, and the prisoners themselves. The following warrant was set out in the solicitor's affidavit as being admitted authority under which these men were detained.

PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA.
(Seal.) J. COLBORNE.

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c. &c. &c.

To Dicky B. Morfon, Master of the Barque, Captain Ross.

WHEREAS under and by virtue of a certain warrant of his Excellency Sir George Arthur, K. C. H., Lieutenant governor of our province of Upper Canada, and Major-general commanding our forces therein, bearing date under his hand and seal of office at Toronto, in the said province of Upper Canada, the 5th day of November in the present year of our Lord, 1838, and in the second year of our reign, Ira Anderson, James Brown, Randal Wixson, William Alves, Robert Walker, Leonard Watson, John Goldsbury Parker, Finlay Malcolm, Paul Bedford, Horatio Hills, Charles P. Walroth, James Gammel, John Grant, John James M'Nulty, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Wait, Alexander M'Leod, James Waggoner, Garret Vancamp, John Vernon, and Jacob Beamer, severally indicted and convicted in due course of law in the courts of the said province of Upper Canada, of the crime of high treason, Linus Wilson Miller, George Cooley, William Reynolds, and Norman Mallory, in like manner severally indicted and convicted of the crime of felony; and Edwin Merrit, in like manner indicted and convicted of the crime of murder; in all of which said persons and convicts our gracious pardon hath been extended, upon condition, nevertheless, that they and each of them be transported and remain transported to our penal colony of Van Diemen's Land, for and during the period named in the patents of pardon so as aforesaid granted to the said convicts and each of them. And whereas the said several persons and convicts are by and under a warrant in that behalf of his Excellency Sir John Colborne, our administrator of the Government of our said province of Lower Canada, in that behalf, are now in the custody of our sheriff of the district of Quebec, in our said province of Lower Canada, in order to their transportation as aforesaid.

And whereas we being willing that the bodies of the said Ira Anderson, James Brown, Randal Wixson, William Alves, Robert Walker, John Goldsbury Parker, Finlay Malcolm, Paul Bedford, Horatio Hills, Charles P. Walroth, James Gammel, John Grant, John James M'Nulty, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Wait, Alexander M'Leod, James Waggoner, Garret Vancamp, John Vernon, Jacob Beamer, Linus Wilson Miller, George Cooley, William Reynolds, Norman Mallory, and Edwin Merrit, and of each and every one of them now in our common Jail of our district of Quebec, should be directly delivered to you to be transported to Van Diemen's Land, being one of our penal settlements and foreign possessions, we have by our writ in that behalf, addressed to the said sheriff lately commanded our said sheriff that he should deliver the said Ira Anderson, James Brown, Randal Wixson, William Alves, Robert Walker, John Goldsbury Parker, Finlay Malcolm, Paul Bedford, Horatio Hills, Charles P. Walroth, James Gammel, John Grant, John James M'Nulty, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Wait, Alexander M'Leod, James Waggoner, Garret Vancamp, John Vernon, Jacob Beamer, Linus Wilson Miller, George Cooley, William Reynolds, Norman Mallory, and Edwin Merrit, and each and every one of them to your custody, without delay to be transported as aforesaid. We therefore command you receive the said Ira Anderson, James Brown, Randal Wixson, William Alves, Robert Walker, John Goldsbury Parker, Finlay Malcolm, Paul Bedford, Horatio Hills, Charles P. Walroth, James Gammel, John Grant, John James M'Nulty, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Wait, Alexander M'Leod, James Waggoner, Garret Vancamp, John Vernon, Jacob Beamer, Linus Wilson Miller, George Cooley, William Reynolds, Norman Mallory, and Edwin Merrit, and each and every of them from

our said sheriff of our said district of Quebec, and that you forthwith transport and convey, or cause to be transported and conveyed, the said Ira Anderson, James Brown, Randal Wixson, William Alves, Robert Walker, John Goldsbury Parker, Finlay Malcolm, Paul Bedford, Horatio Hills, Charles P. Walroth, James Gammel, John Grant, John James M'Nulty, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Wait, Alexander M'Leod, James Waggoner, Garret Vancamp, John Vernon, Jacob Beamer, Linus Wilson Miller, George Cooley, William Reynolds, Norman Mallory, and Edwin Merritt, and each and every of them, to such part of Great Britain and Ireland, called England, as to as may see fit to the end that the said Ira Anderson, James Brown, Randal Wixson, William Alves, Robert Walker, John Goldsbury Parker, Finlay Malcolm, Paul Bedford, Horatio Hills, Charles P. Walroth, James Gammel, John Grant, John James M'Nulty, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Wait, Alexander M'Leod, James Waggoner, Garret Vancamp, John Vernon, Jacob Beamer, Linus Wilson Miller, George Cooley, William Reynolds, Norman Mallory, and Edwin Merritt, may be thence again transported to our penal colony of Van Diemen's Land, according to the condition in our aforesaid pardons severally and respectively in that behalf contained, and that you there deliver the bodies of the said Ira Anderson, James Brown, Randal Wixson, William Alves, Robert Walker, John Goldsbury Parker, Finlay Malcolm, Paul Bedford, Horatio Hills, Charles P. Walroth, James Gammel, John Grant, John James M'Nulty, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Wait, Alexander M'Leod, James Waggoner, Garret Vancamp, John Vernon, Jacob Beamer, Linus Wilson Miller, George Cooley, William Reynolds, Norman Mallory, and the bodies of each and every of them into the custody of such persons as may be lawfully authorised to receive the same.

In testimony whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent and the Great Seal of our said Province of Lower Canada, to be hereunto affixed.

Witness our trusty and well-beloved Sir John Colborne, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military order of the Bath, and of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, Commander-in-Chief of our Forces, in our Province of Lower Canada, &c. &c. &c.

At our Government House in our City of Montreal, in our said Province of Lower Canada, the 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand eight hundred and thirty eight, and in the second year of her Majesty's reign.

By Command,
D. DALY Sec'y. of the Prov.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WARRANT

Our readers will perceive whatever the first recital was intended to predicate, the predication was not perfected. As it stands it simply affirms that by a warrant of Gov. Arthur the prisoners are convicted of certain crimes and are to be transported. Now it is manifest that that was not what was intended to be recited.—What was intended is matter of speculation, and to speculation Governor Colborne who next takes up the subject it is felt. For any thing that appears, the men were found loose in Lower Canada, and how or why Sir John Colborne laid hold of them is not told, but the next thing that is inserted is that Governor Colborne had made a Warrant, why, or by what authority, is not told, by which they were in the custody of the Sheriff of Quebec in Lower Canada. Then our lady the Queen is made to say to the master of a small timber vessel, that she being willing that the prisoners should be delivered to him to be transported to Van Dieman's Land, commands him to transport them to such part of the United Kingdom as to her may seem fit, to the end that they might be delivered into the custody of such person or persons as might be lawfully authorised to receive them.

It is left, as far as any authority goes, to the master of a small timber-laden boat—one of the last, we believe the last, that sailed for the season under no legal obligation to the Government. It is left to him to deal with these poor prisoners as he thought fit. How they were dealt with we will now state. They were placed on board of this small vessel in the hold, in which they could not stand upright, nor stand all at the same time. They were ironed in couples, and only allowed to come on deck one hour out of the 24. The place was formed out of the hold.

The vessel was laden with timber encrusted with ice. We have seen a letter written by one of the prisoners to a relative, in which he narrates their sufferings—and extracts from it will be found in another column. We apprehend it is clear law, that a provincial legislature can make no laws to bind out of the province. If therefore the Governor of Lower Canada chose to hold it lawful, that the warrant of the Governor of Upper Canada, declaring their offence ought to have accompanied them. No other authority could know or certify their offence. For any thing any one else could know, they were forcibly and illegally taken out of their own country, and for any thing that any document that accompanied them shows, they were and are at this time precisely in that situation, for the document, or the so called warrant, which does accompany them, is prepared by a stranger. Governor Colborne could know nothing of the facts, and the warrant, imperfect as it is, shows that he knew nothing about it; and that part of it which he attempts to recite shows that Gov. Arthur's warrant contained the statement of an untruth, and that an untruth referable to the most vital fact, in relation to the whole case. It actually, in reference to these twelve men, states, if the recital in the warrant of Colborne be true, that nine out of the twelve have been convicted, which of course implies a trial; whereas they had never so much as seen the face of a judge, until brought by writs of *Habeas Corpus*, before the Court of Queen's Bench in this country. Look then at the situation, if this be law, and these things are held to be legal, in which every man in an English colony is placed. He may be seized by the Governor without any offence committed in that colony, and upon a mere statement that he has been tried and convicted in some other colony of any crime, *he may be transported for life!*

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF ONE OF THE PRISONERS.

Dear Brother and Sister.—I take this opportunity to inform you that I am well, and I hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing. The time seems very long to be deprived of seeing or hearing from you, but I am afraid that I shall never have the privilege of seeing you again in this world. I am under the sentence of transportation to Van Dieman's Land, but for how long, I cannot tell yet, but it will not be less than fourteen years, and perhaps for life, and therefore you need not expect to see me any more; but if I had no family to suffer as well as myself, I would not feel half so bad about it. I have suffered every thing but death, and all of that is nothing to be compared to what I have felt for my poor afflicted family, who I have left behind to feel the want of a companion and a father. I have suffered chains and irons, cold and hunger, sickness and imprisonment, and am yet alive. And had the Government inflicted the same punishment on me that they did on Matthews and Lount, before leaving my own country, they would have done me a kindness, and my poor family a greater one, for then they would have known what had become of me; but now they do not know whether I am dead, or suffering, or not. I was in hopes of getting home while in Canada, and I had no notice of being sent out of Canada until the orders were to get ready as soon as possible. You can read the letter that is directed to Mary, and that will give you a little insight of my passage through the Canadas. There are twenty-two besides myself that are state prisoners. On the 22d day of November we were put on board of a vessel for England, and crowded in the hold of the vessel with eleven others that were sentenced to transportation during life, having been convicted of house-breaking and highway robbery; the place we were in was about nine feet square, for thirty-four human beings, and a stair-way, together with a partition half the way through the room, and two pails for us to make use of, instead of going to the bows, and the most of us sick.—We were not allowed on deck for ten days, and then we were allowed up for one hour in twenty-four, and we landed in Liverpool on the 17th December.

He then gives a brief account of the proceedings, and some suggestions upon family matters

One sentiment of distrust towards the Colonial employes seems to pervade the mind of every prisoner. The following is from another letter:—

Dear Brother,—I take this opportunity of writing a few lines to let you know that I am in good health at present, hoping this will find you and my wife and family in good health. I wrote a letter to my wife when I was in Fort Henry, and another when I was in Quebec, but as I cannot depend upon those who took charge of them, I just mention them here; as if my wife had got none of them she will be thinking I have been careless and forgetful.—I likewise wrote her one when I was at Liverpool. But on account of the tremendous hurricane in which a great many ships have been lost, I cannot depend on her having got that one, as we were told that the most of our letters were aboard the Pennsylvania and the St. Andrew, both of which were wrecked on this coast, so I will give you a short sketch of our travels from Fort Henry to Liverpool. On the 9th of November we were ordered to prepare for Quebec, and in less than an hour we were all ironed hand and foot, and on board the Cobourg steamer which carried us to Prescott; we were then put aboard the Dolphin steamer and sent to Cornwall. We run down Longsault, and altogether we were then lodged in Cornwall jail where we remained two days. We were then put aboard the Neptune which carried us to Coteau, and from thence we were taken in carts to the Coteau fort, which is about three miles from the landing and a very bad road. Here we stopped two nights, and were put on board of a Batteaux. But when we put out it blew so hard that they were obliged to put back. We were then taken by carts and waggons to the Cascades, where we stopped all night. Next morning we were put aboard the Dragon steamer which conveyed us to Lachine; we were then immediately put aboard of a Durham boat and sent through the canal to Montreal, and a tremendous cold night it was, we were covered with a complete sheet of ice, it having blown sleet and snow, and froze very hard; and so in like manner in coming from Coteau to Cascades; we were then put into a small room of the grand guard-room, at the head of the new-market. But on their finding that was too small for us all, eight of us were ordered to be taken to the main guard-room at the barracks, we were kept in these places until about four o'clock the next day without having any thing to eat, when we were again taken on board the British America steamer, which landed us on the 18th at Quebec, where we stopped until the 24th, when we were taken from the jail and put aboard the barque Captain Ross, and sailed for Liverpool in this vessel. There were 23 state prisoners, and 11 convicts, making in all 34 living beings, all stowed into a little hold, where, if a farmer was to put as many hogs in the same space they would be suffocated in less than one hour. And thus we were kept for the most part of the passage, night and day, with two pails standing under the steps, that being the only place where there was room enough to hold them. * * * So you may conceive in what state the air that we breathed was, in this state of things, and more especially when the hatches were down, and a tarpaulin over it for six days at a stretch, and the sea rolling mountains high, and every minute dashing over the decks. We had our bulwarks considerably damaged and broken. After the first ten days, the Captain allowed us up on deck about one hour every day when the weather would permit. The rest of the letter describes the passage,

Fifteen *Canadians* from the Parishes around St. Cesair are named for trial on charge of High Treason. The *Ordinances* of the Governor and his special council, are yet the laws of Lower Canada.

Danger to England.—The editor of the *New Yorker*, in an article which evinces a high degree of thorough research, shows that in the event of a war with this Country, Great Britain will run the risk of losing her possessions in India—and consequently be involved in bankruptcy and ruin.—If the energies of the British nation were directed towards a war with the United States, it would afford the ambitious and grasping emperor of Russia an opportunity to wrest from England, and place under his own dominion, the vast and fertile Indian possessions, together with the hundred millions of British subjects resident in it.—*Saratoga Whig*

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1839.

No. 7.

SELECT TALES.

From "Home," by Miss Sedgwick.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.

Some ten days after old Mr. Norton's interment, the Barclays were assembled round a well lighted table. Mrs. Barclay, with a large work-basket before her, was putting in that stitch in time which absorbs so large a portion of the life of the mother of half a dozen children. Charles and Wallace were seated on each side of her, drawing, acquiring at a leisure hour some knowledge of an art for which a man in almost every pursuit has some occasion. Alice was basting hems and ruling copy-books for the little girl's next day's work. Mary was dressing a doll for her youngest sister, grandmam knitting in the corner, and Aunt Betsey making a very pretty dress for her pet; and finally Mr. Barclay was reading aloud the Life of Franklin, and making now and then such remarks, as would tend to impress its valuable instructions on his children. He was interrupted by an involuntary exclamation from Alice of "O dear me!"

"What is the matter, Alice?"

"Nothing, only I can never make these red lines straight, in my arithmetic book. I wish Harry Norton was here, he does them so neatly."

"I wish he was here too," echoed Mary; "this doll's arm torments me so,—I cannot make it stay on."

"I was just thinking," said Wallace, "I would give any thing to have him come in, to show me how to stump this foreground."

"O, that's easy enough, Wallace," said Charles; "but I never can do these archers without his help; I wonder he does not come."

"He cannot come, Charles, and leave Emily alone."

"Why cannot Emily come too?"

"Dear me! I am sure nobody wants her," said Mary.

"And why not? I wonder."

"Because she is so hateful."

"Mary, my dear child!—that's a hard word for you. Come here, and tell me what makes poor Emily so hateful."

"Because, sir, she is."

"Mary, dear," said grandmamma, "your Bible tells you not to bring a 'railing accusation.'"

Grandmamma's gentle admonitions were seldom disregarded by the children. Mary looked crest-fallen, when Aunt Betsey came to her aid.

"Mary is quite right," she said; "Emily Norton is the most disagreeable little upstart that ever I came across."

"But how is she disagreeable? Come, Mary, let us know. I suspect there is some prejudice in the case. It is very important to poor little Emily that you should have no prejudices against her."

"I don't think they are prejudices," murmured Alice in an under voice.

"I know they are!" exclaimed Wallace.

"I think they are too," said Charles.

"O yes, boys, you think, because Miss Emily has such beautiful hair, and eyes, and so forth, that she must be good."

"No, Alice," replied Charles, "it is not that; but I cannot believe that Harry Norton's own sister can be such a horrid creature."

"Dear me, Charles! I did not say she was a horrid creature, but I do say she is as different from Harry as night from day."

"My dear Alice, you speak very confidently, considering how little you know Emily."

"Ah, father, that is the very thing. Miss Emily don't choose to know us. The first day we went to Smith's drawing-school, Sarah Scott asked her if she knew us. She said she

knew our names. Sarah said something about our looking ladylike; Miss Emily drew up her little scornful mouth,—you need not smile, for those were Sarah's very words,—and said we might look so, but were not so, 'sister said nobody visited mother,'—only think what a false hood, sir,—and she advised Sarah not to get acquainted with us, for she said 'sister did not want her to.' Now, sir, do you think it is all prejudice?"

"Not all, my dear; but if we examine the matter, we may find that a part of it is. In the first place, I suspect the scornful mouth was an addition of Sarah Scott's; that young lady has a very lively imagination; and a sweeter tempered mouth than Emily's, one farther removed from an expression of scorn, I never saw."

"So it is, sir, commonly, but you don't know how girls can twist and spoil their mouths when there are no grown people by. Besides if Sarah did add that about the mouth, and I own she is apt to add and alter when she tells a story, I am sure she did not make the rest; for whenever Emily meets Mary and me in Broadway, her eyes are suddenly staring every way; whatever else she sees, she never sees us."

"And," added Mary, "she is always dressed just like a grown up lady.—O! she does look too proud!"

Mr. Barclay waited a moment as if expecting something more, and then asked, "Is this all, my children?"

"All in particular, sir," replied Alice.

"I am sure it is quite enough!" said Aunt Betsey.

"Alice," said her father, "sit down on my knee,—here is another for you, Mary. Now let us see if we cannot find some apology for Emily."

"She will not care whether we do or not."

"O! my children, poor Emily has too much reason to care for your good opinion, now."

"Why, sir, now? don't she go and live with Mrs. John Norton?"

"No. Poor Emily has no home now."

"No home, father!"

The thought touched all their young kind hearts, and Emily was at once placed in a new aspect. Mr. Barclay took advantage of the favorable moment to proceed: "What do you suppose, Alice, Mrs. Norton meant by telling Emily that nobody visited your mother?"

"I suppose she meant what she said, sir."

"Not at all, my dear. She meant that none of her visiting acquaintance visited us. Mrs. Norton calls all the people out of her circle nobody."

"What a silly woman!"

"Very silly, my dear; and I am sure if you reflect on it, you will very soon think with me, that Emily was more to be pitied than blamed for the notions she got from this woman, into whose hands she fell when she was so very young. Her father, you all know, was not the wisest man in the world. She had no mother. Harry was too young to guide her. Mrs. John Norton flattered her vanity, removed her entirely from her early associates, indulged her in every idle wish, and would have probably ruined the poor child, had it not pleased Providence to remove her from her influence. Mrs. Norton has gone back to her uncle's, to live again in idle dependence upon him, and has shown how little real affection she had for Emily; for she has given herself no concern as to what is to become of her, though she knows she has not a penny, nor a relation to take care of her."

The children looked sad and pitiful.

"She is young enough, I believe," continued Mr. Barclay, "to be admitted either into the orphan's asylum or the almshouse."

"Both very good places for her," said Aunt Betsey.

"Aunt Betsey!" exclaimed Charles; "Emily Norton go to the almshouse!"

"Harry's sister go to the almshouse—awful!" cried Alice. "Do, father, let her come and live with us."

"Alice, are you beside yourself," asked Aunt Betsey. "After your father has been all but ruined by old Norton, to think of his taking upon himself the support of Emily!"

Mr. Barclay went on, without directly answering either Alice or her Aunt. "I have seen a great deal of little Emily since her father's death, and do not believe it will be difficult to give her right notions. Poor child, her heart is melted, and takes any impression you please to put upon it. She is any thing but proud now, Mary; and the fine clothes that offended you so much, are all gone."

"Gone, father?"

"Yes. I told her the greatest honor that children in their case could do to their father's memory, was, as far as possible, to pay his debts; and I told her what exertions and sacrifices Harry had made. She immediately went up stairs, and packed up all her finery,—her little trinkets, and every ornamental thing she had in the world, and begged me to have them sold to pay the chambermaid, who had complained bitterly of the loss of the wages due her."

"Did she, father?" said Mary; "her watch, her gold chain, and her real enamel buckle?"

"Yes, my dear, those, and every article but her necessary clothes."

"I always thought," said Wallace, "that Emily had something noble in her."

"I felt sure of it," said Charles.

"Most persons, my dear boys, have something noble in them, if you but touch the right spring to set it in motion. I think poor little Emily has fine qualities, but her character will depend much on the circumstances in which she is placed, for she is easily influenced."

"I like persons who are easily influenced," said Wallace, as if thinking aloud. "This was true, and a common disposition enough it is, with those who are strong willed, and who seem born, like our friend Wallace, to influence others."

"I called in on Harry and Emily as I came home to tea," continued Mr. Barclay. "Their house is in complete order for the auction which is to take place to-morrow. Harry has worked like a beaver, and with the help of one man and one woman and little Emily, who has done all she could every thing is ready."

"O dear!" said Alice, heaving a deep sigh, "how sadly they must feel."

"No, Alice they do not, and they ought not. It is family love and happy domestic intercourse that attaches us to the inanimate objects of our home. This table around which we have so many pleasant gatherings,—the sofa,—grandmamma's rocking-chair,—the baby's cradle, are all so many signs, which, as often as you look upon them, call forth delightful feelings. No books or maps will ever look to you like those we have read and studied together. But suppose our parlor emptied of all it now contains, and costly furniture put in it, such as would make us appear genteel in other people's eyes; suppose we never entered it but to receive morning calls, or evening company; our vanity might be gratified, but do you think the furniture would excite any sensations worthy of the name of happiness?"

"No, sir,—no," was the general verdict.

"The case I have supposed is just that of Harry and Emily,—the family moved into a new house when John Norton was married,—all the old furniture was sent to auction, and new was bought. Harry has passed most of the evenings with us, and poor little Emily, when they had not company at home, has been left

alone with her father, who did not know how to amuse or instruct her, or with the servants, who were very unfit companions, for Mrs. John Norton was never nice in the selection of her servants, and was continually changing them. This evening, I found Harry and Emily in the little breakfast room. There was a light on the table, and a book from which Harry had been reading to his sister; but they had drawn near the fire. They were sitting on the same chair. Emily's arm was round his neck, and she was listening to what he was saying with such a tender, confiding look—

"I wonder what he was saying, father," said Alice.

"Something of their separation, I believe, my dear."

"But why need they be separated, father?—why can't they both come and live with us?" It had been a settled matter, from the moment of Mr. Norton's death, that Harry was to come into the family.

"Are you crazy, Alice?" asked aunt Betsey. "I am sure I don't think Alice crazy at all," said Mary. "There are two beds in our room, and Haddy sleeps with Alice, and I should like of all things to have Emily sleep with me."

"And it is exceedingly important," said Wallace, as wise as Socrates on the occasion, "that Emily should live in a good place, because, father says, her character depends so much on circumstances."

"And where can she go, if she don't come here?" asked the tender-hearted Charles.

The children had arrived at the very point Mr. Barclay desired.

"Your right dispositions, my dear children," he said, "gratify me; but you must remember that it is on your mother that the burden of an increased family must chiefly fall. Consult her. If she is willing to extend the blessing of a home to both these orphan children, at the cost, as much needs be, of much labor and self-denial to herself, she will set us an example of disinterestedness and benevolence that we will try to follow."

The children now all clustered round mother. To Mr. Barclay, sound in health, serene in temper, and of the most benign disposition, no exertion for others seemed difficult; and with one of her sweetest smiles she said, that, as far as she was concerned, she should be most happy that Harry and Emily should not be separated. The children clapped their hands, and returned to their father, shouting, "It's all settled."

"Not quite so fast; there is something yet to be considered. You all know that we allow ourselves a fixed sum for our annual expenses. If we indulge in the luxury of doing this kindness to Emily, we must all give up something. You and Mary, Alice, must give up the dancing-school that has been running in your heads for the last six weeks, and Charles and Wallace cannot have a drawing-master."

This suggestion seemed for a moment to abate the zeal of the young folks; but Alice, who was always the first to clear away obstructions, said, after a little reflection, "O! well, never mind the dancing-school. I have thought of a nice plan,—Emily is Mr. Chanaud's best scholar,—she can give us lessons in the garret. It is a good place for dancing, and we shall not disturb grandmamma there."

"And as to the drawing, sir," said Charles, "with a little of Harry's help we can teach ourselves; and when we have such a good motive for it, we shall take twice as much pains as if we had a master."

"Well, my good children, we will all take it into consideration, and if we are of the same mind to-morrow night, Emily shall come to us with Harry."

This conversation, had not, as may well be supposed, occurred without much consultation between Mr. and Mrs. Barclay. They thought they could not do a more certain good, than by extending the advantages of their home to the young Nortons. They hoped this might be an acceptable expression of their gratitude to Providence for their domestic blessings. They knew their children had some prepossessions against Emily, and Mr. Barclay had undertaken to turn the current of their feelings in her favor. In this he had so far succeeded, that her entrance into the family was a favor accorded to them; and thus, instead of coming among them an object of their prejudices and distrust, they henceforth considered themselves as Emily's champions and protectors. Each one was anx-

ious to shelter her infirmities, to set her in a favorable light, and to make her new home as happy as possible.

When all the family had retired excepting Mrs. Barclay and her sister, Aunt Betsey jerked round her chair, put her feet on the fender, and gave vent to her pent-up feelings. By the way, it should be said in Aunt Betsey's favor, that fretting was her safety-valve; she thus let off her petty irritations, and in conduct she was not less humane than most persons.

"You are the oddest people," she began, "that ever I came across; with seven children, and no one knows how many more you may have, the old lady and myself, and only Martha for help, to undertake for these two children that have no claim on earth upon you. Claim! the children of your greatest enemy, the man that has all but ruined you, and in such an under-hand way too,—a pretty reward for knavery! I hope you mean to put up a sign, William Barclay & Co.'s orphan asylum or alms-house!"

Mrs. Barclay was too much accustomed to her sister's railing to be disturbed by it.

"If it were more the practice, Betsey," she mildly replied, "for those who have homes to extend the blessing to those who have them not, there would be little occasion for orphan asylums, and the charity now done by the public, would be more effectively done in private families."

"I see no advantage whatever in turning private houses into alms houses and such sort of places. I always thought home was a sacred place, from which it was a duty to shut out every thing disagreeable and unpleasant."

Fortunately Aunt Betsey's self-love prevented her perceiving how hard this rule would bear upon herself. Her brother-in-law had given her a home, simply because her temper was so uncomfortable, that no other member of her family was willing to receive her,—none other would have made allowances for the trials of her single and solitary condition, and, by always opposing a smooth surface to her sharp corners, have gradually worn them down.

"It is a duty, as you say, Betsey," replied her sister, "to exclude every thing permanently disagreeable from the family; for home should resemble heaven in happiness as well as love. But we cannot exclude from our earthly homes the infirmities of humanity. There are few persons, no young persons, who, if they are treated wisely and tenderly, will not be found to have more good than evil in them. In the Nortons, I am sure, the good greatly preponderates. Our children, we think, will be benefited by having new excitements to kindness, generosity and forbearance."

"O, Betsey, it does seem to me that, seeing, you see not. I don't mean to hurt you,—but how can you help feeling Mr. Barclay's nobleness, has returned good for evil with good?" Aunt Betsey said nothing, and Mrs. Barclay proceeded, "Our children, I am sure, cannot but profit by such an example."

"But they don't need it. You are both of you always teaching them."

"Example is better than precept," Betsey."

"Well, let that rest. But I should like to know how you can afford to set such examples?"

"As to that, the way is clear enough. Harry's earnings will pay his board and all his other expenses. He will only be indebted to us, for what, he says, he esteems above all other things, a home in our house."

"But little Miss Emily cannot be boarded, clothed, and schooled for nothing."

"Certainly not; but the expense of feeding a little girl in a family where there are three abundant meals a day is really trifling. The cost of Alice's clothes has never exceeded thirty dollars a year; Emily's will not cost more."

"No, to be sure. You will not have to buy new for her. She is so much more slender than Alice, that I can easily manage to make Alice's old frock over for her."

"Thank you, Betsey; but I would rather Alice should take her's. A person in the situation Emily will hold, should never be degraded in the eyes of others, or her own, by any such sign of dependence or inferiority. That is a very poor kindness done to the body, which results in injury to the mind."

Aunt Betsey was reduced to biting her nails, and her sister proceeded. "Emily's schooling, it is true, will be expensive. Pity it is, that it is so, in a country, where, of all others, good teaching should be cheap and easily attained;

but it is not so, at least in this city. However, Mr. Barclay is quite willing to meet the expense, whatever it may be."

"O, I dare say,—Education the best investment of capital!—you know he is always harping on that; but when you have precious little to invest, it is worth while to consider. That's all I have to say."

"We have considered, Betsey. Mr. Barclay, whose noble nature it is, as you know, to impart of his abundance to others,—freely to give what he so freely receives,—says that his business was never more productive than at this moment. We cannot therefore go on fretting over our losses. We shall continue to live frugally, and to educate our girls and Emily to earn their own living, should it be necessary. Harry's highest ambition for Emily is, that she should be qualified for a teacher. He will himself be a great assistance to her."

"That he will. He is not like other boys,—Harry is not."

"I shall endeavor," continued Mrs. Barclay, "in my domestic school, to qualify Emily for the offices of wife and mother. Those in all human probability she will fill,—she may never be a teacher. You will help us, Betsey, and will not give grudgingly. If her faults trouble us, remember how sadly the poor child has been neglected. All children, the best of them, require patience."

"Patience?—yes, the patience of Job."

"Emily may prove better and more agreeable than we expect, and we may be thankful to Providence for enabling us to take the homeless young creatures into the family."

Aunt Betsey was softened by being put in the light of a participator in the boon to Emily, and as she took up her lamp to go to bed, she said in a tone of real kindness—"I'll try to do my part."

Ah, if all the individuals of the human family would "do their part," there would be no wanderers, no outcasts. The chain of mutual dependence would be preserved unbroken, strong, and bright. All would be linked together in the bonds of natural affection and Christian love,—the bonds of unity and peace.

A PEEP INTO THE HIVE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.

Many persons who act from generous impulses, are soon checked and disheartened in a course of benevolence, merely from not having judiciously surveyed the ground before them and estimated the necessary amount of efforts, that is, *counted the cost*. Those who are true disciples of that devoted friend of man, whose whole life was a succession of painful efforts and self-sacrifice, will not become wearied with a duty because it demands labor and self-denial. The Barclays knew that two additional members of their family must bring them additional anxiety and toil; and when it came, they endured it cheerfully, yes, thankfully, as faithful servants, who are zealous to perform well an extra task for a kind master.

Emily Norton, daintily bred and petted from her infancy, had the habits, though not the vicious dispositions, that sometimes grow out of indulgence. Her pride and little vanities had taken but slight root in her heart, and they were swept away by the storm that passed over her father's house. But never was a little fine lady more thoroughly helpless and good for nothing than Emily, when she entered the Barclay family; but, once in that hive, where every little busy bee did its appointed task, where labor was rendered cheerful by participation, and light by regularity and order, she gradually worked into the ways of the household, and enjoyed, through the whole of her after-life, the happy results of well-directed effort. But this was not achieved without much watchfulness and patience on the part of the children, and many a struggle and heart-ache on the part of the poor child.

Many a scene resembling the following, occurred after she entered the family.

"You have promised to be one of my children, dear Emily," said Mrs. Barclay, at the close of a long conversation with her; "I intend to treat you precisely as I do them." She then went through with the enumeration of various household offices which she expected Emily to perform, and concluded with saying, "The girls take care of their apartment week and week about. I hold any want of neatness

and order in a young lady's room to be an abomination, and I never excuse it. This is Alice's week; the next Mary's, the week after will be yours. In the mean time, observe how they manage, and when it comes your turn, you will have learned their way. Remember, dear, there is a right and a wrong way to do every thing."

Emily was sure, that before her turn came, she should know how to take care of the room as well as the other girls; but Emily was yet to learn that "practice alone makes perfect." Her week came. Alice entered her mother's room, and shutting the door after her; and lowering her voice, "Do mother," she said, "let Mary go and do our room, and let Emily come and tend the baby;—it's the only thing she is fit for."

"She certainly does that better than either you or Mary. Sue gives her undivided attention to it, while you and Mary must always be doing something else."

"I know that, mother, but then——"

"Then what?"

"Tending baby is a lazy sort of business that just suits Emily."

"She is not lazy about it; on the contrary she is indefatigable in trying to please Effie and Effie's mother."

"So she is, ma'am, I own; and so I wish you would keep her at it, and let us do what she can't do, and we like best."

"That would be hardly just to either Emily or you, as there is a great deal besides tending baby that a woman ought to know how to do, and tending baby every woman must know how to do."

"Well, I suppose she must learn, but I don't know when, nor how. To tell the truth, mother, she is a real cry-baby. It is almost school-time, and she has not touched the bed yet. They are just as we left them, this morning, the bed-clothes stripped off, the pillows on the window-sill airing, and she sitting down and crying. I cannot get one word out of her."

"Perhaps she cannot turn over the mattresses, Alice."

"Mother!—those light mattresses?"

"Light to you, my dear, but you must remember that Emily probably never made a bed in her life, and what is light to you, is an Herculean task to her. Suppose, Alice, you were to go to live in another family, and were required to do something you had never done?"

"I should try, mother; I should not sit down and cry." And so she would have done; for Alice, though by some months younger than Emily, had been in the habit of using all her faculties of mind and body. She was a Hebe in health, and very spirit of cheerfulness, so that no task looked formidable in her eyes.

"Alice," said her mother, "if you were to see a poor child, whose hands had been tied up from her birth, who by gross mismanagement had been robbed, of the energy of her mind, and half the health and strength natural to her, would not you be grieved for her, and take pains to restore her to the use of her faculties?"

"To be sure I should, mother."

"Then go back to Emily. Do not ask her what troubles her. She will be ashamed to tell you, but offer to help her turn over the mattresses, and assist her whatever else seems to come awkwardly to her. Help her bear her burden at first, and after awhile she will be able to bear it all herself. Be delicate and gentle with her, dear. Above all, do not laugh at her. Don't come to me again. Settle the matter yourself. It is best I should not interfere."

From the moment Alice felt that the responsibility of getting Emily on, rested on herself, she felt at once eager for success; and more good-natured than the god in the fable, she hurried back to put her shoulder to the wheel.

"Emily, dear," said she kindly, "I don't think you feel very well this morning."

"Yes, I do, Alice, perfectly well," replied Emily, in a voice that sounded as if it came from the tombs.

"Well, come then, Emily, you had better make haste,—it is past eight,—come, jump up,—I will give you a lift. These mattresses are too heavy for you, till you can get used to them and then they will seem as light as a feather;" and suiting the action to the word, she threw over the mattresses, while Emily crept languidly to the other side of the bed.

"Now let's beat it up, Emily, and then we will have the clothes on in an instant. There, smooth that sheet down, dear. Mother makes us as particular as old women about making up

the bed,—lay the pillow straight Emy,—plummet and line, you know,—now, hem over the sheet this fashion,—there it is done! and I defy a Shaker to make a bed better."

Emily was inspired by Alice's cheerful kindness, and when they went to the other bed, she begged Alice to let her try to do it alone. She tried, as if she had a mountain to move, but all in vain. Alice looked the other way to hide her smiles.

"I cannot do it!" said Emily despairingly.

"Poor thing!" thought Alice, "her hands, as mother says, have been tied, but we'll contrive to loosen them." "Take hold here, Emily," she said; "not with just the little tips of your fingers, but so,—with your whole hand,—there it goes!—O, you'll soon learn."

"Do you really think I ever shall, Alice?"

"Ever! Yes, indeed, very soon. I will show you a little every day and you will edge on by degrees. The world was not made in a day, you know, as Aunt Betsy says."

"But the sweeping Alice? Do not, pray tell any body, but I never swept a room in my life."

A girl of her own age, who did not know how to sweep a room, seemed to Alice an object of equal wonder and commiseration. She, however, suppressed the exclamation that rose to her lips, and merely said, "Well, that is not your fault, Emily; take the broom and I will show you."

Emily took it. "O not so, Emily,—no, not so;—just see me." Again Emily began, and looked so anxious and worked so desperately hard, that Alice could scarcely forbear laughing outright. She did not, however, and very kindly and patiently continued to instruct Emily, till the mighty task was finished.

"O you will learn after awhile," she said, as poor Emily sat down the broom and sunk into a chair, out of breath and looking at her reddened palms. "I will teach you to sweep, and you shall teach me to dance, Emily."

"O, you are very, very kind, Alice. I am sure I think it is worth a great deal more to know how to sweep, than how to dance."

"And so do I," said Alice; "and yet we take a great deal of pains for the one, and the other we learn, we don't know how."

Alice spoke truly. We learn, *we don't know how*, the arts of domestic life,—the manual of a woman's household duties.

Some among Mrs. Barclay's friends wondered she did not "get more out of Martha," and they never could exhaust their astonishment at what they called her *inconsistency* (a very convenient, indefinite word) in giving her girls accomplishments, strictly so called, and putting them in the humblest domestic employments. The Barclays neither saw, nor had they ever occasion to feel, this incompatibility. They believed that there was no way so certain of giving their boys habits of order, regularity and neatness, and of inspiring them with a grateful consideration for that sex whose lot it is to be the domestic ministers of boy and man, as the being early accustomed to receive household services from their mother and sisters,—from those they respected and loved. They believed, too, that their girls, destined to play the parts of wives and mothers, in a country where it is difficult and sometimes impossible to obtain servants, would be made most independent and consequently most happy, by having their *getting along* faculties developed by use. These little operatives, by light labors which encroached neither upon their hours of study nor social pleasure, became industrious, efficient, and orderly, and were trained to be the dispensers of comfort in that true and best sphere of woman, *home*. Equal, too, would they be to either fortune; if mistresses, capable, just, and considerate, towards those who served them; and if, perchance, obliged to perform their own domestic labor, their practical acquaintance with the process would make it light and cheerful.

Never, we believe, was there a pleasanter domestic scene, than the home of the Barclays;—Martha, the queen bee, in her kitchen, as clean as any parlor, or as (to use the superlative degree of comparison) the kitchen of the pale, joyless Shakers; her little handmaids in her school of mutual aid and instruction, with their sleeves rolled up from their fat, fair arms, their curls tucked under their caps, and their gingham aprons, learning the mysteries of cake and pastry manufacture, pickling, preserving, and other coarser arts; while another little maiden, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed with ex-

ercise, might be heard plying her broom "up stairs and down stairs and in the lady's chamber," and warbling songs that might soothe the savage breast, for they breathed the very soul of health and cheerfulness.

Nor were they in the least disqualified by these household duties for more refined employments; and when they assembled in the evening, with their pretty work-boxes and fancy work, their books and drawing, they formed a group to grace any drawing-room in the land.

Their labors and their pleasures were transitory, but the vivifying spirit of love and intelligence that informed them was abiding and carrying them on to higher and higher stages of improvement, and preparing them for that period to which their efforts and hopes pointed, when the terrestrial shall put on the celestial.

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(To be Continued.)

Knickerbocker Magazine.—The rumor which has prevailed for a fortnight past, that Mr. Irving had enlisted among the contributors of this excellent periodical, is verified by the March number which has just appeared with its wonted variety of interesting contributions, and among them, the first of the *Crayon Papers*, which we extract beneath. No one can read this characteristic and beautiful epistle without a thrill of pleasure at the prospect its mingled poetry and humour hold forth of a rich and periodical supply of our gifted countryman's lucubrations. It proclaims itself right admirably. His pen was never more sportive and grateful than in the introduction of *DIEDRICH REDIVIVUS* and the celebration of his final union to the river, his first love. We hail the alliance—foreshadowing a pure and noble progeny—destined to impart a quickening impulse to the literature of our country; and we ask what eye will refuse to brighten with admiration on beholding the knight—whose life has been a romance, and whose lance has won him laurel crowns in all the tourney-fields of European letters—again descend into the arena to indicate, by his gallant example and noble prowess, to the young and to the ardent, the career of literary glory.—*N. Y. American*.

THE CRAYON PAPERS.

To the Editor of the *Knickerbocker*.

Sir:—I have observed that as a man advances in life, he is subject to a kind of plethora of the mind, doubtless occasioned by the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience upon the brain. Hence he is apt to become narrative and admonitory—that is to say, fond of telling long stories, and of doling out advice, to the small profit and great annoyance of his friends. As I have a great horror of becoming the oracle, or, more technically speaking, the 'bore,' of the domestic circle, and would much rather bestow my wisdom and tediousness upon the world at large, I have always sought to ease off this surcharge of the intellect by means of my pen, and hence have inflicted divers gossiping volumes upon the patience of the public. I am growing too indolent or unambitious for any thing that acquires labor or display. I have thought, therefore, of securing to myself a snug corner in some periodical work, where I might, as it were, loiter at my ease in my elbow chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, on any chance subject that might pop into my brain.

In looking around, for this purpose, upon the various interesting periodicals with which our country abounds, my eye was struck by the title of your work—'THE KNICKERBOCKER.' My heart leaped at the sight.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, Sir, was one of my earliest and most valued friends, and the recollection of him is associated with some of the pleasantest scenes of my youthful days. To explain this, and to show how I came into possession of sundry of his posthumous works, which I have from time to time given to the world, permit me to relate a few particulars of our early intercourse. I give them with the more confidence, as I know the interest you take in that departed worthy, whose name and effigy are stamped upon your title-page, and as

they will be found important to the better understanding and relishing divers communications I may have to make to you.

My first acquaintance with that great and good man—for such I may venture to call him, now that the lapse of some thirty years has shrouded his name with venerable antiquity, and the popular voice of yore has elevated him to the rank of the classical historian of yore—my first acquaintance with him was formed on the banks of the Hudson, not far from the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow. He had come there in the course of his researches among the Dutch neighborhoods for materials for his immortal history. For this purpose he was ransacking the archives of one of the most ancient and historical mansions in the country. It was a lowly edifice, built in the time of the Dutch dynasty, and stood on a green bank, overshadowed by trees, from which it peeped forth upon the Great Tappan Zee, so famous among early Dutch navigators. A bright pure spring well-ed up at the foot of the green bank; a wild brook came murmuring down a neighboring ravine, and threw itself into a little woody cove, in front of the mansion. It was indeed as quiet and sheltered a nook as the heart of man could require, in which to take refuge from the cares and troubles of the world; and as such it had been chosen in old times, by Wolfert Acker, one of the privy councillors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant.

This worthy but ill-starred man had led a weary and worried life, throughout the stormy reign of chivalric Peter, being one of those unlucky wights with whom the world is ever at variance, and who are kept in a continual fume and fret, by the wickedness of mankind. At the time of the subjugation of the province by the English, he retired hither in high dudgeon; with the bitter determination to bury himself from the world, and live here in peace and quietness for the remainder of his days. In token of this resolution, he inscribed over his door the favorite Dutch motto, 'Lust in Rust,' (pleasure in repose.) The mansion was then called, 'Wolfert's Rust'—Wolfert's Rest; but in process of time, the name was vitiated into Wolfert's Roost, probably from its quaint cock-loft look, or from its having a weathercock perched on every gable. This name it continued to bear, long after the unlucky Wolfert was driven forth once more upon a wrangling world, by the tongue of a termagant wife; for it passed into a proverb through the neighborhood, and has been handed down to tradition, that the cock of the Roost was the most hen-pecked bird in the country.

This primitive and historical mansion has passed through many changes and trials, which it may be my lot hereafter to notice. At the time of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker, it was in possession of the gallant family of the Van Tassels, who have figured so conspicuously in his writings. What appears to have given it peculiar value in his eyes, was the rich treasury of historical facts here secretly hoarded up, like buried gold; for it is said that Wolfert Acker, when he retreated from New Amsterdam, carried off with him many of the records and journals of the province, pertaining to the Dutch dynasty; swearing that they should never fall into the hands of the English. These, like the last books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians; but these did I find the indefatigable Diedrich diligently deciphering. He was already a sage in years and experience, but an idle stripling; yet he did not despise my youth and ignorance, but took me kindly by the hand, and led me gently into those paths of local and traditional lore which he was so fond of exploring. I sat with him in his little chamber at the Roost, and watched the antiquarian patience and perseverance with which he deciphered those venerable Dutch documents, worse than Herculean manuscripts. I sat with him by the spring, at the foot of the green bank, and listened to his heroic tales about the worthies of the olden time, the paladins of New Amsterdam. I accompanied him in his legendary researches about Tarrytown and Sing Sing, and explored with him the spell-bound recesses of Sleepy Hollow. I was present at many of his conferences with the good old Dutch burghers and their wives, from whom he derived many of those marvellous facts not laid down in books or records, and which give such superior value and authenticity to his history, over all others that have been written concerning the New Netherlands.

But let me check my proneness to dilate upon this favorite theme; I may recur to it hereafter. Suffice it to say, the intimacy thus formed, continued for a considerable time; and in company with the worthy Deidrich, I visited many of the places celebrated by his pen. The currents of our lives at length diverged. He remained at home to complete his mighty work, while a vagrant fancy led me to wander about the world. Many, many years elapsed, before I returned to the parent soil. In the interim, the venerable historian of the New Netherlands had been gathered to his fathers, but his name had risen to renown. His native city, that city in which he so much delighted, had decreed all manner of costly honors to his memory. I found his effigy imprinted upon new-year cakes, and devoured with eager relish by holiday urchins; a great oyster-house bore the name of 'Knickerbocker Hall'; and I narrowly escaped the pleasure of being run over by a Knickerbocker omnibus!

Proud of having associated with a man who had achieved such greatness, I now recalled our early intimacy with tenfold pleasure, and sought to revisit the scenes we had trodden together. The most important of these was the mansion of the Van Tassels, the Roost of the unfortunate Wolfert. Time, which changes all things, is but slow in its operation upon a Dutchman's dwelling. I found the venerable and quaint little edifice much as I had seen it during the sojourn of Deidrich. There stood his elbow chair in the corner of the room he had occupied; the old-fashioned Dutch writing desk at which he had pored over the chronicles of the Manhattoes; there was the old wooden chest, with the archives left by Wolfert Acker, many of which, however, had been fired off as wadding from the long duck gun of the Van Tassels. The scene around the mansion was still the same; the green bank; the spring beside which I had listened to the legendary narratives of the historian; the wild brook babbling down to the woody cove, and the overshadowing locust trees, half shutting out the prospect of the Great Tappan Zee.

As I looked around upon the scene, my heart yearned at the recollection of my departed friend and I wistfully eyed the mansion which he had inhabited, and which was fast mouldering to decay. The thought struck me to arrest the desolating hand of Time; to rescue the historic pile from utter ruin, and to make it the closing scene of my wanderings; a quiet home, where I might enjoy 'lust in rust' for the remainder of my days. It is true, the fate of the unlucky Wolfert passed across my mind; but I consoled myself with the reflection that I was a bachelor, and that I had no termagant wife to dispute the sovereignty of the Roost with me.

I have become possessor of the Roost! I have repaired and renovated it with religious care, in the genuine Dutch style, and have adorned and illustrated it with sundry reliques of the glorious days of the New Netherlands. A venerable weather-cock, of portly Dutch dimensions, which once battled with the wind on the top of the Stadt House of New Amsterdam, in the time of Peter Stuyvesant, now erects its crest on the gable end of my edifice; a gilded horse, in full gallop, once the weather-cock of the great Vander Heyden Palace of Albany, now glitters in the sunshine, and veers with every breeze, on the peaked turret over my portal; my sanctum sanctorum is the chamber once honored by the illustrious Diedrich, and it is from his elbow chair, and his identical old Dutch writing desk, that I pen this rambling epistle.

Here, then, have I set up my rest, surrounded by the recollections of early days, and the mementos of the historian of the Manhattoes, with that glorious river before me, which flows with such majesty through his works, and which has ever been to me a river of delight.

I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in Nature; a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point, to call us home again after all our wanderings. 'The things which we have learned in our childhood,' says an old writer, 'grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it.' So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of

what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound, to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul—I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sandbar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow;—ever straight forward. Once indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

Excuse this rhapsody into which I have been betrayed by a revival of early feelings. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings, and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life, as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy land among the distant mountains; nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.

Permit me then, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your work, to hold occasional discourse from my retreat, with the busy world I have abandoned. I have much to say about what I have seen, heard, felt and thought, through the course of a varied and rambling life, and some lucubrations, that have long been encumbering my portfolio; together with divers reminiscences of the venerable historian of the New Netherlands, that may not be unacceptable to those who have taken an interest in his writings, and are desirous of anything that may cast a light back upon our early history. Let our readers rest assured of one thing, that though retired from the world, I am not disgusted with it; and that if, in my communing with it, I do not prove very wise, I trust I shall at least prove very good natured. Which is all at present from Yours, etc. GEOFFREY CRAYON.

From the N. Y. Morning News.

The following story was published on our inside last week, and the demand for copies of our paper, in consequence, became so great, and has continued so throughout the week, that we take pleasure in inserting it again. The hero will be recognised as the keeper of a hotel, not far from the city, where our young blades and those who are fond of an afternoon ride resort, as to the Mecca of their pilgrimage of pleasure. The story is true in every particular, we believe, and will be read with additional pleasure by those who are so fortunate as to know the worthy landlord who forms a chief feature of the sketch.

As it is the intention of the writer to dramatise to story, he trusts to find no other Richmond in the field.

THE OLD CLOCK.

"Here she goes, there she goes!"

Some years ago there came to this country a family from England, which settled on the upper part of this island, and opened a public house. Among their chattels was an old family clock, which they prized more for its age than its actual value, although it had told the hours for years on years, with the most commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has it been the theme of remark, in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a su

per bay horse. They sprang out—ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a glass of wine a piece, bemouthed a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes which occasionally he half closed in a style that gave him the air of a “knowing one” and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer sure of his ability to perpetrate, a joke. Now and then, when his lips parted and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation—that of a practical joker! The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features which indicated that his mind was well fitted to be a successful copartner with his mate, and a dry pun or gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first-rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not dull as a couple generally will be at table, but made mirth and laughter, and fun with their companions, and as Wine in his parti-colored flowing robes presided, there was a “set out” fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank and were right merry, when the old family clock whirred and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who was just dozing by the window sill.

“What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?” asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over the table, now over and around himself to ascertain where the nest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the forefinger of his right hand and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

“Oho! I understand you—no, you don’t come over this child! waiter, another bottle of champagne.” The servant left the room and our hero reclining themselves over the table held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed,

“Clocks always go it!”

Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advanced to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within, the elder in a half inquiring, half decided manner saying,

“Won’t it?”

The waiter was on the stairs, and they returned to their seats in a trice as if nothing had happened—both scolding the waiter, as he entered, for being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sunk to sleep. In the morning, they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door.—Descending to the bar-room they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount due over to the keeper. The elder perceiving the landlord through the window placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone inquired of the bar keeper if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employer’s yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article. While he was attempting to reply, the good-natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

“I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs! Will you sell it?” asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eye over the columns of the Sunday Morning News, which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heirloom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood’s chair, and be filled with dollars: and, almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

“The fact is,” said the Yankee, “I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that!”

“A hundred dollars!” ejaculated the landlord.

“Yes! You see there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his fore finger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying ‘Here she goes, there she goes.’ He couldn’t do it. I walked the money out of him in no time.”

“You did? You couldn’t walk it out of me. I’ll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot?”

“Done,” cried the yankee.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair—

“Here she goes, there she goes!” and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The Yankees behind him interrupted—“Where’s the money? plank the money.”

The landlord was not to lose in that way.—His fore finger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him upon the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed—

“Shall I deposite the money in the hands of the bar keeper?”

“Here she goes, there she goes!” was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the bar keeper entered, and touching him upon the shoulder, asked—

“Mr. B——, are you crazy? What are you doing?”

“Here she goes, there she goes!” he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The bar keeper rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said—

“Mr. B——, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?”

Here she goes, there she goes!” was the sole reply, and the solemn fact and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was mad!

He is mad,” whispered the friend in a low voice. “We must go for a doctor.”

The landlord was not to be deceived, altho’ the whole town come to interrupt him. “You had better call up his wife,” added the friend.

“Here she goes, there she goes!” repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul.

“My dear,” she kindly said, “look on me.—It is your wife who speaks!”

Here she goes, there she goes!” and his hand continued to go, but his wife would not go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued—

“What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife,” —

Here she goes, there she goes!” and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for any thing she could ascertain to the contrary.

“My dear,” she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, “shall I call up your daughter?”

“Here she goes, there she goes!” the landlord again repeated his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and the anxious inquiry of his wife, answered—

No madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid!”

“Here she goes, there she goes!” yet again and again, in harmony with his waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

“A consultation, I think, will be necessary,” said the physician. Will you run for Doctor W——ms,?”

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W——ms, with another medical gentleman, entered.

“This is a sorry sight,” said he to the doctor present.

“Indeed it is sir,” was the reply. It is a sudden attack, one of the —

“Here she goes, there she goes!” was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into the corner and consulted together.

Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered,” said Dr. W——ms.

“Ah poor, dear husband,” said the lady; “I fear he never again will know his miserable wife.”

“Here she goes—there she goes!” said the landlord with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near *the twelve*—the point which was to put fifty dollars into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife in a low, bewailing tone continued her utterances—

“No! never; nor of his daughter!”

“Here she goes—there she goes,” almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man,—and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

“Ah! ha! no, Monsieur, you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful—eh?—look—look—very fine isn’t she?”

“Here she goes—there she goes!” screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. Here she goes—there she goes!” he responded in the best English he could use—“Vare? vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he say?”

“Shave his head at once!” interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

Here she goes—there she goes!” for the last time cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy as he skipped about the room—

“I’ve one it!—I’ve won it!”

“What?” said the bar keeper.

“What?” echoed the doctors.

“What?” re-echoed the wife,

“Why, the wages—fifty dollars!” But casting his eyes round the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked his bar-keeper—

Where are those young men who supped here last night? oh? quick, where are they?

“They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir!” was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with the one hundred and seven dollars therein and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them. The story is rife on all men’s tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred; but we regret that the worthy landlord in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

From the New York Gazette.

The story of the Old Clock has excited the mirth of the community to such an extent, that any light which can be thrown upon its history must be received with avidity. The accompanying sketch contains what may be considered an approximation to the leading idea of the very ingenious trick practised upon our host of the Third Avenue.

The literary world has thus an additional proof of the wonderful coincidence which is sometimes discovered in the productions of writers of different countries and epochs. The tale of Wättic Dron I discovered in an old scrap book where it is inserted in the shape of a newspaper slip, and has been in the possession of its present owner for years. The originality of the contributor in the Sunday Morning News must be now considered as established most distinctly, and the frequenters of our theatres should redouble their hilarity at the new found merits of this excellent joke. However, “here she goes.”

THE BARBER OF DUNSE.

A gentleman possessing an uncommon share of wit and humor, had occasion to lodge for the night, in company with some friends, at

the inn of a town which for certain reasons we shall denominate Dunse. Requiring the services of a barber, he was recommended to Walter Dron, who was represented as not only skilled in that profession, but excellent at cracking a joke or telling a story. This functionary being forthwith introduced, made such a display of his oral and manual dexterity as to leave on the mind, as well as the body of his customer, a very favorable impression, and induced the latter to invite him to sit down to a friendly glass. The circulation of the bottle tended to show off the barber in his happiest mood, and the facetious gentleman amid the general hilarity thus addressed him:

'Now Walter, I engage to give you a guinea on the following terms—that you leap backward and forward over your chair, for the space of half an hour—leisurely yet regularly—crying out at every leap, "here goes I, Walter Dron, barber of Dunse;" but should you utter any thing else in the time specified, you forfeit the reward.'

Walter, though no doubt surprised at the absurdity of the proposal, yet considering how easily he could earn the guinea, and the improbability that such an opportunity would ever again present itself, agreed to the stipulations.

The watch was set, and the barber, having stripped off his coat, leaning with one hand on the back of his chair, commenced leaping over the seat, uniformly repeating in an exulting tone the words prescribed.

After matters had gone on thus smoothly for about five minutes, the gentleman rang the bell and thus accosted the waiter:

'What is the reason, sir, you insult me by sending a mad fellow like that, instead of a proper barber as you pretended he was?'

Barber, (leaping)—'Here goes I, Walter Dron, barber of Dunse.'

Waiter.—'Oh sir, I don't know what is the matter; I never saw him in this state before.—Mr. Dron, Mr. Dron, what do you mean?'

Barber.—'Here goes I, Walter—'

Waiter.—'Bless me, Mr. Dron, recollect these are gentlemen, how can you make such a fool of yourself?'

Barber.—'Here goes I—'

Landlord, (entering in haste).—'What the devil, sir, is all this? The fellow is mad.—How dare you insult gentlemen in my house by such conduct?'

Barber.—'Here goes I, Walter Dron—'

Landlord.—'I say Bob, run for his wife, for this can't be put up with. Gentlemen, the man is evidently deranged, and I hope you will not let my house be injured by this business.'

Barber.—'Here goes—'

Wife, (pushing in).—'Oh! Walter, Walter, what's this, that's come ower ye? Do you not ken yer ain wife?'

Barber.—'Here goes I—'

Wife (weeping).—'Oh! Walter, Walter! If ye care na for me, mind yer bairns at home, and come away with me.'

Barber.—'Here goes I, Wal—'

The afflicted wife now clasped her husband round the neck, and hung on him so effectually as to resist his further progress. Much did poor Walter struggle to shake off his loving but unwelcome spouse, but it was now 'no go'—his galloping was at an end.

'Confound you for an idiot!' he bitterly exclaimed, 'I never could win a guinea so easily in my life.'

It is only necessary to add, that the explanation which immediately ensued, was much more satisfactory to mine host than the barber's better half, and that the gentleman restored Walter to his usual good humor, by generously rewarding his exertion with the well earned guinea.—*Scotch paper.*

Distinction with and without a Difference.—Distinction with a difference:—"I have no objection," said a leveller, that the ranks below me should be preserved just as they are now, but I wish to have none above me; and this is my notion of a fair and perfect equality." An instance of distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman, who, having legs of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but, as he had the smallest boot on his largest leg, he exclaimed, petulently, "confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

Hints to Lovers.—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness let him follow my advice. Call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fits neatly—if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished. And I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well regulated mind, as would a pestilence. A woman cannot be what is called dressed, particularly one in middle or humble life, where her duty, and it is consequently to be hoped her pleasure lies, in superintending and assisting in all domestic matters; but she may be always neat,—well appointed. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband so is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.—*Mrs. C. Hill.*

Contentment.—Forget not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavors, his benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest the misfortune thou bewailest, behold the root from whence they spring—even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy!

Murmur not, therefore, at the dispensation of God, but correct thine own heart: neither say within thyself, "If I had wealth or power, or leisure I should be happy;" for know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniences.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

Thou shalt learn, that the cup of felicity pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man. Virtue is the race which God hath sent him to run, and happiness the goal, which none can arrive at till he hath finished his course.

Fine Extract.—The wreath of the bard may wither; the creation of the sculptor moulder into dust; the throne of the conqueror may be shivered, by an opposing power, into atoms; the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope of the youth may be disappointed; but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace, (virtue) shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God; it is written on the pillars of Heaven and reflected down to earth. The rock-cracker, who possesses it, is more noble than the intriguing statesman. I would rather have the 'inward glory' with which the poor man is crowned, than overshadow the world with my martial banners. I would not exchange his lot for the reputation of a Raphael; the inspiration of a Byron; the eloquence of a Mirabeau, or the intellect of a Bacon. I may be despised here, but if I possess it, then shall I tower above them all, when the guilty shall tremble in their secret places, as they behold the heavens roll together as a scroll.

If you want to make a fool of a man, first see if you can easily flatter him; and if you can succeed, your purpose is half gained.

Secure the approbation of the aged, and you will enjoy the confidence if not the love of the young.

Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Oleric the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity than they are transformed into birds and fly away.

Lawyer W. while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed, of all the ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow, would be going about town in such nights as this and getting into bed for folks.

I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger, said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me sir," said she, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

Russell.—We are happy to learn that our friend RUSSELL, the vocalist, proposes a visit to our city in a few days. Others may please, but it is left for him alone to charm. His voice is unique. It can neither be excelled nor imitated. He is the very best vocalist in the United States, without any "equivocation or mental reservation." Our citizens are always delighted to hear him; and we are sure that whenever he does come amongst us, he will be greeted with full houses, as of yore.

The Old Clock.—We publish to-day [says the Harrisburg (Penn.) Intelligencer,] one of the most amusing sketches we have seen for years. When we read it, we were reminded of a story we had somewhere read, of a certain barber who was employed to jump over a chair in pretty much the same manner that the worthy landlord was employed to keep time with the clock, and with similar results. Since "the Old Clock" has been in type we have met the barber story again in one of our exchanges, and will insert it in our next. If not a plagiarism, "the Old Clock" possesses additional merit, but certainly there is a great coincidence between the two sketches. The Clock story has been dramatized in New York city.

"Preaching and Hearing."—A new work, by THOMAS H. SKINNER, designed to aid the preacher and hearer; the preacher, in matter and manner, and the hearer, in understanding and consequent action, is before us. The author adhs here, generally, to the practice of the most eminent of modern revivalists. His style may with few exceptions, be pronounced elegant and finely adapted to the subject. His reasoning, especially on "ability," is close and pointed, amounting almost to subtlety. The work is characterized by candor and earnestness, indispensable requisites for every one who is dealing with the highest interests of man. For sale at WM. ALLING'S, No. 12 Exchange street.

☞ Until the film was stricken from the eyes of Homer's Diomed, he could not behold the fine texture of the celestail forms. So until the film is purged from the mental vision, it is impossible to comprehend the rich excellencies of pure religion.

☞ Jealousy is the mother of detraction; and mankind rather condemn than approve.

EXTRACTS FROM BULWER.

Never chase a lie, for if you keep quiet, truth will eventually overtake and destroy it.

Never trust a person who solicits your confidence, for in all probability he will betray you.

Mr. H. Russell's Concert.—We were much gratified in witnessing a very full and fashionable audience assembled in Chadell's Concert Room, on Monday evening, at the Concert of his highly accomplished Composer and Vocalist. The selection was as various in character as it was generally excellent in the performance. Among the various pieces which Mr. Russell favored us with, was one which can never be erased from the memory. We allude to the *Maniac*. There are passages in this piece which Mr. Russell executes, such as we never heard before. There was a neatness and precision, and at the same time unerring truth of intonation that were as astonishing as they were satisfactory. We hope Mr. Russell will often be induced to favor our citizens with his excellent music. We know of few persons who deserve the esteem and respect of our community more than Mr. H. Russell, whom we shall always welcome to Auburn.—*Auburn Jour.*

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor—I attended the exhibition of Mr. Brittan's School at Concert Hall, on Thursday evening, and can bear witness to the able manner in which it was conducted and passed off. Although the weather was unpropitious yet the room was well filled, and the order and quiet attention of the assembly, bespoke the interest which they took in the exercises.

The various selected pieces were well spoken—some of them exceedingly so. The oratorical powers of many of the young gentlemen were admirably displayed, and the energy which they exhibited on the occasion but added to the interest of the same.

The originals were all well written, and delivered with becoming ease and dignity. The tone and temper of the large part of them plainly indicated, that should the powers of their minds receive proper attention, they could in days to come add beauty and grandeur to the many literary productions with which our country is now favored.

These exhibitions are admirably calculated to strengthen the Pupils, and they should be well attended, as in fact they always are, by our citizens. This together with others with which we have been favored of late, shows that our citizens are not wanting in the proper attention to the education of their children.

PHILO.

Written for the Gem.

A FRAGMENT.

'Twas night—and such a night as earth ne'er saw before. Murky clouds veiled the fair face of heaven, and gave to pitchy darkness still a deeper dye. The moon had fled—the stars had closed their eyes, for deeds were doing they dared not look upon. The gods of elements were abroad. Æolus exulting led forth his legions howling from their dark caverns—Neptune foaming with rage roared madly, as he contended with his rock-bound prison. The incensed Thunderer drawn by his winged steeds in his ærial chariot, flashing lightning from his eyes, bellowing forth his mandates—and ever and anon the demoniac shouts of Ate, and the fiendish laughter of Hecate and her crew were heard above the tempest. For a time the pure streams turned stagnant and ceased to flow,—the mountains trembled—the forest dropped its leaves—the flowers lost their fragrance and withered, and all nature became desolate. In glacial serpents hissed—harpies screamed—and satyr's reveled beneath the branches of the deadly Upas. Domestic beasts trembling crept near the abode of men. The lion relinquished his half eaten prey—the tiger forgetful of his fierceness ran howling to his lair—and even the hyena deserted his repast of dead men's bones. Man alone of all earth's creatures slept. But still he slept as if the boding of some half unknown calamity brooded o'er his mind. The aspiring youth muttered of blasted hopes, long cherished—youth, fair and gifted maidens, would start and trembling weep their injured innocence—and mothers, too, would half awake, and while they closer pressed their little nurslings to their breasts, would breath still another prayer for their protection. Oh such a night—hell yawned and gave to earth the SLANDERER.

Alexander, 1839.

There is a great deal of poetry in the butter trade, as we learn from a Providence grocer, who advertises a lot "of a prepossessing color, and sweet as morning roses newly washed with dew."

A man in Fall river had a goose stolen from him last week, which he had owned twenty-eight years! A real tough 'un.

Plain Diet.—This is what children ought on every account to be accustomed to, from the very first. It is vastly more for their present health and comfort, than those little nice things, with which fond parents are so apt to vitiate their appetites; and it will save them a great deal of mortification in after life. If you make it a point, to give them the best of every thing; to pamper them with rich cakes, and sweet meats, and sugar plumbs; if you allow them to say, with a scowl, 'don't like this, and I can't eat that,' and then go away and make them a little toast, or kill a chicken for their dainty palates, depend upon it you are doing them a great injury; not only on the score of denying them a full muscle and of a rosy cheek; but of forming one of the most inconvenient habits that they can carry along with them in after life. Better, far, to put them upon water gruel, or brown bread, till their appetite comes, and they can be satisfied with such food as others eat at the same table. If you learn your children to "eat what is set before them, asking no questions," they will always find something, among whatever class of people they may afterwards be thrown, upon which they can make a comfortable meal; whereas, if you allow them to mince and find fault at our own table, when they come to leave you, they will not half the time, find any thing they can eat, and thus you will prepare them to go chafing and grumbling along through life, the veriest slaves, almost, in the world.

Conjugal Pastimes.—We heard of an old Blue Beard of a fellow who enjoyed infinite sport in tickling his wife to death, in which manner he made away with about as great a number as that notable personage himself. A gentleman in the upper part of this city, though not with the same diabolical intent, thought to have a little amusement at the expense of his lady, and so proposed to give her an elegant silk dress, if she would hold her finger ten minutes in a mixture of salt and snow. The offer was readily accepted, and the experiment commenced. "It is cold said the lady. "Take it out then," said the husband. "But the dress?" "Ah, you will lose it," said the husband. "I must have it," said the lady, and she persevered most heroically till the ten minutes expired, when, on withdrawing her finger, it might have been as easily broken off as any finger on the hand of Lot's wife, being completely frozen; and the husband has the double amusement of paying a round bill to his doctor. This instance of perseverance is excelled only by that of the lady who threatened if her husband refused her request to attend an entertainment, to cut off one of her fingers, and on his refusal actually carried her threat into execution; both abundantly proving the truth of the old couplet concerning woman, that

"When she will, she will—you may depend on't
When she won't, she won't—and there's an end on't."
—*Alb Tran.*

Haydn.—An anecdote, well worth recording, is related of Haydn, the great composer, who on one occasion, went into a music store, in Leicester, and after looking at a variety of his own pieces, said he wanted something better. "Do you see they are by Haydn?" asked the shop-keeper, a fervent admirer of that artist. "Well, sir, I do," was the reply; "but I wish for something better." "Better!" indignantly cried the enthusiastic amateur; "a gentleman of your taste I am not anxious to serve;" and he was turning away, when the "hard customer" made known that he was Haydn himself.

Personal Cleanliness.—"A scrupulous attention to cleanliness," says an English Journal, "is among the surest means of restoring health to those who are sick, and securing it to those who are well." "A Frenchman in the middling rank of life," says one, "often puts on a dirty shirt over a clean skin; but an Englishman, of the same condition, still oftener puts on a clean shirt over a dirty skin." As sarcastic as this may appear, says the Medical Journal, we are disposed to apply the same remark to nine-tenths of the laboring class in our own country; and to this source we attribute the prevalence of many complaints among them.—*Balt. Trans.*

Capital Retort.—Prentice has the following, The editor of the Louisville Journal should either be hung or transported.—*Pa. Democrat.*

Please get hung yourself and we shall certainly be transported.

Written for the Gem.

Why is it we so oft distrust
The spark which in us lies—
Surrounded, clogged, 'tis true, with dust,
Yet destined for the skies?

Why feel ourselves so abject, weak—
Our highest aims so low,
We scarcely dare our feelings speak,
Scarce let our reason flow?

Were talents given us for naught?
Is mental toil a shame?
Oh when was bliss with riches bought?
With pleasure—or a name?

No—let the worldling tell his gold—
Let fashion's minion wear
Chains which e'en make the heart grow old
Before the miser's care.

Let bank claim homage, vainer still,
Let e'en the gifted seek
Their fame—from any earth born rill,
Its source the drought will speak.

On high! on high! ye heavenly taught—
Soar upward in your flight!
Earth's inspirations all are frught
With clouds which bear the light.

Mouut up! mount up! ye eagle winged!
Tune high your well toned lyres!
Let your best notes for heaven be string'd
Lighted with holy fires.

Millvale, N. Y.

C.

Written for the Gem.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. H****T K****L.

Well may ye weep, ye stricken band!
The soul of that loved one
Hath passed unto the spirit land—
"The bourne whence none return."

A void is left that many years,
To fill, in vain may roll;
To give its sorrow vent in tears
Will soothe the bleeding soul.

Then weep; ye oft shall miss her form
Around the evening hearth;
Her winning smile, her greeting warm
No more shall cheer on earth.

Weep, mother, weep; the turf, the stone
Are o'er thy daughter's head!
Thy fair, thine own beloved one
Is sleeping with the dead!

Weep, husband, weep; thy gentle wife
Shall meet thee now no more!
Drear midnight shrouds thy morn of life,
Thy household joys are o'er!

Weep, sisters, weep, of her bereft,
Ye held so fondly dear;
For she hath passed away and left
Each heart how sad and drear!

Aye, weep; for brief the warning given;
Health spread its rainbow round her,
But death hath come and rudely rent
Each tender tie that bound her!

She passed from earth alone, alone,
To the dread bar of God!
No friend, no kind and faithful one
The dark path with her trod!

A voice now calleth from the dead,
To you ye mourning band;
Ye too must soon that lone path tread,
Before that bar must stand.

It soundeth from her early tomb,
And speaketh from her sod—
"In life's bright morn, in health's fresh bloom,
Pre pare to meet your God!"

Rochester, April 5, 1839.

S. J. C.

Long Yarn.—A thread 169 miles in length may now be spun from a single pound of cotton by the application of steam.

A mystery unravelled.—Mr. Winicker, of Columbus, Ohio, has, it is affirmed, made a great improvement in teaching music, viz., by maps, illustrative of the mathematical division of sounds, the semitones, major and minor scales being thus intelligible at a glance, including contrapunto, &c. If he has accomplished this desideratum, he is the first; for we never saw a professor yet who could make the thing intelligible.—*Star.*

SELECT POETRY.

We know not to whom credit should be given for the following hymn, which for sublimity of thought and beauty of expression, we do not recollect to have seen equalled. It has been written many years.—*Pittsburgh Visitor.*

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Aye! there ye shine, and there have shone,
In one eternal hour of prime,
Each rolling, burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time.
Aye! there ye shine, the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod!
There, through your echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst
Young Eden's birthright saw ye shine,
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Ye sparkled from the hand divine;
Yes! bright as then ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
To hold your high immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust; yet there ye are;
Time rots the diamond; the eye roll
On primal light as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul.
And do they not? Since you bright throng
One all enlightening spirit own;
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest, alone,

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been,
The glance how rich, the range how vast!
The birth of time, the rise, the fall
Of Empires; myriads, ages, flown;
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships; all
The thing whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw red Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign;
Ye saw the adoring Sabtan band,
The living hills his mighty fane.
Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
He worshipped at our lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw with gifted eye,
The godhead, in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of an earthly sire;
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake shock,
The red volcano's cat'ract fire,
Drought, famine, plague and blood, and flame,
All nature's ills, and life's worst woes,
Are naught to you; ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Aye! there ye roll, emblem sublime
Of Him whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the cloud of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves.
Nor is one scene to mortals given,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than you, proud heraldry of heaven,
You burning blazonry of God.

The following lines, which disclose their subject in the beginning, were handed us yesterday morning, by the Rev. Walter Colton, of the United States Navy.—That officer, much as he has produced that is good, has never excelled this effusion. It is touching—it is beautiful.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.
STANZAS:

Suggested by a recent instance of suicide, resulting from the despair of disappointed affection.

No tears regret may shed for thee
Can now avail to save!
No smiles, that love may now decree,
Can light thy lowly grave;
All dark the deed that drained the bowl,
And freed from earthly ill the soul—
Uncalled by him who gave!
Yet blighted hopes and passion plead;
And erring pity veils the deed!

What now to thee that envied hearth,
That sweet surviving thrall?
Alike the voice of wail or mirth,
Where death's dim shadows fall;
The all, which love could once rep-ry,
With thy own heart hath passed away;
Nor may it now recall
More than a faint and fitful beam,
To light thee back in memory's dream.

But they, who never lov'd as thou,
May doubt, in their dismay,
If reason, on thy burning vow,
Poured its diviner ray:
They only knew that feeble flame,
Which most may quench and all may tame,
In their less-sensate clay;
And deem the heart may calmly bear
The fierzied grief of love's despair.

There is in ruined hopes a leaf,
By others all unread,
Portrayed in characters of grief,
That paint the early dead.
Dim words, that with a prophet tone,
O'er all, where light and love have shone,
Their sable shadows spread;
And such to thee the future rose,
When crime escaped its omen'd woes.

What passed with thy departing breath,
In shape of hurried prayer,
Unknown to those, who watched till death
Had left its stillness there;
It may have been a pleading tone,
That winged its way to Mercy's throne—
Unquenched by guilt's despair—
And won, with its availing tears,
The meed of long repentant years.

W. C., U. S. Navy.
Philadelphia, Feb. 22.

TO THE FIRST SPRING BIRD.

Blue Bird! on you leafless trees,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
'Spring is coming!—Spring is here!'
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darken'd cloud?
Snow!—my friend!—it gathers round
Deeply o'er the whiten'd ground,
Still thou singest blithe and clear,
'Spring is coming!—Spring is here!'

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threaten'g eye,
Urchins, by their frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still,
You poor man, with doublet old,
Dost he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birding, tell me true.

Spring's a made of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry,
Hast thou woo'd some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her, of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lur'd her with thy promise fair,
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover—tell her true.

Ask her if when storms are long,
She can sing a cheetful song—
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee,
Then the blasts that sweep the sky
Unappal'd shall pass thee by,
Tho' thy curtain'd chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it spring for thee.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 25, 1839.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY L. E. L.

And he said, of a truth, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all. St. Luke xxi. 3.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof,
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Pent in the gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store,
And miss'd while it is given:
'Tis given—for the claims of earth,
Are less than those of heaven.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor,
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food,
And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,
They sleep on beds of down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

The rich they give—they miss it not—
A blessing cannot be,
Like that which rests, their widow'd one,
Upon thy gift and thee.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Companion dear! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds—to die, to die;
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compell'd,
How can'st thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?

To him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore;
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.

If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fall,
Forgive! forgive! thy task doth cease,
Friend! lover! let us part in peace.

That thou did'st sometimes check my force,
Or trifling stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,—
I blame thee not: the strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one.
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrained to hold the breath of God.

Well hast thou in my service wrought.
Thy boon hath mirror'd forth my thought;
To wear my simple thy lip hath glow'd,
Thy ear to speak, my sorrows flow'd;
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon my errands run;—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well,
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell.

Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep can break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.

Oh! quit thy hold
For thou art faint, and chill'd and cold,
And long thy grasp and groan of pain
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
Tho' angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thy ills no more.
Yet we shall meet. To sooth thy pain,
Remember we shall meet again,
Quell with this hope the victor's sting
And keep it as a signet ring,
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And naught but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope to light thy gloom,
'Till the last trumpet rend the tomb.
Then shalt thou glorious rise and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And I, with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of the bonds shall wait;
And breathe the welcome of the sky
"No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality."

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY F. H. GOULD.

Alone I walk the ocean strand,
A nearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day:
As onward from the spot I pass'd,
One lingering look I fondly cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time; and been, to be no more;
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory, or for shame!

Affection is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those good qualities which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy—affection part of the chosen trappings of folly.

MARRIED.

In Chili, on the 3rd instant, by the Rev. Mr. Short, Mr. Benj. Wells, to Miss Sabra S. Bowen, all of 'he above place.
In Avon, 14th Feb. by Rev. O. Roberts, Mr. D. B. Whaley, to Miss Catharine F. Martin, all of Avon.
On the 30th ult., at West Avon, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpoint, Mr. W. S. Brown, of Rochester, to Miss Harriet A. Whiting, of the former place.
At Greece, on the 19th instant, by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. William Murray, to Miss Lucy Reed.
At the residence of Capt. Chester Scott, in Elba, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. James A. Bolles, Rector of St. James' Church, Bisell Humphrey, Esq., to Mrs. Eliza Carpenter.
In Batavia, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. J. A. Bolles, Mr. E. F. Lewis, to Miss C. A. Kellogg.
In Batavia, on the 22d instant, by Nathan Read, Esq. Mr. Ruggles Hubbard, to Miss Mary Benzony, all of Batavia.

1700 subscribers to the Christian Journal wanted, a religious paper published in the city of New York.—I feel as though I should come far short of giving a recommendation which the Journal deserves if I should attempt, and would therefore respectfully invite all of our friends to call at the Jeweler's Shop of Mr. C. A. Burr, and examine a copy, or at my Land Office, on Jones street, No. 7.
mar 16 T. SHELDON, Agent.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.
Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county, New York.
Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county, do do
S. P. Brock, Branchport, Yates county, do do
Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co., do do
R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co., Vermont.
Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co., Michigan.
G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co., New York.
Miss E. A. Adams, Canandaigua, Ontario co., do do
E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co., do do
A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co., do do
W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co., Ohio.
S. Hunt, Hunt's Hollow, Allegany co., New York.
E. B. Warner, Lima, Livingston co., do do
Israel Pennington, Macon, Lenawa co., Michigan.
K. W. Townsend, Newark, Wayne co., New York.
P. S. Church, Oakfield, Genesee co., do do
Henry Henion, Rushville, Ontario co., do do
S. Reeve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co., do do

OFFICE OF THE GEM

CORNER OF BUFFALO AND STATE STS., ROCHESTER.

"Yes, sir, and they might imitate you, if there were more Mr. and Mrs. Barclays in the world."

"Ah, Harry, it is not the superior capacity that accomplishes most, but setting out with a firm purpose to attain a certain object. Your mother, Alice, began life with a determination to make a happy home. As she is not present, I may say of her what she would not permit me to say if she were here."

"O let me speak of her, sir," interrupted Harry Norton.

"Let me speak of her," said the modest Emily.

"O, I guess we all love to speak of mother, if speaking means praising," cried little Effie.

Grandmamma's tremulous voice hushed all others. "Her children arise up and call her blessed," she said; "her husband also, and he praiseth her."

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry; "that and every other verse in Scripture that describe a virtuous woman, might be applied to her; and those who have not the natural rights of children might rise up too and call her blessed,—those on whom she has bestowed a mother's care and tenderness. And what, that woman should do, has she left undone? How faithfully she has performed all the duties of her lot; how generously undertaken those that were not imposed on her. What sense she manifested, what beautiful order and neatness in her domestic economy; and in a higher, moral economy, how she excels all others. How she sees and foresees, provides against all wants, avoids irritations and jealousies, economizes happiness, saving those little odds and ends that others waste. How she employs the faculties of all, brings the virtue of each into operation, and if she cannot cure, shelters faults. She shows each in the best light, and is herself the light that shines on all,—the sun of her home."

"Do not flatter, Harry," said Mr. Barclay, in a voice, however, which proved that he felt this was no flattery.

"O, Mr. Barclay," said Emily, "we must sometimes speak out our hearts, or they would burst!"

"It is testimony, not flattery," added Harry.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

"The worst fault you have, is to be in love."

A letter was one morning brought to Mrs. Barclay, while she was sitting amidst her family. She read it twice over, and then without speaking laid it on the table. "No bad news, I hope mother?" said Alice, inquiringly.

"It ought to be good news, Alice, and yet I am afraid we shall all feel as if it were very bad."

Mrs. Barclay took up the letter, and read it aloud. It proved to be an application from a Carolinian lady, to whom Emily had been recommended as a governess. There were three young children to be instructed, and very generous terms were offered. Mrs. Barclay made no comments.

"I am sure I ought to be very glad and thankful," said Emily, in a voice that indicated how far *I ought* was from *I am*.

"Glad and thankful," echoed Alice, "for an opportunity to leave us, just as we have all come to be so happy here! No indeed, Emily, you shall not leave us now."

"Now nor ever," thought Wallace, "if I can prevent it." He looked eagerly towards his mother, in the hope she would put in a discouraging word; but she did not speak, and ventured to say, "It is very little in the lady's favor that she asks Emily to go to the South at this season."

"That is quite conclusive against the project, mother," said Charles.

"And why need she ever leave us, mother? Why not stay and teach us?"

"I have already taught you, dear Effie, all I know."

"Ah, but now we are at Greenbrook, you can have a new scholar."

"Who, Effie?" asked Emily, little aware of the toils into which she was falling.

"Charles."

"And what in the world can I teach Charles?"

"What you have taught all the rest of us,—what you teach best,—and without seeming to try, too."

"And what can that be, Effie?"

The little girl threw her arms round Emily's neck, and, looking fondly in her face, replied, "To love you."

Wallace was standing by the window, apparently absorbed in playing with a pet squirrel which Charles had tamed for Emily. His eye involuntarily turned towards her, and encountered hers. A blush suffused her cheek. Wallace flung the squirrel from him. "Did Bob bite you?" asked Effie, observing the sudden change of her brother's countenance.

"Yes,—no, no," he replied, and hurried out of the room in no very tranquil frame of mind. He went he knew not where, and did he knew not what, till Alice ran down the steps of the piazza, exclaiming, "Wallace! Wallace! don't break off those carnations; don't you see how nicely Emily has shaded them from the sun to preserve them as long as possible? O what a pity you have broken this off! Charles has taken such pains to have it as fine as possible for Emily."

"For Emily?"

There was a world of meaning in this concise inquiry, but Alice did not comprehend it. "Yes for Emily. What is there strange in that? Emily is very fond of carnations."

The impetuosity which had appeared in out-breakings of temper in Wallace's childhood, was now manifest in decision, energy, and ardent affection. Natural qualities may be modified by moral education, not extirpated;—the stream may flow, its course may be directed. "Come with me down this walk, Alice," said her brother; "I have something to ask you, and you must answer me frankly." His voice became tremulous, but he proceeded; "Alice, you girls have a way of finding out one another's feelings;—I do not ask you to betray confidence, but you may have observed something,—there may have been some accidental betrayal—tell me at once, Alice."

"Tell you what, Wallace?"

"You certainly understand me."

"Indeed I do not."

"Then in plain English, do you think Emily—he stammered, but in plain English it must be spoken, and he proceeded, "has any partiality for Charles?"

"Wallace!" exclaimed Alice, in whom the truth now for the first time glimmered.

"Answer me truly, my dear sister; all I want is, to know the truth."

"Why,—it is difficult to judge of Emily; she has a way of always laughing about such matters. She is not in the least sentimental you know."

"Not foolishly sentimental, but she has strong feelings."

"Very strong."

"Then if she has a preference, I am sure she must at some time have betrayed it."

"Not of course, Wallace. I am sure your feelings are strong enough, and yet I never suspected—"

"There were reasons for that; but girls are always confidential. Come, Alice, do put me out of misery."

"If I could, Wallace."

"Then you do think she loves Charles?"

"Yes, I think she cares more for him than for any one else."

"I don't believe it!" The exclamation was involuntary. Wallace was ashamed; he tried to keep down his rising heart. "I beg your pardon, Alice," he said; "but—I may have been dreaming; what indications have you observed?"

"When we are together, she talks ten times as much of Charles, as of you." "That is no proof," thought Wallace. "When he was at Greenbrook and we in town," continued Alice, "we agreed to write to him alternately; her letter was already ready in time, filled and crossed, and often she wrote in my turn. Charles used to say it was like being at home to get one of her letters. To be sure there was nothing particular in them; they were such as a sister might write."

Wallace thought over the only two letters he had ever received from Emily. Snatches of letters they were, rambling and indefinite; but he thought they were not such as a sister would write, and he felt a painful sort of triumph in thinking they were not. "A little circumstance occurred not long ago," continued Alice, "that, as I thought, let me into the real state of Emily's feelings. The evening Harry and I made our engagement, we were walking on the Battery all the evening. The family believed I had been walking with Charles, and I did not feel like deceiving them; but when I went to our room with Emily, it seemed as if my heart

would burst if I did not speak. I threw my arms around her neck, and called her my future sister. She misunderstood me; I felt her tear on my cheek, and she said something about my being too good, and Charles too good, and all that; so I was forced to relieve her embarrassment, and tell plainly my meaning. I believed she had only anticipated a little, for I was sure Charles loved her; are you not, Wallace?"

"Yes, Alice, too sure; but I have been strangely blind,—it never occurred to me till within the last two hours. I am not equally sure that—" Emily loves him, he would have added; but he could not communicate the reasons of his long cherished opinions, or rather hopes, on the subject of Emily's affections, and he abruptly turned away and left his sister to solitary and painful reflections. "Poor Wallace!" she thought, "it would have been far easier for Charles to have gotten over it; his feelings are so much more gentle and manageable."

Hour after hour passed away while Wallace unconsciously wandered along the river's bank, revolving the past, balancing every trifling circumstance to which love, and hope, and fear gave weight, and painfully meditating on the future,—on what he could do and what he ought to do; the *ought* soon becomes the *could* in a virtuous mind.

Circumstances had led the brothers very innocently into the indulgence of these jarring hopes. Nothing was more natural, than that an intimate intercourse with a girl very lovely in person and character, and attractive in manners should excite their affections, and that affection in the boy should ripen into love in the man. It was not so natural that each should indulge his own hopes, form his own plans, and never suspect the sentiments of his brother. For the last half dozen years, Charles had been for nine months of every year at Greenbrook, and when the brothers were together, they found the frank and affectionate intercourse of the family a safe and convenient shelter for their private feelings. Neither of them had for a long time had a distinct purpose, or been himself aware of the existence of an all-controlling sentiment. But, for a few months past, they had been waiting for a moment when their affairs should warrant the disclosure of their attachment, or any crisis (on the brink of which lovers always seem to themselves to be) should render it inevitable. In the meantime, Emily's entrance on her vocation of teacher had been, on some pretext deferred from spring to fall, and from fall to spring. The truth was, none of the family could bear to part with her, and even Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were for once betrayed into the delay of a most excellent plan in favor of a present indulgence.

Wallace passed a sleepless night, the first in his healthy and happy life. It was not profitless; for, during the silent watches, he firmly resolved upon an immediate and frank disclosure to Charles. This he believed would prevent as far as it was possible to prevent them, all future regrets and unhappiness. He could not bear to risk, for a moment, that the harmony and sweet affections, which had made their home a heaven, should give place to suspicion, secret jealousy, selfish competition, and possible hatred. "No," he said; "He who has commanded us to pluck out an eye if it offend us, will enable me or Charles to root out an affection which we have both innocently, though one of us blindly cherished."

Wallace was (what all are not) true to the resolution formed in solitude; and early the next day he sought an interview with Charles. At first it was embarrassed and painful. Charles' delicate and somewhat reserved nature was shocked by having the secret he had so long cherished, known and canvassed. But by degrees the hearts of both were opened. Their mutual confidence called forth all the vigor of their mutual affections. The noblest powers of their nature were roused; and such was the glow of fraternal love, that each felt that success with Emily would be almost as hard to bear as failure. Emily's preference must of course decide the matter, and the sooner that decision was known, they felt to be the better. Charles proposed that the whole affair should be confided to their mother, and that she should ascertain for them which way Emily's heart leaned. Wallace was disinclined to this. He had always thought he would have no medium, not even his mother, in an affair of this sort. "If denial comes, it does not, Charles, matter how;

but if acceptance, I would first know it from Emily's eye and lips."

The sensations that darted through Charles' bosom at this expression of Wallace, made him realize the precipice on which they stood, and stimulated his desire to have his fate decided at once. He again urged the mode he had suggested. "Let Emily," he said, "know the happiness she bestows, but never the pain she inflicts. If I am to be her brother, Wallace, I would not for worlds that the frank affections she has shown me" ("ah, how misinterpreted!" he thought.) "should be withdrawn, or shackled with reserve—a source of suffering to us both, to us all."

Wallace at length acquiesced, and felt and said that Charles was always more considerate, more generous than he. The brothers parted, and Charles hastened with his painful confidence to his mother. The mother, always ready to bear her part in the hope and fears, success and disappointments, of her children; received his communication with tears of sympathy. But over every other feeling,—regret that the catastrophe had not been foreseen and avoided, anxiety for the future, and perplexity with the present,—the holy joy of the Christian mother triumphed; and from the depths of her heart a silent, fervent thanksgiving, that the religious principle of her sons had swayed their affections and been victorious over the temptations of the most subtle of the human passions.

The application of the southern lady was the theme on which Mrs Barclay began her soundings of Emily; but how she discharged her delicate office, need not be told. A woman's management on such occasions is so marked by the adroitness and sagacity manifested by the lower orders of creation, that we might call it by the name we give to the inspiration of the bee and the bird, and say that one woman *instinctively* finds the clue that leads through a labyrinth of another's heart.

When Charles again met his mother, he read his fate in her face. "It is as I expected," she said; Emily herself asks how it could be otherwise."

"Mother! you did not tell her that I—"

"No, no, my son, she does not suspect the nature of your feelings; but, as I was going to tell you, she said, amid the blushes and tears of her confession, that she feared it was very wrong, received as she had been into the family, to indulge such an affection for Wallace; but she could not help it. If he had gone away, as you did, she should have loved him as she does you and her brother Harry; but to be with him every day, and every day find him more and more—"

"You need not check yourself, mother; I can bear to hear why she loves Wallace."

Mrs. Barclay was proceeding;—Charles again interrupted her. "Never mind, dear mother; some other time I will hear the rest;" and he left her, to still in solitude the throbbing of his heart. Something must be allowed to human infirmity. Charles had fortunately a pretext of business, and in a few hours, without again seeing his brother or Emily, he was on his way to a distant part of the state.

Those hours which should have been the happiest in Wallace's life were clouded; but the clouds which are fraught with generous consideration for another are better than sunshine. It is good to have the joy of success tempered, the expectations of youth abated, and above all it is good, by personal and even bitter experience, to have our convictions strengthened, that the highest and only stable happiness results from an obedience to the sense of duty. Even in the first intoxicating moments of assured affection, the certainty of possessing Emily's love was less to Wallace than the certainty of having preserved his brother's unimpaired.

Charles' trial was the severest. His fondest hopes were suddenly annihilated. Emily, who unconsciously had shaped the plan of his life, and lit up his futurity, was lost to him for ever; but even the possession of her pure and tender heart, lovely and beloved as she was, could not have inspired the holy emotions he felt, from the assurance that his love for Wallace was not abated one jot,—that he could contemplate his happiness, not only without a pang of envy, but with gratitude to Heaven, that what was denied to him had fallen to his brother's lot.

Whence came this self-conquest? whence this power over the most selfish and exorbitant of the passions? and at that period of life when passion is strongest and reason weakest? It came from a home cultivation of the affection,

that springs from the natural and unchanging relations. It came from what the Apostle calls a "mystery," the knitting of hearts together in love; and alas! to a great portion of the world the power of domestic love is still a mystery. The vital principle of the religion of Christ, the pervading element of the divine nature, *love* was the informing spirit of the Barclays' home. This inspired their exertions, and their self-restraints, and that a generous sympathy which enabled each to transmute, as it were, his existence into a brother's—to weep when he wept, and to rejoice when he rejoiced.

FAMILY LETTERS.

Yet! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

Goldsmith.

To the younger members of the Greenbrook family, the announcement of Wallace's and Emily engagement was unmixed joy. "They had always," they said "loved her like a sister, and now she was going to be their own sister. Mother had always said that Emily would make one of the best little house wives in the world, if she did not a wonderful teacher, and they guessed mother knew all the while what was going to happen; but that was nothing strange, mother knew every thing! And how nicely father fixed it to have Wallace and Harry Norton partners. They wondered "if father meant that all should come out so like the end of a story-book when he took Harry and Emily home! And what would Mr. Anthon say now? O, he would say it was all father's luck! Poor Mr. Anthon! To be sure he had bad luck enough, as he called it. John such a drunkard, and Dick acting so shockingly, and Anne quarrelling with her mother-in-law." Thus the children dwelt on results; older heads may speculate on causes.

Charles, in due time, returned to Greenbrook. His gentle and still affectionate manner (perhaps even more than usually so) betrayed no secret to Emily; but his increased thoughtfulness and occasional embarrassment did not escape his mother's vigilant eye. He was himself conscious of a weight on his spirits that he could not throw off,—an accustomed and delightful stimulus was withdrawn. It was the change from a day of sunshine and ethereal atmosphere to leaden skies and east winds. He fully realized that it was easy for a mind formed upon right principles to resolve upon a right course, but very hard to cure the same mind of long indulged habits. There was not a walk, a view, a tree, or plant at Greenbrook, that did not tend by its associations to keep alive feelings which it was now his duty and his endeavor to extinguish. Human virtues partake of human constitution,—they are weak, and need external aid and support; the true wisdom is to find this out and apply the remedy in time. After a conflict of weeks and months, Charles came to the conclusion that a change of climate is sometimes as essential to the mind, as the body; and having frankly disclosed his reasons to his parents, he announced to them his determination, with their approbation, to remove to Ohio. The Greenbrook farm, he said, was no more than his father could manage without him at present, and the younger boys were coming on to take his place; for himself, he should find the excitement he wanted, in the activity and novelty of a new state; and while he remembered his home, he should be stimulated to do some good, if he failed in getting all he hoped! He had communicated his plans to Wallace, and had received a letter from him filled with the most affectionate expostulations, but they had not changed his view. Charles was so important to the home circle, he filled so many places which nobody else could fill, that the whole family protested against his leaving them. His father and mother after much anxious deliberation, were the first to acquiesce in his wishes. His removal was the greatest disappointment they had ever met with, but, once having made up their minds that it was best for him, they bore it cheerfully. Self-sacrifice is so common in a good parent, that it strikes us no more than the falling of the rain, or the shining of the sun, or any other natural result of the beneficent arrangements of Providence.

Charles' departure was loudly lamented by the good people of Greenbrook. They liberally used the right-which all social country gossips assume on such occasions, and "judged it a poor move for such a young man as Charles

Barclay to leave his *privileges* in New England to rough it in the West. However, it was nothing strange; all the boys caught the western fever now-a-days." But deeply as Charles regretted the "privileges" of a more advanced state of society, and above all the "privilege" of his blessed home, he had no regret for the vigorous resolution he had taken, when he found his mind recovering its cheerful tone, without which all the "privileges" that the happiest son of New England ever toiled for and enjoyed would have been unavailing to him. The healthful state of his mind, the "prosperity of his heart," is best exhibited in the following extract from a letter to his mother.

"I have profited by father's rule to drive out private and personal griefs by devotion to the well being of others. Life is indeed too short to be wasted in brooding over disappointment, and I am convinced there is much more of selfishness than of sensibility in thus brooding. The affections are given to us for activity and diffusion,—they are the fire to warm, not to consume us. I am a living witness, dear mother, against the corrupting eloquence we meet with in novels and poetry to persuade us that true love is an unconquerable passion; I did love long and truly, as you know. My affections were worthily placed, and at first, I confess I thought it impossible they should ever cease to be exclusively devoted to that object. I remember the night before I left you, when I was expressing my dread of the solitariness that awaited me at my new residence, father said, 'O my son, you will soon have a family around you.' I replied, querulously; I never shall have a family!" and I secretly wondered that father could so have forgotten the feelings of his youth, as to think that I could. Now I look forward to such an event as possible; my heart is free.

"I have much reason to rejoice that I came here; there is no time in these busy new settlements to look back. The 'go ahead' principle keeps hands and heads at work,—and hearts too, dear mother. Do not imagine that in our eager devotion to physical wants, we forget what belongs to the lasting and nobler part of our nature. I have literally made a circulating library of the books father gave me; and if your household maxim holds good here, and 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' the eagerness with which they are devoured is a proof that they were well selected. I have built a small log-house, with two apartments, at a short distance from the good family where I get my meals. One of the apartments is my bed-room, and I assure you it has quite a home look. A little pine table in the corner of the room is covered with the merino cloth which Mary and Haddy umbroided with braids for me; there is my flute, my portfolio, and the little pile of books that was always on my table at home,—then the quilt the girls made of bits of their pretty frocks is on my bed, the curtains Emily hemmed and fringed, before my windows. All these home memorials, with your sweet picture hanging over the fire-place, do confoundedly blur my eyes sometimes.

"The other apartment is, at present, a reading room. I have induced the young men to join me in a society which we call (you know we are fond of grand names in these parts) *Philomathian*. Our Philos subscribe for half a dozen newspapers, and three periodicals. They remain a week at the reading-room where we meet evenings and rainy days. These meetings keep alive a social spirit, and a barter trade of our ideas, by which all gain, some more and some less. All gain, I say, and so it is; for the most humble has something peculiar in his observations and experience, by which those that are more highly endowed, and far better instructed, may profit. After a certain time our papers, &c. are put in circulation for the benefit of the womankind. My little reading room serves another purpose that will particularly please you, mother. We meet in it every Sabbath morning for religious service. I am reader to our little congregation. I find the sermons and other devotional books father selected, admirably adapted to our purpose. I began with reading prayers; but our settlers, being chiefly from New England, prefer an extempore service. At first I felt *bashful* at being their organ, and, I confess it with shame, I thought more of those who were around me than of Him whom I addressed; but I soon learned to abstract myself, and to enter into the spirit of my petitions. We are but an extended family circle, perfectly acquainted with each other's

condition, feeling one another's wants; after our service we have a Sunday school. I adopt my father's mode of passing the afternoon as far as practicable here. I visit the sick and afflicted, and where there are no such paramount claims, I impart what religious and moral instruction I can to the children, and to the ignorant who are but grown-up children.

"Tell father the slips of fruit-trees he gave me, are thriving on many a sunny patch,—growing while we are sleeping; and pray tell the girls, that their last package of flower seeds arrived safely, and they have come up famously. Eve had not a finer soil for her culture in Paradise than we have here. Flowers grow like weeds; and I know many a village in old Massachusetts, shame to them! that has not so many of these luxuries as there are in our little settlement which has been opened to the sun but three years.

"I assisted two little barefoot girls to-day to train a native clematis (a pretty species) over the logs of their hut. There is a honeysuckle and white rose clambering over my window, that came from slips I cut,—you know where, mother, the morning I left home. How soon may we plant a paradise in the wilds, if we will! The physical, moral, and intellectual soil is ready; it only wants the spirit of cultivation.

"That honeysuckle and white rose! They have recalled images of the past, but they are no longer spectres that trouble, but spirits that soothe me. How I wish I could be with you on the happy occasion at hand. I cannot, so there is an end of wishing; but pray tell Wallace, with my best love, that I rejoice in his joy, and have no feeling that may not exist when all marrying and giving in marriage is past, and we meet, as I humbly trust we shall, a family in heaven."

The happy occasion alluded to by Charles, was the double marriage of Alice and Harry Norton, Wallace and Emily.

"What a pity you were not here, dear Charles," wrote Mary Barclay to her brother, "we had such a delightful wedding. At first it was decided it should be quite private. Emily wished it so, and mother preferred it; but Alice, who, as father says, always goes for the greatest happiness to the greatest number," said that she was to be married but once in her life, and that those who could get pleasure from looking at her, were quite welcome to it. The girls were dressed sweetly, but unexpensively; for father, you know, thinks a wedding a poor excuse for extravagance, or, to express it as he would, a woman is unfit to assume the most serious cares and responsibilities of life till she better estimate the uses of money than to invest it in blond and pearls,—a common rigging now-a-days, even for portionless brides. Our brides looked pretty enough, in all conscience, in white muslins and natural flowers. Father and mother had a long talk with us the evening before, and we did all our crying then, and one and all resolved we would have nothing but smiles at the wedding. Good old Mr. Marvin performed the ceremony. He was rather long and particular, and too plain spoken; but his age and right intention were a warrant for his freedom, and his earnest feeling made amends for all. You remember his 'narrative style' in prayer. He told our whole family history, and such a 'patriarch' as he made of father! such a 'mother in Israel' of mother! and such 'plants and polished corner-stones' of their sons and daughters? There was an allusion that shocked us all to poor old Mr. Norton, and father's Christain conduct towards him, but happily it was so wrapped in Scripture phraseology, that I doubt if any understood it but such as were acquainted with particulars. But when he spoke of the blessed issues of that painful business, of the gentle Ruth and faithful Jacob (these were the names by which he designated Harry and Emily) who had been trained under our roof in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord,' all hearts were touched. The only missing member of the family, dear Charles, was not forgotten, and, we all joined in the earnest petition that the spirit of your father's house might rest on your new home; and that the waste places around you might blossom as the rose.

"After the ceremony, the crying (alas, for our previous resolution!), the kissing, and the wishing were over, a tower of wedding-cake was set on the centre table, wreathed, as Emily had requested, with roses and honeysuckles from

those you planted for her. In spite of the searching and scrambling among the ready candidates for future weddings, little Effie got the ring. Fortune pets her as well as we. However, I suspected this was a contrivance of Biddy's whose true love of merry-making has been all called forth on this occasion. By the way, Biddy is an inexpressible comfort since we came to Greenbrook, where the family work is so much increased. She takes all the burden of it from Martha, and is as dutiful to her as a child could be. Martha says herself, she is paid a hundred fold for all the trouble she had with her.

"The brides leave us to-morrow, and I am so busy that I must finish my letter with half our wedding festivities untold,—how they danced while I played,—how Captain Fisher, who in his youth was drummer in a militia company, sent home for his old drum and played an *amateur* an accompaniment to the 'White Cockade,' and 'Haste to the wedding!'—how the kind old people, who used to think dancing a sin looked on complacently. They grow wiser, and we more rational.

"How lonesome we shall be to-morrow! O dear me! I wish, as Willie used to say, we had 'a big banging house were all my peoples as loves one another could live together and not make a noise.' Do you remember, Charles? It seems but yesterday that we all laughed at this outbreak of the loving little fellow's heart, and he is getting a beard, and looking mannish. Well, the accomplishment of Willie's wish is reserved for a happier condition of existence, when we shall no more have to toil in cities, or go to the forests to make new abodes. Then, dear, Charles, shall we dwell together in one home. Till then, then, yours, dear brother.

"Most affectionately,

"MARY BARCLAY."

THE CONCLUSION.

"Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day."

"WHAT man is there that liveth and shall not see death?" The import of these words comes home at some time or other to every bosom. Some think of death at a moment of sudden alarm, in seasons of sickness, or in the silent watches of the night, when the ministry of the senses is suspended, and the consciousness of mortality presses on the spirit. But should not the thought of death be associated with the necessary pursuits and cheerful occupations of life? Not introduced, like the skeleton at the Egyptian feasts, to mingle gloom with gaiety, but to give a just coloring and weight to the affairs of life by enabling us to estimate them in relation to this great circumstance of existence, habitually to associate life with immortality,—

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when will it come."

If a heathen, to whom the grave was still wrapped in silence and darkness, could, from the mere consideration that death was inevitable, be supposed to await it with firmness, what ought we to expect from the Christain, for whom life and immortality have been brought to light,—who believes that there is a place prepared for him in his father's house?

Does he believe that death is but a brief passage, a "circumstance" of life? that there is no death to those who believe in Jesus? that the mortal shall put on immortality? that death be swallowed up in victory? If these are not words, but articles of faith, why does death bring such dismay and gloom into the home of the Christian? If Jesus were now to appear to his disciples, would he not have much reason to say to them, "O ye of little faith?"

Early in the autumn following the marriage of his children, Mr. Barclay returned from his usual daily walk to the village post-office with a letter in his hand. His face indicated anxiety and sorrow. Every eye was fixed on him for explanation. He gave the letter to Mrs. Barclay, and turning to the children said, "Your brother Charles is ill with a fever."

"Very ill, father!"

"Yes, Effie; and he had been so for ten days when the letter was written."

"O father! and we have all been so happy when Charles perhaps was"—"dying," she would have said, but there are words hard to apply to those whose lives seem to be a portion of our own.

"Do not you think, Effie, it would have grieved Charles to have abated one particle of your happiness?"

"O yes, it would, father. Charles always loved to have us glad, and never sorry, and he always made us glad. But we shall never be glad again if he dies."

"Never, Effie?" Her father took her on his knee. "And what would Charles think, if we never could be happy because it had pleased our Heavenly Father, to take him a little before us to heaven?"

"I don't know, sir, what people think in heaven, but I know what we feel on earth. Do you think he will die, father?" she added very softly, and laying her cheek to her father's.

"I fear he must, my child." The children whose eyes were on their father, as if awaiting a sentence of life or death, could no longer restrain their tears. Mary and her mother were eagerly reading the letter. They too thought Charles must die, and when they had read through the physician's statement, and saw at the end of it, "God's will be done," written almost illegibly in Charles' hand, Mary hid her face on her mother's heaving bosom. Mr. Barclay took the letter and showed the line to the younger children. "Let us, too, my dear children, try honestly to say 'God's will be done.' Let us all bow down before our Father in heaven, and ask Him to give us the spirit of obedience and faith, that we may quietly submit to his holy will." They all gathered around him, and as they knelt with him they caught the spirit of his expressions of trust,—they felt what it was to be the children of light, and not of darkness,—of the light from heaven which shines through the gospel of Christ.

Two days must pass before farther intelligence could be received. In the mean time the sad news spread through Greenbrook, and a general sympathy pervaded the little community. Charles' gracious qualities had commended him to all hearts, and each family felt as if it were menaced with a calamity. When the stage-coach arrived, by which, as all knew, news must come from Charles, and Mr. Barclay was seen riding towards the post-office, many an eager and tearful eye followed him. "The mail is not opened, sir," said the post-master. By this time several persons had left their business, and were approaching to get the first intelligence. "O that I could get my letter and be away with it," thought Mr. Barclay, reluctant as every delicate person is, to betray emotion before observers. He was recalled to his better feelings.

"Shall I hold your horse for you, Mr. Barclay?" asked a voice almost for the first time low and gentle.

"Thank you, Dow," he replied; and giving him the bridle, he dismounted. Dow was a demi-outlaw, who lived on the outskirts of Greenbrook. Every man's face was set against him, and his against every man except Charles Barclay. And why was he an exception? "Charles," he said, "had treated him like a human creature, had done him many a good turn, and had many a laugh with him;" and now Dow had come from his mountain-hut, and stood with his rifle in his hand, and his shaggy cur at his side, awaiting the first breath of news from Charles.

"What are you standing there for?" said the post-master to a little girl on the door-step, "you are in my light, child."

"Mother wants to know, sir, what's in the letter." "Mother" was the widow Ely, to whom Charles had done many an unforgett'n kindness.

"He's got a letter, has not he?" exclaimed old blind Palmer, whose quick ear caught the breaking of the seal. "Hush, Medder!" he added, laying his hand on the head of the sagacious little terrier Charles had given him, and eagerly listening for the first word that should be uttered. Mr. Barclay devoured the contents of the letter at a glance, then threw it on the table, mounted his horse, and galloped homeward.

"He is dead!" exclaimed one.

"I do not believe it," said another.

"He has left his letter." "He has left it for us to read," was the natural conclusion. They did accordingly read the few lines announcing that the fever had reached its crisis and the patient was convalescing; and they were just about to say "how strangely Mr. Barclay had acted," when they felt their voices broken by their own emotions, and they realized how much

more difficult it might be to control an unexpected joy, than a grief painfully prepared for.

After this came regular and encouraging accounts from Charles; but the first letter from himself written with apparent effort and at long intervals, checked their hopes. He expressed with manly piety his deep gratitude for the experience of his sickness. Over and over again he thanked his parents for his religious education. He said that a tranquil reliance on the mercy of God, and faith in the immortality revealed by Christ and assured by his resurrection, had never, for a moment, forsaken him. He had but one inextinguishable earthly desire, and that was to see home. "Home and Heaven, blended together in his thoughts by day and his dreams by night." The letter was filled with the most tender longing for a sight of his mother's face,—his father, and each brother and sister, were named in the most endearing language.

Soon after came a letter informing them that symptoms of a rapid consumption had appeared, which no longer admitted a doubt as to the termination of the disease, and that he had determined immediately to make an effort to reach home. He intended to embark the next day for New Orleans, whence he should go to New York, where he hoped to meet his parents. The letter indicated perfect firmness and tranquillity of mind. It contained his wishes as to the disposition of his effects. Some memorial was allotted to each member of the family, not forgetting Martha and Bidley; and some poor Greenbrook friends were remembered by bequests adapted to their necessities.

At the end of a few weeks he arrived at New York, where his parents were awaiting him, and whence they conveyed him by slow stages to Greenbrook. For the last few miles he was borne on a litter. His father, Wallace, and Harry Norton aiding to carry, or walking beside him, till his eyes rested on his beloved home, where, on every side, were traces of his tasteful and diligent hand.

Mary, with thoughtful care, had arranged his room precisely as he left it. When they laid him on his bed, no emotion was visible save a slight fluttering at his heart. His face was placed, and from his eye, which literally glowed, there came "holy revealings." He was alone with his brother. "O Wallace," he said, raising his eye gratefully to Him who had granted his last earthly prayer, "how pleasant it is to be here! How I longed for this! O home, home! Open wide those blinds, Wallace,"—he pointed to the east window opposite his bed. "Now raise my head and let it rest on your breast. I always loved to look on those hills when the sun was going down."

It was one of those moments in the harmonies of nature, when the outward world seems to answer to the spirit. The valley was in deep shadow, while the summit of the hills, rich with the last softened, serious tints of autumn, was lighted,—kindled, with the rays of the sun. "The falling leaf! and the setting sun!" said Charles, without expressing in words the relation to his own condition so manifest. "Is it not beautiful, Wallace?"

"Yes, very beautiful!" faintly echoed Wallace, his eye fixed on his brother's pale, serene brow, where it seemed to him there was a more beautiful light,—light from Heaven. As Wallace gently rested his cheek on that brow, what a contrast in the two faces, and yet what harmony! His was rich with health and untouchable vitality. His eyes were suffused with tears, his brow contracted, and his lips compressed with the effort to subdue his struggling feelings. The beautiful coloring of health had long and for ever forsaken Charles. His cheeks were sunken, and there were dark shadows in their cavities; but there was an ineffable sweetness, a something like the repose of satisfied infancy on his lips, and such tranquillity on his smooth brow, that it seemed as if the seal of eternal peace were set there. A tear fell from Wallace's cheek on his. Charles faintly smiled, and looking up he said, "Why are you troubled, my dear brother? I am not,—kiss me, Wallace. Thank God, dear brother, our hearts have never been divided,—and yet we were treading."

"You were,—you were, Charles!" Wallace's voice in spite of his efforts was choked.

"Well, Wallace, if you have children, bring them up in that strict family love in which we were brought up. God is love, and wherever love is, there cannot be strifes and envyings."

After a night of as much repose as could be obtained in Charles' circumstances, and made

sweet to him by the sense of being under his father's roof, each member of the family was admitted to his apartment.

"This is too much happiness!" he said, as he welcomed one after another to his bedside.

He was too weak for sustained conversation; but some seasonable, and never to be forgotten words, he uttered at intervals. And inquiries were to be made about the condition of the garden, and the grounds, and the affairs of the Greenbrook neighborhood, all evincing that there was nothing in his past pursuits and interest discordant with his present circumstances. He wished his sisters to bring in their work-baskets, ("I cannot spare your hand, mother," he said, pressing his lips to it when he made the request,) that he might see them at their usual employments, and have more completely the feeling of being at home.

This was the first time that death had come into Mr. Barclay's habitation. He was received not as an enemy, but as an expected friend,—as the messenger of God. The affections were not cooled nor abated, (was this ever the effect of religion?) and therefore their countenances were sad, and their hearts sorrowful; but it was sorrow without bitterness or repining. The visible domestic chain was for the first time to be broken,—a precious link for a time severed. The event was attended with peculiar disappointment to Mr. Barclay. Without favoritism there is often, perhaps always, a closer tie to one child than to another. There was a perfect sympathy between Charles and his father. Their minds seemed cast in the same mould. They had the same views and purposes in life,—the same resolute, steady application of their theories. Mr. Barclay had relied on Charles to be the guide and support of his younger children. But God had ordered it otherwise, and he submitted, as a Christian should submit, in the spirit of love and of a sound mind.

For two days Charles' disease seemed to be suspended, and the energies of nature to be called forth by moral causes; but on the third day he appeared to be rapidly sinking away. He could now only endure an upright position. His head rested on his mother's bosom. Little Effie, who read truly the fixed and intense looks of the family, but who could not imitate their calmness, shrunk behind her mother sobbing aloud.

"Come here, Effie," said her brother, "why do you cry?"

"Because, Charles"—she could not speak the rest.

"Because I must die, Effie?"

"Yes," she faintly answered.

"It is not hard to die, dear Effie,—not if we love God, not if we believe the promises of Christ. Come closer, Effie, I cannot speak loud; I am going home, to a home like this, for love is there; to a better home than this, for there, there is neither sickness nor sorrow."

"Rest now, my dear son," said the tender mother, as Charles paused from exhaustion and closed his eyes.

"First, mother, let me tell Effie what is best of all in that home. There is no sin there, Effie."

"O, Charles, you never did any thing wrong here."

"My dear little sister, I have done and felt much that was wrong, and it is because I know our God is a God of forgiveness and tender mercy, that I hope to be accepted of Him. Kiss me, Effie,—be a good girl, and when you come to lie on a sick bed you will have a great many pleasant thoughts. Mary, my dear sister do not grieve so,—we shall very soon meet again. Alice, one last word, my sister,—do not give your heart too much to the world. Emily, my dear sister, too, we shall be one family in heaven."

These and few more short sentences (ever after treasured in faithful hearts) Charles uttered at long intervals; then, after a short pause, he said, "I am very weak,—father, lay your hand upon my breast, here,—what does this mean?"

His father perceived the tokens of dissolution; "It is death, my dear child," he replied.

Wallace offered to take his mother's place;—"No," said Charles, "my head is easiest on mother's bosom; mother, you are not afraid to see me die?"

"O, no, no, my son."

"Nor am I afraid to die, mother; God hath redeemed my soul from the power of the grave. Father, pray with us."

All felt their weakness, and the necessity for a stronger than a human arm to lean upon, and they bowed themselves in supplication to their Father in heaven, as children in trouble fly to the arms of their parents. The demands of the soul at such a moment are pressing and few. They were briefly expressed by the tender parent in the language of Scripture,—in words that in great exigencies are felt to convey the oracles of God.

"Thank you, dear father," said Charles, "I am better for this." He looked around on each one of the family and said, "It is hard parting,—but there is sweet peace here."

His voice had become more indistinct, and his spirit seemed to rise from the home where it lingered to that which awaited it. His lips still moved as if in prayer. Suddenly he raised both hands and said clearly, "Thanks be to God who giveth"—the bodily organs were too feeble for the parting soul. His father finished the sentence; "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Charles bowed his head. A few moments longer they watched his ebbing life, and he was gone, gently as a child falls asleep on its mother's bosom. A deep, holy silence followed. It seemed as if all heard the voice of God, "It is I, be not afraid."

But then came the mortal feeling, the sense of separation, the poignant anguish of the parting stroke, and sighs and tears broke forth. They laid their cheeks to his, they kissed his hands, sobbing, "Charles!—dear, blessed brother!"

The mother sat motionless, her son's head still resting on her bosom. She could not bear to change this last manifestation of his love to her. Mr. Barclay gently disengaged him from her arms, and laid him on the pillow, saying as he did so, "He was our first-born!"

What a world to the parent there is in these few words! They recall the hours of brightest, freshest hope, and deepest gratitude. They express what has been dearest and happiest in life, and when Mr. Barclay, after a moment's pause, added in a firmer voice, "The Lord gave,—the Lord hath taken away,—blessed be his name,"—it was the meek Christian triumphing over the man and father.

"My children," he said, "it is finished. Now let us unite our hearts in thanksgiving to God for the life and death of your dear brother." They all knelt while with a steady voice he poured out his heart. Memory, kindled by love, lighted up Charles' past life, and all, as it passed in review, was the subject, not of lamentation that it was gone, but of pious gratitude that it had been enjoyed. He blessed God for the healthful infancy of his son; for the obedience and docility of his childhood; for the progressive knowledge and virtue of his youth; and above all, for the faith in Jesus that had given effect to his life, and peace in the hour of death.

First Visit to a Theatre.—At length, on a certain (and oh, fatal) night!—a dark and gloomy night—suited to the perpetration of such an act of disobedience, with stealthy steps I trod my way. I dared not look right or left, so conscious was I of the "deep damnation of the deed;" but my soul was in arms, my time was my own, my will was free, my father had departed for Whetstone, his constant custom on a Saturday evening, and I issued forth with my friend Litchfield, of the Council office, to make my first entree at a public theatre; this was in the autumn of 1790. Oh the delights of that night!—that two shillings worth of disobedience! My companion and I have frequently laughed over the recollection of my frantic behaviour. He could not pacify me. He had long been initiated into the mysteries of the scenic art; but here I was, at fourteen, at "my first play," which Charles Lamb has so beautifully described. The very curtain filled me with anticipations of delight; the scenery, the dresses, the feathers, the russet boots, the very smell of the theatre, that mixture of orange-peel and oil, the applause in which I joined so heartily as to bring all eyes and many remarks upon me, to the great scandal of my circle, filled my senses with delight. From that night my mind was in a splendid state of irritation. I could scarcely walk the streets without offering "my kingdom for a horse" to every pedestrian I met. At night I could not rest, Macbeth did "murder sleep;" and I recited Leah up three pair of stairs to a four legged bedstead.—*Memoirs of C Matthews.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1859.

Plagiarism.—The last and grossest of modern plagiarism is the "Old Clock" story. The gist of the joke is the ridiculous position of the landlord while watching the vibrations of the old pendulum. That same idea is as old as the story of the Barber of Dunse, who agreed, for a guinea, to leap back and forth over a broomstick for an hour, with no music save the continual repetition, at each leap, of his own name and occupation. While thus engaged his friends entered the shop, and his wife clung to the neck of her, as she supposed, crazed spouse, in the most intense agony. Her importunities induced him to suspend his vocation, before the expiration of the hour, and to forfeit the guinea; but he had persevered long enough to induce the wags who had bribed him into the operation, to leave him his promised reward. It is from this story that "here she goes—there she goes" originated; and as the Sunday Morning News gentleman has made such a fuss about the wit of his story, and censured so many for copying it, after he had taken out the copy right, it is no more than fair that the truth should be all known.

☞ "I'm in the melting mood," as the iceberg said to the June sun.

"You flatter me," as the spoiled child said when his father told him his neck would yet grace the halter.

"Yours truly," as the oyster said to the gormandiser.

"I've been roaming," as the dandy said after having been sent a hundred feet into the air by the bursting of a steam-boat boiler.

"Your's in haste," as the shattered leg said to the cannon ball.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," as the loafer said when he walked off with a turkey under the old cloak he had just received as present.

"Fare-thee-well, for I must leave thee," as the trout said to his companions after having swallowed the fish hook.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife. Proud looks loose hearts, but courteous words win them.

☞ There is an "old clock" association in New York. At their balls the apartment is decorated with old clocks. It must be an easy matter for dancers, in such an apartment, to keep time.

The Hudson Bay Company.—The following extract from an article in the North American Review for January, on the subject of 'Nautical Discovery in the North-West,' gives the reader some idea of the 'gigantic monopoly, known by the name of the 'Hudson's Bay Company.'

"The fact is now thoroughly established that the Arctic Sea encompasses the northern extremity of America. The Hudson's Bay Company, for more than a century was the great obstacle to the proper exploration of the Arctic regions of North America. Or, in the pugent language of the Quarterly Review, 'from the moment this body of 'Adventurers' was instituted the spirit of adventure died away; and every succeeding effort was palsied by this baneful influence of monopoly, of which the discovery of a north-west passage was deemed the forerunner of destruction.'—The North-West Company, after competing awhile with the Hudson's Bay Company, drove the latter to a compromise; and the result has been the union of the two associations under the charter of the latter, and the formation of a still more gigantic monopoly which, like the East India Company in Asia, has gradually extended its odious and usurped

dominion over an immense region of North America, constituting a dangerous nondescript foreign power, intruded among us under the cover of the flag of Great Britain, which nation stands ready to avow or disavow its acts, as the tide of circumstances may turn. This Company, we say, which we desire at all proper times to hold up to the censure and watchfulness of the people of the United States—has in latter times been shamed into occasional acts of exploration along the Arctic Sea. It professes to have finished that which Perry, Ross and Franklin had all but finished. Messrs. Dease and Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, have recently explored the little there was left unknown betwixt the mouth of Mackenzie's river and Behring's strait. And we may now aver—*There is a strait of Anian.* That is to say, there is a water communication (though more or less obstructed by ice; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, along the arctic side of North America.

The Ladies—Mr. Combe's Lectures.—A very considerable portion of the lectures of Mr. Combe, on Monday evening, was of a very practical nature, and of such importance, that, with all deference, love and respect for the intelligent and beautiful ladies of Philadelphia, (and no city in the Union is ahead of us in these essentials,) we heartily wish every mother and daughter could have heard it.

It was a practical demonstration of the art of *wasp waists*. The lecturer had a skeleton and several charts of beautiful colored illustrations, to aid in the demonstrations of the incalculable evils of tight-lacing.

It may not be uninteresting if we set forth a few of the facts stated.

The blood, for instance, circulates through the head 4000 times an hour, and the whole passes once every three minutes; now, if there be any thing to impede a full circulation, of course the whole system must suffer.

Insensible perspiration goes on at the rate of 24 ounces, given off from the surface of the body every day; and some have contended that the whole system, is made over every seven years.

The stomach is exquisitely sensitive. It sympathises with every other function. If the skin is neglected in its cleanliness—if the clothing is too light over the organs of digestion—if the body be kept too warm or too cold—if an impure air be constantly breathed, it is obvious enough that the organs of life cannot go on performing their duties in a healthy manner.

Sir Humphrey Davy discovered that he respired 31 cubic inches of oxygen (or common air) every minute. How deeply important is it, therefore, that free ventilation should be attended to in our sleeping chambers, sitting rooms and places of public worship.

In the British House of Commons, arrangements have been made for supplying every member with 30 cubic feet of pure air to each individual. This is done by means of the floor being perforated and covered with thin coating, through which the air circulates freely. The walls are arranged on a similar principle; and besides there is a hot air chamber, so constructed as to induce a constant column of fresh air from without, which is thence passed to all parts of the House.

It was well remarked, that in Scotland, they formerly had long sermons against 'the sin of sleeping in church,' but by increased knowledge it had been found out that a perfect ventilation of their churches did more to keep people awake than all the sermons illustrative of the sin of "church-sleeping." In that country too, so common had become the knowledge of physiological anatomical science, that the ladies were accustomed, on seeing a lady with a *tight laced waist*, to remark, "there is an *uneducated woman*."

And there is not a gentleman who has the smallest claim to a knowledge of the function of life, who does not turn away from *squeezed waists* with unqualified disgust.

The gentlemen, then, came in for a fair hit off, which we reserve for another day.—*Phila. Herald.*

Men of genius make the most ductile husbands.

A fool has too much opinion of his own dear self, and too little of woman's to be easily governed.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.
POTATO SOAP FOR WASHING.

It was discovered by a French chemist many years ago, that potatoes only three parts boiled, make better soap for washing than the troublesome, caustic, and expensive article usually made use of by our wash-women. They make the clothes cleaner and without injury. Let me give you the result of the experience of my family which is a large one.

The soiled clothes are first soaked in a tub of water about an hour. They are then transferred to a copper of hot water; from which they are taken piece by piece, to be thoroughly rubbed with the potatoes, the same as with soap. The whole thus prepared, after having been well rubbed, rolled and wrung, are a second time plunged into the copper, together with a quantity of potatoes in the above. After boiling for about an hour, the linen or clothes are again taken out—turned, thoroughly rubbed well over, and wrung; and afterwards again thrown into the copper for some minutes. The clothes are then well rinsed in clean cold water, and hung up to dry; the whole process occupying two hours and a half.

The linen thus washed, is perfectly clean, the kitchen garments free from all grease, and perfectly sweet, though in the old way they usually retain a greasy smell.

A HOUSEKEEPER.

A Happy Lookin' Critter.—Happy lookin' critter, ain't he, with that ar little short, black pipe, in his mouth? The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble. It has made much more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this univarsal world. The Indians always buried a pipe and a skin of tobacco with their friends, in case smokin' should be the fashion in the next world, that they mightn't go unprovided. Gist look at him—his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trowsers and jacket are all flying in tatters of different colored patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an untanned moccasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep shearin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet, you see, the old critter has a rakish look, too. That ar old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trowsers' pocket, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there; while one eye shut to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as it can makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that didn't smoke couldn't do that, squire. You may talk about fortitude, and patience, and Christian resignation, and all that sort of thing, till you're tired; I've seen it and heard tell of it to, but I never know an instance yet where it didn't come a little grain-heavy or sour out of the oven.—*Sam Slick's Sayings and Doings.*

Jonathon Outdone.—A short time ago, "a fine old English gentleman," in the good town of Burnly, though perhaps not one of the "olden times," always anxious to have the earliest news, went, in the course of his daily rounds, to a Mr. Boniface, who is distinguished for his wit and intelligence, and inquired of him the news of the morning. Mr. Boniface hesitated and stammered out, "None," but shortly, as if recollecting himself, told him that the most authentic news was, that a superb and elegant fitted up steam vessel was about to cross the Atlantic from Liverpool, which had on board two acres of grass land, as many cows and sheep, and poultry, &c., as would fill them with milk and butcher's meat during the voyage out and home, and the spirited proprietors intended to bore for coal, which they hoped to find, and thus be prepared for any length of voyage, without the fear of being short of fuel. The old gentleman, astonished, scratched his head, and muttering as he went, "these are strange times; what shall we see next?"—*English Paper.*

Principle.—There is no such thing as a new principle; all principles were impressed by the hands of Omnipotence in the begining of time. A person may discover or invent a new application of a principle, but the principle itself must be as old as the creation of matter.

Shade Trees.—This is the season for sprucing up one's grounds, setting out fruit and shade trees, shrubs, &c., a word or two on the subject may not be amiss.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Heart of Mid Lothian," makes the prudent Laird of Dumbiedikes give the following advice in his death-bed admonition to his son Jock:

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be a growing, Jock, when ye are sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin, but I never found time to mind him."

This injunction of the careful Scottish Laird had undoubtedly far more reference to the mere profits of the trees, as timber, than to any beauties which they might add to his grounds; but it is exceedingly well to repeat his instructions, even to the cit who does not calculate the value of the shade trees that grace his premises, either as timber or fuel. There is no way in which property can be so cheaply adorned, and its value actually added to, as by the judicious planting of trees. A house will rent for considerably more money, when embowered in foliage, and fragrance, which it costs but a little trouble and expense to procure.

What gives to the pretty rural villages which now and then we find scattered over the country, their chiefest charm, and makes the care worn man of business sigh, as he hurries through them, for that competence which shall enable him to seek repose and the real enjoyment of life in some rustic villa, surrounded with clustering roses, its casements and fluted columns hung with woodbines or honey suckles, and its walks and grounds graced with beautiful shrubs and ornamental trees? It is the happy taste which has decorated their avenues and private residences with these attractions of nature.

We find the following apposite remarks in an exchange paper:—*Buff. Adv.*

"Let us decorate our streets and avenues with the graceful Elm, the noble Sycamore, the beautiful Sugar Maple, the Ailanthus or tree of Heaven, (that in midsummer, crowned with a tuft of long graceful leaves, reminds me of the cocoon tree,) the Mountain Ash with its large clusters of flowers and berries, the Catalpa with its showy flowers, the Linden, of rapid growth and odoriferous blossoms, the Larch, of extremely rapid growth, the White Pine, the evergreen Silver Fir, the Tulip tree, so common in all our forests, the elegant Weeping Willow, the Paper Mulberry, of rapid growth, the Silver leaved Sheperdia, (brought from the Rocky Mountains by NATTALL,) the Silver leaved Abile, one of the noblest of all shade trees, the Horse Chestnut, (*Aescalus Hypocastanum*) so common in the Atlantic cities.

"Where dwellings admit of a small garden in front, the Allhea, of different varieties and colors, can be advantageously introduced. This is indispensable in every good garden, is perfectly hardy and continues blooming till late in autumn. It grows to the height of from six to eighteen feet, and is the most ornamental of all shrubs; also the Cedar, the Mountain Snow Drop, Laburnum, the Smoke tree, so common in Philadelphia, the Aralca, the Sweet Briar, Calycanthus, Spirea, Snow Ball, Corchorus Japonicus, Honey suckles, and last but not least, that Queen of Flowers, the Rose, with its delightful fragrance and beautiful shades, from a pure white to red, to deep violet and nearly to black."

The following is from 'A History of the Striped Pig,' written by L. M. Sargent, recently published in Boston.

"Papa," said one of his boys to the deacon, "I had a funny dream last night!"

"Well, Tommy, what was your funny dream?"

"Why, I dreamed the devil came into your store."

"The devil?"

"Yes, pa, and that he found you drawing a glass of gin for poor Ambo James who has fits, and who broke his little boys arm the other day, because he cried when he came home drunk.—And I thought the devil came up to the counter, and laid the end of his long tail down on a chair and leaned over the barrel of gin where you were stooping to draw it out, and asked you if wan't a deacon. And I thought you didn't look up, but said you was, and then he grinned, and shook his tail like a cat that has a mouse, and said to me,—That ere's the deacon for me! and ran out of the shop laughing so loud that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up."

Gen. Washington's Views of Internal Improvement.—"I am NOT for discouraging the exertions of any State to draw the commerce of the WESTERN COUNTRY to its seaports. The more communications we open to it, the closer we bind the rising world to our interest.—Use every part of the EASTERN WATERS, connect them as near as possible with those which run WESTWARD—open them to the Ohio;—open also such as extend from the Ohio towards LAKE ERIE, and we shall not only draw the produce of the Western settlers, but the fur trade of the Lakes also, to our ports—thus adding an immense increase to our exports, and binding those people to us by a chain which can never be broken."—See *Correspondence by Sparks.*

BUSINESS OF ALTON, ILLINOIS.

Mr. Editor—It will not be a matter of incredulity nor want of interest in this community to learn that there are towns and cities springing up as by magic, within the last ten years in the Western States, that will, in some respects, equal the growth of cities, towns and villages in Western New-York, for the last twenty years. In the course of my tour through the Western and South-Western States last autumn and winter, I made a stay of a few weeks at Upper Alton, Illinois. This is a pleasant village situated on elevated lands about two miles from the business part of the city of Alton, and was a place of considerable country business ten or twelve years before much improvements were made at the Lower Town or the present city.

The city of Alton is advantageously situated for business on the upper part of the American Bottom, about two miles above the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, on the easterly shore of the latter. The site of the city is partly on the Bottom and partly on the Bluffs where they approach the river. The first business store of any note that was opened in the lower town, was a commodious stone warehouse and store built near the Bluffs, by Mr. W. S. Gilman, in the spring of the year 1831. There is a very good natural stone grade landing where the business is now mainly transacted.

The first goods ever landed from a steam boat at Alton, were a few articles of merchandise landed by the steam boat, "WESTERN ENGINEER," (for E. Long, Esq., of Upper Alton,) a boat belonging to the United States, built at Steubenville, Ohio, under the directions of Col. S. H. Long, then Major in the Topographic Engineer Corps of the United States, and which was used by him on a part of his extensive explorations at the "Far West." During the past season, say from the 10th March to the 18th Dec., 1838, there were one thousand and ninety-four arrivals of steam boats at Alton.

From the 8th to the 18th of January last, the shipments from Alton were as follows, viz:

433,000 lbs. Bulk Pork,
2,219 barrels Mess and Prime Pork,
390 " Beef,
2,994 kegs Lard,
217 barrels Lard,
5 hogsheads Joles,
10,500 bushels Corn,
4 250 pigs Lead, (about 70 lbs. each),
500 bushels Oats.

It is estimated that over thirty thousand hogs have been slaughtered in Alton the past season, exclusive of the slaughtered pork brought into that market by the farmers in the adjacent country.

By an order of the Rail Road Commissioners passed a few days since, I understand that the Alton and Mount Carmel rail road, is to be continued to a point for termination near Messrs. Godfrey & Gilman's ware-house, the stone building alluded to above as having been built by Mr. Gilman, which will afford a great convenience in connecting steam boat with rail road conveyance. That ware house has acquired great notoriety from its being the place where the life of the Martyr Lovejoy was sacrificed, by a worse than Goth and Vandal mob, for resolutely asserting the *freedom of speech, and the liberty of the press.* To efface the recollection of this foul and detestable transaction, I would blot out the very name of Alton from the American list of cities, and substitute that of "PIASA," or some other name, that would call up more agreeable associations than those of the horrid riots and mobs of Alton.

Respectfully, Yours, &c. L.
Rochester, April 10, 1839.

The April number of the Knickerbocker Magazine has been received. The second number of the Crayon Papers, by Washington Irving, is just what the admirers of this charming and easy writer had to expect from his pen.—Mr. Irving's association with the Knickerbocker, as a permanent contributor, is perhaps the only occurrence that could have added to the already high estimation in which the Magazine is held. We have glanced at a few of the articles in the number before us, and found them generally to possess the same lively and agreeable interest which the pages of the Knickerbocker seldom fail to afford.—*Troy Mail.*

Literary Curiosity.—A letter was received, a short time since, at the Post office in this village with the following superscription.

Post Haste
William Sanderson
Ypsi-Lanta
Wasta Naw County
Mishi Gan
Teritory.

Another, this on its way to "Missouri State," Please give me to William Tate In St. Louis Missouri State He works at wig and curl making In that place if I'm not mistaking.

We are exceedingly fond of Major Noah and his paper, but hang us if the following isn't one of the sharpest retorts we ever read in our lives.—*Troy Mail.*

Love of Newspapers.—"Father give me the New Orleans Bee?" "Why the Bee, my son?" "Because it it the biggest paper in the world, and capital to make kites."—*Star.*

"Father, give me the N. Y. Star,?"—"Why the Star, daughter?" "Because I like to read the old jokes Noah brought out of the ark with him after the deluge."

Out of Order.—"Oh dear, my head is con-foundedly out of order, this morning," said a gentleman to a friend.

"That is extraordinary, indeed," said he.

"What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache?"

"No, sir; but for so simple a machine to get out of order, is extraordinary indeed."

Life of a Gentleman.—Some body has manufactured the following: "He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the papers regularly, dresses fashionably, lounges fastidiously, eats a tart gravely, talks insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, kills time indifferently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, and lives uselessly.

Early Instruction.—To instil into children a love of finery, and to pamper their appetites in early life, and when they have grown up to complain of their being fops and gluttons, savors much of inconsistency. Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go."

Culture of the understanding is one of the best methods of subduing the heart to softness, and redeeming it from the savage state in which it too often comes from the hands of nature.

Beauty in women is like the flower in the spring, but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

Always act in the presence of children with the utmost circumspection. They watch all you do, and most of them are more wise than you may imagine.

Habit.—If you desire the success of your children in life, take great care of the habits they acquire during their minority. Many trace their prosperity or adversity to the habits and impressions engrafted upon them at an early period of their lives.

Reform.—If you wish to reform the world begin by reforming yourself, and then devote your attention to reforming and improving the habits, manners, and principles of the children and youth who are next to come on to the stage of action.

Convenience and Economy.—It should not be forgotten that convenience and the economy of time are often the result of attention to the arrangement of things apparently of little importance.

Order.—Let every thing be done in order and in the right season, and you will never be inclined to doubt the truth that "There is a time for all things."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.
LINES.

Beautiful dreamer on childhood's land,
Thou wear'st the freshness of morning's hour,
Thy brow is smooth, thy lip is bland,
And thy cheek hath the bloom of spring's rosiest flower,
Thy heart is light as the wild wood bird,
Thy step as free as the fawn's at play;
Sorrow and strife, no wave have stirr'd
On the clear fount of thy life's young day.

Thy spring is lovely, O gentle child,
For haply around thy youthful way
A mother's love hath ever smil'd,
And she guards her treasure day by day.
Aye, I watch the glance of thy clear blue eyes
And I know thy heart is undimm'd and free,
Yet, my blessed one, sad thoughts arise
Amid my hopes, when I gaze on thee!

For thou wilt go forth from thy childhood's home,
From its shelter'd paths, and pleasant bowers,
Afar through the busy world to roam,
A wanderer after life's fading flowers;
Thou wilt enter on manhood's fiery course
With ardent hopes, ambition high,
And thou wilt toil to find the source
Of Knowledge, that beautiful mystery.

Wild dazzling dreams of power and fame,
Will fill thy kindling mind—and thou
Wilt seek to win a glorious name,
And bind fresh laurels on thy brow.

But 'mid those soaring thoughts of thine,
Thy heart will own a gentle spell;
Some idol fair, before whose shrine
The spirit of thy Love shall dwell;
And a lovely flower to bless thy sight,
That idol of thy soul may be;
A radiant star whose guiding light
Shall lead thee o'er life's changeable sea.

But 'mid thy spirit's light and shade,
What'er thy destiny may be,
Though all thy brilliant hopes should fade,
And love, and friends, prove false to thee—
Though fortune's ever varying smile,
Should place thee high in rank and power,
And fame's deep voice thy ears beguile,
And smoothly flow each passing hour—

Yet there will be moments when thy heart,
Shall gladly turn aside from all,
And thou wilt own one spot apart,
Free from the vain world's selfish thrall,
And the busy thoughts of thy soul will turn
To the distant home of thy boyish glee,
And clearly from thy spirit's urn
Will flow the stream of memory!

And, boy, when an evil world would cast
Its sully breath on thy heart, now pure,
Then call thou the Memory of the Past
And its voice shall thy wavering steps secure—
Think on thy widow'd mother's love,
On thy prayer at eve beside her knee—
These will be as tokens from Heaven above
And their holy spells will rest on thee!

Illinois, March, 1839.

STELLA.

Written for the Gem.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ANN F. ANDREWS.

Oh! earth has lost a treasure, Heaven has gained
A bright inhabitant; and joyous notes
From thousand harps have rung, to welcome her
Within its portals—Yea, the King himself
Hath stooped from his high throne, to greet with smile,
And voice of tenderest love, his chosen one;
Bidding her take the joys of that pure world,
And dwell with Him in glory evermore.
'Twas not the tinsel, but the gem, itself,
Of Piety, she wore; that "pearl of price,"
Which beautifies the soul, and throws a charm
O'er the whole being; far surpassing all
That gold, or pearls, or rich array can give:
It shone amid the daily scenes of life;
In the soft tear that fell when others wept,
In smiles when they rejoiced; and the kind hand
That bore relief to suffering Innocence,
And spread content o'er Poverty's abode,
Gave token of its purity and worth.
'Twas this that bound her to the many hearts,
Now sighing o'er their loss; that made so sad
The hour of parting—ay, it was the thought
Of virtue gone, drew forth the bitter tear
When "dust to dust" was given.

Yet, 'tis well;
Such loveliness is meet to shine above;
There she hath her reward. Who now will wear
The fallen mantle, thread the same bright path,
And gain, at length, a like inheritance?
A. C. P.

SELECTED FOR THE GEM.
TO MISS S. OF POMFRET, N. Y.

Oh! fair and flowery be thy way,
The skies all bright above thee;
And brighter every coming day
To thee and those that love thee.

Calm o'er thy soul may hopes arise,
Each secret fear beguiling;
And every glance of those bright eyes
Be brilliant still, and shining.

And placid be thy gentle heart,
And peaceful all around it;
Nor grief, nor gloomy care impart
Their bitter pangs to wound it.

But loved and loving mayest thou live,
The purest bliss possessing;
With every joy this world can give—
Hereafter, every blessing.

Buffalo, March 29, 1839.

T.

From the Boston Recorder.
THE GRAVE OF PAYSON.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

In the burial ground at Portland, are three monuments erected to commemorate the achievements of naval heroes who fell in the battles of their country.— There is also a plain, neat obelisk, with the name, and dates of the birth, ministry, and death of the late lamented Payson, to which is added the touching lines, "His Record is on High." A late visit to this interesting spot, occasioned the following lines.

I stood in silence and alone,
Just as the Sabbath shut of day,
Where quietly the modest stone,
Told me that Payson's relics lay.
No gorgon's tale, nor herald's arms
Astonished with their splendid lie
Of hireling praise;—in truth's meek charm
It said, "His record is on high."

I gazed around the burial spot
That looks on Portland's spires below,
And on her thousands who are not,
Did sad yet useful thought bestow;—
Here sleep they till the trumpet's tongue,
Shall peal along a blazing sky,
Yet who of these—the old and young—
May read his record then on high?

And near, I saw the early grave
Of him who fought at Tripoli,
Who could not live the Moslem's slave,
Who fell a martyr with the free;
And wrapt in freedom's starry flag,
The chief who dared to "do or die."
And Albion's son, who could not lag—
Whose deeds his country wrote on high.

What glory lit their spirit's track
When from the gory deck they flew!
Could wishes woo the heroes back?
Say, did not fame their path pursue?
Oh, gently sleep the youthful Brave
Who fall where martial clarions cry—
The men entombed in earth or wave,
Whose blood-writ record is on high.

I turned again to Payson's clay,
And recollected well how bright
The radiance, far outshining day,
That robed his soaring soul in light.
What music stole awhile from heaven,
To charm away his parting sigh;
What wings to wait him home were given,
Whose holy record was on high!

And give me—trembling, said I then—
Some place, my Saviour, where such dwell,
And far above the pride of men,
And pomp of which the worldling tell,
Will be my lot. Come haughty kings!
And ye that pass in glittering
And feel that ye are alect things,
Whose record is not found on high.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY F. H. GOULD.

Alone I walk the ocean strand,
A nearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day:
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time; and been, to be no more;
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory, or for shame!

FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love,
Until we come to leave:
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve,
There is a pleasure in the pain,
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart;
And memories, unmarked till then,
Come crowding on the heart;
Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

THE BRIDE.

The bridal veil hangs o'er her brow;
The ring of gold is on her finger;
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow;
Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade,
Why her dim eyes, when doubt is over?
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret
For solemn vows, so lately spoken?
Is it a fear, scarce own'd as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Ah, no! such causes darken not
The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her;
Her's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him who, now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years,
That, strongly to her spirit clinging,
Is dimming her blue eye with tears,
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new,
Of wishes that may prove deceiving,
Of all she hopes, yet fears, to do,
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving.

It is the thought of by-gone days,
Of those, the fond and gentle-hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze;
The dear, the absent, the departed.

Who, then, can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping?
Or who would wish those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping?

Not he who, with a lover's care
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps; for he can share
The gentle thoughts which need no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
Amiles rellight her eye with gladness;
And none will blame, who truly trace
To its pure source her transient sadness.

Correspondents.—A certain person from a great way-off, has sent us an article on which there is 25 cents postage, *un paid*. If he will pay it next time we won't tell his name; if he dont—

MARRIED.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. W. Van Zandt, Mr CHAUNCEY G. DIBBLE, to Miss LAURA BRYAN, daughter of Mr. Isaac Bryan, all of this city.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, General WM. E. LATHROP, of this city, to Miss JEMMY WIGHT, of Mendon, Mass.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. Elias Swanton, to Miss Ursula Cassithorn.
On the 7th inst. by Rev. Mr. Hurd, Maj. Gen. SAMUEL S. HAZARD, of Angelica, to Miss MARIA CREWEMAN, at the residence of her father in Allegany county.
In Penfield, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. A. G. Hull, Mr. Seth Miller, to Miss Mary Ann Hilen, all of Penfield.
On the 10th instant, in Penfield, by the Rev. Octavius Mason, Mr. Samuel Hard, of Warsaw, Genesee co., to Mrs. Julia Simmons, of the former place.
On the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Middleton, Oliver Marsh, Esq. to Mrs. Sarah Rice, all of Wheatland.
In Catalonia, on the 28th ult., by Rev. Donald McLaren, Mr. Wells Hosmer, to Miss Nancy Shaw, eldest daughter of James Shaw, Esq. all of the former place.
In Chili, on the 8th instant, by Moses Sperry, Esq. Mr. Henry G. Smith, of Brighton, to Charlotte Paul, of Chili.
In Batavia on the 1st inst., by C. M. Russell, Esq., Mr. Ezra Valentine, to Miss Arsula Pierson, both of the above place.
On the 31st inst., by the same, Mr. Orrin Putnam, to Miss Sophia L. Huntington, both of Bethany.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.
Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county, New York.
Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county, do do
S. P. Brock, Branchport, Yates county, do do
Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co., do do
R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co., Vermont.
Alonzo Bennett, Berrieu, Berrien co., Michigan.
G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co., New York.
Miss E. A. Adams, Canandaigua, Ontario co., do do
E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co., do do
A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co., do do
W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co., Ohio.
S. Hunt, Hunt's Hollow, Allegany co., New York.
E. B. Warner, Lima, Livingston co., do do
Israel Pennington, Macon, Lunawa co., Michigan.
K. W. Townsend, Newark, Wayne co., New York.
P. S. Church, Oakfield, Genesee co., do do
Henry Henion, Rushville, Ontario co., do do
S. Reeve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co., do do

THE



GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

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

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1839.

No. 9.

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Gem

FROM A YOUNG RAMBLER'S JOURNAL.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN SCENERY,
CHARACTER AND INCIDENTS.

No. 4.

No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Point Coupee, a wealthy French village, is pointed out to the traveller as the place where formerly lived and died the pious Julian Poydras. As early as 1804 this worthy man was chosen the first delegate to Congress from the then Territory of Orleans, now State of Louisiana. He was, however, most distinguished for his princely fortune, and the benevolent uses to which he appropriated it. This good man died the 25th of June, 1824, leaving many munificent charities. Among them may be mentioned one of a hundred thousand dollars for the foundation of the Poydras Female Orphan Asylum; and liberal donations to the Male Orphan Asylum, and Charity Hospital—all of which are prominent among the redeeming characteristics of New Orleans. Twenty thousand dollars were bequeathed for a college at Point Coupee; and sixty thousand for marriage portions to the poor girls of the parishes of Point Coupee and West Baton Rouge. Besides these benefactions, his relatives and friends enjoyed liberal bequests. Happy indeed are those who have the ability, accompanied with the practical disposition of this humane generous hearted man! Laud as you will the transitory fame of the zig-zag politician; but give me the well merited reputation of Julian Poydras, acquired by the unspeakable luxury of doing good. Amid the great desert of selfishness that overspreads the nation, an occasional oasis gladdens the eye of the philanthropist, and cheers the heart of the poor way-faring traveller. We should feel a national pride mingle with individual gratitude in view of the fact, that our country is blessed with many a Poydras, Smith, Van Rensselaer and Delavan—names that will be lisped with affectionate veneration by millions yet unborn.

At Point Coupee the tourist begins to admire the beauty of the coast. Here are beautiful orange-groves, producing fruit of the finest quality. North of the point the orange does not flourish. It is said that prior to 1822, this delicious fruit was lying under the trees, like apples at the north; but during the winter of that year the trees were all destroyed by a severe frost. New trees, however, have since sprung forth from the roots of the old ones, and bear quite plentifully. In this region, too, many varieties of figs grow in profuse abundance. On a sultry day in this southern clime a basket of ripe figs plucked fresh from the tree, forms a very common and acceptable dessert. Were a little pains taken, almost any quantity might be raised for exportation. Peaches, grapes, and

indeed all the northern fruits arrive at maturity, with perhaps the single exception of apples; these, when nearly full size, begin to show a black speck, rot, and fall.

A southern garden tastefully arranged is a charming sight to one passionately fond of American flowers. I confess that such is my predilection. And where can such a taste be better gratified than under the balmy atmosphere of the sunny south, where we find—

“———Rosy-footed Spring,
Crowned with a flowery diadem of May?”

Amid the picturesque orange-groves, rendered yet more lovely by their countless blossoms yielding their ambrosial perfumes, may be seen the modest ‘Chickasaw rose,’ a beautiful hedge thorn of exuberant growth. Interspersed among other garden fruit trees, may here and there be observed many delightful flowering plants; such as the amiable jessamine, the richly-clad woodbine, and the wild honey-suckle with its brilliant peach-blow blossoms. To beautify the scene still more, add the primrose, that innocent emblem of early youth in its maiden loveliness; the modest myrtle, that beautiful personification of Venus herself; and the Iris with its miniature rainbow colors. And, peradventure, should the devotee of flowers wish to view yet others, he has but to cast his delighted eyes to the coronetted jonquil; red and white altheas, those modest emblems of benevolence; the sweet poetic eglantine; and the graceful damask rose. These comprise but a small portion of the Flora of the southern clime. I may say the most of them bloom in March; and henceforward through the flowering season, the refreshing breezes are impregnated with a fragrance unrivalled even in the famed land of ‘Araby the blest.’

I wonder that so little attention is paid to the culture of flowers—an employment, in which young ladies should ever delight to be engaged. They are an ornament which nothing beside can so well furnish, and many are rendered valuable on account of their medicinal properties. Often is a rude rural cottage converted into a lovely habitation by being tastefully surrounded with a profusion of these beautiful blessings of a kind and merciful Providence. ‘The tending of flowers,’ says the gifted Mrs. Sigourney, ‘has ever appeared to me a fitting care for the young and beautiful. They then dwell, as it were, among their own emblems, and many a voice of wisdom breathes on the ear from those brief blossoms, to which they apportion the dew and the sun-beam.’

Many of the trees indigenous to the Mississippi Valley, and which repeatedly attracted my attention, are emphatically the pride of the American forest. The princely oak, the towering elm, and some other noble trees, are common at the north; but there are yet others equally magnificent which are peculiar to the Southern forest, and these seem to require a passing notice. In height and majesty many

of them might vie with the tall oaks of Bashan or the ‘mighty cedars of Lebanon.’ Among the most conspicuous I may mention the famed *magnolia grandiflora*. Mr. Campbell, in his delightful poem GERTRUDE OF WYOMING, mentions certain

‘Hills with high magnolia overgrown;’

but it may be seriously questioned whether this singular tree ever adorned the romantic shores of the Susquehanna, it being seldom seen north of 33°: this mistaken fancy, however, may be regarded as a poetic license, and can, therefore, be readily excused.

The celebrated American naturalist Bartram, and others have evidently over-estimated the beauty of the magnolia; hence strangers are generally disappointed in its appearance at first view. Compared with many of the enormous trees of the southern forest, in point of size it may be ranked as about the fourth. The flower is strikingly beautiful, first appearing in May and continuing to put forth a few at a time for two months. When full size, these flowers are frequently a foot in diameter. The fragrance is powerful, and may be said to be agreeable. A sensation of faintness is frequently produced on entering a room filled with their perfume; even the atmosphere is affected for half a mile from a tree in blossom. Professor Ingraham very prettily describes the petals of the flower as being ‘a pure white, shaped and carved precisely like a quarter section of the rind of an orange, and nearly as thick, and perfectly smooth and elastic. They are frequently used by boarding school misses to serve as *billets doux*, for which, from their fragrance and unsullied purity, they are admirably fitted. It must be confessed, that the writing as well as the material is of a very ephemeral kind; but for this reason the material is perhaps the more valuable when pressed into the service of Don Cupid.’ From this beautiful, but useless tree may be drawn an instructive moral. Though the magnolia surpasses all other trees in the elegance of its flowers, yet for utility the oak, the pine, the maple, plain as they are in comparison, are far more highly prized. Let those who are vain of their beauty take this kind hint of nature, and learn that *handsome is that handsome does*.

The sycamore, *platanus occidentalis*, is the mammoth of the Western forest. No wonder the Savior expressed the idea of great faith by a gigantic sycamore tree. Its brilliant white bark renders it conspicuous a great distance. It is not uncommon for trees of this species to exceed fifteen feet in diameter. It is related that when Washington, at the age of twenty-one, was employed on an embassy to the French commander on the Ohio, he measured a sycamore, or button-ball, forty feet in circumference. This lofty tree was yet standing a few years since on a little island in the Ohio. But there was one a few miles from Marietta of the enormous circumference of forty-seven feet. Judge

Tucker, of Missouri, not many years since fitted the trunk of a large sycamore for a study; and, indeed, a stove and other arrangements made it an ample and convenient apartment.

Next in size is the yellow poplar, *tulipifera liriodendron*. This splendid tree is valuable for timber. The flowers are said to be a gaudy bell-cup, and the leaves of beautiful forms. Peculiar to swampy and overflowed lands is the cypress, which perhaps is the most common tree from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. It is rendered striking from its hundred singularly shaped knobs, called 'cypress knees,' protuberating in various sizes, very much resembling tall and tapering circular beehives. The buttress, too, has its peculiarity being, like the knees, conch-shaped, and perhaps three times as large as the main body of the tree. This cone rises some eight or ten feet in a regular and sharp taper, from the extent of which the perpendicular shaft rears itself into the air from sixty to eighty feet, divested of branches till very near its top. These branches interlocking with those of the adjoining trees, form a canopy almost impervious to the rays of the sun. For lumber it is the most valuable tree on the lower Mississippi; and, withal, it is represented as being very durable. When the swamps are inundated to the depth of eight or ten feet, as they annually are, these trees, surrounded by negroes in pirogues, are cut with little or no difficulty.

Sometimes the cotton-wood, *populus deltoides*, quite vies with the sturdy sycamore itself. It is a lofty and beautiful tree, and often attains great size, frequently having a diameter of twelve feet. It is very abundant along the lower courses of the Ohio, and the entire course of the Mississippi and its Western tributaries; and a single tree will often make a thousand rails. Mr. Flint remarks, that, when they are cut in the winter, the moment the axe penetrates the centre of the tree, there gushes out a stream of water or sap; and that a single tree will discharge gallons. The popular name 'cotton-wood,' is derived from the circumstance, that soon after the foliage is unfolded, it flowers, and when the flowers fall they scatter over the ground a downy matter exactly resembling, in feeling and appearance, short-ginned cotton.

From the upper Mississippi and Illinois to the gulf, flourishes the pecan tree, a species of the walnut. It combines beauty and utility. The nut is oblong, with a soft shell, containing a meat which excels all other nuts in delicacy of flavor. On account of its early rancidity, it is seldom conveyed to the Atlantic country in its original sweetness. The catalpa, another noble tree, is about fifty feet in height. Its fine size, the grandeur of its foliage, the peculiar beauty, its tuft of showy flowers, their rich ambrosial fragrance, and the various forms of its knife-shaped capsules, two feet in length, all combine to render the catalpa a most magnificent ornamental tree. But 'the pride of China, of all shade-trees is the most univeral favorite at the south-west. No other surpasses its beauty; the catalpa is probably its equal. Its growth is remarkably luxuriant. The dark rich foliage of this umbrageous tree imparts a delightful freshness to, the landscape of the sultry southern clime. In ordinary years it retains its verdure seven months. Early in the spring it produces a delicate and beautiful flower, in appearance and fragrance not unlike the lilac, save that the clusters are larger. These blossoms are succeeded by a profusion of green berries nearly as large as a cherry, which turn yellow in autumn. At the close of winter robins emigrate

to this region in great numbers, and feed on these berries; which, possessing an intoxicating or narcotic property, like opium, so stupefy the little inebriates that they unconsciously fall to the ground.

In the black locust, *acacia triacanthos*; utility and beauty are combined. Its flowers yield an exquisite perfume, while its timber is much used in the construction of boats. The black walnut *juglaus nigra*, is one of the most princely trees of the forest. On the upper courses of the Washita, and in the interior of Arkansas, flourishes the bow-wood, *maclura aurantica*, or, as the Louisianian French term it, *bois d'arc*, from the circumstance that all the south-western Indians use it for bows, being very durable and elastic. Most people consider it the *par excellence* of all forest trees. It is represented as having fine flowers, followed by a most delicious looking fruit, resembling large oranges; but to the *taste* like the apples of Sodom. In the states of Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky, wild cherry trees are found of enormous size; from twelve to sixteen feet round, and often a hundred feet high. In the western states they are a valuable substitute for mahogany in the manufacture of furniture; and are frequently employed in ship building. The palmetto, linden, large laurel, tulip tree, and some others might be enumerated; but enough are already mentioned to give the reader some idea of those most common and peculiar to the valley of the Mississippi.

L. C. D.

Alexander, N. Y.

A LOOKING GLASS.

J. BUEL, Esq.—*Dear Sir*: When I was a boy I can well remember how I used to be induced to wash my smutty face, by having a looking-glass held before my eyes. For the same purpose, I have extracted the following picture of "A FARMER," from the writings of that most eccentric and excellent writer, "Samuel Slick," in the hopes that if any of your readers should happen to see any part of himself therein, he will improve by the view. Here it is.

[Cultivator.]

*** "That critter, when he [built that wrack of a house, (they call 'em a half house here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimbley outside, to sarve the new part as well as the old. He has been too "busy" ever since you see, to remove the banking put there the first fall, to keep the frost out of the cellar, and consequently it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with that great stick of timber, to keep it from coming down on its knees altogether. All the winders are boarded up, but one, and that might as well be, for little light can penetrate them old hats and red flannel petticoats. Look at the barn; its broken back roof has let the gable cends fall in, where they stand staring at each other, as if they would like to come closer together (and no doubt they soon will) to consult what was best to be done to gain their *standing* in the world. Now look at the stock; there's your "improved short horns." Them dirty looking, half-starved geese and them draggle tailed fowls that are so poor the foxes would be ashamed to steal them—that little lantern jawed, long-leg'd rabbit-ear'd runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up—that old cow-frame standing there with her eyes shut and looking for all the world as tho' she was contemplating her latter end, (and with good reason too)—and that other reddish yellow, long-wool'd varmint, with his hocks higher than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral, and which by way of distinction, his owner calls a horse—is all "the stock." I guess, that this *farmer* supports upon a hundred acres of as good natural soil as ever laid out door. Now, there's a specimen of "native stock." I reckon he'll emigrate to a warmer climate soon, for you see while he was waiting to finish that thing you see the hen's rooting on, that he calls a sled, he's had to burn up all the fence round the house; but there's no danger of cattle breaking into his fields, and his old

muley has larnt how to sneak round among the neighbor's fields o' nights, looking for an open gate or bars, to snatch a mouthful now and then. For if you was to mow that meadow with a razor, and rake it with a fine-tooth comb, you could'n't get enough to winter a grass hopper. 'Spose we drive up to the door and have a word of chat with Nick Bradshaw, and see if he's as promising as outside appearances indicate.

Observing us from the only light of glass remaining in the window, Nick *lifted the door*, and laying it aside, emerged from his kitchen parlor and smoke-house, to reconnoitre. He was a well-built, athletic man, of great personal strength and surprising activity, who looked like a careless, good-natured fellow, fond of talking, and from the appearance of the little old black pipe which stuck in one corner of his mouth, equally so of smoking; and as he appeared to fancy us to be candidates, no doubt he was already enjoying in prospective the comforts of a neighboring tap-room. Jist look at 'im—happy critter—his hat crown has lost the top out, and the rim hangs like the bail of a bucket. His trowsers and jacket show clearly that he has had clothes of other colors in other days. The untann'd moccasin on one foot, which contrasts with the old shoe on the other, shews him a friend to domestic manufactures; and his beard is no bad match for the woolly horse yonder. See the waggish, independant sort of a look the critter has, with his hat one side, and hands in his breeches pockets, contemplating the beauties of his farm. You may talk about patience and fortitude, philosophy and christian resignation, and all that sort of thing, till you are tired, but—Ah, here he comes. 'Morning Mr. Bradshaw—how's all home to-day? Right comfortable, (mark that, comforts in such a place!) I give thanks—come, light and come in. I'm sorry can't feed your horse—but the fact is, tan't bin no use to try to raise no crops, late years, for a body don't git half paid for their labor, these hard times. I raised a bunch of potatoes last year, and as I could'n't get nothing worth while for 'em in the fall, I tho't I'do keep 'em till spring. But as frost set in, while I was down town 'lection time, the boys did'n't fix up the old cellar door, and this infernal cold winter froze 'em all. It's them what you smell now, and I've just been tellin the old woman that we must turn too and carry them out of the cellar; 'fore long they'll make some of us sick like enough—for there's no tellin what may happen to a body late years. And if the next Legislature don't do something for us, the Lord knows but the whole country will starve, for it seems as tho' the land now a days won't raise nothing. It's actually *run out*. Why, I should think by the looks of things round your neighbor Horton's, that his land produced pretty well. Why yes—and it's a miracle too, how he gets it—for every body round here said, when he took up that tract, it was the poorest in the town. There are some folks that think he was dealing with the "black art," for't does seem as tho' the more he work'd his land, the better it got.

Now, here was a mystery—but an easy explanation of Mr. Slick soon solved the matter, at least to my mind. The fact is, says Mr. Slick, a great deal of this country is *run out*. And if it warnt for the lime, marsh mud, sea-weed, salt sand, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, and a few Horton's to apply it, the whole country would *run out*, and dwindle away to just such great, good natured, good-for-nothing, do-nothing fellows, as this Nick Bradshaw, and his woolly horse, and woolless sheep, and hopeless farm, and comfortless house, if indeed such a great wind-rack of loose lumber is worthy the name of a house.

Now, by way of contrast to all this, do you see that neat little cottage-looking house on yonder hammock, away to the right there, where you see those beautiful shade trees? The house is small, but it is a *whole* house. That's what I call about right—flanked on both sides by an orchard of the best grafted fruit—a tidy flower garden in front, that the galls see to, and a most grand sarce garden jist over there, where it takes the wash of the buildings, nicely sheltered by that bunch of shrubbery. Then see them everlasting big barns—and by gosh there goes thirteen diary cows—as slick as moles. Them flowers, honeysuckles and rose bushes, show what sort of a family lives there, jist as plain as straws show which way the wind blows.

Them galls, an't tarnally racing round to quiltin and huskin frolicks, their feet exposed in

thin shoes, to mud, and their honor to a thinner protection. No, no—take my word for't when you see galls busy about such things to home, they are what our old minister used to call "right minded." Such things keep them busy, and when folks are busy about their own business, they've no time to get into mischief. It keeps them healthy, too, and as cheerful as larks. I've a mind we'll light here, and view this citizen's improvements, and we shall be welcomed to a neat substantial breakfast, that would be worthy to be taken as a pattern by any farmer's wife in America.

We were met at the door by Mr. Horton, who greeted my friend Slick with the warm salutation of an old acquaintance, and expressed the satisfaction natural to one habitually hospitable for the honor of my visit. He was a plain, intelligent, healthy looking man, about fifty: dressed as a farmer should be, with the stamp of "Homespun," legible upon every garment, not forgetting a very handsome silk handkerchief, the work throughout of his oldest daughter. The room into which we were ushered, bore the same stamp of neatness and comfort that the outside appearance indicated. A substantial homemade carpet covered the floor, and a well filled book case and writing desk, were in the right place, among the contents of which, I observed several Agricultural periodicals. I was particularly struck with the scrupulously neat and appropriate attire of the wife, and two intelligent, interesting daughters, that were busily engaged in the morning operations of the dairy. After partaking of an excellent, substantial breakfast, Mr. Horton invited us over his farm, which tho' small, was every part in such a fine state of cultivation, that he did not even express a fear of "starving, unless the Legislature did something to keep the land from running out!"

We bade adieu to this happy family, and proceeded on our journey, fully impressed with the contrast between a good and bad farmer, and for my own part, perfectly satisfied with the manner Mr. Slick had taken to impress it indelibly upon my own mind.

Mr. Slick seemed wrapped in contemplation of the scenes of the morning, for a long time. At length he broke forth in one of his happy strains: "The bane of this country, 'Squire, and indeed of all America, is having too much LAND. They run over more ground than they can cultivate—and crop the land, year after year, without manure, till it is no wonder that 'it's run out.'" A very large portion of land in America has been "run out," by repeated grain crops, and bad husbandry, until a great portion of this great country is in a fair way to be ruined. The two Carolinas and Varginny are given up as ruined, and there are a plagey site too much such places all over New England, and a great many other States. We hav'nt the surplus of wheat that we used to have, in the United States, and it'll never be so plenty, while there are so many Nick Brad shaws in the country.

The fact is, Squire, education is ducedly neglected. True we have a site of schools and colleges, but they an't the right kind. That same Nick Bradshaw has been clean through one of 'em, and 'twas there that he larnt the infernal lazy habit of drinking and smoking that has been the ruin of him ever since. I would'nt give an old fashioned swing-tail clock, to have my son go to college where he could'nt work enough to arn his own living, co'd larn how to work it right tu.

It actilly frightens me, when I think how the land is worked, and skinned, till they take the gizzard out on't, when it might be growing better every day. Thousands of acres every year are turn'd into barren, while an everlastin stream of our folks are steaking it off "to the new country," where about half on 'em, after wading about among the tadpoles, to catch cat-fish enough to live on a year or two, actilly shake themselves to death with that everlastin cuss of all new countrys, fever and ague. It's a melancholy fact, 'Squire, tho' our people don't seem to be sensible of it, and you nor I may not live to see it, but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another hundred years, as it has for the last, among the farmers, we'll be a nation of paupers. Talk about the Legislature doing something, I'll tell you what I'd have them do. Paint a parcel of guide boards, and nail 'em up over every Legislature, Church, and School House door in America, with these words on 'em in great letters: "The best land in America, by constant cropping, without ma-

nure, will run out." And I'd have 'em, also, provide means to larn every child how to read it, cause it's no use to try to larn the old ones—they're tu sot in their ways. They're in the constant stretch with the land they have, and all the time trying to git more, without improving any on't. Yes, yes, yes, *tu much land is 'he ruin of us all.*"

Although you will find a thousand more good things among the writings of "The Clock-Maker," I hope you will not look for a literal copy of the foregoing. And if ever this meets the eye of the writer of the "Sayings and doings of Samuel Slick," I beg him to excuse me for the liberty I have taken with language.

I remain your Agricultural friend,
 SOLON ROBINSON.

Family Goavernment.—Columns of newspapers, and volumes of books have been written on this subject, and to a very good purpose in many cases. But after all, the secret is more in a nut-shell than is commonly supposed. The greatest secret in the whole matter consists in being a truly good parent. Your children see you in your domestic carelessness. They know the real character of their parents better than persons do who live in other houses, and who only see you when you are on your guard. If they find their parents unkind to each other, or failing in any way to maintain in private the characters which they assume in public, their respect is gone,—their confidence broken down. If your child has ever known you to have been guilty of telling a lie, how can you govern him? If he knows you to have cheated a neighbor, how can you govern him? If he sees you in public putting on the air and manner and claiming to be a Christian, while in his close watchings he sees that you are full of pride and vanity and bitter feelings and ambition and covetousness; that all your religion goes off at the corners of the streets, and none of it in your bed chamber; how can you govern your child? First, then, *be a good man*, and a good father.

Secondly, *govern yourself*, always, and without the least degree of unfair charity towards yourself. The laws you enact for your children, never break yourself. If you break out with bad passion, and excuse yourself, you must certainly be as generous to your children and excuse them for the same fault in the same way. How can you govern your children, if you cannot govern yourself?

Thirdly, let all your requirements be just and generous; never given for your own good, but always for the good of your children.

Fourthly, spare no pains—give yourself no rest in body or mind, while anything remains to be done which can enlighten the understandings or sweeten the affections of your children.

Fifthly, let your orders be wisely given, and then maintained at all hazards, and at all times. Never in one instance allow your word to fail.—Trust chiefly to kindness and persuasion and reasoning, and use punishment of any sort as little as possible. But let it always be understood that obedience full and entire, must be yielded to your directions, and that you will, though with great considerateness and affection, never slacken your hand nor relax your demands until such obedience is rendered.

Mind these rules, and with very little severity in any way, you will seldom fail of securing all the benefits of a reciprocally affectionate and well ordered family.—*Jour. Com.*

Industry.—The Louisville Reporter tells a story of an old hunter who was so negligent of his corn patch that it got overrun with black-berry bushes, and the corn crowded out. One of his neighbors, who was more particular in these matters, had no blackberries and his family longed for a mess of them, sent his little daughter to the hunter for some. She met Nimrod at his broken down fence and said, "Dad sent me to your patch to pick a mess of blackberries." "Get a gone!" exclaimed Nimrod, "go home, huzzy, and tell your dad, that if he was but half as industrious as I am, he would have plenty of blackberries of his own."

Youthful Mail Robber.—We learn from the St. Louis Bulletin of the 11th instant, that in the United States Circuit Court, in session in that city, there was a youth, a boy aged about 15 years, indicted and tried for robbing the mail.—The jury found him guilty, and in consequence of his youth, he was sentenced to only ten days imprisonment.

Human Activity.—A man trained to violent exercise from his childhood, is said to be capable of distancing the fleetest horses, and of continuing his course when they give up in weariness and exhaustion. His muscular power is immense, as we see daily proved by the weights raised with ease by the common porters. However, the exertions in our pedestrians give but a faint idea of the full power of a practised runner. The couriers of Russia used regularly to travel 30 leagues in the space of 11 hours; and some natives of Africa are reported to outstrip the lion. The savages of North America pursue the swiftest stags with such rapidity as to weary and overtake them. They have been known to travel over the most rugged and pathless mountains a distance of 11 or 1200 leagues in 6 weeks or 3 months.

The works of Rum.—A citizen of this town, named Baltus Lenkenfelter, lately became intoxicated while absent a short distance from home, and attempting to return on foot and alone, fell asleep in the road, and was providentially discovered about 2 o'clock in the morning, and taken home. The night was extremely cold, and his extremities were badly frozen. Six of his fingers have been amputated. His recovery is considered doubtful.—*Fulton Rep.*

Unfinished work.—Children or young people should not be permitted to acquire a habit of beginning things and then have them in an unfinished state. Many have found great difficulty in overcoming this pernicious habit in after life.

At a lady celebration of the 8th of January, at Cambridge, Ohio, Miss Sarah P. Metcalf gave the following toast:—"Parties of the United States—The best of all parties, are WEDDING parties."

Laziness.—The paroxysms of laziness are always increased in frequency and force by full feeding. The most appropriate and effectual remedy for it is a low diet. Providence has decreed that poverty and want shall always be within call of the indolent and lazy.

Mr. Clay, in a note addressed to the editors of the National Intelligencer, says he was incorrect in ascribing to Dr. Franklin the authorship of the law passed by the state of Pennsylvania, in 1780, for the gradual emancipation of slaves. The measure originated with the late Honorable George Bryan. This information will be news to most readers, for we believe the opinion is almost universal that Dr. Franklin was the author of the law alluded to.—*Buff. Adv.*

Mr. T. S. Smith has reported a resolution to the Senate of Pennsylvania, to encourage Mr. Espy in proceeding in his experiment to produce rain. The report provides a reward of \$25,000 on condition of his raining over 5000 square miles, and \$50,000 on condition of his raining over a territory of 10,000 square miles.

Bulwer, the novelist, has published a paragraph in some of the London papers, commenting upon his wife's extravagance, and giving notice, at the same time, that he is not answerable for her debts.

Have a place for every thing, and when you have done using it, return it to its place. This will save much time in hunting after articles which are thrown carelessly aside, and lie you know not where.

"What ever made you marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

A story is told in a London paper to this effect. Don Miguel insulted the lady of a foreign gentleman, and was immediately insulted in turn. The ex-king then challenged the husband to fight, but the latter replied that he should never degrade himself by fighting a duel with a man who lived on alms.—*N. Y. Whig.*

George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious (King's) speech, replied, that he hoped the punishment would be of the mild sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1839.

¶ We have no doubt many a farmer and many a farmer's daughter, among our subscribers, who will think with us that "A LOOKING GLASS," in this number of the Gem, is worth at least the price of one year's subscription.

¶ Dr. Rush tells of a minister who was so absent minded that he would forget the day of the week, and would often walk to church on the sabbath with his gun on his shoulder to enquire the object of so great a collection of people.

The same minister was once called upon to preach before an association of clergymen. Some wags getting hold of a half a dozen of his written sermons, mixed the leaves and sewed them up as one. He commenced preaching, lost the thread of his sermon, and did not know that he was preaching a motely discourse until the house was emptied of his auditors.

But what clapped the climax of this good man's misfortunes was this: He was engaged to be married to the daughter of the Bishop of London, but being gudgeon fishing upon the day fixed for the wedding, he forgot the designated hour. This neglect offended the young lady, and he lost a wife.

¶ Disease controls the memory. When dying Dr. JOHNSON forgot the words of the Lord's prayer in English, but attempted to repeat them in Latin.

We was once standing at the sick bed of an aged friend, who had not spoken a word of his native tongue (the Gaelic) since his boyhood, and who had entirely forgotten it, he sang one of his native songs with the most perfect distinctness and accuracy.

Rev. Dr. Muhlenburgh has remarked, "that people generally pray in their last hours in their native language, is a fact which I have found true, in innumerable cases, amongst my German hearers, although hardly one word of German was spoken by them in days of health."

¶ We day before yesterday attended the examination at the close of the second regular term of Mr. MOORE'S School in Brighton. This school numbers about thirty scholars, and is taught by Miss JENETT BLOSS. We have before spoken in high terms of her manner of teaching, and recommended others who may have the means and the disposition to do something noble for the rising generation, to follow the example in this respect of the founder of this school. Every opportunity we have of witnessing the proficiency of the youth who are here taught to think as well as to recite, the more we feel constrained to urge upon others to become acquainted with the plan here adopted, believing they will then strive to increase the number of such fountains of knowledge for the children of our country,

¶ The blessings which we provide for others often prove blessings to ourselves. DEAN SWIFT found a peaceful asylum in the insane hospital which he had himself founded for persons afflicted with that disorder.

The same is true with regard to the opposite principle. Haman was hung on the gallows which he had prepared for Mordecai.

¶ Women, the world over, are uniformly gentle, courteous and polite. Ledyard, the traveller, says "I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage without receiving a decent and friendly answer."

"Life's Lessons."—This is a work full of wholesome moral instruction, adapted to all ages, but more particularly to advanced youth. It is a narrative of a young lady, in which is portrayed the results of perverseness, selfishness, and unbridled will; and in which we may see the utter impotency of wealth and station to afford happiness. We would wish a copy in the hands of every young lady in Rochester; and yet we could promise nothing of high-wrought imagination, of scenes of thrilling and intense interest; nothing, in short, to minister to vitiated taste, or to nerve up the ennui of idleness and folly. But whoever will read, may have the benefit of "Life's Lessons," without enduring the bitterness of learning the value and duties of virtue by the horrors of personal experience in the school of vice. For sale at ALLING'S, No. 12, Exchange street.

Phrenological Journal.—This publication continues to increase in interest with each successive number. It has a master hand at the helm, who executes his trust with fidelity and energy.

We again commend this work to all who are phrenologists, and also to the doubting, who are in search of truth. If phrenology be what its ablest advocates claim, it should be made one of the first studies; it should be understood, *practically*, by every parent and every teacher; because it is of more practical utility in the rearing, and mental and moral culture of the young, than any other science.

¶ Lord Bacon says, that a little learning makes men atheists, but that an increase of it brings them back to God. Whose experience has not demonstrated the truth of this remark?

¶ "I always take care of my own luggage," as the elephant said when the porter asked him if he shouldn't carry his trunk.

ROCHESTER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, NO. 1.

The name of this Academy has not yet become familiar to the public. It is the result of a late incorporation by the Regents of the University of the State. The Rochester High School has ceased to exist, and its Trustees are no longer a corporate body. This had become necessary from the changes in the laws, in order to enable the School to participate in the money distributed by the State for the purposes of education. The Stock-holders of the property once possessed by the Trustees of the High School and sold by them, named the following gentlemen to be the Trustees of the Rochester Collegiate Institute, viz. Wm. Pitkin, Thos' Kempshall, F. M. Haight, W. W. Mumford, Frederick Starr, Samuel G. Andrews, L. A. Ward, J. W. Smith, David Scoville, Walter S. Griffith, Oren Sage, N. T. Rochester, Moses Chapin, A. G. Smith, S. C. Jones, R. M. Dazell, Isaac Hills, Addison Gardiner, Henry L. Achilles, and Nehemiah Osburn. These gentlemen have been incorporated in due form as the Trustees of the Institute. The Stockholders comprised a large number of the most intelligent and enterprising of our citizens, and had it in their power to make a judicious selection of a Board to manage the great interests of the Institution. This they have doubtless done. The names, it may be believed, are a guarantee of the operations to come. An institution for instruction in the higher branches of English, in Mathematics, and in Languages, is of the highest consequence to the City. Party politics and sectarian feelings can have no place, but the general good, the promotion of the last interests of the citizens, must be commanding objects.

CIVIS.

¶ The pursuit of Horticulture is one of the most delightful recreations; and highly conducive to health. An hour in the garden before breakfast, gives a man a better appetite, better health and a better heart.

¶ It is not generally known that the door-keeper of Congress died of an apoplexy, from joy, upon hearing the news of the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army. This shows us that even joy may be made the minister of ill.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Richmond Enquirer publishes a letter from Mr. Stevenson, our Minister to Great Britain, in which he describes the person, appearance and habits of the Queen of Great Britain. Mr. Stevenson writes from opportunities of close and frequent observation, which few persons, even of the highest rank in the kingdom, can have had. He says:—

Of the Queen, I suppose you will expect me to say something, and express my opinion. The press in both countries gives the most flattering accounts of her beauty, wisdom, &c. Indeed, it is the fashion here to represent her (as I suppose they do all Queens) as something short only of Divinity. Now, I will tell you very frankly what I think of her, and I have had a fair opportunity of judging. As to her person and face, they are pretty fairly represented in many of the numerous paintings and prints, some of which I suppose you have seen. Sully's I think as good and pleasing a likeness as any that has been taken. It has been sent to Philadelphia. None of them, however, do justice to the expression of the face. It is certainly not the sort I should call beautiful—but, when lighted up by animated conversation, the face is full of expression and sweetness, and strongly indicative of character. Her manners are bland and unaffected; indeed, there is a simplicity and frankness and engaging affability about her quite remarkable for a Queen. Another striking thing is, the total absence of all ambitious display or desire for admiration, which might be expected from so young a person, and she a Sovereign.

No one can approach the present Queen without being struck, not only with her easy and charming deportment, and that peculiar softness of disposition and temper, for which she is so remarkable, but with the entire self command and repose of manner, which might be expected to guard a Sovereign of more advanced years. She has besides, all the characteristic *bon naturel* and good temper of the English.

In relation to the Queen's personal habits, I understand she rises between 8 and 9, breakfasts at 10, devotes herself to business till 2, then exercises, generally on horseback, and at a rapid pace, going at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour. Of her horsemanship I had an opportunity of judging, having myself been present in one of her excursions of 20 miles in about two hours; and I can assure you if she does not ride like Cæsar, and hunt like Diana, she is yet one of the boldest and finest female riders I ever saw.

Her attention to business is such, that I understand if a despatch comes while she is at dinner, she commonly rises and attends to it. She has a turn and capacity for business, and will, as she advances, doubtless take even a deeper interest in the affairs of state than she does at present.

From the Green Bay Democrat.

¶ A letter was received at the Green Bay Post Office last week, with the following highly poetical superscription. It must be a love epistle; and with such exquisite sentiments on the outside, who can tell what the inside contains! Probably now the "delightful maid" is delightedly pouring over its contents; but, doubtless, she would have been much better pleased, if the fellow had paid the postage:

I'm going to give trouble I fear,
For which, no doubt, I shall pay full dear,
You will please to send me all the way
To the pretty village of Green Bay.

Wisconsin Territory is the place,
Where I am sure to meet a smiling face;
All postages and charges will be happily paid
By E***** D****, delightful maid.

The Albany Advertiser notices the marriage of a Mr. Nibleck to Miss Ellen Wish. There's one man get his wish any how.

Written for the Gem.
THOUGHTS ON EARLY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

BY JOHN M'EUEN.

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house.—DEUT.

These were the words of the venerable MOSES to the children of Israel, when delivering to them the commands of the MOST HIGH. He thought not only of the happiness of those who had arrived to manhood's prime, or the years of accountability and discretion, but also of those of a more tender age—the little ones that were then with them in the wilderness. They too were journeying to the land of promise—they too, were the chosen of the Almighty, to show forth his praise in the earth; and on the improvement of the powers given them of Heaven, and, if Solomon's words be true, a great deal on the instruction they received from their parents, depended their happiness here and hereafter.

But few few parents, (comparatively speaking,) are there who remember the above instructions, so far as to put them in practice: and even (too sad to relate) there are parents, who profess to be treading in the footsteps of the Divine Redeemer, who are not as careful as they might be in training up those committed to their care, in the pathway of piety, virtue and holiness. This should not be so.

Many reasons might be given why parents should take the instructions of the Great Law-giver to themselves, and act upon them. Duty to their offspring should prompt every parent to action, and to action, too, when the mind just begins to expand, and in broken accents the child begins to talk.

I know that many parents consider it time enough to impart instruction, and more especially religious instruction, to the child, when it has come to a more mature age. But experience has taught many that this is not the better way. Instructions then, in repeated instances, have come too late. The mind that has been left free or with little or no religious instruction, naturally runs to that which is evil, and is daily found becoming more averse to that which is good, and consequently, less likely to receive or act upon the advice imparted by the parent.

Look how Hannah, the mother of Samuel, acted in regard to her child. Samuel was consecrated to the service of God in his infantile moments. Religious instruction was imparted with an unabatedness, undoubtedly, that could not fail of success. And mark the happy result. At the age of twelve years or a little more, Samuel was found at Jerusalem, ministering at the altar and for many years after was, under God, the judge and ruler of that great nation.

The impressions received by Timothy from his pious mother, were never erased from his mind; he was taught, and he knew, the scriptures from his youth, and until the day of his dissolution was found an unflinching advocate of that which is good; an honor to his country, and a blessing to all around.

But we need not go to scripture alone to show that instructions, given in early life, have had a happy effect upon the after years of the individuals to whom they were imparted.

There are individuals to be found in this country, and in this city, too, who are living witnesses that religious instruction, imparted even at the earliest dawn of reason, has, in a great measure, been the means of making them what they are this day, ornaments of society and consistent and devoted followers of that which is good. There may be many scenes which those individuals may have passed through

in life, which they have entirely forgotten; but the instruction that dropped from the lips of their pious parents, are written as "with the pen of a diamond" upon their hearts; it can never be erased from their minds, and it continues to exert a hallowing influence on their lives and conduct while journeying through this wilderness of wo, to the land of light.

If religious instruction, imparted early in life has been the means of accomplishing so much good, why do not parents labor to cultivate and give the minds of their offspring a religious bias, when their hearts are tender, and they have not yet wandered into the paths of vice and immorality.

What happiness must it bring to the hearts of the pious parents, whose heads are blossoming for the grave, while they look upon those whom God has given them, and see them, while performing the duties of life, also cultivating a virtuous, noble, and Christian spirit. If aught on earth can add to the happiness of the Christian in a dying hour it is to see his children following him, as he followed Christ. He extends to them the parting hand. He bids them a long farewell, but it is with an almost "sure and certain hope" of meeting on that day, for which all other days were made, at the right hand of the Judge, and be enabled to say "here am I and the children thou hast given me"

But to turn to the other side of the picture, see the youth who has had no instruction, and there are many such to be found in this land; his natural disposition may have been good, and his mind, at one time, susceptible of the best of impressions; but he has had no one to instruct him, no one to implant the principles of virtue in his bosom, or point out the degradation and fatal consequences of a life spent in vice and immorality. As he grows in years, he wanders farther from that which is good; he visits the haunts of wretchedness and sin; he puts the fatal bowl to his lips—for he has not been taught to flee the appearance of evil.

"His way grows dark and leads to death."

The friends of his youth desert him—he is degraded in their eyes and in his own, and often wishes for death, and with death, annihilation; and while the world has frowned upon such persons, many have put an end to their own miserable existence, and sent their deathless spirits, uncalled for and unprepared, into the presence of their Maker. Such has been, and such we fear will be, the fate of many of the neglected youths of our country.

Democrat Office, May 1, 1839.

The Wife of La Fayette.—[Extract from a letter written by La Fayette, in the year 1808, after the death of his wife, to M. Latour Maubourg, translated from one of the last volumes of the Memoirs of La Fayette, lately published in France] "During thirty-four years of a union in which her tenderness, her goodness, her elevation, her delicacy, the generosity of her soul, charmed, embellished, did honor to my life, I was so accustomed to all that she was to me, that I did not distinguish her from my own existence. She was fourteen years old, and I was sixteen when her heart amalgamated itself with all which could interest me. I thought I loved her, that I could not do without her, but it was only when I had lost her that I was able to discover what remains to me, for the close of a life which had been so diversified, and for which nevertheless there remains no longer either happiness or even content.

Though she was attached to me, I may say so, by the most passionate sentiment, I never perceived in her the light shade of authoritative (*d'exigence*) of discontent, never any thing which did not leave me the entire freedom in all my undertakings. And if I go back to the days of our youth, I find in her, traits of an unexampled delicacy and generosity. You saw

her, always associated, heart and soul, in all my sentiments, my political wishes, enjoying every thing which might confer honor on me, still more, as she would say, what made me to be wholly known, and more than all glorying in those occasions when she saw me sacrifice glory to a sentiment of goodness. Her aunt, Madame Tesse, said to me yesterday, 'I never could have imagined that one could be such a fanatic for your opinions, and yet so free from party spirit.' Indeed her attachment to our doctrines never for a moment abated her indulgence, her compassion, her good will for persons of another party. She never was soured by the violent hatred of which I was the object, the ill-treatment and the injurious conduct toward me, were regarded by her as follies indifferent to her, from the point from which she looked at them, and where her good opinion chose to place me.

Her's was a most entire devotion. I may say that during thirty-four years, I never suffered for a moment the shadow of a restraint, that all her habits were without affectation, subordinate to my convenience, that I had the satisfaction to see my most sceptical friends as constantly received, as well beloved, as much esteemed, and their virtues as completely acknowledged, as if there had been no difference of religious opinion, that she never expressed any other sentiment than that of hope, that in continuing to reflect, with the uprightness of heart which she knew belonged to me, I should finally be convinced. It was with this feeling she left me her last regards, begging me to read for the love of her, some books, which I shall certainly examine again with new interest, and calling her religion to make me love it better, perfect freedom. She once expressed to me the thought that she should go to Heaven, and dare I add that this idea was not sufficient to reconcile her to quitting me.

She often said to me, Life is short, full of trouble, may we meet again in God. May we pass eternity together. She wished me, she wished us all, the peace of the Lord. Sometimes she was heard praying in her bed. One of her last nights there was something celestial in the manner in which she recited twice in succession, with a firm voice, a passage applicable to her situation, the same passage which she recited to her daughter on perceiving the spires of Olmutz. Shall I speak to you of the pleasure, ever renewed, which an entire confidence in her gave me, which was never exacted, which was received at the end of three months as at the first day, which was justified by a discretion proof against all things, by admirable understanding of all my feelings, my wants, and the wishes of my heart. All this was mingled with a sentiment so tender, an opinion so exalted, a worship, if I dared to speak, so sweet and flattering, more especially gratifying, as coming from the most perfectly natural and sincere person who ever lived."—*Advertiser.*

Sale of Bachelors.—It is rumored that the legislature of Tennessee has passed a law making it the duty of the Sheriff of each county annually to make out a list of the bachelors in his county and notify all of said bachelors who are in a healthy condition, that the law requires them to get married within two months from the time of their notification, and at the expiration of this time, all of said bachelors who have failed to comply with the requisitions of this law, shall be set up and sold at public auction by said Sheriff to the highest bidder, and that no person shall be allowed to bid but old maids. It is furthermore rumored that a sale was recently had at Jonesborough, under this law, at which forty old bachelors were sold.

A Difficulty Settled.—A gentleman residing in the country, during the summer months, one morning observed a large quantity of dirt and rubbish lying in the yard in front of his house. Enraged he called one of his servants.

"John," said he, "why is the dirt not taken away?"

"We have no wagon on the premises."

"Then dig a ditch back of the house and throw it in."

"But what are we to do with the earth which will be dug out?"

"Fool don't bother me; make the ditch big enough to put earth, rubbish, dirt and all in."

The best women in the world, says the Boston Post, mend their husband's stockings with care, and keep their children's faces clean!!

Written for the Gem.

SENSIBILITY

Call not that man unfeeling whose voice and conduct are scarce known in public, and who seldom expresses what is passing in his breast. The rivulet sparkles to delight the eye, and its ceaseless bubbling arrests the ear, because it is shallow and otherwise impotent; while the deep stream rolls silently on, conveying in its bosom a power that is secret but irresistible, though not estimated by many. So it is with the human mind.

'Tis not the good, the great, the wise,
That brightest shine or highest rise.

In all the diversified conditions of human existence, we shall ever find that the best springs of feeling gush forth with most vehemence, in hours of loneliness, and in places of the deepest solitude. Take a man endowed with deep sensibility, and witness his impressions in contrast with those of a different stamp, at some season fraught with unusual interest—it may be at the grave of a valued friend. The last look of affection has been given, and the procession has attended the remains of departed worth, to the place of their final rest. The multitude shed their tears upon his grave, and lament, for a while, that so much goodness has passed away. They converse together upon the virtues of the deceased, and recall the many deeds that *should* entitle him to remembrance. They return again to their respective abodes, and soon forget the cause that called them to assemble. But his voice is silent and his eye without a tear. An unobserved spectator of the scene, he has witnessed, apparently unaffected, its character of solemn and melancholy interest. He too, returns; and, when tears have been wiped from all other eyes, and their evanescent sorrow has ceased to be, let us contemplate him in the solitude of his dwelling, with no witness present to relate his grief. Amid the throng, his attention was distracted, and his feelings suppressed, by reason of that susceptibility that shrunk from the inspection of mortal eyes; but now that he has gained his loved seclusion, imagination wanders on the pathway backward, retracing the footsteps of his loved associate; and memory renews the delightful seasons of their former intercourse. Visions of associated happiness—too bright indeed to last—will rise to mental vision; and each word and transaction that once cheered them in their pilgrimage on earth, will fill his mind with inexpressible regret, that these scenes can be realized by him no more. Years may roll onward in their course, and witness no diminution of his woe. The depth of his affection will retrace again and again, and even deepen, on the tablet of his heart, the impressions, engraved there in better and happier days, by him now mingled with the clouds of the vale.

Oh! how often, while gazing upon the crowded street, while the wealthy, the proud, and the gay passed by, as I marked the heartlessness manifested by them in their language and their mein, have I thought that no sympathy existed among men; and that earth was no home and its inhabitants no associates for deep susceptibility! But I have happily been rendered sensible of my fault. It is not amid the affluent, elated with their possessions; it is not where flaunt the avaricious and the vain, that I should have sought for human kindness, and a heart that could weep over human woes. I ignorantly passed by the retirements of the sympathizing; and doubtless have often inadvertently plunged a dagger in those feelings I so much longed to discover, by avoiding their possessors as *morose* and *misanthropic*.

How much did I mistake! How little did I understand *all* the attributes of a heart too sensible, alas, to suffering and distress! While I continued my researches in public, the individual was in retirement, keenly realizing the wounds inflicted, by an inhuman world upon himself, bereft of appropriate association, and lamenting the indifference that doomed him to mourn. The shades of night that called others to their rest, the passing breeze that lulled them to repose, awoke in him but wild and undefined sensations. They seemed to whisper of some happier clime, where never-fading flowers of susceptibility might bloom, with none of this world's withering storms to destroy their charms, and where congenial intercourse might be found. The far-off melody of some wafted strain, while to others it suggested thoughts of revelry and mirth, touched, in his bosom, upon an answering chord, whose vibrations thrilled, throughout his frame, with tones of unheard but solemn delight; and reminded him alike of his imagined rest. The beautifulness of scenery, its shores of greenness and its crystal streams, its mountains and forests of majesty and gloom, seemed but representations of that fancied abode where his afflicted spirit should at length find rest. His heart, soothed and delighted, pursued these reveries of happiness in his dreams. Thus it is, that when morning dawned, and called him again to mingle with the throng, he *assumed* indifference, while sad and disconsolate at the contrast.

H. C. F.

Rochester, April 26, 1839.

Highland Clans.—The following is an alphabetical list of all the known clans of Scotland with a description of the particular badges of distinction worn by such clan—and which served as the distinguishing mark of their chiefs. In addition to the distinguishing badge of his clan, a Highland Chief also wore two eagle's feathers in his bonnet:

NAMES.	BADGES.
Buchanan,	Birch,
Cameron,	Oak,
Campbell,	Myrtle,
Chisholm,	Alder,
Colquhoun,	Hazle,
Cumming,	Common Sallow
Drummond,	Holly,
Farquharson,	Purple Foxglove,
Ferguson,	Poplar,
Forbes,	Broom,
Frazer,	Yew,
Gordon,	Ivy,
Graham,	Laurel,
Gant,	Cranberry Heath,
Gunn,	Rosewort,
Lamont,	Crab Apple Tree,
M'Allister,	Five Leaved Heath
M'Donald,	Bell Heath,
M'Donnell,	Mountain Heath,
M'Dougall,	Cypress,
M'Farlane,	Cloud Berry Bush,
M'Gregor,	Pine,
M'Intosh,	Boxwood,
M'Kay,	Bullrush,
M'Kenzie,	Deer Grass,
M'Kinnon,	St. John's Wort,
M'Lachlan,	Mountain Ash,
M'Lean,	Blackberry Heath,
M'Leod,	Red Wortleberries,
M'Nab,	Rose Buckberry,
M'Neil,	Sea Ware,
M'Pherson,	Variagated Boxwood,
M'Quarrie,	Black Thorn,
M'Rea,	Fir Club Moss,
Munro,	Eagle's Feathers,
Menzies,	Ash
Murray,	Juniper,
Ogilvie,	Hawthorn,
Olyphant,	The Great Maple,
Robertson,	Fern, or Brechins,
Rose,	Brier Rose,
Ross,	Bear Berries,
Sinclair,	Clover,
Stewart,	Thistle,
Sutherland,	Cat's Tail Grass.

CHARACTER OF BROUGHAM.

Brougham is a thunderbolt. He may come in the dark, he may come at random, his path may be in the viewless grasplless air; but still, give him something solid, let him come in contact with the earth, and, be it beautiful or barren, it feels the power of his terrible visitation. You see not, or rather you heed not, like the agent which works; but, just as when the arch-giant of physical destroyers rends his way, you see the kingdoms of nature yielding at his approach, and the mightiest of their productions brushed aside as though they were dust, or torn as though they were gossamer. While he raises his voice in the House—while he builds firmly and broadly the bases of his own propositions, and snatches from every science a beam to enlarge and strengthen his work; and while he indignantly beats down and tramples upon all that has been reared by his antagonist, you feel as if the wind of annihilation were in his hand, and the power of destruction in his possession.

There cannot be a greater treat than to hear Brougham upon one of those questions which gives scope for the mighty swell of his mind, and which permits him to launch the bolts of that tremendous sarcasm, for which he has not now, and perhaps never had, an equal in the House. When his display is a reply, you see his long and lathy figure drawn aside from others, and coiled up within itself like a snake, and his eyes glancing from under the slouched hat, as fiery and as fatal as those of basilisk; you mark the twin demons of irony and contempt, playing about the tense and compressed line of his mouth. Up rises the orator, slowly and clumsily; his body swung into an attitude which is none of the most graceful; his long and sallow visage seems lengthened in its hue; his eyes, his nose, and mouth, seem huddled together, as if, while he presses every illustration into his speech, he were at the same time condensing all his senses into one. There is a lowering sublimity in his brows which one seldom sees equalled; and the obliquity of the light shows the organization of the upper and lateral parts of his forehead proud and palpable as the hills of his native north. His left hand is extended with the palm, prepared as an anvil, upon which he is ever and anon to hammer with the forefinger of his right, as the preparation to that full swing which is to give life to every muscle, and motion to every limb. He speaks! In the most powerful and sustained, and at the same time the most close, clear and logical manner, does he demolish the castle which his opponent had built for himself. You hear the sounds, you see the flash, you look for the castle, and it is not. Stone after stone, turret after turret, battlement after battlement, and wing after wing, are melted away, and nothing left save the sure foundation upon which the orator himself may build. There are no political bowels in him. He gives no quarters, and no sooner has he razed the fort, than he turns to torture the garrison. It is now that his mock solemnity is something more terrible than the satire of Canning, the glow of Burdett, or the glory of Mackintosh. His features (which are always grave) assume the very depth of solemnity; and his voice (which is always solemn) falls into that under supranote (that visionary tone between speech and whisper) which men employ when they speak of their own graves and coffins. You would imagine it not audible, and yet its lowest syllable runs through the House like wildfire. You would think it was meant only for the ear of him who is the subject of it; yet it comes immediately, and powerfully, and without the possibility of being forgotten to every one within the walls. You would think it the fond admonition of a sainted father to the errors of a beloved son; and yet it has the reality more of that feeling which the devil is said to exercise when he acts as the accuser of the brethren. You may push aside the bright thing which raises a laugh; you may find a cover from the wit which ambles to you on antithesis or quotation; but against the home reproof of Brougham there is no defence; its course is so firm that you cannot dash it aside.

The Last Anecdote.—"Who's that ere Mr. Scattering, that always gets a few votes at our town meetings? inquired an old lady, a few days since, of her spouse, as she was busily engaged in perusing a newspaper. 'I do not know,' said he, 'nor never did, though the people have been trying to elect him ever since I began to vote.'—*Dedham Pat.*

KEEP'S Sermon on Moral Influence.—We hope to be excused for not noticing this Sermon sooner, as the neglect was unintentional. It is one of those productions, full of irrefutable argument and fervid eloquence. The author takes hold of his subject with a master potency, and disarms error and instates truth in simultaneous triumph. The style is chaste and eloquent, yet lofty and energetic; at once enchanting the imagination and expanding the intellect. We have room for only the following extract upon the baleful influence of sectarianism. This extract, while it must delight the reader, will serve as a specimen of the whole discourse. [This Sermon was preached at Riga, on the 25th of October last, at the installation of D. N. MERRITT as pastor of the Congregational Church at that place.—For Sale at WM. ALLING'S, and NICHOLLS & WILLSON'S]

"Another obstacle to reform, the removal of which is an indispensable portion of the work before us, lies in the fearful divisions into SECTS, of those who profess an adherence to the Christian faith. This is an evil of immensely destructive powers. It is begotten and nourished by a spirit of supreme selfishness; and assumes the imposing aspect of love to the truth, and a conscientious defence of it; each sect professedly acting under the broad injunction of the Apostle to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints." But this evil will wince and wither, under the culminating light of free discussion, and be cast out, a loathsome carcase, the just abhorrence of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.—The fact is known; it is the joy and the boast of Infidels, and it should be the bitter grief and the loud lament of all the holy; that the spirit of sect, is extensive and mighty among professing Christians; and that some who bear the name of Christ, exhibit more zeal to sustain the interests of their particular party, or denomination, than they do to further the interests of their common Christianity. The plea in justification, that they deem the triumph of their denominational views & sentiments essential to the promotion of genuine Christianity is not valid; because the very thing which makes them a sect, may all be relinquished, and yet they bear upon themselves the precious designating marks of the real friends of Christ.

This division of Christians into sects is one of the very strong holds of Satan in our world.—It is, indeed, a monster of many heads and horns, which has, for centuries, sorely worried the Saints of God. In view of its ravages, all Christians should fast and pray, and weep, and mourn, before the Mercy Seat. The demon of Party, among Christians, may be overcome; and they should look, with an eager hope, and a purified faith, for its speedy extinction. I deem it a symptom of high promise, and as one of the marked signs of the times, that the attention of the Christian public is, recently, directed to this sin; and that it is cast, by talented minds, into the crucible of free discussion; for truth, in the result, will tell heavily upon the public conscience. Among no religionists, are divisions so extensively ramified as among those who profess allegiance to Christ. In the protestant churches may be reckoned more than a hundred sects; presenting an aggregate of folly, extravagance, prejudice, pride, and obstinacy, deeply disgraceful to the Christian name, and a foul blot upon the holy religion of the Bible.—Wise men, in the church, have, for ages, slept over this accumulating jargon and nonsense, and error, as if the evil were incurable. Not a few, among the leading men have zealously struggled, with might and main, to secure predominancy to their own party, as if the whole fabric of Christianity would fall into ruins, unless their own peculiar views were triumphant. They thus substitute SECTARIANISM, for that BROTHERLY LOVE, which is the great distinctive feature of the Gospel, and the special glory of the Cross. In this way, these rival sects are frequently in a state of rancorous hostility, whilst they agree on the great principles and the leading doctrines of the Bible; and all expect to meet in harmony in the kingdom of love beyond the grave.

All this division among Christians leads to results superlatively disastrous. It spoils, among themselves, the consolations and the

loveliness of Religion, and, to a frightful extent, destroys even its existence. It is the chief cause of the being and the progress of infidelity. It has, more than all things else, hindered the progress of divine truth and Christian influence; and, even now, presents the most formidable obstacle to the universal spread of the Gospel through the world. Until Christians can act in harmony, and concentrate their energies upon a wicked world, in the development of the principle of brotherly love, as well as that of general benevolence; their whole missionary enterprise will prove feeble and lean in its results; while the impenitent, at their own doors, must, in fearful crowds, go down to the second death. The spirit of sect is the spirit of sheer selfishness. And to propagate this spirit as a constituent part, or even an appendage of the Gospel, is a malignant slander, upon it; and an outrageous abuse of the immortal beings whose benefit is professedly sought. The crimson of a deep indignation should settle on the cheek of every spiritual man, at the thought; and the vow of a certain extermination, should be engraven upon his heart, and upon his life. The inquiry now awake upon this subject, should be sleeplessly vigilant and intent. It will not be quenched.—Term it, if you choose, the puling of an infant. But rely upon it, it is an infant Hercules, whose strength, as such, will be developed, in the eventful and certain overthrow of SECT, or mere "partyism" among Christians. The work will be done. "The zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall perform it."

I cannot here give the details which are embodied in union among Christians, and in its perpetuity. To form a sect of Unionists, would be barely giving the monster another garb. Of course, such a thought, must be abhorrent to the mind which deprecates the evil. The time has come for action in this matter. Free discussion will elicit truth, and impart light, and sunder the bonds of this odious slavery; and the Holy Spirit lead the honest inquirers into the path of duty which will be path of safety. The fact that denominational prejudices have, for centuries, been apparently, rendering a union increasingly impracticable, and that good men have hitherto despaired of attaining it; and that wise and good men, even now ridicule the project as visionary, should neither check investigation, or diminish the hopes of those whose bowels yearn over the desolation of parties in the church of Christ, and who see enough in the signs of the times, to invigorate their efforts for an entire reformation. A happy Christian union has existed among the followers of Christ, amidst many discrepancies of opinion, and strong individual and sectional preferences. Is it not the fact that different opinions prevailed among the Apostles and primitive Christians; and that these differences were not regarded as a cause of schism and division in the church? Did Paul and Barnabas become the leaders or founders of sects or parties in the church because they disagreed in opinion concerning the best method of conducting their labors? Did the union which is known to have prevailed among Christians after the decease of the Apostles, consist in an entire agreement in their religious tenets? Is the union required in the Gospel, and enjoined in great power and frequency, based on "absolute unanimity of sentiment on all points of religious doctrine and worship?"—Still Luke testifies, Acts 4: 32, "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul, and continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their bread with singleness of heart." 2: 46. There was a union in earnest, and in the detail; a holy oneness in spirit, the exercise and the development of genuine brotherly love; and which imparted to them, as a body, an extensive and immense moral power over the community. We have evidence that they united under the general title of Christians; that they embraced the same general principles; adopted the same great fundamental doctrines; and mutually conceded to each other the indulgence of preferences, respecting views and practice, which were not subversive of the power and purity of their common faith."

A Pinch of Snuff.—"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch."

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I knew that we must part; day after day,
I saw the dread Destroyer win his way—
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,
As on my ear its prophetic warning fell;
Feeble and slow the once light foot-step grew,
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,
Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly clung,
Each sweet "Good night" fell fainter from thy tongue.
I knew that we must part—no power could save
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave;
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,
Looking a sister's fondness to the last;
Thy lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek,
Thy voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;
All told thy doom, I felt it at my heart,
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, Mary—thou art gone—
Gone in thine innocence, meek suffering one,
Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep,
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,
In those fond watchers who around thee stood,
And felt, even then, that God was greatly good,
Like stars that struggle through the clouds of night,
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,
As if to thee in that dread hour, 'twere given
To know on earth what faith believes of Heaven?
Then, like tired breezes, didst thou sink to rest,
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed,
Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,
And touched each feature with a newborn grace;
On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,
And told that life's poor cares had passed away,
In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me,
I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted, Mary—thou art dead!
On its last resting place I laid thy head,
Then by the coffin side knelt down, and took
A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look!
Those marble lips no kindred kisses returned,
From those veiled orbs no glance responsive burned,
And then I felt that thou hadst passed away,
That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay!
And then came Memory, with her busy throng
Of tender images, forgotten long.
Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,
I saw thee—heard thee, as in days of old;
Sad and more sad, each sacred feeling grew,
Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed her due;
Thick, thick and fast the burning tear drops started,
I turned away and felt that we had parted.

But not for ever—in the silent tomb,
Where thou art led, thy kindred shall find room;
A little while—a few short years of pain,
And, one by one we'll come to thee again;
The kind old Father shall seek out the place,
And rest with thee, the youngest of his race;
The dear, dear Mother—bent with age and grief,
Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief;
Sister and Brother, and that faithful Friend—
True from the first and tender to the end—
All, all, in His good time—who placed us here,
To live, to love, to die and disappear—
Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,
Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree;
With thee to sleep through death's long dreamless night,
With thee rise up, and bless the morning light.

TO SPRING.

Welcome! bright Spring! Ah! now indeed you
shine,
While Nature hails your presence with full glee;
Thy balm wings shed a rich glow divine,
As blossoms swell with life on flower and tree.
Bright angel! risen from the dusty dead,
How didst thou burst the bonds of winter's shroud,
To beam so like a Queen with jewell'd head,
And ride day's blazing chariot on a cloud?
Come! let us greet thee with the lover's sigh,
The peasant's song, and Nature's chorus sweet,
Health's ruddy cheek and beauty's sparkling eye,
With joy exulting, and with bliss replete.
Come! let us greet thee with the sick man's prayer,
The maiden's laugh in wild hilarious glee;
As plucking blossoms from the rich parterre,
She bounds as happy as her thoughts are free!
Beautiful Spring! fair mother of the earth!
Accept the homage of each swelling heart,
As joys delicious from thy smiles have birth,
While life and love to throbbing rapture start!
Bring blossom'd wreaths to crown thy fairy urn;
Bring warbling birds to wake thee into bliss;
Bring richest perfumes on thy shrine to burn,
As Nature kneeling gives the homage kiss.

Wellerisms.—"How I love thee, none can tell,"
as the toper said to the gin bottle.

"Walk in without knocking," as the Paddy said
to the praties.

"Don't be alarmed," as the steel trap said to the
fox ven it bit off his leg.

"And vot came ye out to see," as the Giraffe
said to the blind man.

"He's a great none," as the block said to the
auger.

"I'm undone!" as the lady said at the ball ven
her corset string broke from over straining.

"Is this the milk of hooman kindness," as the
fellow said ven the cook drenched him with
dishwater.

"Keep dark," as the loafer said to a gemman ob
collor.

"I am not fond of such vanities," as the hog
said ven his owner put a ring in his snout.

"Vot a awful end," as the Jackass said ven
his tail was bobbed.

"I will sweeten his last moments," as the man
said ven he drowned the dog in the molasses
vat.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.
THE POET'S GRIEF.

'Tis night—within the poet's cell,
The taper dimly shines;
And ah! what sighs his bosom swell,
To frame poetic lines.

Behold his brow, so knit with care,
That speaks of inward pain,
Of anxious thoughts, of dire despair,
And hear him sad complain.

"Why from the world secluded here,
With all this anxious strife;
The world will ne'er my name revere,
But spurn my monkish life.

These mouldering books, of ancient date,
O'er them how long I've toiled;
But ah! my dumb and senseless pate,
My blotted scrap how soiled."

'Tis midnight now—'mid terrors dire
He listens to the storm;
He shivers o'er his ember fire
Where fancied visions form.

And lo! a thought—a loftier fire,
Has seized his laboring brain;
His pen he takes—'tis gone—say where,
And hear him sad complain.

"Ah! wretched life, such grief to bear,
Such fleeting thoughts to gain;
Now here—now gone to oblivion's care,
I cannot end my strain.

See there's a scrap but half complete,
And yon two couplets stand;
These lines I cant in measure meet—
Oh! see my inkstand hand.

I once was deep in youthful love,
'Twas then I first did rhyme;
To please my witching fancied dove,
I did Parnassus climb.

But ah! no more I meet her smile,
Her witchery is gone;
No more entranced by beauty's guile,
No more I sport with song.

And now, I know I ought to be
More sound, and write more grave;
But cannot write at all, you see,
Which makes me madly rave.

I'll throw away a poet's pen,
And all this paltry stuff,
I am the sport of laughing men,
I've been so long enough."

Kenyon College, Feb. 20, 1839.

H

Written for the Gem.
THE POET'S JOY.

Lo! you the man, that lofty climbs
Parnassus sacred height,
What joy, what bliss, he musing finds,
And what supreme delight.

No care worn brow, nor aching head,
But joy his heart beguiles
From him dull care, and grief, have fled—
He dwells 'mid fortune's smiles.

Though storms should rage without control
And nature convuls'd be,
Sublime ideas fill his soul,
Amid such danger free.

'Tis his, to watch the morning cloud
And evening's sunset hue,
'Tis his to hear the warbling crowd,
That dwell in azure blue.

'Tis his, from craggy rock to view,
The wide extending plain,
Where nature's beauties, always new,
Inspire the lofty strain.

'Tis his, the starry world to admire
When Luna smiles on earth,
To feel within the poet's fire,
And give conception birth.

'Tis his, to live in present fame
And fancy future glory;
To gain a poet's lovely name,
And live renowned in story.

His task, to cull the brightest gems
That can adorn the age,
To gather flowers from every stem
To grace the penman's page.

'Tis his, to enjoy the Muses' smile,
And mingle in their strain;
They sport around in playful glee,
And swell his gentle strain.

He roams o'er fancy's ideal fields
And holds converse with dreams,
There's nought but pleasure bounteous yields,
And all with beauty teems.

Kenyon College.

H.

APRIL.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with Winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Are glancing in the golden sun along
The forest openings.

And when the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake, the eky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Invert I in the tide
Stands the grey rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fall, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow!
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Imperious bankrupt!
That galls the easy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
For be assured, they all are arrant tall-tales;
And tho' their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, tho' stationed on the important watch,
'Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass, unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impeached, at the high tribunal
Of hood-winked justice, who shall tell thy audit!

Then stay the present moment, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasury of life's fountain.
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old Patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

From the Albany Journal.

SONG OF THE SEA-NYMPH.

My home is on the waters, O, my home is on the sea,
And the Mermaid's lovely daughters are waiting now
for me,
Our pearly caves are lighted up with diamonds' brilliant
rays,
While the merry harps are pouring forth their soul-in-
spiring lays.

My home is on the waters—O detain me not then here,
For strangers are ye all to me—my heart is chilled with
fear,—
Oh, break my chains and let me fly—I may no longer
stay.
For the zephyr spreads her balmy wings, to bear me
swift away.

Ye are strangers all—all things that meet my eye is
strange,
The tear—the sigh—is new to me—the heart's depres-
sing change,
And I see the loveliest fade away, like morn's expiring
breath.
The cheek is cold, and dull the eye—and this ye say is
death.

My heart is where the flow'rets bloom, where leaf is
never seen,
No garlands woven for the tomb—no farewells do we
hear.
Immortal youth is on the cheek, and joy is on the heart,
O! I cannot tarry with you—from my home I cannot
part.

From the Knickerbocker.

LINES TO MY MOTHER.

"I remember, I remember, the spot where I was born,
The little window, where the sun came peeping in at
morn!"

My mother! with that hallowed phrase,
What jovous recollections start!
The sunshine of my early days
Comes back upon my clouded heart.

It brings my home, my native home,
With all its chosen charms to view;
The walks where I was wont to roam,
The fields of green—the skies of blue.

The towering trees, that used to cling
Their arms above the cottage wall,
The very vines that loved to cling
Around the door—I see them all.

And thus, while memory's magic glass
Reveals to view each chosen spot,
Across the glowing picture pass
Scenes which may never be forgot.

My wonted visit there again,
From home remote, I seem to pay,
And view afar the shaded lane,
At twilight of a summer's day.

My mother listens 'neath the trees,
To catch the distant coachman's horn
And smiles, as on the evening breeze
She hears its mellow music borne.

Again I speed, with flying feet,
With bounding pulse and heart elate,
Again my mother's welcome meet,
Beside the little garden gate.

But ah! when last that spot I sought,
And entered that familiar door,
Its dreary desolation taught
My heart that it was home no more!

Still glowed each summer charm around,
The verdant vines still clustered there;
Each favorite tree and flower I found,
And breathed the fragrance-freighted air.

But silence reigned within those halls,
Where once the hours so brightly fled,
And mocking echo, from the walls,
Gave back the lonely mourner's tread.

Dear mother! would thy sainted soul
Might, from its blest abode above,
Behold the burning tears that roll,
At each momento of thy love.

As, pilgrims at this sacred shrine,
They stand with hosoms anguish-riven,
For whom the latest prayers of thine,
To whom thy latest thoughts, were given.

Why should they check the tide that flows
From feeling's fount, for one so dear?
Life has no holier tears than those
Which fall around a mother's bier.

But we acknowledge, God of love!
Thy hand, which with paternal care,
Seeking to draw our hearts above,
Has placed another magnet there.

P. H. M.

The number of convicts in the State Prison
at Sing Sing on the 22d inst was 839; 51 of
these were females.

Why is Murphy, the almanac maker, the
most hardy man living? Because he is out in
all weathers.

MARRIED.

On the 28th instant, by the Rev. Mr. De Forest, Mr
Robb, to Miss Rhoda Caldwell, all of this city.
In Sweden, on the 21st instant, by Calvin J. White-
ker, Esq. Mr. William Hays, of Greece, to Miss Ellen
Carbutt, of the former place.

In Walworth, on the 18th instant, by Rev. A. Hop-
kins, Lorenzo Boynton, to Miss Philura Main, of On-
tario.

At the Franklin House, Geneva, on the 22d instant,
by the Rev. W. P. Davis, Martin Dunn, M. D., of Dun-
dee, to Miss Luenda, daughter of the Rev. Ira Fair-
banks, of Benton, Yates county.

At Walworth, on Thursday afternoon last, by the
Rev. Mr. West, Mr. Henry H. Tabor, of Manchester,
to Miss Lucy B. Upton, of the former place.

In St. Louis, (Mo.), on the 14th March, by the Rev.
Mr. Bullani, Mr. W. Dudley West, formerly of Albion,
Orleans county, N. Y., to Miss Jane E., daughter of
the late Beriah Pease, of Hudson, N. Y.

In York, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. Ezra
Smith, Mr. Joseph Pickett, formerly of Castile, Gene-
see county, to Miss Esther Mead, of the former place.

At Geneva, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Hug,
Charles A. Rose, Esq. to Hester R., daughter of the late
S. M. Hopkins, Esq. all of Geneva.

In New York, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Dr.
Taylor, William P. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, to
Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Woolsey Rogers, of New
York.

In Dansville, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr.
Walker, Mr. Justice Hall, to Miss Lydia Kuhn.

In Lakeville, on the 3rd instant, by Rev. O. Roberts,
Mr. Wyman Adams, to Miss Mary S. Chapin.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. Charles Furman
Mr. Samuel Talmadge, of Victor, to Miss PAMELLA
LYON, of Rochester.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr.
James Learmont, of Bristol, Michigan, to Miss Mar-
garet Eliza Howgate, of this city.

In Gayland, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. Nelson
Hong, Mr. Lucius Warren, of Genesee, to Miss Nancy
White, daughter of John White, Esq. of the former
place.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

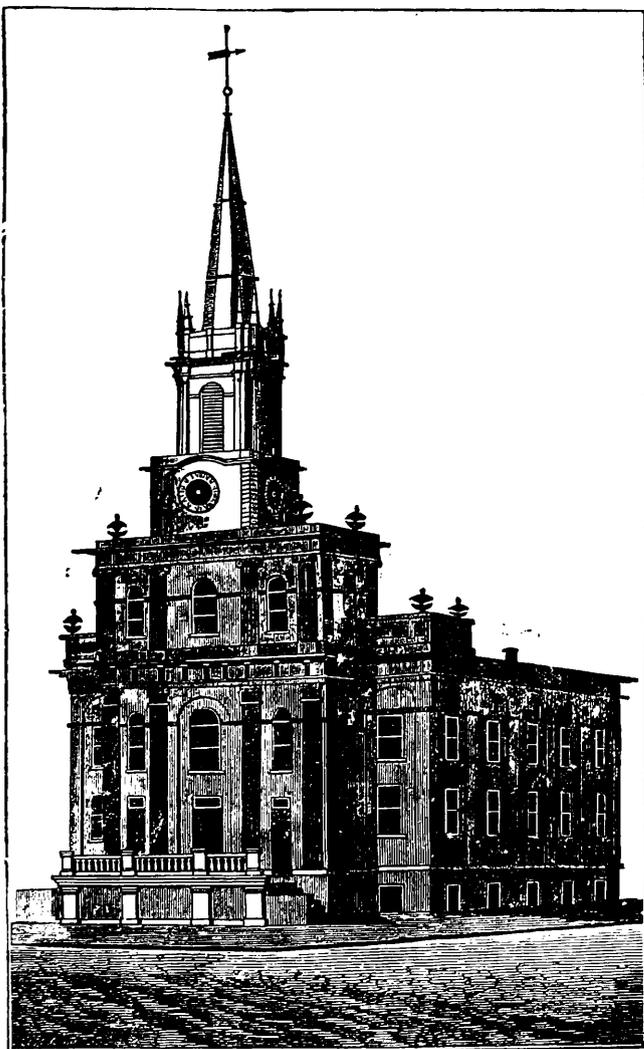
\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1859.

No. 10.



BRICK 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.

BRICK (OR SECOND PRESBYTERIAN) CHURCH.

This is now known as the Brick Church, from the material of which the edifice is built. The appearance of the building, which is located on the corner of Fitzhugh and Ann streets, is exhibited by the accompanying engraving.

This society was organized in November, 1825, consisting of twenty five members. The Rev. William James was installed as the first pastor in July, 1826, and resigned in the summer of 1830. The Rev. William Wisner was the second pastor, undertaking the charge in the spring of 1831, and resigning it in the fall of 1835. The Rev. George Beecher, son of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, has lately accepted a call as pastor of the congregation.

The edifice was erected in 1826, fifty feet wide and seventy feet deep.

The officers of the church are Benjamin Campbell, Orlando Hastings, John H. Thompson, David Dickey, James Seymour, Jacob M. Schermerhorn and Harry Pratt, *Elders*; Phineas B. Cook and Abner Hubbard, *Deacons*; Hervy Lyon, Tilly Allen, Levi W. Sibley, Edwin Scramptom and Nathaniel B. Merick, *Trustees*.

[In the fall of 1838, the timbers under the basement having decayed, the floor was taken up, the earth underneath excavated nearly to the depth of the street sewers, drains were constructed into the sewers, and other precautions taken to prevent dampness. New floors were then laid, the walls new lathed and plastered, and the whole finished off into three rooms, one very large for the accommodation of the Sabbath School and evening lectures. One of the small rooms has since been neatly furnished by the ladies, for female prayer meetings, &c.

MISCELLANY.

From the United States Gazette.

A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FLOWER GATHERING.

"The flowers that spring up on the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow banks are very small and entirely scentless, and the little beauty which is imputed to them, is chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found."

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart smitten—(not heart broken—the broken heart always believes)—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish—and the naturally timid and nervous lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them when the benefit of others is alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone known is painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the Clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so truly shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon

some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" he asked, in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in this bruying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance.—What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do?—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go then," said William "let me go now, that I may raise mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Those who have read Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, will remember the description of the battle between the Mamelukes and the French forces, commonly called the Battle of the Pyramids.—The description below, translated from a late French writer, is much superior to that of Scott, which was necessarily brief. After reading it one can well appreciate the remark made by Napoleon after the battle, that "with the French infantry and the Mameluke cavalry, he could conquer the world."

Dumas on the Battlefield of Napoleon.—On the 23d, at day break Desaix, who was still with the vanguard, discovered a party of five hundred Mamelukes reconnoitering, who at his approach retired, but within sight. At four o'clock, Murad heard a loud shouting—it was our entire army saluting the Pyramids.

At six o'clock, the two armies were in full view of each other.

Survey for a moment the battle field. It was the same that Cambaces, the other conquerer who came from the other extremity of the world, had chosen on which to meet and overwhelm the Egyptians. Since that period twenty-four centuries had rolled away; the Nile, the Pyramids were still the same, the granite Sphinx, whose face had been mutilated by the Persians, reared only her gigantic head above the sand: the Colossus, of which Herodotus; speaks, was fallen; Memphis had disappeared and Cairo had risen. All these thrilling recollections of the past, distinct and present to the minds of the French officers, hovered vaguely over the heads of the soldiers like the strange birds which, in ancient days, fluttered over the battle and presaged victory.

The ground was a vast sandy plain, suitable for the manoeuvres of cavalry. The village of El Bokir arose in the middle of it. A small stream partly enclosed it in front of Gizeh.

Napoleon's intention was not merely to defeat, but to exterminate the Mamelukes. He deployed his troops into a semi circle, forming each division into squares of unusual size, in the centre of which he placed his artillery.—Desaix, accustomed to the front, commanded the first square, which was stationed between Embabeh and Gizeh. Then came in order the division of Regnier; the division Kleber, commanded by Dugua; the division Menou, commanded by Vial; and, lastly, the division of General Bon, forming the extreme left, resting upon the Nile, and nearest to Embabeh.

All these squares were directed to put themselves in motion, and advancing upon Embabeh, to drive horses, Mamelukes, every thing before them into the Nile.

But Murad was not the man to await, behind a few sand hills, the onset and stratagie of the French troops.

Scarce were the squares formed, when the Mamelukes burst forth from their intrenchments in irregular masses, and, without method or order, dashed towards the nearest squares; these were the divisions of Desaix and Regnier.

When within point blank musket range, they separated into two columns, dropped their heads to the saddle-bow, and rushed, severally, to the left angle of the division Regnier, and the right of the division Desaix. The squares reserved their fire until the Mamelukes were within ten paces of their lines, and then, with deliberate aim, poured upon them a volley that was astonishingly fatal. The heads of the columns sunk to the ground, as if an earthquake had swallowed them; the remainder of the squadrons, arrested in their course by this wall of flame and steel, yet unwilling to retreat, ranged along the whole face of the square Regnier, whose sustained fire, however, at such murderous proximity, threw them, in some confusion, on the division of Desaix, around which they flew like a whirlwind. This division, finding itself enveloped with such a tempest of cavalry now poured forth a storm of musketry on every side, and, occasionally, as a brief opportunity presented, opened its angles to emit the destructive thunder of its artillery.

Meanwhile every effort was made by this fierce soldiery to break or disorder our immoveable squares. They would retire, from, charge in close column; and, as their horses, recoiled from the serled ranks of bristling bayonets, they would deploy and reign them backwards on the lines, kicking, plunging, rearing, and often falling upon the guns, and the riders thus dismounted into the very arms of the infantry, or under their feet, would drag themselves along and cut at the legs of the men with their sabres. This horrid melee lasted for three-quarters of an hour, during which time the infantry within the squares were mowing down their mounted assailants with incessant volleys of musketry. From the ferocity of the Mamelukes, our troops could no longer recognize them as men, but thought they were dealing with phantoms and demons, flying irregularly through clouds of smoke and flame, on horses as ghostly as themselves. Finally, the struggling cavalry, the yells, the neighing, the flame, and the smoke disappeared and ceased. There remained nothing around and between these two divisions but a mass of the dead and dying, a sea of blood and carnage; bristling with arms, sprinkled with standards, murmuring and moving still, though with a subdued motion, like the yet unquieted billows after an ocean-storm.

Napoleon had now given the signal for a general attack. Bon, Menou, and Vial, were ordered to detach from their respective divisions the first and third companies from each battalion, and form in columns; while the second and fourth companies, retaining their relative position, should compress their squares and advance to sustain the attack, presenting only three men deep.

The body of the dispersed and defeated Mamelukes had directed its course towards the little village of El Bekir to re-organize; but an incidental occurrence threw them at this moment into the power of the French.

As I have already observed, the divisions of Desaix and Regnier arrived first on the field, and were posted between the Nile and ElBekir, before the battle commenced. Some of the troops, thinking that this village might contain provisions and water, asked permission to reconnoitre it. The supposition was plausible, and besides, it was important to inspect the place, as a detachment of the enemy might be concealed there, ready to make an unexpected sally. Desaix therefore ordered four companies of grenadiers and carabineers, a company of the fourth regiment of artillery, and a complement of sappers to occupy the village, under the command of Dorsenne and Paige, and take possession of what provisions they could find. The foragers were not disappointed in their expectations, but were securing a large supply of stores, when the rattling of musketry and the roar of cannon apprised them that the battle had suddenly begun.

Dorsenne, aware that his small reinforcement could be of little value to the divisions they had left, and fearing to be hemmed in if he made any demonstration, quietly distributed his six companies behind the walls of enclosures, in houses, and on terraces.

To return, the Mamelukes hurried directly to this village like partridges ready to alight; but scarcely had the head of the column entered the street, when the houses and terraces blazed with the rapid and deadly fire of an ambuscade! The Mamelukes, however, did not retire or falter; but the mass unrolled itself, like a prodigious serpent, through the street, and passed, bleeding and mutilated, through the opposite gate. They formed in their flight an immense semi-circle, crossed the little river, and reappeared on the right of Desaix's division.

At this instant all the squares advanced, enclosing Embabeh in their iron circle; and, at the same time, Murad's flotilla and entrenchments opened their batteries from the Nile.—Thirty-seven pieces of artillery crossed their net-work of fire along the plain, and Murad himself, at the head of three thousand cavaliers, advancing under cover of this fire to break the squares, embarrassed for the first time, by his cannon. The column retreating from El Bekir joined him at this crisis, and they attacked in concert.

It must have been a wondrous sight to the eagle hovering over the battle-field, to see these six thousand horsemen, the finest in the world, mounted on horses that left no foot-print on the sand, doubling like hounds around these blazing and immoveable squares; encircling them as a band, and straining them in its ligature; seeking to crush and suffocate by envelopment what they could not open or break by collision, then dispersing, reforming to disperse again, and changing position like waves beating against the shore. On a sudden the batteries of Murad changed their direction; the Mamelukes heard the thunder of their own guns pointed against their own masses, and they fell in scores under the iron rain of their own balls: then the flotilla took fire and blew up with a loud explosion. The cause of all this was soon apparent. While Murad was bending every effort to destroy our squares, our most distant column of attack had reached and carried his entrenchments, and Marmont now commanded the whole field with his guns.

Napoleon ordered a final movement and all was finished. The squares opened, deployed into line, united their several flanks, and stood one immense chain of iron. The Mamelukes were now between their own entrenchments and the whole French line, receiving from each a sustained and insupportable fire. Murad saw that the day was irretrievably lost; he rallied the remnant of his men, who, lowering their heads and putting spurs to their horses, galloped down this double line of exterminating shot, through the narrow interval left by Desaix be-

twice his division and the Nile. They thus forced their way into the village of Gizeh, reappeared an instant after beyond its enclosures, and retired towards Upper Egypt, reduced to three hundred men.

Murad left three thousand men, 40 pieces of artillery, forty loaded camels, with tents, horses and slaves, on the field. This field, thus covered with gold, cashmeres, and silks, was abandoned to the conquering troops; the booty was immense, as the Mamelukes were covered with their richest panoply, and carried about their person all the gold, silver, and jewels they possessed.

"DOSING AND DRUGGING, or Destroying by Inches."—This is the title of one of Dr. Alcott's Health Tracts, which has recently appeared, and which is favorably spoken of in some of the New York papers. As a specimen of the work we give a chapter from it, and hope it will do good in the right place.

MISTAKES OF MOTHERS.

If we have seemed to blame some medical men, and many more apothecaries, and to do more than hint at the errors of other dealers or dabblers in poisonous substances, we shall doubtless be regarded as more severe still on another class of the community, that is parents. Nevertheless, we mean not blame or censure against any; our feelings are those of sorrow and regret; not of censure.

Some of our medical societies—the medical society of the state of Connecticut, in particular—go so far as to express an opinion that a foundation is often laid for drunkenness in the milk of a nursing mother. If this is so, how ought each mother to avoid, as she would poison, all the forms of drink into which spirits enter, not excepting her favorite milk punch!

But we go much farther. We hold that the child may be afflicted—nay, is afflicted, inevitably—by the mother's use of spirits at an earlier period still. Not that drunkenness is always the result, even of the free use of spirits through the whole of that critical period of woman's history to which we allude; but the result is, in one way or another, always mischievous. An unnatural excitability of the child's nervous system; a predominance of the nervous or sanguine temperament, a degree of mental or physical precocity, or both; an unnatural stupidity or preternatural wakefulness; a tendency to cutaneous diseases, brain fever, bowel complaints or worms—any or all of these, and many more evils which could be enumerated, are without doubt the frequent consequences of dosing, by the mother, at this period, as well as during nursing. Nor is it indispensable to this end, that the dosing be with spirits. Anything which is medicinal, especially which is narcotic or poisonous, may have the same tendency, as tobacco, snuff, opium, laudanum, camphor, valerian, assafoetida, coffee, tea, cider, wine, ale, beer, &c. Nay, farther still than all this. Anything which affects the health of the mother—which impairs the tone of her stomach, or diminishes the energy of her nervous system—may, through this medium, have similar effects on her offspring: to those which we have mentioned above; and may and will prepare the child to yield, in his turn, to the same temptations to gratify a fondness for excitement, which have been too powerful for those who preceded him.

Let this pass, however. Let it be supposed that a child begins its existence free from any contamination—free from the influences of dosing and drugging, or any inclination thereto. How long will it be, even then, before he will be injured?

The meconium must be removed, the mother thinks, and so do those around her; and what will do it more effectually, at least more quickly and certainly, than castor oil, or a little tea of senna and aromatic seeds, or senna and manna? But the natural consequence of this *forcing* is, the supposed necessity, within a few days afterwards, of more medicine; and as a general rule, the more we depend on medicine, in these cases the more we may. Nor is the evil at all diminished by the mother's dosing herself, in purpose and manner not dissimilar.

Nor is this all: would that it were. The child's stomach, diseased and debilitated, and loaded to excess with food which, in itself, is often far from being healthy, is unable to act with facility upon its contents, and distention

and flatulence, and nausea ensue; sometimes pain. To add to the distress, catnip tea, or fennel seed tea, or some such substance, is administered. This increases the trouble, till nature, to relieve herself, institutes the process of vomiting. Now the poor creature feels relieved, and we rejoice at our skill, in what ought to be our shame. The child has been tortured, by our interference, at every step. He wanted no medicine—in one case in thirty—from the very first; neither did his mother. Judicious, rational treatment, in regard to food, drink, and the rest of the *non naturals*, as they are called by physicians, would have been far better than any use of medicine, even catnip, fennel, oil or sweetened water.

Nor does it end here. The same propensity to dabble with medicine continues. Now Godfrey's cordial is supposed necessary; now Warren's elixir, or elixir pric; now elixir paregoric, or laudanum. Some mothers hold that all children need paregoric. We have known mothers of large families who gave it regularly to all their children; yet we have never known any such children who did not finally suffer. If they do not seem injured by it while nature is pushing on, as in infancy, childhood and youth, their manhood is apt to be short and uncertain, and their old age premature and full of decrepitude.

We might give a list—and a long one, too—of the kinds of medicine which are so freely used by mothers. Once the number of articles was very few—perhaps not half a dozen. Now, half the community, even of our plainest people, keep a small apothecary's shop. We have seen many a closet for food, which contained a better assortment of medicine, especially of the more active kinds, than used to be contained in some of our regular country shops. Among these in addition to those mentioned above, may be found castor oil, senna, two or three kinds of salts, snake-root, India pink, calomel, picra, rhubarb, ipecac, antimonial wine, Huxham's tincture, Dover's powders, spirits of lavender, saffron, camphor, peppermint, sulphur, hartshorn, wormwood, horsehound, catnip, sage, mallows, balm, &c., to say nothing of Stoughton's bitters, Lee's pills, Hygeian pills, and half a dozen or a dozen other powerful nostrums, and opium, and various kinds of spirits.

With such an apothecary's shop at command, and with that confidence which our dosing mothers usually have in their great skill in wielding its contents, is there a possibility of the child's escape from the evils of every day dosing? Or if some escape partially, are there any who escape wholly? And is it to be wondered at, that mothers and nurses stare, when we tell them, as we are accustomed to do, that nearly every mother and child is injured, more or less, by the smallest amount of the mildest medicine—even sage or catnip; and that not one in a hundred is benefited?

We have seen a child, only four or five months old, in convulsions from an extra dose of that which it had taken from the first—laudanum and spirits of lavender; and have seen it require days and weeks of patient care, to keep it in a state from which crippled nature could restore it to its mother. It is no trifling tax upon the nervous energies of a child of five months, to dispose of laudanum and lavender, at the rate of thirty drops of each, twice or three times a day. If a child does not perish under such treatment, he is at least a sufferer—and must be so—for life.

It does seem to us exceedingly unsafe to keep such a stock of medicines in the house. The temptation is too great, to those who know what happy *immediate* effects it will sometimes produce. It were a far safer extreme, to follow our own example, and dare to keep none at all. A very few articles, at most, are all that should be tolerated, and these should be regarded as rank poisons, to be used only in extremities. We knew a physician who carried ergot—a powerful poison—among his pocket medicines, for several years, resolving never to use it, except in the last extremity; and who finally never did use it, but succeeded without it. Let medicine, if kept in families at all, be kept with nearly the same feelings.

We know a lady—we presume there are many such—who keeps a medicine chest in good earnest; and her stock of medicine—the variety, at least—is respectable. She spent some time, in her earlier years, in the family of a physician—long enough to acquire full confidence in her own medical skill, and yet not long

enough to acquire any just knowledge on which to ground it.

This lady is often found dosing her children and even her husband. The good man, though sensible in all other respects, is in this matter a complete dupe. We have heard him say his wife saved him many a ten dollar bill every year, which would otherwise be paid to physicians. Do you ask how? By dosing his children whenever they are unwell; not with simple herbs, which, though folly, were less foolish, but with active medicine! She boasts of the health of her children, and yet is ever and anon dosing them; and is, in her own estimation, always successful!

Should the question arise in the mind of any reader, why medicine is needed in her family at all, we have at hand the reply. It is to remove the effects of other medicines. Perhaps her children were originally healthy. But the moment any little complaint arose, they were at once dosed; and nature—ever true to her post, till she is worn out by abuses—rousing herself as soon as the oppression of the medicine was over, established a reaction. But the healthy action of the stomach or liver, or both, was permanently disturbed, and ere long—perhaps at first it was not till many months had elapsed—some new complaint sprung up. In "curing" this, the seeds of another or perhaps of several were sown. Every reaction of the system, after a season of dosing and drugging was over, was construed by the mistaken mother into a proof of her own skill, and of course establish her confidence in herself. Thus she is still going on, and it needs not a prophetic eye to see that she is slowly destroying the health and mental vigor of her children, if not of her husband. Thus she goes on, we say; and thus she will go on while she lives. And what she is, in a remarkable degree, most mothers and some fathers are in a degree greater or less. Few children long escape.

A Pungent Argument.—We happened last Sunday afternoon to be at the Bethel in North Square. The House was running over with seamen, who filled the body of the house, the stairs to the pulpit, and even the pulpit itself. We give the following extract of the sermon of the afternoon, as a fair specimen of the style in which the Rev. Mr. Taylor makes a practical application of an important truth, "I say shipmates, now look me full in the face. What should you think of the man aboard ship, who was always talking about his compass, and never using it? What should you think of the man, who, when the storm is gathering, night at hand, moon and stars shut out on a lee shore, breakers ahead, then first begins to remember his compass, and says, 'Oh, what a nice compass I have got on board,' if before that time he has never looked at it? Where is it that you keep your compass? Do you stow it away in the hold? Do you clap it into the fore peak?" By this time Jack's face, that unerring index of the soul, showed visibly that the *reductio ad absurdum* had begun to tell. Then came by a natural logic, as correct as that of the school, the *improvement*. "Now, then, brethren, listen to me. Believe not what the scoffer and the infidel say. The Bible, the Bible is the compass of life. Keep it always at hand. Steadily, steadily fix your eye on it. Study your bearing by it. Make yourself acquainted with all its points.—It will serve you in calm and in storm, in the brightness of noonday, and amidst the blackness of night, it will carry you over every sea, in every climate, and navigate you, at last, into the harbor of eternal rest." Could anything be more in point? After all, refine as much as you will, this is preaching. What is much vaunted grammar, what are words, save instruments merely for quickening the understanding, stirring the emotions, and carrying good thought home to the heart!—*Boston Transcript*.

Holding her tongue.—The late Dr. Abernethy would never permit his patient to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following expedient:

"Put out your tongue, Madame." The lady complied, "Now keep it there till I have done speaking."

Small debts, observes Dr. Johnson, are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like a cannon, of loud noise and little danger.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1859.

☞ A correspondent suggests that as the splendid New York and Liverpool packet ship "ROCHESTER" received its name in compliment to our city, our public spirited ladies might with propriety present her with a suit of colors. From the specimen we have seen of their handy work, we have no doubt that should they attempt it, they will make it, as it shall float in the ports of the old world, creditable to our infant city.

The Knickerbocker.—This Periodical continues to merit Public encouragement. It relies in every number strong Pons to its aid.—Caleb Cushing, J. N. Reynolds, the Rev. Walter Colton, H. R. Schoolcraft, as well as Geofrey Crayon, are writers in the May Number.—*Express.*

A Fair Offset.—A reading room of a liberal institution asks the Portland Advertiser for a gratis paper. The proprietors reply that they have half a dozen boyes, which they would like to have educated at that institution upon the same terms the reading room wish the Advertiser sent. An exchange is but fair.

A Parisian doctor has discovered a remedy for gout, by making his patients scour the floors of their own houses, which, operation is performed in France by skating furiously along the boards, mounted on brushes attached to the shoes. The doctor is of course making a fortune.

☞ The phrase "you know," is becoming burthensomely fashionable. Those who practice it "to some extent in this community," should, "you know," be taught the fate of the poor fellow who had, "you know," his head taken off for this very offence, "you know," by the "*Pa-cha of many Tales.*"

Show your teeth.—100 dollars has been deposited at Hartford, Conn. for the best Dentist in that city—each to "trot up" his patient, and the victims to be forwarded post paid passage free to New York, where a Committee of Dentists are to adjudicate the prize.

Mr. Benjamin E. Roody, of Illinois, lost \$3000 in specie, by the burning of the steamboat Glasgow. His praise-worthy exertions to save the lives of his fellow passengers, rendered him unmindful of his own property.

An old coquette, looking into her glass, and seeing her wrinkles, cried, "This new glass is not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors as well as they used to do."

☞ Dr. MORELY tells of a maniac boy in Naples, who had not slept an hour for several years. Excessive wakefulness is deemed a symptom of mania.

☞ A mad man once described money thus "money is excessively convenient. It enables one to purchase diamonds, ten-penny nails, gin slings, and salt mackerel."

☞ "My joys are buried in the deep," as the dock loafer said when his whiskey bottle tumbled into the river.

☞ Good fortune is a fragile flower. The slightest breath may strip it of its beauty. Misfortune, like early frost, comes unbidden.

Miss Sedgwick, the novelist, is about to sail for England.

ROCHESTER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
NO. 2.

What should be the aim of the Trustees of the Institute? To render it an institution every way worthy of the enterprize, character, and wants of this community. Enough of funds ought to be provided to enable it to give the education required at this time of improvement. The great secret of instruction, in equal circumstances, is the giving many pupils of nearly the same acquirements and talents, and pursuing the same, and only a few studies, to the care of a single teacher, and the multiplication of teachers so as to embrace all the necessary branches. The great difficulty in the *common school* is more commonly the multiplicity of classes and studies and books, so that the time and effort of the teacher is distracted by the diversity of objects. A large number of pupils are more properly taught in the former method than a smaller number in the latter. Hence it is that the increase of private and select schools containing only a few pupils, is a serious evil in community, and a great drawback upon the general interests of education. The same teacher has too many objects of attention.—Disappointment is the common result, and is to be expected. The Institute should be placed on such grounds, that there shall be no necessity of sending abroad for education. These are adequate reasons for removing from home our sons for a time at schools. But, the great portion of education should be at home, so that they may receive the benefit of a father's guidance, and all the plastic influence which is derived from the power of a mother and sisters and female friends. *All the good boys of good talents should be kept as a general fact* under this course of education. The saving in the expense is a small object compared with this desirable influence. Home and female character and female worth will in this way be appreciated. The present is the time to make the effort, to secure this object, connected with the highest interests of the city.

If the case require it, let the teachers be changed and the plan remodelled, and time and money and patronage be bestowed upon the Institute. CIVIS.

ROCHESTER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—No. 3.

Soon after the incorporation of the Trustees, they elected Wm. Pitkin, President; A. G. Smith, Secretary; and Frederick Starr, Treasurer. For the present the same organization of departments and teachers is to continue; but it is to be presumed that the Board will make such changes as will be necessary for the adaptation of the School and the wants of community. At the present time *some pecuniary aid* is needed to make the Institute independent. The liberality and philanthropy of a portion of our citizens have secured the ground and buildings for the object of "public instruction," and by the agreement of the Stockholders, the property is to be appropriated to no other purpose. This has been done at an expense of several thousand dollars. But enough has not yet been done to secure the great object of these enterprising citizens: some improvements are essential to its success and almost existence. To the citizens, who are prepared to imitate those who have contributed to this object, it is hoped that an appeal will soon be made for their co operation in securing, and extending, and completing this object. Very few academies are able to exist and make any considerable effort in the cause of education, which have not

some friends whose income may be applied to this purpose. Destitute of such friends, the Institute must rely for aid upon the generosity and liberality of the benevolent and philanthropic. A higher school is of the least importance among a population of 18,000 people. The Institute can now, with relative ease, be placed upon this ground, and answer this end. The generosity of Rochester to literary institutions *abroad* is too well known, and it has been said she has *little of that spirit* for her own.—Let this reproach now be removed, once and for ever. CIVIS.

ROCHESTER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—No. 4.

A moderate expense will place the building and grounds in excellent condition. The location of the building is fine—on elevated ground—in a fine part of the city—easy of access, and yet removed from the centre, as every such building should be. The rooms for the schools are large, high, airy, well lighted, convenient, being some of the best rooms in the State for the purposes of instruction. The apparatus is highly respectable, and a library has been commenced. The means of instruction are ample. The public exhibitions have shown the successful attention of the pupils to composition and elocution, two of the most important objects to all men of much business, or who design to have much intercourse with the world. The way is open too for any improvements in the course of education, or addition or change of teachers or departments, as the wisdom of the trustees shall suggest.

The influence of the Institution in the matter of education, on the mind and heart of the community, on all the better interests of society should be happy and extensive. On the former plan it has been the means of diffusing immense benefits, by its numerous teachers who have gone forth into the business of instruction, as well as in the preparation of hundreds for the active duties of life. The school can now accomplish far more. It is placed on a ground to be more eminently useful in both these respects. To the city, as a higher seminary of education, and fitting of youth for the business and duties of life, the Institute should have the strongest attractions. CIVIS.

Attempt to burn a Town.—The Hagerstown Mail says that several attempts have lately been made to set fire to that town, all of which have failed. An individual named Dayton, a young man about 18 or 20 years of age, a coach maker by trade, has been arrested, charged with having made the attempt.

Things that I have seen.—I have seen a farmer build a house so large that the sheriff turned him out of doors.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in an insane hospital.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much, that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off, and end where his father began penniless.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children, bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves into disgrace.

I have seen a young man who despised the counsel of the wise and the advice of the good, end his career in poverty and wretchedness.

I have seen a man spend more in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

Written for the Gem.

USE OF THE CORSELET AND LACING.

Mr. Editor—I wish to address a few plain physiological notions for the consideration of the Ladies on the use of the *Corselet* and *Lacing*, through the medium of your paper.

The corselet, as I take it, must necessarily be constructed of some portable and inflexible material, a little thicker than common handsaw plate, and from two to three inches broad; its length to reach from about mid-way of the sternum or breast bone down to the umbilical region. This contrivance is to be plated or laminated, and when it is to be applied with its intended efficiency, it is designed to be enveloped in another contrivance made of unyielding or inelastic materials called *stays*, with numerous eyelet holes of ivory, through which a cord is passed on the principles of a pulley, to obtain the requisite power of confining it to the body. The grand design in the use of the corselet, I apprehend, is, to add beauty and elegance to the fairest of the fair. May it not be well for our genteel and gay young ladies to turn aside from the looking glass a few moments to reflect on the consequences that must necessarily result from this beautifying process? As we are endowed by our *Creator*, with capacities and faculties to enable us to perform the requisite duties and avocations of life, to provide for our convenience and necessities, and to perpetuate a succession of generations; I seem to hear an assent from them, that it does become us at least to inquire into the nature of the grand designs of our *Great Benefactor*, in the establishment of certain principles or *laws of organic life*. To treat the subject candidly and fairly, therefore, we will omit for the present, any comments on the acquirement of greater beauty of form than God has given us, till we look a little farther by detail into the effects of this beautifying process. On this examination, should it appear that a more genteel and elegant race of people have been produced, of firmer bodies, more vigorous minds, and better hearts—it would be consistent to adhere to the *improvement*; but on the contrary if the subjects of these experiments and operations, shall appear more *ungraceful* in their movements, more *inelegant* in their forms, more *feeble* in muscular powers, more *imbecile* in their intellects, and consequently more *perverse* in their hearts; then let us unite our endeavors to persuade all to lay aside a fashion so demoralizing in its tendency, and destructive in its effects, to our race, as that of *corseleting* and *lacing*. Let us rather, cultivate rational notions of beauty, following the model of nature, where beauty, proportion, and harmony, are developed by the *GREAT DESIGNER*, in all their parts. In order to make out my case, I must ask the indulgence of the *fair reader*, in the use of terms though not the most common, which will give my views most clearly in this matter.

It is well known that the bones are designed to give shape to the body, defend the vital parts and serve as levers for the muscles to act upon in loco-motion, respiration, &c., and that they are supplied with muscles, which are contractile and are attached to the bones in such a great variety of ways, that they enable man, or animals to perform all the variety of motions they are capable of producing with gracefulness and ease. When we examine the situation of the brain we find it surrounded with suitable plated bones for its defence; the limbs provided with long cylindrical bones as levers for motion; the bones of the back and chest suited for motion and defence both. We might pursue this sub-

ject to a great extent and find much to admire in the wonderful formation and harmonization of the various parts of the system. The system of nerves also, emanating from the brain and spinal marrow, without which neither sensation nor motion could be produced, constitutes an indispensable part in the general functions of the animal economy.

The wisdom of the *CREATOR* is no less conspicuous in the just proportions given to the various organs of the body. The stomach for instance, of sufficient capacity, to receive the necessary quantity of food to supply the ordinary wastes that are continually made throughout every part of the system. The chest also, with lungs to receive atmospheric air in due proportion to supply the blood with *vital air*, that is indispensably necessary to qualify the mass of blood flowing through the lungs for circulation and for nutrition.

It will readily be perceived, then, if these things are so, that the operations of nature will be impeded or interrupted, and consequently a morbid condition either local or general will follow, of either the diminution or enlargement of either of those organs, and I believe the unanimous voice of the medical faculty, will uphold me in this opinion. It is no doubt obvious to every careful observer, that unrestrained exercise of the muscles, to a certain extent, is almost invariably conducive to health, by aiding indirectly the powers of digestion, invigorates the circulation, promotes secretion, and promotes the power and tone of the action of the muscles. These effects are evinced on the general system by every day occurrences, all over the world, by all who engage in athletic employments. The reverse of these effects are equally true and demonstrable, by an opposite course of bodily habits. Where the stomach has been too much confined to acquire a suitable capacity for the reception of proper food as to quantity and quality for nourishment of the body, or where the lungs have been compressed into too narrow a compass to receive vital air enough to qualify the blood for circulation and nutrition, the whole system will soon take on a morbid appearance from a continuance of these stunted supplies.

I hope to be able to pursue this subject somewhat farther, and that the *ladies* will have patience with me, so long as I may keep within the rules of decorum, and stimulated by the interest and solicitude of a *friend* and *FATHER L.*

Written for the Gem.

THE FINE ARTS.

Whatever tends to elevate the character of a nation—whatever adds lustre and effulgence to her honors—whatever decks her in the luxury of majesty and renown—should excite the patriot's warmest admiration, and most efficient zeal. The elevation of national character—the acquisition of national influence, the consummation of a nation's moral and intellectual worth, are objects worthy the attention of the most noble minds; and he who ardently devotes his powers of body and mind to their advancement, is thus far answering the end of his being, and obeying the high mandates of reason and humanity.

Ere this nation may hail an *era* so glorious, a train of causes must be set in operation, and accomplish their legitimate effects. Among the most conspicuous and efficient of these causes, stand the *Fine Arts*.

The usual classification of the arts is, into the useful and fine—the former are those whose chief object is to administer comfort, and con-

venience to man. The latter tend, rather, to elevate the man; refine his sensibilities, correct his taste; increase his joys, and so far as may be, to smooth the asperities of life, and reduce this world to a paradise. Some of the latter, are music, sculpture, painting and poesy.

The utility of the Fine Arts is manifest, in their tendency to promote national greatness. Nothing is more evident, than that a nation receives its character from that of its citizens, and so long as their minds are low and debased, it never will stand permanent in glory.

The fine arts refine, and enoble the feelings of man. What of an earthly nature like the melting strains of music—the lofty flights of poetry—the splendid strokes of the painter—and the ingenious works of the sculptor, can quell the turbulent outbreakings of the soul; refine the feelings, and approximate man so nearly to angels, and to the Author of his being? What so calculated as they to soften all the rigidities of virulent man, and render him all that is pleasing and desirable to his fellows? The spontaneous answer of every man is, nothing.

Nor is their influence on the taste, less powerful. To the unlearned and untutored mind, the plaintive moans of the *OU* or the hoarse rumblings of Jove's carr as it thunders over his head, excite the same sensations as the most enchanting and melodious music. But not so with him who has been nourished in the school of the arts—emotions the most exalted and ennobling, vibrate in his bosom, and he tastes substantial joys.

Again, the state of the arts, is a perfect index to a nation's refinement. It is true that to some, the term refinement has no charms; and to talk of a nation becoming refined, is to them an idle tale. But where did such receive their impressions, in what school have they been trained? Let such explain, why nature has variegated our earth with such delightful scenery? Why is it not one vast monotonous plain? Why here the foaming cataract, and there the placid lake? Why the purling rill and the rustic grove, add their decorations to the plain? Why the whole face of the earth decked and perfumed with such delightful flowers? And why above, beneath, and all around, so pregnant and splendid monuments of taste and grandeur? Why, I say, unless it be to *sanction* and *stimulate* the high cultivation of taste and refinement. If then we behold a nation in which the arts are highly cultivated, and over which they have exerted all their soothing, enlivening and ennobling influence, we shall behold a nation refined, that nation is following out the example of the Author of nature, and in so doing it will receive his smiles. Taste and refinement will shed forth their genial influences, the affections of the soul be quickened, and the heart be turned to echo praise to nature's God. Again, the cultivation of the arts tends to promote a taste for mental culture. It is impossible that man, endowed as he is with a mind that is ever unsatisfied should be constantly conversant with the fine arts and not be excited to drink deeper and deeper at the fountain of knowledge. In them he sees developed some of the noblest traits of the immortal mind. He sees how thoroughly it may be disciplined. What an eminence it may attain. How much of glory, it may reflect upon its author. And in viewing this, his soul will be inspired to shake off its drowsiness, and aspire to something noble. Thus where the arts flourish, science will also; and as twin sisters, hand in hand

they will march together in their onward course—unfolding more and more of the immortal mind; divulging now and noble principles which will shed their lustre on the paths of science.

In referring to the history of the past, when we look at those nations that *fuere*, we find that when they were in their glory, the fine arts were in high repute. When Egypt shone with such resplendent lustre, when she was the great intellectual luminary of the world; when even Greece and Rome sent here their choicest sons to prepare for future greatness; when, in fine, she was at the zenith of her glory; then the artist's powers were not dormant, but his utmost skill was called to vigorous action.

Greece and Rome likewise followed in her footsteps and learned that in the fine arts lay a giant power for increasing a nation's greatness.

Almost from time immemorial, their utility seems to have been appreciated. David, the ancient seer so signalized by heaven, found in music and in song, his happiest medium for breathing out his praises to his Maker; and Solomon his son, so fond of splendour and display, found in the fine arts that which gratified his taste, increased his joys, and quickened in his mind noble and heavenly thoughts.

Music, sculpture, painting and poesy, all lent their aid in the preparation and worship of the Temple—thus evincing that the fine arts are a rich blessing to the moral world. As the glittering coruscations which skirt the horizon, add beauty and splendour to the magnificent vault above us, so they add lustre and dignity to a nation's greatness.

Their power will ever be felt in securing honor and renown, and so long as nations shall continue to be, their intrinsic worth, their transcendent excellence shall be lauded and extolled by all the true lovers of national greatness.

OMEGA.

Bergen, Dec. 1839.

DARBY AND THE RAM.

A. SKETCH.

'Twas one of those days when the sun was in its perpendicular altitude, looking at two sides of the hedge at once—a lovely midsummer day—when nature was laughing until her sides ached, and mother earth in her gayest mood was lavishing her promises and her smiles to her often ungrateful children, the lambs were skipping to and fro within their enclosed pastures, and the cows with grave matron aspect, were lolling in the sun and ruminating their already gathered repast, and every thing was happy except the shepherd Darby.

Poor fellow! A green and yellow melancholy had settled on his manly cheek; his grief he revealed not, but let concealment prey upon his spirits; he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckthorn were riding past to dinner. 'I wonder,' said his lordship to the Squire, 'what can be the matter, with my shepherd Darby. He seems in a galloping consumption; and were I to lose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady and careful creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life.'

'Never told a lie in his life! Good! Why my lord, do you really believe in such nonsense?'

'Decidedly I do. I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents, yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust.'

They now advanced nearer, and his lordship held up his whip as a signal, and over bounded Darby, 'Well, Darby—that shower we had last night served the pastures.'

'It did, my lord, and the cows will give a larger meal, and require milking earlier this evening through means of it.'

Darby—bring over my favorite ram, that this gentleman may see it.

'Yes, my lord. Hallo, Sweeper, away for Bullface.' In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram from the flock.

'That's a clever turn my worthy,' said the Squire; 'here's a half a crown to drink.'

'Thanks to your honor,' said Darby; 'but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and yet I'll spend it on a drink all in one night.'

'Explain this riddle, Darby.'

'Why, sir, when I feel myself merry enough without it, where's the use in taking it? That stream can slake my thirst as well. Yet I'll not speak for others—many a one there is—who must have strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts, and make them forget their day's hard toil.'

'You are a worthy fellow, and a philosopher,' said Lord Amplefield, with a look of triumph as he and the squire rode off. 'What say you to my shepherd now?'

'A mighty plausible fellow indeed! Yet, proud as you are of him my lord, I'll bet a score of sheep that before two days, I'll make him tell you a barefaced lie, out and out.'

'Done!' said his lordship. The wager was laid, and the squire set out on his lie-making expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart—the lovely Cauthleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to be in each others arms. To her the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and a half, and then artfully upbraided her with unkindness in neglecting the 'worthy young fellow,' who was dying for her contriving to inveigle her by a series of falsehoods into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness, coax the ram from him. It succeeded next day to admiration; and the laughing girl tripped home leading the animal with a kerchief taken from her snowy bosom.

Darby was now left to solitary reflection. The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round, and he would infallibly miss his favorite ram. What was to be done? To tell a lie appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation; to equivocate, meanness execrable; but an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him. He resolved to see how a lie would look before he tried it; and planting his crook in the field and placed his hat on it in order to personate himself, retired to a distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows.

'Good morrow, Darby.'

'Good morrow my lord.'

'How are the flocks to day, Darby?'

'Pretty fair, my lord.'

'Darby, I don't see my favorite ram,—where is he?'

'My, my lord,—he—he—'

'He what, Darby?'

'He was drowned, my—my lord.'

'Darby—If I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed; but I presume it must have been an accident. Send the fat and hide to the castle.'

'That won't do!' murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

'Good morrow, Darby.'

'Good morrow, my lord.'

'Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?'

'Bravely, my lord.'

'And my ram, Darby—where is he?'

'My lord, he—he—'

'Is there any thing wrong? Tell me at once.'

'He was sto—len, my lord.'

'Stolen! stolen! Why, I saw him this morning, as I was riding past! When was he stolen?'

'That won't do, either exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time, Cruel, cruel Cauthleen!'

Something seemed to whisper him, Try it—perhaps the truth will do. Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, wheeling about, he re-commenced the colloquy, and on coming to the usual interrogation, 'where's the ram?' he dropped on his knees and exclaimed, 'Oh my lord, I had a falling out with my sweetheart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's

favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord—do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a lie!'

'That will do!' shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation. He had scarcely time to compose himself, when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby, on the usual question being put, dropped on his knees and told the truth, and instead of seeing a frown on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed an honest man's the noblest work of God.'

The ladies are informed, in conclusion, that the squire's forfeited sheep were given to Cauthleen, as a dowry, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

THE SILVER MINE.

In days gone by, there lived in the far famed "Queen" (Cincinnati)—a silver-smith, who had accumulated a fortune, through means known only to himself—and the devil. He was a regular built shyllock, and we well remember, when quite a boy, to have incurred his displeasure, by accidentally bringing a ball in contact with his bow window, and breaking a pane of glass, for which juvenile indiscretion, we received from him, a fine touncing, and being obliged, by writ of *scoldorum*, to shell out a real Mexican—an article in those days that would keep a man from starving at least a month. But to our yarn. This silver grinder waxed old and rich, and not a chick nor child had he to leave his spelter to, when he should shuffle off the mortal coil, and prepare to settle a standing account he had with the other world; with which we have nothing to do at present.

One day when the old codger was reclining in his maple bottomed chair—looking over his spectacles, and dreaming doubtless of a chemical process by which he could, like alchemists of old, convert every thing he touched into gold, a low tap at his door aroused him from his lethargy, and expecting a fat customer, he quickly rose and opened it, when in stalked a six foot Buckeye, with a broad-brimmed wool hat, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* in his manner who told that he was a backwoodsman, and knew no more about the world and the things in it, than a Malay Indian. After surveying Shyllock for a minute, and the glittering case before him, he said:

'Stranger, are you the feller what knows what's silver?'

'Certainly, sir, if twenty-five years working can give me any knowledge of it.'

'Well, so I thought, for so every body told me; and that's the cause, I am come 45 miles through mud and rain to see you,' he said, at the same time laying down his beaver, and bending his mastedon body in a slantindicular manner in a chair.

'You knows that I have buy'd fifty acres of ground in Butler county, and live on Snake Creek, just alongside the fork; wal some of the ground was good, and some wasn't, and so poor that it wouldn't raise yeller taters; well, one day me and one of our people went a fishing in Snake Creek, and before we went, we went to dig some worms for bait, when Bill Black said let's turn over this log, and I found this here piece which the minister says looks like silver.'

The eye of the old man brightened; and extending his hand, he took the uncouth lump, wiped his specs, examined it with a trembling hand;—quickly rose, and without noticing his guest, walked into another room, and returned in about five minutes.

'You say you found this on your ground?'

'Yes, there's plenty more of it, for I have dug up such lumps afore.'

'Plenty of it, you say?'

'Yes, lots of it!'

The old man remained in *statue quo* for some time, when an idea appeared to strike him, he said—

'My dear friend, this resembles silver; and if you will show me the ground you get it out of, I will decide upon it.'

'Well, if you'll get into that wagon out there, I'll drive you there in a short time.'

'Thank you, I'll start immediately, for I want to know for your satisfaction, of the quality and extent of this ore.'

In they went, and off they drove, and early the next morning they arrived at Snake Creek;

and the silver smith was shown the identical spot where the lump was found: when after carefully examining the ground he said:

'You say that you have dug up more of this stuff here?'

'Sartain; just wait until I get a pickaxe, and I'll show you.'

The clod-hopper brought the pick and commenced digging, apparently without casting his eye on any particular spot; when lo! and behold! another lump of a larger size comes up, and the old man trembled at the indubitable evidence of a large mine of pure silver!

'That's not half; it is all about here,' said his companion, moping off in another direction, and commenced digging again. The silver-smith followed with a quick step, and the woodsman after swinging his pick a short time brought forth another lump! and still another! and took the old man around the field, and dug up the same stuff in every direction! This was enough to have satisfied Old Nick himself; and the old man at length said:

'Young man, this stuff might be made of some value, by a man who understands smelting it, but it is of no value to you, and I would advise you to sell it.'

'Yes, but it's so poor ground that no body'll buy it.'

'What did you originally pay for it?' said the old man.

'Fifty dollars.'

'Well, now that's fair I think; and I'll just go and ask the old woman.'

He went into his cabin and returned in a minute, saying:

'Stranger, I guess I wont sell out now, for there's no more ground about here for sale, and the old woman says she wont move away from her people.'

The silver-smith was fired with the prospect he had of grasping the rich treasure, and went on offering the countryman a higher and higher price until he reached a thousand dollars. This appeared to work the fellow, and he walked to his cabin again and shortly returned.

'Cant stand it stranger, the old woman wont say yes, and there's no use in trying to make her.'

This only made the avaricious silver-smith more furious, and after expostulating for some time with the countryman, he said:

'Go and tell your wife that I will give her two thousand dollars for this tract!'

He went again and soon returned, with a smile on his phiz, which plainly told the old man's success.

'Well stranger, I'll tell you what, the old woman says if you will give her three thousand wheelers down, and let us live there until we can move, she'll take it.'

'Agreed,' said the voracious silver-smith, and a contract was at once made; a bill of sale was drawn up by the squire—and a check on Nick Biddle given for the amount, which the countryman soon sold for the ready, and they parted—the silver smith to the city, and the clod-hopper to his cabin.

Two days after the silver-smith returned, and with a host of Miners, commenced operations on a grand scale, but after digging for some hours, without finding more lumps, a feeling of apprehension began to take hold of them, and the silver smith grew pale, and trembling with fear and suspense, he walked straight to the woodman's cabin, and inquiring for the countryman, found him seated quite contentedly by a large fire smoking his pipe.

'Good morning, sir—I have come sir,—I have had my men at work, five hours, sir,—and have found none of that are you showed me?'

'Well, now, do tell us,' said the countryman, 'there must be TWO MORE LUMPS about—for I know I planted seven in all, and we only dug up five!'

The remainder may be better conceived than described.—*Cincinnatian*.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO SINGS.

'Those who are at all acquainted with society in England must have remarked, that in every neighborhood there is invariably a 'young lady who sings.' This young lady in general has a voice like that tin kettle if it could speak, and takes more pride in reaching as high as D sharp than if she had reached the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Whenever she is invited out, her 'mamma' invariably brings four songs, by 'that dear Mr. Bayly,' three German songs, two Italian, and one French song. Sometimes,

but not always, an ominous green box is brought in the fly along with the music, inclosing the valuable appendage of a guitar, with a sort of Scotch plaid silk ribbon of no earthly use dangling from the handle.

'At tea, if you sit next to the young lady who sings, she is sure to talk about Pasta, and beyond a doubt will ask you if you are fond of music. Beware here of answering in the affirmative. If you do, your fate is sealed for the night; and while half a dozen pretty girls are chatting delightfully together in one corner of the room, as far from the piano as possible, it will be your unhappy destiny to stand at the side of the young lady who sings,' turning over the leaves for her two at once in your confusion. At the conclusion of each song, it will be your particular business to repeat over again the words 'most beautiful' three times; and, while inwardly longing to be flirting with all the six pretty girls in the corner, you will be obliged to beseech and implore the 'young lady who sings' to delight the company with another solo. Hereupon the 'young lady who sings' coughs faintly, and says that she has a severe cold; but, much to her private satisfaction, is overruled by her 'mamma,' who turned round from the sofa where she is seated, talking scandal with the lady of the house, says reproachfully. Well, my dear, what if you have a cold—does that prevent your obliging us? For shame! Then follows a short pantomime between mother and daughter, touching and concerning the next song to be sung. A German song is fixed upon at last, which the daughter goes through in the most pathetic style imaginable, quite ignorant all the time that the subject is a very merry one. All the company pause in their conversation, except the six young ladies in the corner, and the old deaf gentleman who is playing with the peker, on each of whom respectively 'mamma' looks daggers? The young lady, having gone through from beginning to end, stops at last quite out of breath, as might well be expected when it is considered what a race her fingers have had for the last five minutes, in a vain attempt to keep up with her tongue. How very pretty! you observe; now that there is room for a word. I think it is,' replies the 'young lady who sings' in the most simple manner imaginable. 'Mamma, now asks successively each of the other mammas whether any of their daughters sing, and receiving a negative, addresses her daughter thus:—'Julia, love, do you remember that sweet little thing of Madame Stockhausen's, which she sung the other evening?' Hereupon another song follows, and then another at the particular request of the lady of the house, who is all the time dying for her own daughters to exhibit. In this manner the evening is spent, and if you are particularly fortunate, you have in return for your patient listening, the exquisite gratification of putting on the young lady's shawl before she steps into the fly, in which she huns all the way home.

'We have been a considerable frequenter of parties in our time, and never went to one but the pleasure of it was interrupted more or less by the appearance of the 'young lady who sings.' At last, on this very account we gave up going to parties altogether, till one day we had an invitation to a very pleasant house, and received at the same time from another quarter authentic information that the 'young lady who sings, was gone into Wales. This news led us to accept the invitation at once. 'At last,' thought we, 'we shall enjoy an evening in peace.' We went. Coffee came in, and there was no sign of our enemy. Our heart leapt with delight, and we were just beginning to enjoy a philosophical conversation on raspberry-jam with the matter-of-fact young lady, when, to our complete consternation, in walked the guitar, the 'young lady who sings,' and her eternal 'mamma,' all three evidently bent on destruction. It appears that the young lady, hearing of the party, had kindly put off her departure for Wales just one day, on purpose to be presented.

We can say nothing as to what flows this hostile incursion, for having been unhappily fated to the possession of a tolerable ear, we were obliged to beat a retreat at once. Since that memorable occasion we have never gone to any party whatever, without first ascertaining, beyond a possibility of doubt, that the 'young lady who sings' is not to be one of the number.

'Nature is nature,' as the girl said when she fell into her lover's arms.

Privileges of the Sexes in England.—The ages of male and female in England are different for different purposes: A male of twelve years old may take the oath of allegiance; at fourteen years is at discretion, and may consent or disagree to marriage—may choose his guardian, if his discretion be proved, may take a testament of his personal estate; at seventeen may be an executor; and at twenty-one is at his own disposal, and may alienate his lands, goods and chattels. A female at seven years may be betrothed, or given in marriage; at nine is entitled to dower; at twelve is at years of maturity, and may consent or disagree to marriage, and if proved to have sufficient discretion, may bequeath her personal estate; at fourteen is at years of legal discretion, and may choose a guardian; at seventeen may be executrix and at twenty-one may dispose of herself and her lands. So that full age, in male or female, is twenty one years, who, till that time, is styled an infant in law. Scotland agrees with England on this point.—*A Barrister's Introduction to the Laws of England.*

I have seen a man depart from the truth, when candor veracity would have served him a much better purpose.

I have seen a man engage in a law suit about a trifling affair, that cost him more in the end than would have roofed all the buildings on his farm.

I have seen a prudent, industrious, wife retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.—*Farmers Cabinet.*

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The first number of the Fifth Volume was published on the first day of January, under auspices unusually favorable; and no pains will be spared to render this volume at least as valuable as those of the preceding years, which have been pronounced by the press and many of our most esteemed citizens, as constituting a series which every family should consider an indispensable addition to its library.

This work discusses, in a familiar manner, all subjects connected with Physical Education and self-management. It treats on the connection of Light, Air, Temperature, Cleanliness, Exercise, Sleep, Food, Drink, Climate, the Passions, Affections, &c. with Health, Happiness and Longevity. The Editor takes the ground that a proper understanding of the constitutional laws of the human body, and of all its organs and functions, and a strict obedience thereto, are indispensable to the highest perfection and happiness—present and future—of every living human being. He deems this knowledge more and more indispensable in proportion to the progress of civilization and refinement. The work is pledged to support no system nor set of principles, any further than that system and those principles can be proved to be based on the laws of Physiology and revealed truth, and on human experience; and consequently its pages are always open to fair and temperate discussion.

The work has been approved of by George Combe of Edinburgh, (author of the "Constitution of Man,") as well as by a large number of distinguished men of this country, among whom are the following:

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SELECT POETRY.

The following appears in the last New Monthly; it was written by the unfortunate lady on her passage to Cape Coast with her husband, Mr. McLean:

NIGHTS AT SEA.

BY L. E. L.

The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal color, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming;
Through the slight vapor trembles each dim star;
I turn away; my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light—of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed;
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.
How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow,
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love.
They shine not there, as here they now are shining;
The very hours are changed. Ah! do ye sleep?
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining;
May some kind dream at least my image keep!
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm To-day could never
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not, till it parts,
How it turns back with tenderest endeavor
To fix the Past within the heart of hearts.
Absence is full of Memory: it teaches
The value of all old, familiar things;
The strengthener of Affection, while it reaches
O'er the dark parting with an angel's wings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth—
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power its birth.
How oft, on some strange loveliness while gazing,
Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves, like some wild army, raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cut through.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Bearing upon its wing the hues of morning,
Up springs the flying fish, like life's false joy,
Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorning
Whose very light is fated to destroy.
Ah, so doth Genius on its rainbow pinion
Spring from the depths of an unkindly world!
So spring sweet fancies from the heart's dominion—
Too soon in death the scorched up wing is furled.
My friends, my absent friends!
Whate'er I see is linked with thought of you.

No life is in the air; but in the waters
Are creatures huge, and terrible, and strong:
The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaughters;
War universal reigns these depths along.
Like some new island on the ocean springing,
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging,
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.
My friends, my absent friends!
I read such fairy legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvass spreading;
The moon is whitening the dusky sails
From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.
Pale is she, like a young queen pale with splendor,
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;
The very glory that she wears is tender;
The eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning
Wakens the world with cloud dispelling eyes;
The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.
Sunshine and Hope are comrades, and their weather
Call into life the energies of earth;
But Memory and Moonlight go together,
Reflected in the light that either brings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed; no sounds are waking,
But the watch pacing silently and slow,
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
And rope and canvass swaying to and fro.
The topmast sail seems some dim pinnacle,
Creating a shadowy tower amid the air;
White red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light on board to guide us—where?
My friends, my absent friends!
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship the moonbeams shimmer;
In luminous vibration sweeps the sea;
But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale glimmer
Seems glow worm like amid the waves to be.
Ah! that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling
Takes visionary hues from such an hour;
But while some fantasy is o'er me stealing,
I start—Remembrance has a keener power.
My friends, my absent friends!
From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight I discover,
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover

Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?
No!—well the sailor knows each speck appearing
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand.
To that dusk line our eager ship is steering;
Her voyage done, to-morrow we shall land.
August 15, 1839.

The beautiful song from the Knickerbocker, which follows, is from the pen of WILLIS G. CLARK, Esq., of the Philadelphia Gazette. The allusion to the death of his young and lovely wife, is touching in the extreme:

A SONG OF MAY.

The Spring's scented buds all around me are smiling—
There are songs in the stream—there is health in the
gale;
A scene of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of old winter is broken—
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty!, to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness, and glory returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers;
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest bowers,
And gilds the gay plants which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours, on the west wind's fragrant sigh;
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure—
The woodlands are singing—the heaven is bright:
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild-wood—the sheen in the blossom—
The fresh swelling fountain—their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams—when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past, with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-banished hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth—from the limitless
heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream;
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended—
'Tis not that its snow wreaths encircle my brow;
But the newness and sweetness of Being are ended—
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweep-
ing—
There are those who have loved me, debarred from
the day;
The green turf is bright, where in peace they are sleep-
ing;
And on wings of remembrance, my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence—
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the lost blooms of earth will be garnered again;
Where no midwest the soft, damask-rose cheek shall
nourish—
Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight, the luxuriant spring.

It is thus, that the hopes, which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven—
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! I do not condemn—
O'er the lost and the lovely, my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.
W. G. C.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

REQUIEM.

I see thee still!
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enclose;
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still!

I see thee still,
In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound—
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Beloved, thou didst call for me:
This book was thine—here didst thou read—
This picture, ah! yes, here indeed
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
This was thy favorite fire side seat;
This wasthy chamber, where each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here on this bed thou didst die,
Here, on this pillow, thou didst lie!
Dark hour! once more its woos unfold—
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still;
Thou art not in the tomb confined,
Death cannot claim the immortal mind,
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
Yet goodness dies not in the dust.

Thee, oh Beloved, 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone—
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see the still!

TYPOGRAPHICAL SUPPER AT ALBANY.

ODE.

BY HORACE GREELY, ESQ.

Darkness o'er Earth was sleeping—
Gathering gloom of thousand years.
Since the Goth's, the Scythian's sweeping,
Drenched Rome's hearts in blood and tears
Dwarfed had grown Man's mental stature;
Quenched was Genius' meteor blaze;
Ruined Art and savage Nature
Spoke the reign of evil days.

Thence evolved, our Art's bright beaming
Owned no kindred with the hour;
From its birth a beacon gleaming—
Foe to Fraud and Tyrant's power.
Glorious Faust! be thine the praises,
World bestowed, for Knowledge given;
Thine the spark whose watch fire blazes—
Radiant as the orb of Heaven!

Onward still that light is speeding;
Wider fall its cheering beams:
By its Truth's deep lessons reading,
Waking millions bless its gleams.
Glorious Art! thy children hail thee!
Tyrant's only are thy foes:
Freedom's Day-Star! nought shall pale thee—
Dark was earth till Printing rose!

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, 8th instant, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. HENRY W. DAVIS, to Miss SARAH L. MEECH, daughter of Col. E. Meech, all of this city.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Mr. WILLIAM VICK, to Miss ELIZABETH MAGEE.

On the 7th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. Robert W. Myers, to Miss Nancy H. Orr, all of this city.

In this city, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. James Vanrauken, to Miss Eunice Hudson, all of this city.

In Jerusalem. Yates co., on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Allen Steele, Mr. Hermon H. Loomis, to Miss Mary Ann Coleman.

At Galesburg, Ill., by the Rev. G. W. Gale, Mr. John McMullen, to Miss S. Ann Skinner, late of Byron, Genesee county, N. Y.

At Winfield, Herkimer co., May 2d, by Eben. Furgerson, Mr. H. C. Clark, of Fredonia, Chautauque co., to Miss Mehitable, daughter of Simon Bucklin, Esq., of the former place.

At Galesburg, April 7, by Rev. G. W. Gale, Mr. John McMullen to Miss S. Ann Skinner, late of Byron, Genesee co.

In Enfield, on the 20th ult., by Rev. Henry Farnam, Mr. John Fountain, who measures four feet in height, to Miss Nancy Oaks, measuring six feet.

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

In Albion, Orleans county, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Beadle, Mr. Edgar A. Barber, Junior partner of the American, to Miss Nancy B. Strong, daughter of the Editor of that paper.

At Castleton, Vermont, on the 16th ult. by Rev. Mr. Steele, Henry Howe, A. B., Principal of the Canandaigua Academy, to Miss Margaret F. Mason, daughter of John Mason, Esq.

In Bristol, May 1, by Rev. S. Goodale, Gen. Elijah Jones, to Miss Mary B. Andrews.

On the 17th ultimo, at the residence of Louis Bringer, Esq. (surveyor General of the State of Louisiana) by the Rev. Mr. Clapp, Major General E. P. Gaines, of the U. S. Army, to Mrs. Mary Clark Whitney, only daughter of the late Daniel Clark, Esq., of New Orleans.

On Tuesday evening, the 5th February last, at 'True Blue' estate, Crooked Island, Bermuda, under special licenses from his excellency the governor, by George Briggs, Esq., J. P. and Stipendiary Justice, Nelson, eldest son of Daniel Moss, Esq., to Miss Leiah Jane Collie; George, second son of Daniel Moss, Esq., to Miss Sylvia Wier; Samue', third son of Daniel Moss, Esq., to Miss Lydia Farquhatson; Israel, fourth son of Daniel Moss, Esq., to Miss Sophia Meadows. Also—Mr. William Hannah, to Francis, eldest daughter of Daniel Moss, Esq.; and Mr. Richard Hannah, to Caroline, third daughter of Daniel Moss, Esq.—Bermuda Gaz.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.

Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county,	New York.
Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county,	do do
S. P. Brock, Branchport, Yates county,	do do
Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co.,	do do
R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co.,	do do
Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co.,	Michigan.
J. H. Blue, Charlton, Mo.	
G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co.,	New York.
Miss E. A. Adams, Canandaigua, Ontario co.,	do do
E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co.,	do do
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P. S. Church, Oakfield, Genesee co.,	do do
Henry Henion, Rushville, Ontario co.,	do do
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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839.

No. 11.

MISCELLANY.

From the Museum.

WINE

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!"
Shakespeare.

Some eighteen months, or two years ago, I was doing my duty by my country and myself on board His Majesty's frigate the *Astræ*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem, with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honorable Captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquetish folds are black and lustrous. We had done due service to the state, by catching agues, snipe-shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas, screeched by fifty-year-old prima donnas; by learning to swear by Saint Spiridion, and at his Klephtic votaries. We had spotted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto; poured libations on the grave of Anacreon; and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicestershire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize, (having been for three preceding days, not "spell bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades,") it was the pleasure of our honorable Captain, and his cousins, to drop anchor in the Bay of ———, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit;) where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue jackets, where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, P. M., seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant—th' doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur. It was, indeed, refreshing to listen to the king's English, in its own accents; to eat of the king's sirloin, in its own gravy; and to join in the jargon of horse flesh, in its own slang;—to hear the names Newmarket, White's, Tattersall's, Ellen Tree, and Fanny Kemble, familiar in their mouths as household words; to throw off, in short, for an hour or two, the tedium of professional existence. A bumper of port appeared as palatable in a climate where the thermometer stood at 88° in the shade, as amid the clammy fogs of the cold North; and, at length, after a liberal indulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more relished because the richest Turkey tobacco, and a pipe of cherry wood was in the hands of every soldier in the garrison,) proposals were made for a bowl of "Gin-Punch!" Lord Thomas Howard, a lieutenant in the —th, was announced to be a masterhand in the scientific brew; and the very name of gin punch affords, in the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of anti-climax, which there was no resisting. The materials were brought. The regimental bowl, in which Pieton himself is recorded to have plunged the ladle; lemons from the islands redolent of romance and poetry; and a bottle of Hodger's best, redolent of Holborn Hill, appeared in as orderly array as though we had been supping at Limmer's.

'Are you a punch drinker?' inquired my neighbor, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a

school fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

'If I may venture to own it, no!' said I; 'I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life.'

'I judged as much from your looks,' replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention.'

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, in the bastions of ———. We had an hour before us; for the Captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away the time; interrupted only by the measured tramp of the sentinels, and enjoying the freshness of the night air, perfumed by jessamine and orange blossoms, proceeding from the trelliced gardens of the Government House. As I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, my readers must allow me to spare them the description of a night in Greece; a lieutenant of H. M. S. the *Astræ*, and a captain of H. M.'s gallant —th, may be supposed to entertain Hottspur's prejudices against ballad-mongers!

There seem to be hard going fellows in your moss,' said I, to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. 'Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as to cause me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's.'

'You are fortunate,' said Wargrave drily. 'Fortunate!' cried I. I wish I could appreciate my own luck! I am voted the sulkiest dog unchained, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue-devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table.'

'I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hogshead!'

'Enviably dog! From time immemorial, odes have been indited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyricist, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! 'Tis a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the trol-ling of a joyous *chanson a boire*, or *trinklied*, under the lime-tree of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas's gin-punch, and pity me!'

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

'Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honor due to the influence due to wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more he-

rees have been made by the bottle than the sword.

'Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?' suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

'Personal meaning!' I reiterated. 'Of what nature?' And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine, is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

I can scarcely imagine, Sir, he continued, in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than inebriety, 'that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!'

Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable,' said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanor; 'for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected re-union with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanor; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his brave heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent.'

'Forgive me,' exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay, almost his arms, towards me. It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends.'

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I rescued myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

My dear-fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained,' said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. 'Dismiss it from your thoughts.'

Do not fancy,' replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, that those humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humor you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore,' he continued, looking at his watch. 'Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!'

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. On his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

'You were right,' said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, 'in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the investigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to "make glad the heart of man." Wine is said by the poets to be the balm

of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwined the brow of its divinity; and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation? Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither moderate its tones to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot; a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal.

'Only when unconscious of his infirmity,' said I bluntly.

'Shakespeare makes Cassio conscious, but not till his fault is achieved.'

'Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter; but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief?'

'Easy, as we look upon the thing from hence with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorners unheard; but in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, who can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his veins? Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honor, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman.'

'But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity,' said I. 'You must of course regard yourself as an exception?'

No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burthen to themselves.'

I really believe you are right.'

'I know that I am right; listen. When I became your brother's friend at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son, intended for the Church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christ-church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was accustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided, that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy words, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen I was gazetted in the —th Regiment of Light Dragoons.'

At least you had no cause to regret your change of profession?' said I, with a sailor's prejudice against parsonic cloth.

I did regret it. A family living was waiting for me; and I had accustomed myself to the thoughts of early independence and a settled

home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on your return to England, and he will tell you that there could not be a calmer, graver, more studious, more sober fellow than myself. The nature of my misdemeanor, meanwhile, was not such as to alienate from me the regard of my young companions; and I will answer for it, that on entering the army, no fellow could boast a more extensive circle of friends. At Westminster, they used to call me "Wargrave the peace-maker." I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others.'

And this sudden change——'

'Was then attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact, I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; tranquil to monotony—tranquil to dulness,—where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved.'

'Beloved in a lover's sense?'

'Beloved as a neighbor and a fellow citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons, I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother who could conceive no fault in my disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—scribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow.'

'Your wife was probably more discerning?'

'No! On such subjects, women are not enlightened by experience. Even the vice of drunkenness is a mystery to them, unless when chance exhibits to their observation some miserable brute lying senseless in the public streets. Mary probably ascribed my fractiousness to infirmity of temper. She found me less good-humored than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society; and my evenings seldom passed without a political squabble with some visitor or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold; the newspaper did not arrive in time; or all the world was not exactly of my own opinion respecting the conduct of Ministers. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that "any man might possess the insipid quality of good humor; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world." As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting "that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father." Heaven bless her for her blindness!'

Wargrave paused for a moment; during

which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

'Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich,—rich and almost as handsome as herself; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her raileries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, "Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?" And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! "It does not become you to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin," cried I, one night when she had amused herself by filling water at me across the dessert table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an older brother officer. "In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!" "Don't be intimidated by a few big words," cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. "Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them—Persevere!" She did persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. "You must not banter him in company," said Sophia. "He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him, and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with."

'It was on my return from a club-dinner, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. But instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her watching, Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand absurd accusations invented to justify her mirth. I bade her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore—raved;—she approached me in mimicry of my violence. I struck her!'

When Wargrave's melancholy voice subsided into silence, the expressions of my countryman, Tobin, (the prototype of Knowles) involuntarily recurred to my mind—

'The man who lays his hand
Save in the way of kindness, on a woman,
Is a wretch, whom 'twere base flattery to call a
coward.'

'I know not what followed this act of brutality,' cried Wargrave, rousing himself. 'I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble, whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her.'

'But you had no reason to suppose that, on this occasion, Mrs. Wargrave again conferred with her family touching your conduct?'

(TO BE CONTINUED)

I love mine enemies, as the toper said ven he hugged a jug of rum.

Shaving done as usual, as the Barber said ven he turned broker.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1859.

SHALL THE EVIL BE REMEDIED?

Our present heavy rates of postage is one of the most oppressive burthens which has to be borne by the People. It is an intolerable tax upon COMMERCE, KNOWLEDGE, FRIENDSHIP, and LOVE. Ask the merchant which is the heaviest of his taxes, his local, state or his post-office tax, and he will tell you at once, and with an involuntary shudder too, that his tax for postage is infinitely greater than all the others put together, and is a most cruel draw-back upon the profits of his industry.

Ask the publishers of daily, weekly, monthly and quaterly periodicals for their experience, and they will tell you that even the small postage now exacted upon these publications does more to retard the progress of intelligence and knowledge than can be overcome by all the infant, district, select and scientific schools in the land. It is impossible for any but those who have daily experience, to conceive the influence which the exaction of postage has in preventing the circulation of newspapers and periodicals. There is not a county in the State where, if postage upon newspapers was entirely removed, their circulation would not be increased four fold. To tens of thousands, the price of subscription does not appear so formidable as the additional per centage. That is a lion in the way which has kept millions out of the portals of knowledge. Yet its removal has been sought for years in vain. Our national cupidity has constantly overcome every effort to remove this tax upon knowledge; but we look for a better day, when clearer views of true economy will prevail, and this unwise and burthen-some tax will be permanently removed.

Ask those who cultivate friendship as the acme of human happiness, what they think of the present heavy rates of postage, and they will tell you that they find it a most severe check upon the enjoyment of that social principle so justly cherished as one of the most delightful Oasis in the desert of life. Thousands, whose ties of friendship are strong, are yearly separated by distance and have no other means of holding uninterrupted converse but by epistolary correspondence. But to multitudes, the expense forbids a participation in the enjoyment which ever flows from the communion of true friendship; and thus our weary world is made still more weary by the unsocial law which "regulates the rates of postage." Aye, this law not only prevents the communion of friends, but does infinitely more than all the army of gossiping, tattling old ladies in the world, to sever friends—for how often is the non-receipt of letters attributed to neglect and indifference, when a scanty purse is the only cause of a cessation of friendly correspondence. We have either heard or dreamed of a law in some of the Eastern nations, where decapitation was inflicted upon the monster who excited hostility between friends. If such a law was in force now, AMOS KENDALL would be non-plussed every twenty four hours, even though he carried as many heads on his shoulnders as the fabled hydra.

And last, though not least, ask the lover what she or he thinks of our rates of postage, and they will tell you that they are an intolerable barrier to their happiness, and should be abrogated or modified forthwith. Who has not in his mind's eye, instances where the perfection of human happiness has been prevented, lovers scvered,

matches broken up, and one of the most explicit commands of our Creator to Adam made nugatory, by the heavy tax which our wise law-makers have very unwisely seen fit to impose upon the tender breathings of the absent lover? Such sad mementos of our national cupidity, and in addition thereto, broken vows and broken hearts, are as plenty as blackberries in their season; and call loudly upon every statesman, philanthropist, and political economist (particularly those political economists who estimate every additional inhabitant as equal to \$30,000 added to the national wealth) to unite in securing the modification of a law which carries in its train so much of evil—which interferes with commerce—which retards the progress of knowledge—which throws ice-water upon friendship, curdles the milk of human kindness, and annually makes *dough* of more wedding-cake than would be necessary to keep every damsel in christendom dreaming of matrimony for an age.

Can any one give a good reason why the rates of postage should not be reduced? We have never heard one. We know it is said that if the rates are reduced the post office department will not sustain itself, and will have to be supported either by a direct tax or by the revenue of some other department. But this is, in our opinion, an error. It is an universal principle, that the cheaper you make an article which is in great demand, the more of that article will be disposed of. This has been demonstrated in the sale of every article of domestic use; and the same principle was illustrated in the reduction of tolls on the Erie Canal. Many contended, when the proposition of reduction was made, that it would not answer, because it would so greatly curtail the canal revenue; but so far from a curtailment, the revenue was at once greatly augmented, and the prophecies of falsely taught political economists scattered to the winds.

The same result, we most sincerely believe, would succeed the reduction of the rates of postage. Reduce to two or four cents what now costs ten, and we have not a doubt but that the post office revenue would be at once enhanced. The correspondence of the merchant, the mechanic, the friend and the lover, would be at once doubled if not quadrupled; and, in addition thereto, all the ills which we have enumerated, as consequent upon high rates of postage, would be remedied. There would be more commercial business transacted—a more general dissemination of knowledge perfected—more of the enjoyments of friendship secured—and more matrimonial alliances, with all their concomitant blessings, consummated.

Surely these are results worthy of being sought by a commercial, intellectual, friendly and matrimonial-loving nation; and we are not surprised that results so desirable have attracted the attention of Great Britain to this very subject. The project of reducing the rates of postage has long been agitated in that country; but it is not until very recently that the matter has been taken hold of in earnest. Now, however, it is up before Parliament, and a report has been made by a committee, to whom the subject had been referred, recommending that hereafter the postage upon a letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight, should be 2d, and a penny for each additional half ounce.

The present number of letters annually transmitted is 84,000,000, and the net revenue of the post office department (exclusive of £698,638 expended for management and transportation) £1,641,105. The committee estimate that

when their plan goes into operation, there will be 400,000,000 of letters annually transmitted, and a nett revenue of £1,666,666. What a vast increase of knowledge and happiness this will secure!

Will not the ladies unite with us in agitating anew this important subject, in which is involved so much of commercial prosperity, national happiness, and social and domestic bliss?

Reader, when last did you witness a summer's sunrise? Is memory delinquent?—Then, as you would be a participant in one of the purest and loveliest of earth's enjoyments, let her be delinquent no longer. There is an inexpressible charm in the bright and beautiful mornings of May—a charm which softens the asperities of life, touches the heart, and melts the soul. He who, in the stillness of the hour, witnesses the approach of the first sun-beam, and marks the gradual developement of the bright effulgence of the sun itself, and who inhales the bland and health. Invigorating atmosphere which kisses up the morning dew, and imprints freshness and beauty upon the flowers and lillies of the mountain and valley—cannot fail to have his mind imbued with higher and purer ideas of the Creator of so lovely a world, and with kindlier feelings toward those who inhabit it.

Bible Distribution.—A new distribution of the Bible to every family in the United States, is recommended by the American Bible Society. The first plan of distribution originated in this city, and was magnanimously seconded by Christians in all parts of the Union. The proposition for a second distribution cannot fail to be equally well received. The work is sublimely meritorious; and as there are \$35,000 wanted forthwith to perfect the plan, delay should be prevented by an immediate and simultaneous movement among christians of all denominations.

"Do good" is one of the most rational and emphatic injunctions of religion. It is rational, because deeds of mercy elevate and happily the human mind. It is emphatic, because to "do good" requires the exercise of all the virtues. If this injunction were universally regarded, earth would become a paradise and all her inhabitants angels.

Observation.—It is in contemplating men at a distance that we become benevolent. When we mix with them, we suffer by the contact, and grow, if not malicious from the injury, at least selfish from the circumspection which our safety imposes.

Whoever penned the above, penned a fallacy. Malice is not the offspring of association, nor is benevolence the result of "contemplating men at a distance." Experience will prove, that in nine times out of ten, our antipathies will be eradicated by frequent intercourse with those against whom we may cherish hostility. If "distance lends enchantment to the view," acquaintance modifies the passions.

They must be 'well to live' away off West, notwithstanding the shiplaster scourge with which they have been afflicted. The last Chicago American says:

"Cents are *no go* in this country. A man in our city the other day, after having made several ineffectual attempts to give away a few, at last in despair offered *four* to a boy, who refused them,—as he said he took noting *short of a sixpence!*"

A writer in the New York Spirit of the Times calls the ceremony of young ladies kissing each other, "a dreadful waste of the raw material."

Foreign Correspondence.—We commence, this number, the publication of a series of Letters from Europe, from an esteemed friend and fellow citizen, now abroad.

☞ Lunacy is one of the severest of man's afflictions. Yet there is such a paradox as "happy madmen?" We once saw such an one. In his hours of relapse he appeared to enjoy perfect bliss, and it was painful to see him awakened from his fancied happiness. And there are others who

"do act,
Such antic and such pretty lunacies
That spite of sorrow they will make you smile."

☞ As trees sometimes grow crooked in spite of all our bracings and props perpendicular, so does the mind juvenal often cruise into forbidden channels, despite all the council charts of age. This was exemplified in the son of the good CHARLES WESLEY, who, though born and bred in Methodism, lived and died a Papist.

☞ The Talmud says that ten measures of garrulity were sent down upon the earth, and that the women took nine. This must be a mistake; for "the Doctor" says that he once knew eight terrific talkers, and five of them were of the masculine gender.

☞ We talk of the tyrants of Turkey, Russia and the east, but not one of them can bear comparison with the tyrant fashion. Hence the remark that "he ought to be well mounted who is for leaping the hedges of custom."

☞ How little we know of the effect which the actions of the present have upon the feelings of the future. An author says that "we never come under the rod at the grammar school, but we smart for our ancestors' rebellion at Babel."

☞ "I have run upon Scylla while trying to avoid Charybdis," as the classic loafer said while, in "making tracks" from a debtor, he crossed the path of the bailiff who held a warrant against him for theft.

If a man were to set out, says Lord Halifax, with calling every one by his right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "we shan't disagree about trifles."

☞ The Russian Peasantry, although not generally accounted philosophers, wear the same clothing in summer as in winter. The principal garment used is a great coat of raw sheep skin. It is worn with the woolly side in, during the winter, and the woolly side out in summer, and serves admirably well to keep them both cool and warm.—*Buf. Adv.*

How to cure Smokers.—In Hoopih, China' the singular punishment of cutting out a portion of the upper lip, to prevent opium smoking has been resorted to. It would be equally efficient to prevent tobacco-smoking.—*Jour. Com.*

Valuable Discovery.—A deposit of porcelain clay has been discovered in Delaware county, Pa. said to be the finest and most valuable in the world.

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often—if she's got a small foot she'll wear a short dress—and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of a game at whist—and if the reverse, she dislikes all these small affairs, so says the Philadelphia Times.

Old and New Fashions.—In old times (1747 it was the tip of fashion for a female to sport a long waistcoat with pockets in each side, and nothing was more common than to see a lady spinning street yarn with her hands in her pockets! Our modern belles, however, wishing to differ from the other sex as much as possible, carry their pockets in their hands.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. CITY OF LISBON.

Extract from a letter from a citizen now in Europe, to a friend in this city, dated

" LISBON, March 17, 1839.

" We know but little of Lisbon in our country, as but few Americans visit it. It is one of the largest class of cities in Europe, situated upon the north bank of the Tagus, ("whose golden sands have been so often celebrated by the poets") ten miles from its mouth, irregularly built upon eight or ten hills, which rise majestically from the river two or three hundred feet, broken by two or three gorges which reach back through the first range of hills from half to a mile, meeting others which rise in the river. These hills rise more abruptly than those upon which Newburgh is built, and much higher; covered to their summit with ranges of stone buildings, presenting a most enchanting view. The town extends about 6 miles along the river upon the hills, looking out upon the distant ocean. The river, which makes a semicircle through and around the town, forms a Bay in front some six miles broad, running parallel with which and about ten miles from each bank, rise still more lofty ranges of mountains, lifting their peaks to the very clouds. The whole valley intervening is made up of a succession of hills and valleys similar to those upon which the city stands, now robed in "velvet verdure," and swarming, as far as the eye can reach, on the sides of the city, with an innumerable host of the children of men. Upon every hill-top around the city, as well as in the distance, may be seen white cottages, and wind-mills equally white, making their wonted revolutions in the wind; presenting, as you look out from the castle reared upon one of the highest hill tops in the city, a scene of greater variety, and a more beautiful landscape, than I before ever beheld."

LISBON, March 25, 1839.

On the 17th inst. I wrote you by the way of London, and then engaged to say more to you of Lisbon, if I had time and an opportunity to do so. Its commerce, which was once equal to that of Venice in its proudest days, has declined very much since the loss of Brazil, and many other colonies: yet its trade is considerable, and would soon become vastly important, not only to themselves, but to other nations, under an energetic and wisely administered government. As badly governed as it is, without sufficient energy in the administrative department, to enforce the laws in the interior of the country, and with the clogs of both large import and export duties, its imports amount to some twenty millions of dollars a year. The import and export duties are the main sources from whence they derive the means of sustaining a prodigal government, which is grinding them to death. The custom house department of this city employs more officers and men than ours in the city of New York. There are seldom less than 200 ships lying at anchor in the Tagus, amongst which may be seen the flags of almost every commercial nation in Europe, as well as our own, which come laden with the manufactured articles of their own countries, and take in return, fruits, wines, oil and salt, the productions of this.

Taking the public institutions of this city into consideration, New York is but a city in miniature, when contrasted with it. Geographers rate the population at 200,000; our consul and others inform me that it is nearer 280,000. It runs from 6 to 8 miles along the river, and is from one to one and a half miles broad

in some places; and the great proportion of the houses contain four or five families each. The quays, which extend some two miles along the river, are built of hewn stone, and would do credit to any city. Along these stand the Custom-House, the India House, the Arsenals, the Navy buildings and the Markets, all extensive ranges of noble structures. The Custom house and Exchange alone, surround a square, on three sides, nearly as large as the battery at New York, (and of which she might well be proud) lying open to the river. Upon the centre of this square stands a colossal bronze statue of King Joseph the 1st, in the dress of a field marshal, mounted upon a horse of the same material, and placed upon a marble pedestal, elevated 25 feet above the ground; on the left of which stands an elephant, tramping under foot a lion and a negro, and bearing on his trunk a trumpeter. These represent their conquests in India and Africa. On the right, stands a wild horse in the act of leaping over an Indian, held by the genius War, with wings expanded—which represent their conquests in America; and all as large as life, wrought in marble.— There are several other images, representing their other possessions, which, taken all together, is a proud monument. The French attempt-nunnery of Belem covers about as much ground as St. Vincent. This is one of the oldest and most antique churches in Lisbon, richly decorated, and contains the tombs of one or two of the first sovereigns of Portugal. The convent has been changed into a foundling hospital, where some 700 children are supported at the public expense. St. Roch is also very antique; standing on high ground, in the central part of the city; it contains a chapel dedicated to the saints, said to be the most richly decorated temple in the christian world. John the 5th became its patron, and to his princely munificence they are indebted for its decorations, which were brought from Rome, some 85 years since, and cost eight millions of crowns. The pictures above and on each side of the altar, representing the Baptism of Christ, Pentecost, and the Conception, are wrought in Mosaic and are said to be masterly pieces; they cost one and a half millions of crowns. The pilasters and pillars are formed of porphyry, verb antique and lapis-lazuli amethyst, and other precious marble; the pedestals are agate; the floor or pavement is wrought in Mosaic; the doors are bronze and gilt, beautifully wrought; the candlebra and lamps are solid silver, plated with gold; the altar is composed of lapis-lazuli, amethyst and gold, ornamented with a scriptural group in alto-relievo, which is a block of solid silver.— There are a great many other churches worthy of notice, to describe which would require a week's time, and as I am not writing a journal, you must pardon me for not noticing them further. Juno had taken down the ornaments belonging to the chapel of St. Roch, and packed them up to remove to Paris, but in his precipitous flight from Lisbon in 1808, left them behind.

The Aqueduct of Alcantra, through which the water is brought to supply the city, is a stupendous work, of near a mile in length, on 35 arches; the widest is said to be 249 feet and 332 feet in height. The height, I should think, was exaggerated. It is, however, frightful to look over it, and reminded me of Mr. Buckingham's description of the feelings experienced in looking from St. Paul's church, at London, and the Pyramids. The whole work is enclosed with a stone, and in the form of a covered bridge, with 17 stone towers rising from the roof, with out-

side walks, protected by a granite railing. The aqueduct is 18 miles long, and the whole distance the work is of the same kind. It was built by King John the 5th. The Palace which I have visited, is filled with paintings and ornaments of a thousand kinds, which I should be happy to describe to you if the narrow bounds of a letter would permit; but as it will not, I must leave it, amongst many other things, to be made the subjects of conversation hereafter, should we ever meet.

Lisbon is a walled town, so built that every man's house is a castle. All the private gardens are either suspended above your head, or hid by high walls, so that you cannot see them as you pass along opposite them. As you enter some of the public squares, situated at the bottom of a narrow valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, rising 300 to 500 feet above your head, you may look up and see buildings rising above buildings, and a succession of terraced gardens reaching to the top. Other gardens are suspended in the air, on arches, running from the top of the highest buildings, back to the hill. These gardens, as well as those upon the lower grounds, hid by high walls, make a most imposing appearance, as you look down upon them from the highest points of the city, robed, as they are at this time, in a great variety of the most beautiful flowers. There are several gardens, both upon the hills and in the valleys, open to the public, filled with statuary and shades, and now and then a fountain, whose flowing, sparkling waters cool the air, while winged warblers render vocal the groves with their rich and ever varying notes. The bird of Paradise, woman in all her witchery and comeliness, imparts no less an inspiration to the embowered paths and flower-encircled ways.

A large portion of the city was destroyed by the earthquake in 1775. The new part which has been rebuilt, and particularly that section lying back of the custom house, is very handsome. The older part of the town is more irregular, and the streets narrow and dirty. The first time I attempted to visit the church of St. Vincent, I went from the castle, the church apparently not more than 30 rods away; after wandering for nearly two hours, through narrow and crooked streets, in some of which I could reach the walls of the buildings on each side to move it to Paris, when they had possession of Lisbon, but found it of so great size as to render it impossible to do so and keep it perfect, and abandoned the enterprise. The buildings which surround this square are built of stone; the inner wall, facing the square, is supported upon an arched colonade, forming a delightful sheltered promenade of about 20 feet in width, open to the square and all around it. The other buildings on the quay, encircle several squares ornamented with shades, fountains and statuary.

Lisbon abounds in splendid churches, some of which would remind one, in their size, if nothing else, of St. Peter's at Rome. The church of St. Vincent covers an area of about 400 feet square, with an enormous central dome, and two high towers in front, built of blocks of marble, containing in niches in the outside front, statuary in marble of the saints, as large as life. The roof is arched with stone resting upon colossal pillars. The inside is ornamented with a great number of statues and rich paintings—some of them in Mosaic and very fine—with gilding and rich drapery in profusion. In this church the sovereigns of Portugal are entombed; the coffins only are exhibited, lying as low as the humblest of us. The church and

side, by extending my arms, I was forced to abandon the chase and return home, at the approach of evening, without seeing the church. The hills, which impart a very romantic and imposing appearance to the city, are so frequent, that it is enough to kill one to pass through it, in its length and in its breadth, and you are forced to the conclusion that its appearance and winding ways, are much more imposing in the distance than in reality. In passing unnoticed the chamber of the Cortese, ruined monasteries, churches, and other institutions, I cannot forbear to notice the only English Protestant church and burying ground in the city. It is a charming spot, and worthy of a visit from every traveller. It is situated on an elevated piece of ground, overlooking a portion of the city, the river, the range of mountains upon its southern banks, whose waves are lost in the distance. The church stands in the midst of several acres of ground, surrounded by high walls, within which the Sabbath reigns, undisturbed by the city and multitude without, that know no Sabbath, and is the only spot where I found the home-comforts of worship, in Lisbon. The grounds are filled with groves of cedar myrtle and the yew tree; also, the indus and laurel tree, in full bloom, interspersed with the rose, the lilly, lilack, jessamine, and a great variety of other flowers, hanging over and entwining around the tombs, in the midst of which, the tall cypress rears on high its graceful yet melancholy locks. As you wander amongst the tombs, beneath and in the midst of these sacred shades, you may well imagine that you are in the midst of the infancy of time, and of purer days; and among patriarchal groves, calculated to remind us of brighter prospects of hope, and of a happier home. I am sure, that if any wanderer from my own country, in the course of events, should be compelled to end his pilgrimage here, it would be a source of comfort to him to know, when about shaking off this tabernacle of clay, that his remains would be permitted to rest undisturbed, beneath these consecrated shades, made vocal by the nightingale and other woodland songsters, and that flowers would continue to bloom over his grave, till the echoings of the last trump should awaken the sleeping dead.

In whatever light you regard Lisbon, it is a most extraordinary city. And although "a thousand years their dusky wings expand around it," and nature's elemental wars have raised from their foundation some of its noblest works, leaving tumbling pillars, delapidated walls and mouldering ruins, to mark the place of some of its most stately temples, enough remains to evince that much of it is the offspring of other times, when giant men walked the earth, if not when its people claim to be of the Cæsars, when they took their hue from that race, which has left an imperishable immortality in Grenada, which will brighten, through the dusk of each departing year, so long as its beautiful vega continues to blossom, or the snow white peaks of the Sierra Nevada to rise above the clouds, where an English Prince sought the hand of a fair daughter of a Bragansa, and the gallant Exmouth, with the pride of the British Navy, bore from the Tagus, beneath the broad pennant of our Father's land, an Empress to the imperial sea-girt isles.

LISBON, March 29, 1839.

There is much that is interesting in the history of Portugal, as having once been a colony of the Romans. Traces of that wonderful people are still to be found all over the Kingdom,—such as remains of roads, ruins of castles, a-

queducts, &c. Julius Cæsar entered into a treaty with the Portuguese in the southern part of the Kingdom, which was also the scene of the generalship of Sestorius. There is something, however, more romantic, as connected with the history of Lisbon, than that it was once conquered by those Princes of Ambition, the Cæsars. It was the Granada of the Moors—their last strong hold in Portugal. Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, drove them out of the north part of the Kingdom, in the early part of the 12th century, and besieged them here, but found himself unable to take the city, and abandoned the enterprise, returning with his army to Cintra; where, when hunting in the mountains, he discovered a large Fleet approaching a neighboring bay. He despatched a messenger to demand who they were and what their business was. They informed him that they were English, French and Belgian Crusaders, bound to the Holy Land. He informed them that he was engaged in the same cause, had been fighting the Infidels for years, and invited them to join him in besieging Lisbon. They accepted the invitation—sailed up the Tagus, with the combined Fleet, and took their position in front of the city and the Moorish Castle—which was upon the highest hill, overlooking the river, (which forms a semi-circle around it) and the country—combining in its location and structure the perfect knowledge of the Moors in the art of fortifying. The British army took up their station upon a hill to the west of the Moorish castle, which is now called St. George, separated from it by a deep narrow valley, and upon which stands the Church of the Martyrs, to commemorate the spot of their encampment, and upon which they buried their dead. The French and Belgians encamped upon another hill, over against them, and to the east of the Moorish castle; upon which stands the Church of St. Vincent. While Alphonso took up his position in the rear, surrounding them on all sides, with allied forces and fleet, so that it was impossible for them to obtain provisions or succor of any kind, from any source.

The besieging army commenced the attack by raising batteries and placing upon them machines of war and battering rams—as it was before artillery was known—which when pushed forward to the attack, were destroyed by the Moors, which only tended to increase that enthusiasm which had spirited them up to cross the burning sands of Syria, and encounter the pestilential blasts of death, rendering them as unconquerable as the conquerors of Tyre, and but a matter of ease for them to erect other batteries, of herculean size, at the expense of immense labor, and to renew the attack. Starvation, and such foes, were too much for the bravery of the Moors. After a siege of four months, they were forced to surrender, and the banner of the Prophet was torn from its standard, to wave no more in Portugal—since which this then proud country, has been subject to a variety of changes.

In 1580, Philip the 2nd conquered it, and made it an appendage of the Spanish Throne. In 1640, it revolted, and placed the rightful heir, the Duke of Bragansa, upon the throne. In 1807, the French, under Innot, took possession of the country, and kept it till they were defeated, the next year, by the English, at the battle of Vimivra. Since which the frequent revolutions are more familiar, including the disgraceful reign of Don Miguel, who was affianced and married by proxy, at Vienna, to Donna Maria, the present Queen, and returned to Portugal and swore to support the new Constitution; but immediately abolished it and

procured a declaration from the old Cortese declaring him the lawful heir to the crown, dissolved them immediately, and assumed absolutism; called around him the dignitaries of the church, pampered the poor, and hung up the nobility, without the form of trial, by the score, till the better classes of the people rose en masse, and through the aid of England, expelled him. The people in the country are still in favor of him; it is filled with brigands in his interest, who pounce upon every thing, rendering it entirely too unsafe to travel through it.—Indeed, the present government find it impossible to collect the taxes, except in the neighborhood of the cities.

Education, out of the cities, is unknown.—Schools exist no where; and such is the hatred existing between the Portuguese and Spaniards, since the conquest of Portugal by the latter, that in order to render it impossible to overrun them again, all the roads were destroyed, long since, and the whole internal communication of the country, is carried on with donkeys and mules. There are only two roads running from this great city, on which carriages can pass, and they are only tolerable for a short distance. Hence, the night of ignorance, superstition and barbarism, broods, with increasing darkness, over the fairest portion of the earth, the natural fertility of which, far surpasses even that of France, which was once sunk almost as low as Portugal, and from nearly the same causes; from which she did not recover, till Revolution had drenched her land in blood. The same overturning and overturning must take place here, before Portugal will ever rise superior to the most degrading superstition, and subdue the barbarous character of her people; until which she cannot take a respectable place amongst the nations of the earth.

It should be borne in mind, however, that notwithstanding the degradation she has gradually been sinking into, for the last century, and the general character of her people, which they assumed in consequence of their constant wars with Spain, connected with which there is a great deal that is noble and chivalrous, evincing a spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of a better fate. They have risen superior to some of the chains with which mother church had bound them, in destroying the monasteries and abolishing the order of the monks, who took up arms for Don Miguel, and were his most zealous supporters. In consequence of which, so soon as Don Pedro got possession of the government, he broke up the monasteries throughout Portugal, confiscated the property of the monks, turning them out penniless upon the world. They may be seen daily begging in the streets, (they are generally, however, a more dignified class of beggars than the common herds who infest the streets) going from house to house and soliciting alms from the citizens, many of whom commiserate their misfortunes, the most of them having placed fortunes in the monasteries when they entered them, and all were compelled to place enough there to ensure their support as a condition upon which they could enter.

The law is generally enforced in the city and the lower classes are obedient to its mandates.—Government has a strong force stationed here. Strong guards are posted at every corner of the streets, imparting to the city more the appearance of an encampment, than the great commercial mart of the Kingdom. In every quarter, may be seen the appendages of war, to an extent which conveys to the strange, proper conceptions of the once powerful and war-like character of the people, when their colonies dot

ted every sea, and their navigators the most numerous and daring that traversed the ocean.—To them belong the honor of discovering the passage to India, around the Cape of Good Hope, and such was their naval power, that at one time England nor no other nation of Europe, dare attempt a passage to India without a pass from them.

At the time of the destruction of the monasteries, a chart was discovered of the coast of North America; said to be the first known to have been made. Many of the most valuable records of this history and discovery were destroyed with the monastery. Government long since declared, that none of these works should be published to the world, fearing that other nations would profit by them. Hence it is that Portugal has been made a blank in the literary world, for the last two centuries, until whatever of genius she once could boast has become extinguished. I counted in one of the arsenals over 1100 pieces of cannons and mortars, and in several others, from 3 to 500; while every fort is filled with them. Her armory would have graced Rome in the days of its conquests. These are monuments of departed glories of an Empire perished, from the ruins of which now looks out upon the world, a feeble and an imbecile, semi-barbarous and degraded Kingdom.

DEATH OF MRS. GRANT.

We perceive by the *Commercial Advertiser* of Monday evening, that Mrs. GRANT, wife of Dr. GRANT, missionary to the Nestorians at Oormiah, Persia, was called to her rest on the 11th of January last. We are enabled to pay a passing tribute to her memory, from details communicated by one who was her friend and companion in early life.

Mrs. GRANT was the adopted daughter of Dr. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, of Cherry Valley, late Surveyor General of this State. In early life, she exhibited an ardent temperament, with a quickness of observation which enabled her to excel in her studies. When about ten years of age, she was put upon a course of classical and mathematical studies, and was carried through most of the branches of a collegiate course. She was a good Latin, Greek and French scholar; and was well versed in most of the branches of mathematics. When about eighteen years of age, she united herself with a Presbyterian church at Cherry Valley, and became an ardent and devoted Christian. Her mind, from that time, was in some measure bent upon a missionary life. In the spring of 1834, being then about twenty-two years of age, she was married to Dr. GRANT, and the claims and wants of the Nestorians of Persia, determined them to embrace that field of Missionary enterprise. They sailed from Boston in May or June of that year, and proceeded by the way of Constantinople, from thence up the Black Sea to Trebizond, and thence by land to Oormiah. From Trebizond to Oormiah, a distance of several hundred miles, the journey was performed on horseback. Her diary during this part of her journey was transmitted to this country and was published, by the friend from whom these details are derived, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, and re published in some of the journals of England. After her arrival at Oormiah she commenced her first letter to her father from that place as follows:—"Since I last wrote you, the waves of the stormy Euxine and the mountains of Armenia have increased the distance between us." She described in glowing terms her long and arduous journey on horseback, performed without a single female accompanying her, and through a region of country where a white female had rarely if ever before been seen. Their route lay along the base of Mount Ararat, whose hoary summit was covered with snow as they passed beneath it. On her arrival at Oormiah, she commenced the study of the language of the country, which she soon acquired, and she engaged early in the translation of school books into that language for the use of the missionary schools. One of her last labors was the making of a map exhibiting the country of the Nestorian Christians. For some time previous to her death, she was very much afflicted, having lost an eye by ophthalmia, one of the prevailing

diseases of Persia. Mr. GRANT has also suffered much from the climate, which is found unfavorable to Americans.

Mrs. GRANT died in the midst of her years and her usefulness, and we can with great truth say there are few ladies on missionary ground, from this or any other country, with minds so well disciplined as was hers. Her death is a severe loss to the great cause of evangelizing the world, in which she had embarked. To her friends the blow is a severe one, though she died in the full triumphs of that faith which she was endeavoring to impart to the Nestorians of Persia. Her name and her memory will be cherished by them. Her relics will repose amid the groves of Persia, and the "waves of the stormy Euxine and the mountains of Armenia" will forever separate them from those of her kindred.

Mr. GRANT, whose health is greatly impaired, will very soon return to this country, bringing with him the three children whom Mrs. G. left behind her to mourn the loss of one so well calculated to point out to them the path of true virtue here, and to enduring happiness in that world to which her own gentle spirit has so early fled.

Mrs. Judson.—A British officer, Major Calder Campbell, describing an "adventure in Ava" in the year 1826, gives a beautiful description of Mrs. Judson, the wife of the celebrated missionary in the East Indies. Major Campbell, then a lieutenant, when descending the Irawaddi river in a canoe manned by Burmans, was attacked in the night while asleep, by his faithless boatmen, and severely wounded and robbed. When waiting on the beach with much anxiety and distress for passage of some friendly bark, a row boat was seen approaching. Signals of distress were made and a skiff sent to his assistance. The following is the language of the writer:—

"We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the thin attenuated form of a lady—a white lady! the first white woman I had seen for more than a year! She was standing on the little deck of a row boat leaning on the arm of a sickly looking gentleman, with an intellectual cast of countenance—in whom I at once recognized the husband or the brother.

His address and bearing pointed him out as a missionary. I have said, that I had not beheld a white female for many days; and now soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears, like a household hymn of my youth! My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon a sofa bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on these kind Samaritans! with what delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that "beverage which cheers, not inebriates!" She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feelings about her, for at her feet rested a babe, a little wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently up, on her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek missionary, her husband! Her face was pale, very pale; with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brow hair was braided over a placid and holy brow—but her hands—those small, lily hands, quite beautiful they were and very wan; for ah! they told of disease—of death—death in all its transparent grace—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter! That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese, have since been detailed in her published Journal.

I remained two days with them; twodelightful days to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage—their struggles in the cause of religion—and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful, energetic simplicity of her language, as well from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower, as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth! Why is it that you grieve to think of the approaching death of the young, the vir-

uous, the ready? Alas! it is the selfishness of human nature that would venture to keep to itself the purest and sweetest gifts of heaven, to encounter the blasts and blights of a world when we see them, rather than that they should be transplanted to a happier region, where we see them not.

When I left the kind Judsons I did so with regret. When I looked my last on the mild, worn countenance, as she issued some instructions to our new set of boatmen, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived; we parted and we never met again;—nor is it likely that the wounded subaltern was ever again thought of by those who had succored him. Mrs. Judson and her child, died soon after the cessation of hostilities.

A WORTHY.

We know not who to charge with the authorship of the following, as it comes to us without head or credit in an exchange paper. Whoever wrote it, a genius, as any one who reads it will confess.—*Phil. Star.*

'It's a miserable piece of business,' said Neddy Brown; 'living's a miserable piece of business. I've threatened to reform many a time these ten years, because though I love liquor, I hate intoxication, and yet here I am the same old two and sixpence I was last night, and every night before that which I remember. I'm pretty to-lol for an old man every night about 12 o'clock. Now to-morrow morning I'll be for passing the reform bill, for the benefit of my constitution, but at night the reform bill will be laid under the table.—Spesing I was to join the temperance society by way of a slant, and taper off with a quart or two of cider? But what's the use when I can taper off without joining? I won't be ruled by others when I can go straight myself, if I've a mind to! observed Brown, as he brought up against the wall. 'Temperance! fiddle-sticks! I must have a little now and then, only I can't always get the right quantity. I've a great mind to go and get gauged! But if them temperance folks will go the entire animal, the whole sucker, the complete catfish, I'm the boy to join 'em.—Quit the cities and go into the woods, and dine upon acorns. Veto pig-tail, long nines and macoboy. But they wont. Bless my heart,' said Brown, 'if I ain't getting the where-to go into my head!'

'What's the matter, neighbour?' said a man with a badge.

'I'm dizzy—got the where to go in my head instead of my feet.'

'Shall I assist you?'

'Sir, you're too polite. You're as insinuating as a corkscrew. I'll not bother you.'

'No bother, not by no means. It is my duty.'

'Here's a philanthropist! His duty to assist people in distress! Why you're a bird—a perfect tom-tit Chesterfield.'

'Don't run your rigs upon me, larkey, or I'll give you another sort where to go. I've a sort of impression that you're sprung. You've had oo much tea, and too little water.'

'You hurt my feelings, and brush the blue off the delicate plume of my character by your insinuations. After to-morrow I won't touch toddy if it should cry for me to kiss it.'

'Well, you shan't be tuck up on suspicion.—Can you walk a crack, foot to foot, twistifid fashion?'

'If it wasn't that I'm troubled in my mind, I'm sure I could. I know I can to-morrow, if you'll stop in after dinner, take off your things, bring your work, and stop to tea, as the gals say.'

'That will never do. Walk a crack, or you must walk your chalk before the mayor.'

'Well, I will. You mustn't laugh, though, or you'll put me out.'

'Fire away, Flanagan. I'll be as grave as a jackass, or a justice of the peace when he wants his dinner.'

'Stand aside!' roared Brown. 'Here goes!' He made a desperate rush to escape, but his accommodating friend put out his foot, and Neddy Brown typified the decline and fall off the Roman Empire.

'I'm down, and it's all up,' sighed he. 'It's F for fig, I for jigs, and N knuckle-bones. My knees are stuv' in and I can't tell whether I've got any hands or not. If I passed the reform bill or joined the temperance society, this would'n't have happened.'

'I'm prey to the law, though I've prayed not to be, many a time. I'll knock off and come

out cat-bird for the future. It will be a great saving of fips and clothes, too, for my pants are tore tantamount to the slack of fifty cents—clothes is riz; old Canvassback will charge full that for sowing of a pancake to each knee.

'Why didn't you behave nice, and do credit to them as fetch you up, instead of trying to break jail, with no more manners than a hoss?'

'Ah, now let me go, that's a good man, and I'll never do so any more. Ah! do—you're a clever fellow.'

'How often, upon your deed, and deed, and double deed, and cross your breath, have promised that?'

'Don't ask me, for I can't tell. I havn't got my cyphering book. Long sums always bother me so.'

'Then the case is all Dicky and down Dennis.'

When you're once took, and you're took now, as fur as my readin goes, there's no screshunary power veatrated under the constitution of the State, in me for suffrin you to mosey home, or cut stick any where else. For the law you're had enough scorched to be hung on to; and I'm inclined to think so too seeing as how didoes in one street is prety nigh as bad didoes in another; and men what's corned can't go straight home, if they was to try. It also appears that your flint has been fixed afore, and often as it has been fixed so much the bigger is my 'sponsibility. The natur' of the case is as clear as blue mud, especially as you tried to scratch gravel, break jail, and make yourself scarce. It's my opinion that I must tortle off with you: and hand you politely into quod.

The court was so prolix in delivering his opinion, that Brown had fallen fast asleep before the awful termination, which consigned him to quod, was received. With difficulty he was aroused and carried to the grand depot of the bibulous, and in the morning was disposed of *secundum artem*.

How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living? How heedless are we in childhood, of all her anxieties and kindness? But when she is dead, and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we learn how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost.

The advice of a sagacious mother to her daughter, in some old novel, is said to have been "Anna, my dear, you can never be pretty, so you had better be old;" and the editor of the Gazette thinks that a considerable proportion of the modern belles have acted upon this advice.

The following, which we find without credit in an exchange, will make the reader laugh, and thereby do some good: A poor single man is a creature who has to hold his nose to the gringstone; and a poor married man is one who has his nose held to the grindstone."

"Boy" said a phlegmatic old fellow to a noisy urchin, "what are you hollerin' for when I'm going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I'm hollerin'?"

The Republicanism of Christianity.—Jefferson acknowledges that he received his first correct notions of a republican form of government from witnessing the proceedings of a Baptist congregation in his neighborhood.

"Have you ever seen a snail?" asked a wag of a person not remarkable for speed. "Yes." "Then you must have met him, for it is impossible for you to have overtaken one."

"I take the responsibility," as the man said ven he took in the foundling, hung to his door latch.

The New-Yorker very properly hits off those literary journals which make a great merit of being fill'd entirely with "original matter;" because, generally speaking, thirds of this "original matter" never possesses a tithe of the talent or interest of matter which might be selected.

"The Hudson Mirror" is a neat literary publication—too neat, and too near New-York, to either live or make the publisher a man of wealth.

The Mammoth Mound on the Ohio river at Elizabethtown, twelve miles below Wheeling, has been explored by the proprietor of the ground, and an arched passage-way discovered, leading to a vault, in which were found two skeletons. Another vault was afterwards discovered, containing a skeleton, with a large quantity of beads, sea-shells, ising-glass, five copper wrist-bands, &c. These vaults have been thoroughly examined, and the whole Mound "fitted up" for exhibition, to which the public is respectfully invited.

Gaiety and a light heart, of all virtues and decorum, are the best medicine for the young or rather for all. I who have passed my life in dejection and gloomy thoughts, now catch at enjoyment, come from what quarter it may, and even seek for it. Criminal pleasure, indeed comes from Satan; but that which we find in the society of good and pious men is approved by God. Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but, above all, to the young.—*Luther.*

Punctuality.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with any difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill, up which he cannot ascend.

Moral grandeur of Republicanism.—A friend of mine, says Dr. Channing, who was visiting among the higher classes in England, says in reference to the Massachusetts License Law: "That law came over and struck the people with astonishment. What a people you live with," said they, "that can pass such a law.—We respect the state that can do that; yea, we must fear such a people."

Do not report in one company what you may have heard in another. All conversation is tacitly understood among the honorable, to be confidential.

Money, which answers such a variety of purposes, has been used to hire a person into health. A gentleman cured his wife, who was complaining, by giving her a dollar a day for every day that she did not complain; if she uttered any complaint her wages were stopped for that day.

It is generally deemed an evidence of vanity for a wag to laugh at his own wit. Lamb condemns this prejudice, because it implies that a man must expect to move his auditors with a joke which is too simple to amuse himself.

"Easy Exercises in Composition" is a well arranged pictorial stimulant to composition. It cannot fail to be useful. It is for sale at WM. ALLING'S.

Poeta Nascitur et non fit.—The editor of the Woodsman, a Tennessee paper thus maketh poetry:

"Oh dear! what times these is!
Sugar am rose and rum are ris!"

Making a raise.—A Western editor, who has just been getting married, says: "Every man who has a just regard for his country, should raise something."

The following epitaph is upon a tomb stone at Rheims. "Here lieth the body of Estella. He transported his fortune to heaven, in charity during his life; he is gone there to enjoy it."

"Now Tom, you tell the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a gass of cider." "A lie! a lie! I never told a lie in my life." Bring the cider, boy."

Lawyers.—The Boston Times complains of the quantity of lawyers in the town, and talks of thinning them off by an auto de fe. It has however been objected that any kind of fee will only increase the number.

Mr. N. P. Willis, Senior Editor of the "Corsair," has set sail for Europe. A pleasant voyage to him!

Sir Walter Scott, for the whole of his writings, now comprising in eighty volumes, received not less than £250,000.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

CHARADE.

In days of yore when armour glancing,
Distinguished many a warrior form;
When lances flew, while steeds were prancing,
And hearts were tried by battle storm;
No lady deemed her bliss complete
Except my first was at her side;
When low, a suppliant at her feet,
Her warm heart glowed with love or pride.

In the deep gloom of convent cell
My second then was oft times seen;
Beneath its shade no brush might tell,
Of thoughts, the heart and heaven between;
The look subdued—the lip resigned—
Asked nature's self might be forgiven;
One ray alone beamed through the mind—
The hope, beyond the grave, of Heaven.

Orion, with his starry belt,
Might look down on my whole and smile;
Yet for the favor princes knelt,
Nor felt themselves debased the while.
Monarchs alone gave belt and star,
And bade the kneeling votary rise—
But Freedom flies these follies far—
She seeks her honors from the skies.
Millvale, N. Y. CYLLANE.

Written for the Gem.

Is there upon this earthly ball,
No resting place, however small,
For those whose cup of life has all
Along run o'er
With bitter worm-wood and with gall?
If pains distract, and cares enthrall
In pastime—youth—age will appal
The victim more.

Is there no station, high nor low,
No favored spot, where'er we go,
No name, though spotless as the snow,
But slander base
Doth its malignant poisons throw?
While snake-like envy doth bestow
In ambush, many a secret blow,
With janus face.

Is there no place, where side by side,
Health, Peace, and Friendship, do abide;
Where virtue reigns, and none deride
Her plain attire?
Where no vain pomp, no foolish pride,
No jarring passions e'er misguide,
But social bliss encircles wide
The cheerful fire?

E'en some low hut on mountain side,
Where flowers bloom, and steamlets glide,
And singing birds chant far and wide,
Sweet melody
Is better than a golden throne,
Or lands that reach from zone to zone,
Or laurel'd honors, when they're known
To murder peace.

Time brings ere long the rich bequest
For all who mourn—a place of rest—
When in the winding sheet we're dressed,
Sunk in the deep;
Or, when upon the clammy breast,
The valley's silent clod is pressed;
Then shall the weary and distressed,
Have lasting sleep.

Clarkson, May 1, 1830.

MY MOTHER.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I love contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soiten to our heart
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds, to Britain, half way over,
With envy; they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover!

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
That this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England nearer!

At last when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead, on the deep
Come shoreward floating!

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live long day; laborious; lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description; such a wretched wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field
'Twould make the very boldest shudder;
Untarr'd; uncompass'd; and unkeel'd;
No sail; no rudder!

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorrow skiff with wattled willows,
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows!

The French guard caught him on a beach;
His little argus sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him came to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger:

"Rash youth! that wouldst thou channel pass,
With twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned?"

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But, absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt! Napoleon said,
"Ye've both my favor justly won,
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son?"

He gave the tar a piece of gold;
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

How beautiful it stands,
Behind its elm tree's screen,
With pure and Attic cornice crowned,
All graceful and serene,
Most sweet yet sad, it is,
Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its unburn melody,
The voice of other days.

For there, as many a year
Its varied chart unrolled,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
And called the joys of old;
I called them, and they came,
Where vernal buds appeared,
Or where the vine-clad summer bower
Its temple roof upreared.

Or where the o'er arching grove
Spread forth its copses green,
While eye bright, and asclepias reared
Their untrained stalk between—
And the Squirrel from the bough
Its broken nuts let fall,
And the merry, merry little birds,
Sung at his festival

You old forsaken nests,
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledged robin send
His greeting wild and clear;
And from yon clustering vine,
That wreathes the casement round,
The humming bird's unresting wing
Send forth a whirling sound—

And where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire,
Fast by its snowy sister's side,
Or where with wings of fire,
The kingly oriole glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread—
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mastery here shall keep;
What mother in my nursery fair
Rock her young babes to sleep:—
Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,
'Though here no more I stray,
And blessings on those stranger babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you too, my plants,
And every parent bird,
That here, among the nested boughs,
Above its young hath stirred,
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou too, of changeable mood,
I thank thee, sounding stream,
That bent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream,—
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due,
To moss cup and to clover leaf,
That gave me drafts of dew.

To each perennial flower;
Oid tenants of the spot,
The broad leafed lily of the vale,
And the meek fur-get-me-not—
To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks!—thanks!—may each returning year,
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father God—
High praise in solemn lay—
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away—
And to some other loving heart
May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden home,
It long hath been to me.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

The following is supposed to be written by a gentleman who met a Miss Berry in a small town in the interior of New York, last summer, and was very much pleased with her. As his intentions became very pointed, they were slightly repulsed—and being called away by business, just then, he did not prosecute the acquaintance further at that time. In the fall, he employed his first leisure moments in visiting the town where she resided, with the intention of offering his hand and heart, but arrived just in time to witness the nuptials of Miss Berry and Mr. Eaton. Not being dangerously deep in love, he chose to laugh the matter off, and the next morning sent the bride the following:

EPITHALAMUM.

As I passed by a hedge one day,
A luscious and rich looking berry
Attracted my gaze that way;
'Twas as ripe and as red as a cherry!

How it nodded and danced on the bough,
As the soft morning zephyr blew it!
"Are you sweet as you look to be now?"
Said I, and I thought I would try it.

I made demonstrations to climb,
But scratche myself, much to my sorrow:
And said I, 'I'm in haste at this time,
And you will do quite as well on the morrow.'

Then I hurried along on my track,
But that berry my bosom still haunted;
And often I turned to look back,
'To the bush where it nodded and flaunted.

I saw it that night in my dreams;
And so laughing it looked and so merry,
I vowed, with the morning's first beams,
To go back and secure the berry.

And so, with Aurora's first blush,
I traced back the path so well beaten;
But alas! when I came to the bush
I found that my Berry was Eaton!

MORAL.—BY WILLIAM ESSEX.

Let this be a warning to all
Who are thinking of love and of matching,
Climb! climb! never think of a fall—
Finch not, though you get a slight scratching.

What might be as well done to day,
O never put off till to-morrow!
You may chance, from that trifling delay,
To reap a full harvest of sorrow.

ERRATA.—Page 59 of this volume, 5th stanza on last column, second word should be BANK instead of "bank"; fourth line, DRAUGHT instead of "drought"; 6th stanza third line, FRAUGHT instead of "frught"; fourth line, BAR instead of "bear."

MARRIED.

On the 28th instant, by Rev. Pharcellus Church, Col. AMOS SAWYER, of this city, to Miss HARRIET N. WICKS, of New York.

On the 22nd instant, by the Rev. John Middleton, Mr. Wm. H. Harmon, to Miss Jane E. Garbutt, both of Wheatland.

By the same, on the 23rd inst, Mr. William N. Reed, of Scottsville, to Miss H. Harmon, of Wheatland.

On the 15th instant, by Elder Isaac C. Goff, Serg't. N. B. Folwell, of the U. S. Army, to Mrs. Emily D. Hurd.

In Penn Yann, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Allen Steele, Daniel L. Bissell, merchant, to Miss Francis E. Chapin, all of the above place.

At St. Mark's Church, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. E. Embury, Justus S. Glover, Att'y at Law, to Achsa A. Cornwell, all of Penn Yann.

In Benton, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. Abner Chase, Levi Speelman, to Mary Freeman.

On the 12th instant, in the 1st Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, David P. Holton, M. D., to Miss Francis K. Forward.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

- ARTEMAS BROS, Traveling Agent.
- Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county, New York.
 - Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county, do do
 - S. P. Brock, Branchport, Yates county, do do
 - Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co., do do
 - R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co., Vermont.
 - Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co., Michigan.
 - J. H. Blue, Charlton, Mo.
 - G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co., New York.
 - Miss E. A. Adams, Canandaigua, Ontario co., do do
 - E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co., do do
 - A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co., do do
 - W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co., Ohio.
 - S. Hunt, Hunt's Hollow, Allegany co., New York.
 - E. B. Warner, Lima, Livingston co., do do
 - A. H. Eddy, Marion, Wayne co., do do
 - Israel Pennington, Macon, Lenawa co., Michigan.
 - K. W. Townsend, Newark, Wayne co., New York.
 - P. S. Church, Oakfield, Genesee co., do do
 - Henry Henlon, Rushville, Ontario co., do do
 - S. Reeve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co., do do
 - N. G. Shepard, South Avon, Livingston co., do do
 - D. Cummings, South LeRoy, Genesee co., do do
 - Sewal Brintnall, Watertown, Jefferson co., do do
 - Post Master, Utica, Livingston Co., Ohio.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1899.

No. 10.

MISCELLANY.

From the Museum.

WINE

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!"
Shakspeare.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86.]

No reason; yet I did suppose it. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not, fine manly fellows as they were, nothing would induce them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs; a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister; grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult, in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding: that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He came and sat there day after day, arguing upon men and things, in his calm, measured, dispassionate voice. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposite of her happiness?

"But surely," said I, beginning to dread the continuation of his recital, "surely, after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

Right. I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine, I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called, me milksoop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife!

But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?

Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself; the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met a party of some 30, giggling, brainless, to jest and to be merry. It was settled that I must, "drink the bride's health;" and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed at it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement—further

kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and, in the midst of her agitation, I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look at least I did not misinterpret; *but I revenged it!*

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me—he clung to my arm, the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us, but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart!

"I had once the misfortune to act as second in a mortal duel, my dear Wargrave," said I; "I know how to pity you."

"Not *you*," faltered my companion, shuddering with emotion. You may know what it is to contemplate the ebbing blood, the livid face, the leaden eye of a victim; to see him carried log-like from the field; to feel that many lips are cursing you—many hearts upbraiding you; but you cannot estimate the agony of a position such as mine with regard to Mary. I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my mildness of nature.

Mildness!
"Ay!—Save when under that fatal influence, (the influence which stimulates my lips this very moment,) my disposition is gentle and forbearing. But they adduced something which almost made me long to refute their evidence in my favor. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to seek occasions of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, I *deserved* to die! I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favor. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was "the only son of my mother and she was a widow;" and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both in *her* person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercifully against my life. I left the court "without a blemish upon my character," and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch."

But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now, that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. On the eve of my trial, I wrote to her; expressing my wishes and intentions towards herself and our child, should the event prove fatal; and inviting her to accompany me instantly to the continent, should the laws of my country spare my life. We could not remain in the centre of a family so cruelly disunited, in a home so utterly desecrated. I implored her, too, to allow

my aged mother to become our companion that she might sanction my attempts in a new career of happiness and virtue. But, although relieved by this explanation of my future views, I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home: To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in *durance*! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side. He had attended as witness at the trial. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, probably in token of the dishonor of his master's house.

"The windows are closed," said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. "Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?"

"There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble," said the old man grasping my arm. "My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy, the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, Sir, by your father."

"And my wife?" said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, Sir, you will find a letter," said my grey-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"From Mary?"

"Here it is," he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"From Mary?" I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. "No! *not* from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend,—from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter*; informing me, with technical precision, that "his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement, for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers."

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—*whom I had struck!*—was prepared to plead "cruelty" against me in a court of justice, rather than live with the murderer of her minion! She knew to what a home I was returning! She knew that my household gods were shattered;—and at such a moment abandoned me!"

"Drink this Master William," said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. "You want support, my dear boy, drink this."

"Give it me," cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. "Another—another!—I *do* want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass!—I *must* see Mrs. Wargrave!—Where is she?"

"Three miles off, Sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, Sir. You can't see her to night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!"

"I *have* lost my senses!" I exclaimed throwing myself again into the carriage. "And

therefore I must see her,—*must* see her before I die."

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter, I traversed the court-yard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk. The servant did not recognise me, when, having entered the offices by a side door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone in to town; and she was quite, alone, and much indisposed.' 'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room; and, by the imperfect fire-light, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

'Good evening, Doctor,' said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognise it for hers. 'You will find me better to night. But why are you so late?'

'You will, perhaps, find me too early,' said I placing myself resolutely beside her chair, 'unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which your husband has pleased to complete the measures of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam; do not shudder; do not faint. You have no personal injury to apprehend. I am come here a broken hearted man, to learn my award of life or death.' And in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

'My brothers are absent,' faltered Mary. 'I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

'For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Let its unbiassed impulses condemn me or absolve me. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others.'

'I have decided,' murmured Mrs. Wargrave, *irrevocably*."

'No, you have not.' said I again, approaching her; 'for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? On what covenant did you accept my hand, my name, my tenderness? On that of a merciful compromise with the frailties of human nature; 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' It has been for *worse*, for I have been perverse, and wayward, and mad; it has been for *poorer*, for my name is taken from me: it has been for *sickness*, for a heavy sickness is on my soul. But is the *covenant* less binding? Are you not still my wife?—my wife whom I adore, my wife whom I have injured,—my wife whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration,—my wife who once vowed a vow before the Lord, that, forsaking all others, she would cleave to me alone? Mary, no human law can contravene this primal statute? Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child.'

'It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority,' said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected; a firmness probably derived from the contact of the innocent and helpless being she pressed to her bosom. 'No! I cannot live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that'

'That you despise me! speak out, Madam; speak out!'

'That I pity you,' continued Mary, resolutely; 'that I pity you, as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience.'

And such are the lessons you will teach him; lessons to lead him to perdition, to damnation, for, by the laws of the Almighty, Madam, how ever your kindred or your lawyers may insure

you, the father, no less than the mother, must be honored by his child.'

'It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him and, to secure his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement.'

'Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! Still less shall his little life be passed in watching the tears shed by his mother for the victim of an adulteress passion! You have appealed to the laws; by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will—defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with me! Surrender him to me or dread the consequences?'

'You did not!' I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

'Have I not told you,' he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, 'that, before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife.'

And you dared to injure her?'

Right boy; that is the word,—*dared!* It was cowardly, was it not? brutal, monstrous! Say something that may spare my own bitter self-accusations!'

Involuntarily I released myself from his arm.

'Yes! Mary, like yourself, prepared herself for violence at my hands,' continued Wargrave, scarcely noticing the movement; for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint piteous voice, as it, after all, his helplessness constituted her best defence.

'Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him! Do you think I shall be less careful of him than yourself? Give him up to his father.'

'For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung heavily to her night-dress. For a moment she seemed to recognise the irresistibility of my claim.

'The carriage waits, said I sternly. Where is his nurse?'

'I am his nurse,' cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again.'

With me? Am I a worm, that you think to trample on me thus? Live with me, whom you have dishonored with your pity, your contempt, your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!'

'As a servant, then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so'—

'Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly?' cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to me. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

'Help! help! help!' faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy awakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless.'

'Dead!' cried I.

'So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!'

'What must have been his father's remorse!'

'His father was spared the intelligence. It was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude

gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnants of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer to my injured wife and child, was an attempt to conquer, for their sake, an honorable position in society. I got placed on full pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honorable profession, in order to spare him further dishonor as the son of a suicide.'

'Thank God!' was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the *Astræa*; whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary, on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of wine!

'And it is to such a stimulus,' murmured I, as I slowly rejoined my companions, 'that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manoeuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify ourselves with defence; to this master-fiend, we open the doors of the citadel.'

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking-song, with which Lord Thomas' decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the Commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's Ship the *Astræa*.

An Industrious Wife.—'Who,' says Cobbet, in his third letter of 'Advice to Young Men,' 'is to tell whether a girl will make an industrious woman? How is the purblind lover, especially, able to determine whether she whose smiles and dimples, and whose bewitching lips, have almost bereft him of his senses—how is he able to judge from any thing that he can see, whether the beloved object will be industrious or lazy? Why is it very difficult? 'There are,' says Maccin, 'certain outward signs, which, if attended to with care, will serve as pretty sure guides. First, if you find the tongue lazy, you may be nearly sure the hands and feet are the same. By laziness of the tongue, I do not mean silence. I do not mean absence of talk, for that in most cases is very good; but I mean a slow and soft utterance, a sort of singing out the words, instead of speaking them—a sort of letting the sound fall out as if they were sick at the stomach. The pronunciation of an industrious person is generally quick and distinct, and the voice, if not strong, firm at least. Not masculine, as feminine as possible; not a creak nor a bawl, but a quick, distinct, sound voice. Look a little at the labors of the teeth, for these correspond with the other members of the body, and see her work on a mutton chop and a bit of bread and cheese, and if she deal quickly with these, you have a pretty good security for that industry without which a wife is a burden instead of a help. Another mark of industry is a quick step, and a somewhat haughty tread, showing that the foot comes down with a heavy good will. I do not like, nor ever did like, your sauntering, soft stepping girls, who move as if they were perfectly indifferent to the result.'—*New Orleans Sun*.

A Patient Lad.—'Ben,' said a father, the other day, 'I'm busy now; but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging. "Don't hurry your self, Pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

A Sight.—To see two lazy loafers lying upon a table in the sun—one playing the jew's-harp and the other scratching his hair.

THE BROKEN HEARTED WIFE.

A year or two since, as I was passing a Sabbath in a country town, I was requested to visit a dying woman. The first aspect of the house to which I was led, in its loose clapboards and broken window, told me that I was approaching the house of a drunkard. The apartment in which the dying woman was breathing her last, was one whose aspect of cheerfulness and discomfort made the heart ache. A few wretched articles of furniture were scattered about the room, and upon a low bed in one corner, most scantily furnished, lay the wasted form of the dying. Her countenance bore the traces of intelligence, of refinement, and yet of the most overwhelming anguish. Her husband stood at the head of the bed with an expression of as deep grief as could be crowded into the features of a bloated inebriate. Five little children stood around the bedside, loudly sobbing, the eldest a daughter not twelve years of age, kneeling by her mother's side, almost convulsively clasping her hand as she drenched it with tears.

It was one of those scenes of wo which at once paints itself on the eye, and imprints itself on the mind—never to be effaced. From the few almost articulate words of the dying woman, I gathered that all the anguish of a mother's heart was in fervid excitement, as she was to leave her poor children—her tender boys and girls in this world of temptation with no guide but their besotted father. She was already breathing her last as I entered—and in a short time, her struggling, broken, grief-rent heart, was still in death.

I enquired into the circumstances of the case and found that a few years before, this woman, then a young lady of many accomplishments of person and of mind, was married to her husband then a young merchant—amiable, intelligent, of correct habits, and engaged in a lucrative and successful business. The sun of present and prospective joy beamed brightly on the morning of their nuptials. Every thing was cheerful and tasteful in their happy home, where their youthful affections were first cemented.—A few years of untroubled prosperity glided swiftly away.

Behind the counter of this young man's store, were ranged several pncncons of ardent spirits for retail sale. In selling to others he tasted himself. Gradually he acquired an appetite for strong drink—and the lapse of a very few years scattered all his property, ruined his reputation, beggered his family, and left him a ragged vagabond in the streets.

He was naturally an amiable and affectionate man, compliant and yielding, and having little of that sterner material which is called decision, when temptation came with its mighty power, he fell at once and irredeemably.—With such persons it is not unfrequently the case, that intoxication produces perfect phrenzy. A few glasses would perfectly craze him, and he would return at night to his home, a raging, tearing maniac. He would take the whole range of the house in his fury, and wife and children were compelled to flee, wounded and bleeding from his terrible violence. Often would she gather her little flock of children in the corner behind her, and receive upon her own person the fearful blows which their brutal and crazy father was dealing around them.

"Oh who can tell what days—what nights she spent, Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless wo!"

In the morning, this wretched victim of ruin would awake from his debauch, and, restored to his affection, would reflect upon his brutality in the deepest abyss of horror and remorse. He would fall upon his knees before his wife, and with tears of anguish rolling down his cheeks, implore her forgiveness; he would curse the day in which he was born; he would wish himself dead; he would resolve and re-resolve that he would never drink again.

For a few days he would succeed in keeping away from temptation. But the acquired appetite would gather strength by the transient restraint. Associates would lure him into the village store—the sight of decanters—the fumes of the spirits—the persuasions of toppers, would sweep away with hurricane fury, all his resolutions. One glass would follow another, in the desperation of remorse and despair. Frenzied with the fiend creating poison, he would return to his home and re-enact those scenes of outrage at the bare mention of which humanity shudders.

Again and again his wife in wretchedness, went to the village groceries, and with all the

eloquence of a despairing and broken-hearted mother, implored them not to sell her husband rum. She would show them her own wounds; she would lead them to her own children, and tell the awful story of her woes. But all her entreaties were in vain. Sometimes they would refuse to sell to him. But then every toper in the village could get his pint bottle filled, and at the very door of the store, hold the bottle to the mouth of the wretched sot. Drunkards, like misery, love company. And a toper seems to be always pleased to see his fellow toper drunk. The sale of ardent spirits was free in this village, and of course, there was no such thing as keeping it from one who had not mental resolution of his own to resist the temptation.

Misery is a slow and cruel murderer. But he gnawed with vulture teeth at the heart of this much injured woman, till exhausted nature sank and expired. Where that wretched father now is, whether in the grave, the almshouse, or the State Prison, I know not; where those children—those wrecks of a once happy family—now are, I know not; but they are probably scattered as melancholy ruins over a tempestuous world; the daughters, fondled in the embraces of a faithful mother's love, perchance in the warehouses of infamy,—the sons, inheriting their father's appetite, and discouraged by his disgrace, and lured by his example, growing up to shame, poverty, and crime—candidates for highway robbery and midnight arson, and for the pirate's deeds of deadly daring.

Now what, in the light of such facts, shall a wise community do? Shall it decide that the public good demands that this bane of all earthly happiness shall be freely retailed? That rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey, after all the ruin they have caused, and are still causing, shall be sold by the quart, the pint, the gill and the glass—alluring the young to destruction, provoking the appetite for intemperance, and holding out facilities for any poor wretch, who has but three cents in the world, to squander it for rum?

There is something extremely touching; as well as an excellent moral, in the following anecdote. It is in strict accordance with one of the earliest precepts of the Saviour of men.

A Kiss for a Blow.—A visitor once went into a Sabbath school at Boston, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop my dear," said she, "you had much better kiss your brother than to strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart.—Her hand dropped. She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against a blow; but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This effected the sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow; and they would never get any more blows. If men and women, families and communities and nations would act on this principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Nation would not lift up the sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more."—*Youth's Cabinet.*

Effect of climate on female beauty in Italy.—A lady taking to me a day or two ago, on the effect of the Italian climate on female beauty, remarked that it acted as a hot house on rosebuds, but quickly withered full-blown roses. It certainly is true that women of 25 years of age in Italy, look quite as *passées* as those of 35 in England; and after 20, they lose that freshness of complexion which constitutes so great a charm in our young women. I have seen here women quite as delicately fair—may, perhaps still more so, than in England; but they are deficient in transparency of skin, through which the blood speaks so eloquently in our climate, and look rather as if blanched by the sun into fairness, than born with it. In short they want the appearance of youth, which is the greatest charm of every face, and the absence of which no beauty can compensate.—*Lady Blessingtons' Idler in Italy.*

A Tragedian turned Preacher.—The Louisville Theatre was lately crowded to excess to witness Charles B. Parson's celebrated performance of *Othello*, when the Manager came forward and announced that there could be no performance that evening, in consequence of the surprising conversion of Mr. Parsons under Mr. Maffit's preaching. The audience was very indignant and quite a number of young people ran into Mr. Maffit's meeting house and commenced crying "Othello!" "Othello!" so loud that Mr. Maffit stopped his sermon. Immediately, Mr. Parsons walked into the broad aisle and pronounced in the most emphatic manner "Othello's occupation's gone!" and then proceeded to say that "A change had come over the spirit of his dream;" he had "fretted his brief hour upon the stage" of Thespis and henceforth he should "perform" in the House of Prayer and Temple of Zion; he had left the "sock and buskin" for the sword and helmet of righteousness, and that, instead of fighting Shakspeare's mimic battles, he should hereafter fight under the cross of Jesus Christ; and, finally, he exhorted his old comrades to remain with him and leave the Theatre to become the abode of bats. The papers say it was Charley's best performance and that his thrilling eloquence will win him twenty-fold laurels in holy orders when compared with the stage.—*Chicago Dem.*

Swift's Early Life.—At Moor Park, an eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William Temple as an amanuensis for £20 a year and his board, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty, dark eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard.—Little did Temple imagine that the course exterior of his dependant concealed a genius equally suited to politics and to letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can only perish with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in the servant's hall, which he perhaps scarcely designed to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long and prosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch or of Aberlard. Sir William's Secretary was Jonathan Swift—Lady Giffard's waiting maid was poor Stella.—*Edinburgh Review.*

"The Christian Sabbath is a resting place, where weary pilgrims may refresh themselves, and renew their courage for an onward march to the city of the New Jerusalem. Others who have gone before them, oft refreshed themselves by seeking on this day of holy rest, through the instituted means of christian worship, additional strength and nourishment, whereby they might renew their onward course with greater zeal, and more complete success; and now, they are enjoying in heaven, the unsullied and uninterrupted pleasures of that holy and happy place."

Lottery Ticket Anecdote.—In the early part of the reign of King George II, the footman of a lady of quality under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days, he put an end to his life. In his box was found a plain of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserved as curiosity:

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Ferrars; but, as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant. Every morning she shall draw me a mug of strong beer with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table by one, and never without a good pudding. I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten, a hot supper of two dishes; if I am in a good humor, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. To bed about twelve."

A Cold Pun.—In the snowy weather, last week, Sir _____ met Mrs. _____ rather sprinkled with fleecy fall, and said, "Why do you wear your sable boa on a day like this?" "Because, my dear sir," replied the lady, "I do not like my chin chilly."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

NEW BOOKS—*Again*.—If the HARPERS take the lead in the publishing world, LEA & BLANCHARD, of Philadelphia, press them closely. To keep up with either, would require more time than any one not entirely isolated from the perplexities of this troublesomely busy world, could well spare. Those who do read, therefore, and who make any effort toward keeping even in the track of the best of the multitude of new works which are daily poured out upon the literary world from the steam engines of the printing office, should be willing to settle a pension upon those who have the ability of discriminating between the "chaff" and the "wheat," as from the selections which they always make, our booksellers certainly have—at least to a far greater extent than booksellers generally.

We have now on our table several of the newest and best of the recent publications, for copies of which we are indebted to Messrs. NICHOLS & WILSON, where, of course, our citizens will go to find them.

"*Elvira, the Nabob's Wife*, by Mrs. MONKLAND the author of 'Village Reminiscences.'—This is a fiction, designed, as all works should be, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." Mrs. M. is a good writer; and her "Village Reminiscences" gave evidence that she had been a successful student of the heart, of the affections and of social life. The "*Nabob's Wife*" is a work of interest, containing much both to amuse and instruct.

"*Horace Vernon, or Fashionable Life*."—This is a novel full of exciting incident; and is interspersed with not a few passages of genuine pathos and beauty. A very satisfactory moral may be drawn from the work, "if," as the writer says, "the reader will take the trouble of finding it out." But as "*Horace Vernon*" will be generally read by those who have recourse to light reading more for the purpose of finding amusement than a moral, the search will be made by but very few, and the moral consequently lost to very many.

"*The Romance of the Harem*, by Miss Pardoe."—This lady is already favorably known as the author of "*The City of the Sultan*," a work which every one admired for its faithful and poetic delineation of Turkish character. These volumes are made up of "genuine tales related by the professional *Massaldjghes* or story tellers of the east, in the harems of the wealthy Turks during seasons of festivity," and are made attractive as well from the plots which they develop, as from the oriental florid and figurative style of language, in which they are written. The following beautiful "*Song of the Greek slave*" is from the first volume:—

Joy is a bird!
Catch it as it springs;
It will return no more
When once it spreads its wings.
Its song is gay, but brief,
The voice of sunny weather;
But ah! the bird and leaf
Vanish both together!

Joy is a flower!
Pluck it in its bloom!
'Twill close its petals up
If darker skies should gloom.
It is a lovely thing,
And formed for sunny weather;
But ah! the flower and spring
Vanish both together!

Joy is a child!
Seize it in its mirth;
For soon its lip will know
The withering tint of earth.
Its eye is bright as truth,
A type of sunny weather;
But ah! the smile and youth
Vanish both together!

"*The Idler in Italy*, by the Countess of Blessington," needs no newspaper commendation.—It is the journal of an interesting tour through an interesting country by one of the most interesting of living writers. Its descriptions are minute, but rich and graphic, and will be read, during leisure hours, with equal pleasure and profit.

"*Hits at the Times*, by G. P. Morris."—This is an amusing volume of fugitive pieces, from the ready pen of Gen. MORRIS. It opens with the laughable story of the Frenchman's Water Lots—of itself worth more than the price of the whole volume—which is filled, not only with good stories, letters, anecdotes and poetry, but with comically comic etchings of men and things. Its typography is quite rich, and the only fault we can find with the volume is that too many blank pages precede the title page and follow the "finis," and that to "oceans of margin," we have only "rivulets of matter."

"*Naval History of the United States*, by J. Fenimore Cooper."—This work is almost sufficient to make one believe that COOPER, like "*Richard*, is himself again." If the author of the "*Pirate*," had never left his native element for the misty mazes of political life, or the more sickly arena of neighborhood strife and personal bickering, few American writers would have occupied a more enviable position in the literary world. He has talent, if that talent is kept in its proper channel; but facts have demonstrated, that the strongest intellects sometimes get ducked in shallow water. It has been so with the author of the "Letter to my Countryman," and "Homeward Bound," and "Home as Found." If those "slips of the judgment" could be forgotten, this "*Naval History of the United States*," would add a laurel to his former well-earned reputation, and place him again among the favorite authors of this country.

This new work is composed of two large octavo volumes, written in a style which would do credit to the best writer of the age. The Naval History of this country is full of interest. The achievements of our gallant little Navy challenge the admiration of the world, and form a theme for the historian which has not its equal in the annals of few other nations. From his early association, and his intimate acquaintance with every thing relating to the "service," Mr. COOPER was just the person to assume the task, which he has performed with equal credit to himself and honor to his country. We might and must find fault, however, with the inexcusable and improper "*whitewashing*" which he has given Commodore ELLIOTT's achievements on lake Erie, and we must enter our protest against his frequent and unnecessary use of sea-faring technicalities; but nevertheless, the work is one which will stand the test of time, and be read with interest by present and future generations.

We have only room, this morning for the following anecdote, from this work. It is illustrative of some points in the character of that distinguished officer Com. Preble:—

"Commodore Preble was a man of high temper and a rigid disciplinarian. At first he was disliked in his own ship—the young officers in particular, feeling the effects of his discipline, without having yet learned to respect the high professional qualities for which he afterwards became so distinguished. One night when the Constitution was in the Straits of Gibraltar, she suddenly found herself along side of a large ship. Some hailing passed without either party's giving any answer. Commodore Preble, who had taken the trumpet himself now told the name and country of his ship and of his own

rank. He then demanded the name of the stranger, adding that he would fire a shot unless answered, "If you fire a shot I will return a broadside," was the reply. Preble sprang into his mizen rigging, applied the trumpet and said, "this is the United States ship Constitution, a 44, Commodore Preble; I am about to hail you for the last time; if not answered I shall fire into you. What ship is that?" This is his Britannic Majesty's ship Donegal, a razeed of 60 guns." Preble told the stranger he doubted his statement, and should lie by him till morning in order to ascertain his true character.—He was as good as his word, and in a short time a boat came from the other vessel to explain. It was an English frigate, and the Constitution had got so suddenly and unexpectedly alongside of her that the hesitation about answering and the fictitious name had proceeded from a desire to gain time in order to clear the deck and get to quarters.

"The spirit of Commodore Preble on this occasion," says Cooper, "produced a favorable impression in his own ship. The young men pitifully remarked that 'if he was wrong in his temper he was right in his heart.'"

All the above works are for sale at NICHOLS & WILSON'S.

How often do we hear it remarked that the world is too apt to neglect genius. But it has been well said, that for one genius neglected, fifty have been unduly extolled. If a man does not neglect his own genius, he may rest assured that the world will not neglect it.

"*Mary Green, or Consolation in Sorrow*, by the Rev. Henry Wilbur."—If the boys and girls of the present day are not the very best boys and girls ever reared, it will not be because they are not blessed with great numbers of the very best books ever printed. Scarcely a day passes, but some new work—some memoir of some good girl, or history of some fine boy—makes its appearance to amuse and instruct those who are growing up amongst us. The shelves of our bookstores are loaded down with well written tales—simple, comprehensive and affecting biographies—calculated to give a proper direction to the affections and desires of the young mind.

The touching "*Memoir of Mary Green*" is of this heart-affecting character. No little lad or miss can read it without falling in love with the dear little girl whose goodness, gentleness, piety and death it records, nor without rejoicing with her that the Saviour hath said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

For the benefit of our young readers, and for all others who may deem them applicable, we copy a short section from this little work:

"What seasons of secret prayer that dear child had will be made known at the Judgment of the Great Day. But Mary Green had a remarkable attachment to private prayer. On the Monday morning of the week in which her last sickness commenced, her father offered private prayer with her. Neither his topics, his language, nor his tones, were particularly adapted to excite the passions: yet Mary Green was weeping, and sighing, and sobbing, to a degree that the devotional exercises were shortened on that account. When concluded, she was asked why she wept? What made that little heart so full to overflowing? She hesitated a little, and thus answered, in tones of affection not to be described: "Pa, I want you to PRAY WITH ME EVERY DAY." As he was expecting to journey soon to Philadelphia, he then attributed those feelings too much, to his child's reluctance to have him leave. Yet he determined then to hasten his return, that a child who desired private prayer, might not be denied the privilege. The three succeeding mornings, immediately after family devotions, her little hand was extended to ask a parent's hand, to retire with her for prayer. And these were the last three mornings, before severe and mortal sickness seized upon her. Oh! how inestimable the privilege, that parents may not only have family prayer, but seasons of private prayer with their children. How favourable such op-

portunities, to promote right feelings with both parties! How indescribable the emotions of joy to pious parents, when their children desire and delight in private prayer! How painful the regrets, when loaned blessings are recalled by the Giver, that we no more faithfully improved our opportunities of promoting their happiness, by reasonable and affectionate instruction, and by importunate prayer."

The work may be had at the book store of DAVID HOYT, and we advise all our little readers to ask their fathers to stop in and get them a copy, for in addition to its other attractions, it contains a very pretty hymn, set to music.

"*Deerbrook*."—By this work HARRIET MARTINEAU has made the world deeply her debtor.—Two such volumes as these—so full of deep thought, and spirit stirring lessons of high moral virtue—more than compensate for all the strangely absurd theories which she has hitherto sent out to the world. They show us the proper sphere of domestic joys—portraying the conflicts and feelings of the human heart—giving Vice a "hideous mein" and clothing Virtue in light. And all this is done in "*Deerbrook*." It is full of instruction to young and old—to grave and gay. No one can peruse it without being made the wiser, the happier and the better by the perusal. In the language of the New Yorker:

"By the middle of the first volume she stood revealed to us as one of those masterspirits vouchsafed at long intervals to woe mankind irresistibly from the grossness, the falsehood, the hatred, and the depravity which fester in their hearts, and make earth a pandemonium, to the beauty, the repose, and the beatitude of holiness and universal love. Every chapter has its lesson; while the general exhibition of Virtue triumphant not merely over but in trial and misfortune, and Vice wretched and pitiable in the very blush of success, has never been excelled. '*Deerbrook*' is a story of domestic life; a story of the affections, the passions and the incidents of a country village; but it is wrought out with a quiet vigor and a masterly fidelity to Nature and to man. We see in it, not our neighbors merely, but ourselves. Every page is radiant with the portrayal of the suicidal insanity as well as loathsomeness of malice, of envy, of talebearing, of anger, and of ill-will. He must be an angel or a devil who lays down these volumes without a conviction of the unworthiness of mere selfish pursuits and aspirations, and an ardent resolution to seek happiness henceforth in higher aims, to sterner purity, in a broader philanthropy, an in unquerable love.

We do not intermeddle with the story itself for that our readers, we trust, will prefer to take up unmarred at the earliest opportunity.—We will only remark of it that, while those errors of the head and heart which mar the happiness of the domestic hearth and bring contention, malevolence and misery where all should be peace, affection and felicity, are especially at, the graver errors and vices which poison the well being and security of communities are not forgotten. The mischiefs of Prejudice; the horrors and wickedness of mob law and mob justice; and the mean depravity of influential mob-courtiers and panders—of the men who know the iniquity of riot and violence, yet suffer it to proceed without opposition, and speak of it with excuses or without reprehension—are shown up to the life.—Would that these volumes could be read by every fireside and in the presence of every family in the country! The good which must ensue is inculcable."

These are the times vot tries men's souls, as the chap said ven the girl give him the mitten.

Written for the Gem.
ROMANCE.

BY HENRY C. FRINK.

I do not, like many, limit the definition of romance to mere exhibitions of materiality; or, like some lexicographers, translate it by *lies* and *forgeries*. Although the mind is generally believed to have, at its creation, no innate ideas, but to derive all impressions from surrounding objects, still the power of combining and associating these ideas, is always within its power. This is done in dreams; and many are considered as dreaming when awake, merely because their imagination is then active to associate, while their judgment neglects to point out dissimilarity. The application of this associating power, easily becomes habitual; and, when happily exercised, clothes objects, material and immaterial, in a drapery not their own, by imparting to each what it needs of loveliness, from the general storehouse of its perceptions of beauty.

The object, then that romance has in view, is to bestow what administers to happiness rather than to necessity. In pursuance of this object, it deepens the tinge that vegetables and the skies possess, gives greater fragrance to the rose, sharpens the appetite that allures mankind, and adds to the beautifully variegated aspect that nature presents; it softens still more the melody of the notes of the feathered tribes, enhances the beauty displayed in animals, and multiplies those characteristics which excite deeper interest in all the transactions of human life,—that add to their solitary and dreariness appearance, those traits of beauty that will ever be appreciated where man seeks delight.

It has been well represented, that no faculty of body or of mind, was uselessly bestowed upon the human race. The abuse, then, of romance, is the exercise of the powers of imagination, independent of the faculties of discrimination; it is to follow the example of one who should seek to fill up his fields with flowers, to the exclusion of those things which human experience suggested as profitable and appropriate to his wants. But in this, as in most things, there is a medium, the observance of which contributes to human enjoyment. A beautiful garden will present flowers here and there, though useful for no other purpose than to adorn its borders; and the taste thus manifested by its possessor, is commended by all. So it is with the flowers of imagination: they may, in consistence with wisdom, be strewed among objects unornamented, but of obvious utility; and, when thus entwined, greatly add to the number of their attractions.

How often is it that we notice, sometimes with admiration and sometimes with envy, the complacency that seems to reign in individual minds, and the faculty those minds possess, of deducing happiness from all they witness. We behold them in circumstances that would cause us to weep, with their eye tearless, and their countenances even brightened by a smile. To them, nature's angry storms as well as her sunshine, her terrific scenes as well as her valleys of peace, all seem singularly pouring forth, from overflowing fountains, pure waters of delight. And while thus beholding their serene and sometimes rapturous emotions, we have as often been astonished at the sight. But it has been a mystery to us how these bitter sources could produce sweet streams, because we have forgotten that, as at the waters of Marah, a tree could be found, the leaves of which if cast therein, have power to change the native properties of those streams, and neutralize if not annihilate that taste. Such leaves as these are

gathered from the garlands that fancy wreathes, and are capable of cultivation wherever man exists. There is no condition humanity can experience, in which they cannot change the tears he is doomed to shed, from those of repining, to tears of gratitude, or, at least, of resignation. Well, then, might Madame de Stael desire that more of romance existed in the world.

But the spirit of romance is capable, if properly indulged, not only to mitigate suffering, but even to add new charms to existing beauty, whether moral or material. Take away all the enthusiasm which this feeling enkindles, from the practice or contemplation of virtuous precepts; and what would remain but a naked skeleton, from which the spirit has departed? Take from physical objects, too, all that romance has added to them; bereave them of every association that has clustered around them in the revolutions of time, over and above the natural attractions they independently exhibit; and this world would become a wilderness in comparison. What, but romance, threw around the mountains, the streams, the groves, the islands, the valleys of Greece, once as desolate and uninteresting as our own, the charms which they possessed of old, and which still, if I have not wrongly judged, chiefly attaches the classic student to works in which the romantic imaginings of its earlier inhabitants are represented? Why, beyond the beautiful scenery of our native land, should he otherwise be so absorbed in contemplating Parnassus, with the noted fountain of Castalia at its base; and Pindus, sacred to Apollo and the muses; and Pelion, and Ossa, and Olympus, fabled to have been piled upon each other by gigantic efforts, in order to scale the battlements of the Gods? What would the stream Amphrysus be to him, had not Apollo there tended the flocks of Admetus; or Strymon, did not fancy still hear the lamentations of Orpheus there, for his lost Eurydice? The vale of Temp, though, like many other places, a paradise on earth; the groves of Epirus, with the vocal oaks of Dodona; the Strophades; infested by harpies; Othrys, the abode of Centaurs; the cave of Trophonius, inspiring endless regret; and localities innumerable, by reason of the unlimited influence of ancient romance, would, without that spirit to throw a halo around them as consecrated spots, have seemed as lonely and unalluring as objects of the same description in another clime.

As an evidence that romance adds a charm to real life, greater than real life without it,—passing by the circumstance that works of pure romance are more zealously sought for than unadorned descriptions of matters of fact,—we shall ever find that historical and geographical notices, dependent for their patronage upon public popularity, and published by sufficiently intelligent and artful men, abound in allusions to what scenes and events are made by romance, rather than to what they are or ever were without it. Does the traveller stand upon what he deems the ashes of Ilium, or does he wander by the waves of Scamander, you generally meet references to the early Grecian or the Mantuan bard. Does he resort to scenery which any muse has not left unsung, but illuminated by the lustre of its romantic fire, that fact is mentioned and quotations made. This aversion to leaving facts and realities unadorned, is founded upon the truth which human experience substantiates, that romance does add greatly to the interest of real life.

With respect to the morality of thus resorting to romance, many have misjudged by con-

necting with it unjust associations. Among our faculties, those of the lowest grade are undoubtedly the sensual, inasmuch as they alone can ally us to the brute. But the exercise of romance is limited to the mind; and mental exercise exalts us above the animal creation. Intellectual culture is indeed that upon which, as Sallust remarks, man should bestow the greatest care, lest he become debased and grovelling. We find it is true, that limits are assigned to every indulgence, beyond which, the exercise of faculties cannot extend with impunity. But within these limits, their cultivation and enjoyment attaches no degree of guilt to their possessor.

Rochester, May 1839.

Written for the Gem.
CORSELET AND LACING.
No. 2.

Mr. Editor—Having proposed to make a few physiological suggestions to the Ladies, under this head, we will now enter upon the inquiry into the nature of muscular action, and the effects of the *Corselet* and *Lacing* on their power of action.

* It may be generally known, that muscles are bundles or portions of fibres, as are seen composing the red flesh, which, by contractile properties, constitute the moving powers of the body. They are usually found to arise by tendinous or cord like beginnings from fixed or immovable parts of bones, then becoming fleshy, and again tendinous, are inserted or attached to moveable bones; and when made to act by contractions, produce motion of the moveable parts. By the various arrangements of the muscles in all animals, every description of animal motion is produced, some of which motions are voluntary and some involuntary. These muscles exert more or less power, according to various motions they have to perform. Their action comes under the mechanical rule, in a good degree, that as speed is increased, their power is diminished, and *vice versa*. In order that the muscles may act with firmness and efficiency, they need bandaging down firmly, that their power of action may be properly directed. But in this there is no defect left by nature for the ingenuity of our modish ladies to supply. Every muscle is provided with what is called its *fascia*, or *aponeurosis*, which is an expansion of a ligamentous covering composed of fibrous filaments, admirably adapted to the support of the muscles whenever it is needed. All the muscles for whatever use or wherever found are excited to action by the influence of the nerves, and without their influence, no motion could be produced, nor sensation felt. Nature seems to require a suitable degree of exertion for all the muscles to keep them in good tone and condition for action. Universal experience teaches every careful observer that proper exercise invigorates the system and promotes the health, and on the contrary, ease and indolence contribute readily to produce feebleness of muscular action and derangements of the nervous system also.

In the application of the *Corselet*, we observe the wearer, instead of graceful movements of the body forwards, backwards, or laterally, is subjected invariably to an unnatural, stiff, and awkward appearance. This contrivance being lashed firmly to the body, by the *pulley principled stays*, the muscles of the chest, back, and abdomen, are much counteracted in their necessary and healthful functions; and the heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver, all are made to participate, in the uneasiness, the debility, and inevitable diseases that will sooner or later fol-

low these evil habits. I will admit that the debility, consequent on the want of suitable exercise of the muscles is not confined to any class of individuals.

It is a lamentable fact, that by the time the young gentlemen of our country go through the usual routing of studies, in confined apartments for either of the learned professions, their bodily health become impaired, so that in numerous cases, years of active life are required before they are fully recovered. But the cases of fashionable females are often still more deplorable. When mal-formations of their bodies have been produced by their corselets and stays, no hope of entire restoration to health again, can ever reasonably be indulged by them. It is no doubt true, that the energy of the action of the *diaphragm*, the *pectoral* and *abdominal* muscles with their *facial coverings* may be restored, to action by laying aside the *Corselet* and cordage, but the deformity of the chest, and the curvatures of the spine which are often produced by them, will not be recovered, through the remainder of a miserable existence. Yet how often we hear the use of these instruments of disease and death, strenuously urged by many who have been in the habit of wearing them, because they afford great support? They no doubt do, like the tiplers' drams, afford temporary and partial relief from languor and debility, but they are alike *desperate remedies*. In short, to sum up this matter in order to arrive at correct and incontrovertible conclusions, let us refer to the strong evidence of ocular demonstrations, by comparing the constitutions of those of simple diet and habits, whose symmetry of form has never suffered martyrdom by erroneous fashions, whose bodily health, has been preserved and invigorated by athletic and laborious exercises; and when they arrive at the elevated stations of discreet and chaste mothers, they are the most likely to be blessed with a numerous and a healthful offspring. Compare those with that class of our Ladies who have narrowed up their chests to deformity and produced all the train of evils that usually accompany—of wan countenance—feeble health—nervous derangements—a host of maladies that follow in their train? Now I would submit the question to candid Christian mothers to decide, which of the two classes are most benefiting the legitimate purposes of our Creator? And to their candor, also, I would appeal to know what possible motives could actuate the leaders of fashions, in such uncouth deformities and designs? Should they refer to the *Boulevards* of Paris as the head quarters of fashion and genteel company, can they give full assurance, that from thence flow chaste and pure streams of moral rectitude? Would they not question whether Christianity had any influence in directing their faith and practice in these matters? and rather conclude that they were more influenced by unholy desires to lead unwary youths in the ways of harlotry, impiety and transgression?

I should like to make a few remarks on the effects of the *Corselet* and *Lacing*, upon the vital organs, but must omit them at this time.

Yours, &c.

L.

A wine merchant in the city left a suspected assistant in his cellar the other day, and said to him, "Now, lest you drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth, so that I may know it." He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips and pretended to leave the mark of chalk on them. The man drank of the wine, and to be even with his master, chalked his mouth and thus discovered himself.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Lisbon, April 2, 1839.

Saturday is substituted for the first day of the week, and Christ's ascension is celebrated. Festivity and merriment is the order of the day. The churches are decorated, and merry music echoes within their walls, instead of the solemn chaunts of other days. Judas Iscariot is hung in effigy from the yard arms of the men of war, and may be seen suspended by ropes between the walls of buildings; in other places, standing on a platform across the street, assailed on one side by a figure representing a soldier with a spear, while another is in the act of cutting him down with a drawn sword, and as you pass on, you meet a mob dragging him, in another place, through the streets, followed by decent looking men and boys, piercing the defuncted bundle of rags with as much apparent earnestness as though it was the real personage. The plumed warrior, in his gayest dress, parades the streets, and the several bands belonging to the army, march from place to place serenading.—At 12 o'clock the churches, some forty or fifty of which have chimes of bells—played waltzes and other animating tunes; when with the sound of the bugle, the trumpet, drum and battle horse, the roar of artillery, mingled with the shouts of the multitude, one might well imagine that Bedlam had broke loose upon the world again.

I am aware that if I was writing merely to amuse you, I could not so well succeed as by giving you an account of my daily rounds, made up of the thousand mistakes which one is liable to make amongst strangers, whose language he does not understand, and the many amusing anecdotes that occur. This would require a letter for each day, and knowing as you do the great inconvenience, not to say suffering, it occasions me to write at any time, I am sure you will take the will for the deed. I have been in the habit of making short excursions into the country, sometimes on horseback and again on a donkey, which are much the safest, over the hill roads of this country. If you ever rode a sheep, you will have some conceptions of a donkey. The first time I rode one, I was sure that if I had been in my own country, the people would have imagined that the renowned Knight of La Mancha had risen from the dead and was about making another pilgrimage upon earth, in defence of helpless virgins. My pantaloons were unstrapped and slipped up over the top of my boots. The wind blew hard and it required one hand to hold my hat on and the other to hold myself in the saddle, and my coat was at least three sheets in the wind, the skirts sticking out straight behind; and to cap the climax, and carry out the similitude of Don Quixote's overthrow by the wind mills, my donkey tumbled down and left me sprawling on the pavements. Nothing disheartened by the mishap of this, my first donkeyship, and meeting with some Englishmen, several of them captains of vessels lying in port, who wanted to go to the country, for a ride, we crossed the river to Cacilius, upon one of the holy days, when all Lisbon go merry making. Not one of us could speak Portuguese, and as we landed, we were met by some hundred men and boys, with their donkeys, each anxious to sell their beast; surrounded on all sides by this noisy rabble, it was impossible to go ahead or retreat: the more we tried to explain to them that we did not want them, the more vociferous they became; they did not understand us, nor did we any more them—the jargon of the lower classes is an

amalgamation of the confusion of Babel—and in order to show the dexterity of their beasts, some of them would whip them, others would stick long spikes, with which they drive them, into them, to make them kick up; and no poor set of devils were ever more seriously beset, than we were for a time. I was smaller than the rest of the company, and succeeded in climbing up into the porch of a house, out of the way of the donkeys and drivers, when I laid down and laughed myself out of breath, to see the fat Englishmen, puffing, wheezing and swearing at the Portuguese, pushing this way and that way, till at last, one of them, more sprightly than the rest, climbed up into the porch of a church, and hauled up after him, two or three others; the rest climbed over walls and rushed into such houses as they could find to take shelter in, when their tormenters found it was no go, and made off to assail another boat load of passengers which were about landing. After getting away and viewing the town, on our return, we found a Portuguese who could speak English, and, through his assistance, bargained for donkeys, and all started for the country. Some of the riders were much larger than the beasts; this was the time for the painter to note positions. Sailors are odd horsemen at the best, such donkey-men were never before and probably never again will mount one of the beasts. One of them had hold of the mane with one hand, and the other hold of the crupper, to keep from falling off; while another would catch an ear in one hand and fasten the other in the mane, and so on, to an endless variety of positions—partaloons shoved up and feet sticking quite through the stirrup-leather. In this position we started, and then came the tug of war. Each donkey is followed by a driver, plying the whip and sticking the spike into them, to make them push ahead and perform their work quick, in order to be ready for another expedition. We got on very well so long as our route was up hill, but when we began to descend, and the boys to crowd the donkeys, crying *booi*, which means *go*, the Englishmen shouted, "ho! *belay that, belay that, make fast, boys.*" The boys did not heed them in the least, but pressed on, the people from the windows of the houses and in the streets, laughing and shouting with merriment at our predicament, crying out "*Ingloss, Ingloss.*" They call us all *Ingloss*, for no body else rides the donkey so awkwardly. We had not gone far, before one of the company broke his stirrups and rolled off into the sand. Another turned his saddle and pitched headlong into the dirt, till at the end of two miles, one half of the company had pitched off, rolled off or tumbled off, rolling in the dirt and mud, to the amusement of a mob of boys that followed us, and the people along the way; half of the balance abandoned their beasts and walked back to town, satisfied with donkey riding; some a little bruised, but all amused at the novelty of the adventure.

Who'll turn Grindstone?—When I was a little boy, Messrs. Printers, I remember one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder:—"my pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow—" "O, yes sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop;" "and will you my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply, "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flatter-

ry, like a little fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rung, and I could not get away—my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant, scud to school, or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a rascal, was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man of doubtful character, patting a girl on the cheek—praising her sparkling eye and ruby lip, and giving her a sly squeeze, beware, my girl, thinks I, or you will find to your sorrow, that you have been turning the grindstone for a villain.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones.

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit—without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby!

Mr. Franky A—, who was a gentleman of good parts and infinite humor, used with much pleasantry to relate the following anecdote, as having occurred to himself when a young man. A young lady in the neighborhood had won his affections and he had commenced paying her his addresses. During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of milk and mush, and being of a serious turn, was generally invited to say grace over the meal. The supper Franky did not take amiss, as the family of the fair one was in moderate circumstances, and being himself poor, he admired such domestic economy; besides, he was satisfied, provided he could obtain the affections of his dulcinea. "The course of true love," it is said, "never did run smooth," and Franky chanced to have a rival who was much richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the board had been spread with the frugal meal of mush and milk, but before the family had taken their seats at the table, some one spied Franky's rival riding up. Immediately "a change came o'er the" substance of the meal. As if by magic, the table was cleared of its load, and nought remained to tell the tale, but the clean white cloth. In the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished, not as before, but with the suitable appendages for making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common parlance called "short cake." When all was ready, as was the custom, brother A— was invited to say grace, who with due solemnity, hands folded, and eyes closed, pronounced the following impromptu benediction:

"The Lord be praised,
How I'm amazed,
To see how things have mended;
Here's short cake and tea,
For supper I see,
Where mush and milk was intended."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that, after this grace, Franky never returned to woo his lady love, but left her to the undisturbed possession of his more fortunate rival.—*Cecil Gazette.*

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother!—oh! my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said,
"For whom dost thou mourn?"
"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living: but whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace.

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage, "but thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also."

A Noble Example of Posthumous Honor.—A case which belongs to that species of heaven-born charity, which is twice blessed, has been exhibited by a Military Company at Mobile. Some years since, on the sudden death of Mr. Morris Wheeler, a popular member of that volunteer corps, his brother soldiers united in paying every public tribute of respect to his memory. Mr. W. was a native of this city, and a member of one of our oldest families; many of our readers, therefore, will be gratified to learn that the corps—the Mobile Rifle Company—as a further testimony of fraternal regard, resolved to bring up and educate his only daughter, then a little child. Thus far the trust, we are happy to learn, has been faithfully executed, and ample funds have been provided for the increased expenditure required by advancing years.

We learn by the Mobile Journal, of the 16th, that the interesting *elvie* of the company, Miss Ann Wheeler, now an intelligent girl of 11 years, sailed the day previous for New York, in the ship *Floridian*. Here at the North she will receive, at the best schools, every advantage of mental and moral cultivation, such as her young and liberal benefactors desire to bestow upon the orphan of their deceased friend.—*Newark Adv.*

True Charity.—A poor old woman had orders from a butcher to come to his stall every market-day for a portion of meat, which a benevolent individual (who desired to be unknown) gave regularly to several indigent industrious persons. On day she was receiving it as usual, and chanced to see Mr. B. (reputed to be equally rich and covetous) standing near and observing the distribution of the meat; in a burst of grateful eloquence and virtuous indignation, she exclaimed, "Ah, how long will it be before you do as much for the poor? God bless the giver!"

Mr. B. and the butcher exchanged a furtive glance, and the latter was interested afterward to hear the former declare that he "then repaid the full reward of his gifts, when he found that he could so well bear her reproaches." He was the unknown benefactor.

"Hold your head up."—We like to see a pretty young woman, as she trips gaily and gracefully along the street, hold her head up with a modest boldness, but we once in a while see one of the dear creatures dashing along with such a "who's afraid? and "look down all opposition" kind of air, that we are almost inclined to whisper to her that she would appear altogether more lovely and interesting if she were to lower her peak a little. We saw a fine looking woman promenading Washington street, the other day, with her head raised so high and thrown back so far, that it seemed to disdain all connexion with and apparently headless trunk. Verily, thought we, there is such a thing as carrying the head too far back as well as too high.

An Apt Retort.—A merchant of Providence, and a man quite celebrated afterwards for his liberality and public spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion, when he had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, &c. taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighborhood, seeing the disaster, ran and filled her apron. Mr. B. from the loft of his store, called out,

"What are you doing there?"
The poor woman, looking up, answered,
"Privateering, sir."

An Irishman named Gallagher was committed to prison in Philadelphia on Wednesday, for murdering his wife. He went only to "give her a bating"—nothing was further from his intent than her death—but the magistrates shut him up nevertheless.—*Whig.*

An Irishman was brought up before the magistrate for marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain. "Please your worship," says Paddy, "I was trying to get a good one."

It's my luck exclaims every man when he meets with a misfortune. An Italian poet once said, in a fit of despair, that if he had been bred a hatter, men would have been born without heads.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.
FILIAL DUTY.

Thy father who, with locks of snow,
Why thus his aged temples clad?
Why droops he o'er his staff so low,
With trembling limbs and visage sad?
Care hath his brow with wrinkles scar'd,
His flowing locks are fled away,
And time with tyrant sceptre marr'd
The glory of his manhood's sway.

How oft that palsied hand hath led
Thine infant footsteps, weak with fear,
How gently bow'd his reverend head,
Thy childish broken tale to hear;
And when thy wayward feet have strayed
Mid youthful follies rashly free,
Those lips, invok'd at midnight's shade,
The pardon of thy God, for thee.

If, from his speech should dotage flow,
Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
Thou, to his second childhood show,
The love that smooth'd thy cradle bed;
Grieve not thy sire! for if his love,
Unblest, or unrequited be;
He whom thou callest thy sire above
Will bend a judges frown on thee.

The following ode, written for the occasion by Grenville Mellen, and set to music by Thomas Hastings, was sung in excellent taste, at a recent meeting of the New York City Temperance Society.

The giant men of old
Who walk'd amid the vine,
Saw earth's first royal age of gold,
Ere the Poet sang of wine!
They saw no shadow on their path
Cast from a shadow'd soul,
Nor heard the Demon's voice of wrath,
The Demon of the bowl!

They trod like conquerors,
Led by the light of God—
And champions of our noble cause
Pass'd to their forest sod!
Our noble cause!—whose armor binds
Our frames about with walls,
And marks for Hope and Heaven our minds
When the shrine is bow'd, and falls!

How walk we now the earth,
Sons of a dinner day?
With spirits of a madden'd mirth,
Along this pilgrim way!
Mid city and the mountain wood,
From poison'd fount and cup,
Unknown in earth's first solitude,
The sacrifice goes up.

Men of the brighter years!
Though not a nobler age,
Let yours of gladness be the tears
Along that pilgrimage—
Tread onward like a girded band,
For the spirit mark'd for heaven—
Ye tread to good and great command,
To God and glory given.

From the New-York American.
STANZAS.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

"OH! LET US DIE LIKE MEN."

Written previous to the Battle of the Okachubbe.

Roll out the banner on the air,
And draw your swords of flame!
The forming squadrons fast prepare
To take the field of Fame.
With measur'd step your columns dun
Close up along the glen,
If we must die ere set of sun,
Oh! let us die like men.

We seek the foe from night till morn,
A foe we do not see—
Go roll the drum, and wind the horn,
And tell him here are we.
In idle strength we watch a prey
That lurks by marsh and fen;
But should he strike our lines to-day,
Oh! let us die like men.

'Tis not to right a kinsman's wrongs
With bristling ranks we come—
Our sisters sing their evening songs
Far in a peaceful home.
We battle at our country's call
The savage in his den;
If in such struggle we must fall,
Oh! let us die like men.

Remember boys, that mercy's dower
Is life to him who yields;
Remember, that the hand of power
Is strongest when it shields.
Keep honor like your sabres, bright;
Shame coward fear—and then,
If we must perish in the fight
Oh! let us die like men.

The world's a *Printing House*. Our words & thoughts,
And deeds, are *characters* of various sizes;
Each soul is a *compositor*, whose faults
The *Levites* may *correct*, but Heaven *revises*.
Death is the common *press*, from whence being driven,
We're gathered, sheet by sheet, and *bound* for Heaven.

From the London Christian Observer.
THE VAUDOIS MISSIONARY.

An old Catholic writer, (see Reinerus Saccho's book, A. D., 1268,) complains that "the manner in which the Waldenses and the heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered a house of a family of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these—inestimable jewels which they would show if they could be sure of protection. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament, and thereby many were deluded into heresy." The following graceful stanzas are the poetical version of Reinerus Saccho's statement:

"Oh! lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
And these pearls are pure, and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls,
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
His silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh! lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty head of kings:
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her youthful form was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks waved
Their clasping pearls between—
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took—
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold, I ask it not—
For the word of God is free."

The hoary traveller went his way,
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And gave her humble heart to God
In its beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls
Where her former faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God.

WESTWARD, HO!

Arranged to a popular western melody, by Charles E. Horn, and dedicated to George D. Prentice, Esq. The words by George P. Morris.

Droop not, brothers,

As we go

O'er the mountains,

Westward, ho!

Under boughs of mistletoe,

Log-huts we'll rear,

While herds of deer and buffalo

Furnish the cheer!

File o'er the mountains—steady, boys!

For game afar

We have our rifles ready, boys!

Aha!

Throw care to the winds,

Like chaff, boys!—ha!

And join in the laugh, boys!

Hah—hah—hah!

Cheer up, brothers!

As we go,

O'er the mountains,

Westward, ho!

When we've wood and prairie-land,

Won by our toil,

We'll reign like kings in fairy land,

Lords of the soil!

Then westward, ho! in legions, boys!

Fair freedom's star

Points to her sunset regions, boys!

Aha!

Throw care to the winds,

Like chaff, boys!—ha!

And join in the laugh, boys!

Hah—hah—hah!

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

BY W. H. C. BOSMER.

Within a wild deserted wood
Through which a river rolled,
An Indian Chieftain fearless stood,
With saddened look, yet bold;
And brooding o'er his country's woes,
His grief to indignation rose.

Is this the land—is this the land
Which gave my fathers birth?
Which nature formed with cunning hand,
A chosen spot of earth!
Oh no, 'tis not the chosen place,
Its beauty withered with my race.

Those hearts of fire, too proud to die,
Remain not now the same;
That tameless look and eagle eye,
Have changed for brow of shame,
For happiness and glory fled
Before the white man's withering tread.

The flower which blossoms in the shade,
Would wither in the summer air;
And nature has the Indian made
To bloom and flourish there.
But when our wilds and grove decay,
Our race, like spring flowers, pass away.

Our council fires no longer shine,
Our maids no longer sing;
That leafless and that branchless pine,
Scathed by the lightning's wing,
Is proper emblem of the race
Who have no home, no resting place.

What binds me to existence now?
Can I revenge my country's wrongs?
Or shall my eagle spirit bow?
No! life but misery prolongs.
He spoke—and plunging in the wave,
Within its bosom found a grave.

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

BY S. C. HALL.

Strange that the wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower or tear a tree;
To range or to ramble wherever it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still;
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and sky in strife,
Gently to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend ere night!
Or to love, and cherish and bless, to-day!
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away!

Strange, that the Sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul and gladden the eye;
At morn its child is the pride of spring—
At night a shrivelled and loathsome thing!
To-day, there is hope and life in its breath;
To-morrow, it shrinks to a useless dead;
Strange doth it seem, that the sun should joy
To give life, alone that it might destroy!

Strange, that the Ocean should come and go,
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow—
To bear on its placid breast at morn,
The bark that, ere night, will be tempest torn;
Or cherish it all the way, it must roam,
To leave it a wreck, within sight of home,
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door;
And gently, ripple along the strand,
To watch the window behind him land.

But stranger than all, that man should die,
When his plans are formed and his hopes are high;
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,
And the morrow beholds him a part of its clay;
He is born in sorrow and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labor in vain;
And all that seventy years can show,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom wo;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

Alas! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise decrees;
That the wind is not ever a gentle breath—
That the sun is often the bearer of death—
That the ocean wave is not always still—
And life is chequered with good and ill—
If we know its well such change should be,
What do we learn from the things we see?
That an erring and sinful child of dust
Should not wonder nor murmur—but hope and trust.

"Much yet remains unsung," as will be seen
by the following splendid verse:
"Al hail, thou glorious moon
Bright as a new pan;
Thou brightest, roundest, noblest source
Of bread and cheese to man!"

Absence of Mind.—A back woods editor says,
"We stop the fire to announce that a press has
broken out, and is likely to do great damage."

The Boston Times says, "Give us old Ver-
mont yet for true religion, beautiful women,
fine sheep, and good shingle timber."

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839.

No. 13.

MISCELLANY.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memoirs of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odour, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving in the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasps, which the Roxburgh club would now consider an invaluable block letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

'The saints have you in their keeping!' said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

'The dear Madonna bless you!' ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations,

'And now,' said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, 'that your wounds are healing and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country.'

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, 'I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank.'

'Of England!' hastily responded the merchant, 'of England! of heretic England! He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

'I may not deny home and country,' replied the soldier mildly.

'But I should incur the church's censure for harboring thee!' exclaimed the merchant! 'thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!'

'Then let me forth,' replied the soldier, 'you have been to me a good Samaritan; and I would not requite you with evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need.'

'Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and besides England was once one of the brightest jewels in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear me, she will not, for your master Henry is a violent hot-headed man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of the holy mother church, ought not to be exchanging words with thee!'

'Even so,' replied the soldier, 'but there are many who think the king's grace hardly dealt by.'

'The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold,' replied the merchant hastily; 'but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but now I bethink me thou wert reading; what were thy studies?'

The brow of the soldier clouded—he hesitated a moment, but then gathering up his resolution, he replied, 'in the din of battle this book was my breastplate. in the hour of sickness my best balm,' and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

'Holy saint!' exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman. 'Thou art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home!—But thou shalt forth! I will not harbor thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him!'

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun as he passed majestically on the shrine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

'You are thinking of your own far off home,' said the Italian girl; 'how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!'

'There is such a home,' replied the soldier. 'Ah!' replied Emilia, 'but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer.'

The soldier smiled, and sighed. 'You guess why I am here to night,' resumed the Italian girl. You think I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and therefore, you smiled, and you just breathed one little sigh because you leave the bright sun—and me.'

'Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to your implacable church?'

Emilia crossed herself. No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and with tears. Go and be happy, and forget us.'

'Never!' exclaimed the soldier earnestly—'never! and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with.'

'I shall see you no more,' said the young Italian, 'and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of floods and fields? I have been happy while you was here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flowers, and when you had voice to speak, thanked me.'

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs, and what wonder if one from man's sterner mingled with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listening to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

'Thou art sad, dear daughter,' said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we jostle on our way from the city to Westminster.—

'Thou art sad, dear daughter.' 'Nay, my father,' replied the maiden, I would not be so; but it is hard to wear a cheerful countenance when—'

'The heart is sad, thou would'st say—'

'Nay, I mean it not.' I have scarce seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England.'

'Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude.'

'They are running mad to some revelry.' 'Let us leave the path, then,' said the girl, 'it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonored faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry.'

Well, and if it be so,' replied the father, 'haply the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow!—thou mayest catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream.'

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver, and gold and merchandize.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on, laden with the wealth and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, 'The King! the king! long live the king!' He came—Henry the VIII., came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendor in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretension of the Pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, and the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and foreign aspect of the girl, had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd, so that the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course the English colors triumphed over the papal. Up to this moment the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinal were hurled into the stream, amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge, groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the pope dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony burst from his lips, 'Oh, monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!' sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough } the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh, sad were those prison hours; The girl tolled her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavored to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.]

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made Lord Cromwell vicar general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favor with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar general, it was scarcely possible that he would show mercy to one, attached, by lineage and love, to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, poor, unknowing and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope!

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places; a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passion in the judges as in the judged.—On one hand recant fear abjured his creed; on another heroism braved all contingencies courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire, and the pile and the state were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age; the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity for the pope as a true son of the church; denied the supremacy of Henry, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court.—

Room for Lord Cromwell, room for Lord Cromwell! and the vicar general came in his pomp and his state; with all the insignia of office, to assume the place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty.—Yet when the vicar general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feelings that divided men from monsters. That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear—his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father.

A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect silence followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—'From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles' knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtedment.'

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. 'Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birth place?'

'We are Tuscans,' replied the merchant, 'of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl!'

'To both, or to neither!' exclaimed the girl; 'we will live or we will die together!'

The vicar general made answer to neither.—He rose abruptly; at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned; the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched,—to light on lids unsoiled with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou has felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor; her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheek, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure as she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear, a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread: the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be? that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar general stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciation on his lips, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

'Awake, gentle girl, awake,' said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia. 'Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in my ears in other days.'

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings and confusion, formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of Emilia! Emilia! awake, and behold our judge!

Nay, nay, not thus roughly,' said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent position into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her, and thus rested at the feet of her judge.

'Look on me Emilia,' said Lord Cromwell.—And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised the tear-swollen eye to his face. As she did so, the vicar general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed, 'it is the same! it is our sick soldier guest.'

Even so,' said Lord Cromwell, 'even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life & death, as your judge; but fear not Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler

thoughts. It may be, Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature.—Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for the sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou used to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbb'd with agony of pain; fondly thinking that their sweetness would be balm; and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed?—to a prison and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father and share it.'

An hour! who dare prophecy its events? At the beginning of that hour the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison; at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

SHAKESPEARE'S COURTSHIP OF ANN HATHAWAY.

From the Youth of Shakspeare.

"How dost like our Anne's singing?" inquired John Hathaway, when his daughter had left the chamber to put the children to their beds.

"Very exceedingly, I do assure you," replied the youth with a notable sincerity.

"Humph!" exclaimed the father, as though he were thinking of something he cared not to give speech too. "Indeed she hath a sweet throat." Nothing more was said on that head at the moment, and they again talked of country matters till his great wondering at his guest's marvellous insight into such things, and inquired how he obtained it; whereupon the other truly answered that he obtained it by questioning those whose business it was.

In good time the yeoman's blooming daughter returned, and busied herself with preparations for supper, taking care whenever she could to have her share in the discourse, which she did with pretty sprightfulness exceedingly agreeable to her young admirer. Seeing her attempting to move the great table nigher the fire, he must needs jump up, and with a graceful officiousness seek to do it himself, the which she appeared to object to in some manner, and there was a little arguing of the matter betwixt them—the father looking on with a glimmering smile, as if he could see in it something pleasant. The end was, that the young people carried the table together, manifestly to their extreme satisfaction.

In due time the rashers were done, and, with a store of other wholesome victuals were put on a fair white cloth that covered the table, and William Shakspeare was pressed with a plain blunt courtesy by the father, and a more winning persuasiveness by the daughter, to partake of the fare set before him. This he essayed to do with a notable good will. After this the blooming Anne brewed a goodly posset, and whilst they were enjoying it her father called on her to sing him a song, the which she seemed a little—a very little to hesitate upon, with a sort of pretty coyness time out of mind customary under similar circumstances—but after the handsome youth had pressed her with an excellent show of rhetoric, she sung a ditty, then popular, concerning "The pretty little Nightingale," and at least one of the listeners thought it the most exquisite singing.

Then John Hathaway would needs have a song of his guest, to the which his daughter added her entreaties so prettily, the youthful Shakspeare found it impossible to resist, whereupon he commenced singing the favorite love song of the time, beginning, "If I had wytt fur to endyte." The words were of a pleasant concert, which gained considerably in admirableness by the manner of his singing, and the tune, by means of his rich clear voice, came upon the air a very river of melody. Whether the yeoman liked the song could be only told by the pleasure lurking in the corners of his mouth, and shining quaintly in his half closed eyelids, which might be interpreted, he saw more in it than the singer imagined—however, that his daughter relished it, there could be no questioning, for her smiles were full as evident as her praises.

"Now, friend Will, thee must be agoing," exclaimed John Hathaway at last, in his usual plain countryman sort of manner. "'Tis my custom to go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark—an excellent custom I'll warrant—so I'll e'en bid thee a fair good night—nevertheless I will add to it, I shall be happy to see thee at

all times—and if I be not at home, perchance Anna will be as happy to see thee as myself." He said this with a look of humor that shone through all the staidness of his upshot, and shaking his visitor by the hand, he opened the door for his exit. His daughter denied not a word of what her father had said. Indeed, her glance, as she bade the youth good night, as plainly said, "come again," as was ever expressed by a pair of bright eyes since the world began.

THE BEST NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

The following amusing soliloquy of Mr. Lentner Salix, is from "Charcoal Sketches," by Joseph C. Neal.

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to retrieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and abjectly about, retrieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by nicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," soliloquized he, "partnership between me and good nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted, will please settle with the undersigned, who is authorized. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and it's high time to dissolve, when your partner has all the goods, and spent a' the money. Once I had a little shop; ah! wasn't it nice. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good natured; then comes another set of chaps who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borrow money—I'm so good natured; and more asked me to go their security. These fellows were always particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs and couldn't get it back. It was one of their good rules that won't work both ways; and I some how or other was at the wrong end of it—it wouldn't work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring subtraction and division, and alligation: our folks allegate against me, that I wouldn't come to no good.—All the cypherin' I ever could do, made more come little, and little come less; and yet as I said afore I had a good many assistants too.

Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good natured, I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea-partying, excursioning, and for the same reason I was always appointed treasurer, to make the distribution, when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own; it was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix you know me; Salix pony up at the bar and lend us a levy,' 'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.'—Oh! to be sure and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself, first out of shop—old *feri fash us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone on a burst, long before I bursted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now (with a fugubrious look at his shirt and pantaloons) I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But it was always so—when I was a little boy they coaxed all the pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the lickings, and to go into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapes they used to. I wonder if there isn't two kinds of people, one kind that's made to chaw up 'other kind, that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat kind of people and mouse kind of people! I guess there is—I'm very much like a mouse myself.

"I should like to know what's to become of me—I've spent all I had in getting my eddication. Learnin' they say, is better than houses or lands. I wonder if any body would swap some houses and lands with me for mine? I'd go it even and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid. I'll have to get married or list in the marines. That's what most people do, when they have nothing else to do."

"Why are you like an annual my dear? said a saucy lover as he pulled Harriet into his lap. 'I do not know.' Why, because you are handsomely bound.' Indeed," said the lady; 'Really, I can't tell.' 'Because I'm bound in calf.'

THE BROKEN CRUTCH.

One hot day in the month of June, a poor sun-burnt sailor, with but one leg, was going along the road, when his crutch broke in halves, and he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees to the side of the road, and sit down to wait till some coach or cart came by, whose driver he could ask to take him up. The first that passed that way was a stage coach; but the man who drove it was a surly fellow, and he would not help the sailor, as he thought he should not be paid for it. Soon after this the tired sailor fell asleep upon the ground, and though a thick shower of rain came on, yet still he slept; for sailors, when on board their ships, have to bear all sorts of weather: when the wind blows, the waves of the sea often dash over the deck of the vessel, and wet the poor men to the skin, while they are pulling at the ropes and shitting the sails.

When the lame sailor awoke, he found a boy's coat and waistcoat laid on his head and shoulders to keep him from being wet; and the boy sat by, in his shirt, trying to mend the broken crutch, with two pieces of wood and some strong twine. "My good lad," said the sailor, "why did you pull off your own clothes to keep me from being wet?" "O," said he, "I do not mind the rain; but I thought the large drops of rain that fell upon your face would awake you, and you must be sadly tired to sleep so sound on the ground. See! I have almost mended your crutch, which I found broken; and if you can lean on me, and cross yonder field to my uncle's farmhouse, I am sure he will get you a new crutch. Pray do try to get there. I wish I was tall enough to carry you on my back."

The sailor looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "When I went to sea, five years ago, I left a boy behind me; if I should now find him such a good fellow as you seem to be, I shall be happy as the day is long, though I have lost my leg, and must go on crutches all the days of my life."

"What was your son's name?" the boy asked. "Tom White," said the sailor, "and my name is John White."

When the boy heard these names, he jumped up, threw his arms round the sailor's neck, and said, "My dear, dear father, I am Tom White, your own little boy."

How great was the sailor's joy, thus to meet his own child, and to find him so good to those who wanted help!

Tom had been taken care of by his uncle, while his father was at sea, and the sun-burnt, lame sailor, found a happy home in the farmhouse of his brother; and though he had now a new crutch, he kept the old one as long as he lived, and showed it to all the strangers who came to the farm as a proof of the kind heart of his dear son Tom.

A Ladies Latin.—Come here, Arrabella, dear, and tell me what latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arrabella, is—am-o, I love, am-at, he loves, am-amus, we love:—hat's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho' don't it? says I, and yet, if Latin is love, and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion—and I got up and slipt my hand into her's—you hadn't no occasion to go to the combined school to learn it; for nature, says I, teaches that, a—and I was whisperin' of the rest of the sentence in her ear, when her mother said—Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are saying of? Talking Latin, says I, a winkin' to Arrabella; an't we Miss? O yes, said she, returnin' the squeeze of my hand and larfin'; o yes, mother, after all he understands it complete. Then take my seat here, said the old lady, and both on you set down and talk it; for it will be a good practice for you, and away she sailed to the other end of the room, and left us a—Talkin' Latin.—*Sam Slick.*

Man being made a reasonable, and so a thinking creature, there is nothing more worthy of his being than the right direction and employment of his thoughts, since upon this depends both his usefulness to the public, and his own present and future benefit in all respects. So says an eminent as well as excellent author, and we have thought that by brushing up good sayings of the great men who have left so much for our instruction, we might occasionally do more perhaps than merely amuse a passing moment. To point out the true road to content is a high aim.

THE RESTING PLACE.

BY J. N. MAFFIT.

"So man lieth down, and riseth not till the Heavens be no more; they shall not wake; nor be raised out of their sleep."

However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body sinks into dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of the bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more; the tears are dried up in their fountains; the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the very bosoms of the pale nation of the dead—not one of the sleepers heed the spirit stirring trumpet or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth. The voice of thunder shall not awaken them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds—the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall hear His voice.

A Pungent Argument.—We happened last Sunday afternoon to be at the Bethel in North Square. The house was running over with seamen, who filled the body of the house, the stairs to the pulpit, and even the pulpit itself. We give the following extract of the sermon, as a fair specimen of the style in which the Rev. Mr. Taylor makes a practical application of an important truth:—"I say, shipmates, now look me full in the face. What should you think of the man aboard of a ship, who was always talking about his compass, and never using it?—What should you think of the man, who, when the storm is gathering, night at hand, moon and stars shut out, on a lee shore, breakers ahead, then first begins to remember his compass—and says, 'Oh, what a nice compass I have got on board, if before that time, he has never looked at it? Where is it that you keep your compass? Do you stow it away in the hold? Do you clap it into the fore peak?' By this time Jack's face, that unerring index of the soul, showed visibly that the *reduction ad absurdum* had begun to tell. Then came by a natural logic, as correct as that of the school, the *improvement*. "Now, then, brethren, listen to me. Believe not what the scoffer and the infidel say. The Bible, the Bible is the compass of life. Keep it always at hand. Study your bearing by it. Make yourself acquainted with all its points. It will serve you in calm and in storm, in the brightness of noonday, and amidst the blackness of night, it will carry you in every sea, in every clime and navigate you at last, into the harbor of eternal rest." Could anything be more in point? After all, refine much as you will, this is preaching. What is much vaunted—grammar, what are words, save instruments merely for quickening the understanding, stirring the emotions, and carrying good thoughts home to the heart?—*Boston Transcript.*

CHEERFULNESS IN WIVES.

Boz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

Many of the empty pots of an apothecary's shop are as gaudily decorated and neatly marked as those that are full, and the bottles that make the greatest show in the street are filled with a colored useless fluid.

A dandy black entered a bookstore, and with a very consequential air, inquired: "Hab you got a few quires letter paper of de very fust rate, for a gemman to write lub letters on?"—"Yes," was the reply, "How many will you have?" "I s'pose," said he "my stay at de Spring may be 'bout two or three week, give me 'nough quere to write four letter."

Bob went into several bookshops to get a copy of Lady Bulwer's "Cheveley," but being unable to find one, on coming out he saw a man with lobsters. Tom who was with him, as usual said, "let us get a lobster instead."

"Very well," said Bob, "it will do, as it is pretty extensively read."

Early Rising.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,200 hours or three years, 121 days, of 16 hours, which will afford 8 hours a day for exactly ten years.

A legal gentleman was asked lately to give the derivation of the word CUFFEE—a word colloquially employed to designate the sons and daughters of Ethiopia. "Our community," said the gentleman, "is divided into two great classes; the whites, who are the *cuffers*, and the blacks who are the *cuffees*."

"I say, printer—do you take Manhattan money?"

"No."

"What's the reason? Aint it good?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take it then?"

"Can't get it."

"Why is Arkansaw of the feminine gender, David?" "Coz its—why coz its got Miss Soury on the norf, Louisa Anna on the souf, Mrs Sippy on the east, and ever so many she-males on the west." Very well, David, you may go to the head—your's a rising genius, and'll make a man before your mother." "Yeth'm."

Irish Time.—A dandy seeing a newly imported Irishmen passing the gates of the Prince's Dock, at Liverpool, cried out—"Arrah, Pat, what's o'clock by your red stockings?" "Just striking time," said Paddy, at the same moment flooring the exquisite with his shillalah.

Polishing.—A person in a public company accused the Irish Nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met hard rubs enough to polish any Nation on the Earth."

Col. Ethan Allen had a high opinion of himself and his six brothers, and once observed that there never were seven such born of any women. You are mistaken, said a Scotch officer, Mary Magdalen was delivered of seven exactly like you.

A Negative Pun.—"I am happy, Ned, to hear the report that you have succeeded to a large landed property." "And I am sorry, Tom, to tell you that it is groundless."

Diogenes being asked, "the biting of which beasts is the most dangerous?" answered, "If you mean wild beasts, 'is the slanderers, if tame ones, the flatterers."

A Dublin paper speaking of Robespierre, says: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who died at the same time."

A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians in their lawsuits.

"Well, Bob, how much did your pig weigh?" "Oh don't know, it didn't weigh as much as I expected—I always thought it wouldn't."

"Ven are you going to Texas?" as the boy said to man vot wanted to get trusted at the printing office.

Robert Burns paid very little respect to the artificial distinctions of society. On his way to Leith one morning, he met a man in hood and grey—a west country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped and conversed with him. All this was seen by a young Edinburgh blood, who took the poet roundly to task for this defect of taste. "Why, you fantastic gomer?" said Burns, "it was not the great coat, the scone bonnet and the saundaer boot horse I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such any day."

Cruel Hoax.—The Lincoln Gazette, (an English paper,) states that a young lady in that place, having a pique against one of her acquaintances, a Miss Barry, procured a suit of men's clothes, and an introduction—and under pretence of love induced Miss B. to receive her as a lover. She carried on the hoax successfully for nearly three months, the two lovers wandering around the banks by moonlight almost every fair evening; and the time was actually set for their nuptials. At last a mutual friend discovered the cheat by accident, and acquainted Miss B. with the hoax.

Losing Good Morals by an Earthquake.—An American ship lay at Talcahuana at the time the severe earthquakes were experienced there.—Shortly afterwards, while lying in another port, the captain thought it necessary to punish a man, but allowed that if the offender could advance any reason for his immoral conduct, he would be pardoned. "Why, sir," said Jack, "you see as how I think that are earthquake shook my moral principel out o'me." Such able reasoning had the desired effect, and Jack was forgiven.

Oh Hush!—"My dear," said a brisk country lad to his sweathart, "I want you to go to the Circus with me to night; I han't got only two shillings, but you shall go in, and I'll wait at the door till you come out—or may be I can get under the curtain or something."—*N. O. Times.*

All uncommon minds appear to the vulgar to be wicked, just as they take all remarkable contrivances to be legs of the devil. But, in every noble heart, there burns an eternal thirst for a nobler: in every lovely heart, an eternal thirst for a lovelier.

The town clerk in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was very aptly followed by the clergyman reading the hymn commencing—"Mistaken soul, who dream of heaven."

All common minds are stagnant pools of water, which reflect the green banks that surround them; all uncommon minds are like the ocean, which reflects whatever passes over its surface.—*Jean Paul.*

Good Advice.—The following short sentence of advice by Wm. Penn should be kept in mind, by all young persons who are thinking of committing matrimony:—*Never marry but for love—but see thou love what is lovely.*

It was a golden query of Dr. Franklin, in answer to one of the importunate letters of Thomas Paine that "if men were so wicked with religion, what would they be without it."

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages—to which he replied, "No sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

Tom, tell me the greatest lie now, you ever told in your life, and I'll give you a glass of cider. "Me, I never told a lie."—Boy draw the cider.

Consider your wants before you make wishes, and you will prevent the humiliation of repeating many idle words.

Pedantry.—Ignorance I can bear without emotion, but the affectation of learning gives me a fit of the spleen.

"I hate to hear people talk behind one's back, as the robber said ven the constable vos chasing him and crying "stop thief."

Ask quick if you wish to get a pretty girl, and don't take no for an answer.

There is a mercantile house in Boston, under the firm of *Kneal and Pray*.

Sardonic Smile.—The term sardonic smile' in so general use, must have obtained a signification quite different from its original meaning. This smile, produced by a poisonous plant, was as Pliny informs us, an involuntary motion of the muscles of the face, the effect of which was retained on the countenance of him who died of the poison long after death, giving it the appearance of a smile.—*Literary Gaz.*

The first consideration with a knave is how to help himself, and the second how to do it with the appearance of helping you. Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massive gold, and substituted a cloak of wool. "Gold" said he, "is too cold in winter, and heavy in summer, and it behooves us to take care of Jupiter."

Anecdote.—A young apprentice to the shoe-making business, lately asked his master what answer he should make to the often repeated question.—"Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Tom?" says the master, "Tell them that I warrant them to prove good, and if they do not that I will make them good for nothing."

"The beth vegetable," said a lispng old maid "that ever I eat with a clam." She ought to marry the Irishman who said, "of all shell fish I prefer an egg." Or the one who said, the best piece of meat he ever eat was "a raw roast potatoe boiled."

A married woman, negligent of her person, and careless of her charms, will soon weaken the respect of her husband, and be charmless in his sight. No married woman ought ever to be seen by her husband with disarranged hair, or soiled gown, handkerchief or collar.

A Tender Wish.—A beggar in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old testy, gouty, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability; on which the medicant said, "Ah plaze your Honor, I wish your heart was as tender as your toes."

"I can tell you how to save that ere hoss," said a darkey to a man in West street, who was looking very earnestly at a skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily loaded with oysters. "Will you?—say on." "Why just slip him away while the crows are at roost."

A lady who was desperately fond of play, was confessing herself. The priest, among other arguments to dissuade her from gaming, said that she ought to consider the loss of time.—"Ah, father," said she, "it is always what vexes me—so much time is lost in shuffling the cards!"

"Marm wants to know if you'll thend her an eighth of veal?" said a lispng urchin to the butcher. "An eighth—why, what's that, my lad?" "Don't know, but she told me to get half a quarter, and if that aint an eighth, then the koolmather don't know noffin."

The arrogant air of foppish indolence always disgusts a man of common sense. One honest industrious mechanic, is worth the whole herd of perfumed exquisites, who infest our streets with their collars turned down and not a cent in their pockets.

Equivocal Charity.—A London paper of 1761; contains the following notice: "The ladies of distinction at the west end of the town have determined to bestow on the poor all their earnings at cards during the holidays."

"Bill Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "the next time I catch you alone I'll flog you like any thing." "Well," replied Bill, "I aint often much alone. I commonly have my legs and fists with me."

The laws of Louisiana place the husband and wife upon equal grounds. They give to each the control of their property and to the survivor the right of dower in the property of the deceased.

None are so invincible as your half-witted people, who know just enough to excite their pride, but not so much as to expose their ignorance.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied must admit those of fancy.

Quarrels.—He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839.

Orphan Asylum Exhibition.—We have seldom passed an hour more pleasantly than in witnessing the examination of the children of the Orphan Asylum, on Tuesday evening, at the Methodist chapel. The children arrived at the church, attended by the Matron, Teacher and Assistants, a little before eight o'clock, neatly dressed in a plain uniform, and took their seats with great regularity and order, within the railing around the pulpit, which had been prepared on a platform for the occasion. There were about forty children, a number of whom were not over three or four years of age, and from that to twelve, and a happier and more orderly family we have never seen. They must have been well trained, and under most excellent management, as there was not the least disturbance among them during the time they were together. The exercises were commenced by singing, by the children, which was followed by prayer, by a clergyman. After which the children were examined in the various branches in which they have been instructed, interspersed with appropriate hymns and songs—some of which by the infant class, produced bursts of applause from an overflowing audience. The children performed their part most admirably; and when it is considered, that most of them have been under instruction but a short time, that they were very ignorant when they became inmates of the asylum, we think their teachers deserving of great commendation.

Some part of the exercises were very affecting, particularly the valedictory address by an orphan girl of eleven years of age. When with a voice soft and tremulous, and with emotions she could not restrain, she implored the blessings of heaven upon the Friends and benefactors of the orphan, the audience was melted into tears, and it may well be doubted if anything could have added to the effect which the simple address of this child produced.

The managers presented a brief and informal report of the history of the institution, in which were detailed many affecting instances of suffering and misery, in the cases of children which they had received. Some of them had been rescued from the lowest depths of misery and wretchedness. For want of accommodations, the number of children is limited to forty, and the Asylum has generally contained about this number.

The Directors, who hold as Trustees the property of the institution, made a statement of their views, and the wishes of the managers, with reference to the erection of suitable buildings to accommodate one hundred children.—This they propose to do by disposing of some property which was purchased a year ago, on which to erect an asylum, but which they will have no occasion to use, as the Society has since received a donation of a lot of land from Mr. GREG, of Canandaigua. In addition to this, the Society anticipate the receipt of two thousand dollars, the amount of a legacy left by Mr. Daniel Chittenden, of Riga, lately deceased.—With these means, and such others as the directors hope to receive, they expect to be able to provide an asylum which will not only accommodate a much larger number of children, but in which they can be more comfortably for, than in the small building which they now occupy.

We come from this meeting more than ever impressed with the importance of this charity. A work house is needed, and so is a city alms

house, but there can be no substitute for this establishment, and nothing can be done which should induce our citizens to withhold their patronage and support from the Rochester Orphan Asylum. We could not but envy the satisfaction which these kind hearted managers must have enjoyed; in witnessing the success of their laudable efforts. And the testimony of a delighted audience, gave proof that could not be misunderstood, that they have the confidence, and that they will have the co-operation, of this benevolent community.

¶ We have read "*Chevely, or the man of Honor,*" and find it to be an insipid, half fledged production. In our humble opinion, no single page of either volume reaches even mediocrity. It will only be read extensively, because it is made up of petty scandal—"family jars"—domestic intrigues and quarrels. We do not believe Lady BULWER ever wrote a line of it.—If she did, she is to be pitied, not only because it develops her taste as morbid and indelicate, but because it shows up herself as guilty of loving another, and of being beloved, and receiving, unrebuked, expressions of that love, in the very sanctuary of her home. No really virtuous woman would be guilty of such gross infidelity. Nor would a virtuous wife allow another, and that other a lover, in her presence, to rebuke or traduce, her husband, no matter how unfaithful that husband may be.—Yet all this is detailed of the unhappy spouse of "*the man of honor*" The reader of "*Deerbrook*" and "*Chevely*" will be painfully impressed with the contrast between the gross infidelity in feeling, if not in action, shown in the conduct of Lady de-Clifford, and the pure, angelic constancy—the high-toned and holy delicacy—evinced by the two sisters, (and particularly by Margaret) who form the chief characters in that most excellent of all recent fictions.

In these remarks, however, we do not wish to excuse the conduct of BULWER. We need not look to "*Chevely*" for pictures of his licentious immorality. His "*Faulkner,*" his "*Clifford*" and his "*Alice*" are so many monuments of the depravity of his heart and impurity of his intellect.

Sweet's Practical Elocution.—Professor SWEET, so generally known throughout the country as a practical elocutionist, has now in Press a work upon that subject, intended for colleges, academies and common schools. It will make about 300 pages; and judging from the index, and a few of the first pages, which we have seen, it will prove a great acquisition to this important department of education. The Professor has devoted many years to the science of elocution, and is too well known in the principal literary institutions throughout the State, to require any commendation from us; and his work will speak for itself. It cannot fail—so admirably adapted is it to the object in view—to meet with a general and rapid sale, and a universal adoption. At present we have few works upon this subject, and none really deserving of patronage. A good work is a desideratum which has long been wanting. "*Sweet's Practical Elocutionist*" will meet the views and wishes of all practical men. It will be ready in the course of six weeks.

¶ How beautiful and true are the following observations of a modern writer:—

"Domestic happiness (says he) consists in faith in the virtue of woman; political happiness in faith in the integrity of man; and all happiness, temporal and eternal, in faith in the justice, goodness and mercy of God."

NEW BOOKS.—The Press is teeming with new publications. The HARPERS, as usual, take the lead; and we have on our table, some of the best of their recent issues, but we have this morning, only time to quote their titles:—

"*Richelieu, or the Conspiracy; a Play in five acts,*" by BULWER.—This work has had a greater run than any of his previous stage productions, and is deemed his master piece of dramatic composition.

"*Schoolcraft's Algie Researches,*" consisting of Indian Tales and Legends. This is an interesting work, in two vols., from the pen of a gentleman intimately acquainted with the subject of which it treats.

"*Deerbrook,*" by Miss MARTINEAU, in 2 vols., is a capital thing. The old lady, like most old ladies, appears most disagreeable when finding fault. She does but little of this in "*Deerbrook,*" and every one will be pleased and profited by giving it a perusal.

"*The Cabinet Minister,*" by Mrs. GORE, we have not looked at. It is a good subject.

"*Chevely, the Man of Honor,*" is Mrs. BULWER's sarcastic treatise upon her faithless husband. Much may be learned of English Society from a work written under the circumstances which drew out "*Chevely.*"

"*The Far West, or a Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains,*" is from the pen of a traveller who wears a visor. Its sketches are graphic, and written with much of beauty and clearness.

All these works (which we shall take occasion to notice more fully hereafter) are for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. NICHOLS & WILSON.

"*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*"—There is, perhaps, no periodical in the world, more favorably or more extensively known, than "*Blackwood.*" For a quarter of a century it has been the favorite—in all but its toryism—of the *literati* of Europe; and, since its republication in this country, it has become almost equally the favorite here. "*Christopher North*" has few equals in his department; and the other contributors to the Magazine are almost quite as famous for their genuine talent. It is now re-published by Mrs. LEWER, New York, and we know of few ways in which \$5 may be more advantageously spent than in subscribing for it. C. MORSE is the agent in this city.

"*The London Quarterly Review,*" for April.—Like all of the Re-Prints from the press of Mr. LEWIS, the present number of this Review is full of substantially interesting matter. The Review of Sir FRANCIS HEAD's Narrative and Lord DURHAM's Report is elaborate and severe. The article upon the "State and Prospects of Asia," embodies a vast amount of useful information, and is worth, alone, the price of a whole volume. C. MORSE is the agent.

Knickerbocker for June.—There is a richness in every succeeding number of the *Knickerbocker*, which makes it irresistibly attractive, and which is winning for it a fame as broad as Christendom. The June number is enlivened by additional articles from the flowing and graphic pen of Washington Irving, and a variety of other articles almost equally interesting.

¶ "*The Ladies' Companion*" for June, is full of excellent matter, from the pens of the best of our modern writers. It is "entirely original," and maintains the high character which the work has recently acquired.

It is embellished with a beautiful engraving illustrative of one of BURNS' Poems—with a rich plate of the Summer Fashions—and an excellent piece of Mus.c.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The Rochester Female Association for the relief of orphan and destitute children, was formed Feb. 28, 1837, and went into operation the April following.

The managers have been obliged to continue it on a small scale, and have labored under many disadvantages for want of room to accommodate all the children. But they fully realize the importance of such an Institution, and the great amount of good that may be accomplished, in rescuing these poor, friendless, and in many instances, worse than friendless children from misery and ruin. It is thought, that with proper buildings and accommodations, double the number of children may be supported with very little additional expense.

The following interesting facts, taken from the diary of the Matron, and selected from many other cases of nearly the same interest, will give some idea of what has already been done.

The first children that were brought to the Asylum, April 13, were an orphan, and two others, whose mother was in States Prison, and the father dead. The number soon increased to thirty. The whole number received is seventy-eight; forty-four of whom are girls. Thirty-nine were under six years of age, one boy and two girls over ten; fifteen known to be orphans, five deserted by their parents, not certainly known that they are dead. The remaining fifty-eight, with one or two exceptions, have indigent widowed mothers, three or four of whom, by being allowed to place their children in the Institution, are enabled, by their daily labor, to pay the board of these children, and to maintain themselves; when, otherwise, they would, most probably, have been on the town, and their offspring exposed to vice and immorality. Some few have had respectable parents, and some advantages of education; but the greater part did not know the alphabet; and their morals entirely neglected. Many have been found, the wretchedness of whose condition, we did not suppose existed in a Christian land.— One very interesting girl at the commencement was found, deprived of her infamous home by her pretended guardian being taken to prison with his wife for crime. In a few months, this girl was adopted into a virtuous family, where she will be trained to usefulness, and enjoy a paternal home. Had not this timely retreat been secured to her, she would, most probably, have been exposed to a life of infamy, wretchedness and woe. One infant, twenty months old, deserted by its parents, and maintained by its indigent and infirm grandmother more than a year, when her health failed her, she resigned her charge to the orphan's home. A few months after, a lady from Mich. visiting the Asylum, became interested in the child and adopted it as her own. Thus has this promising little girl been saved from misery and degradation, and placed in a situation to grow up to usefulness and respectability. One girl, nine years old, was found in the streets begging, having been left in a wretched family by her parents, and employed by this family to beg from door to door. She had become familiar with vices, which, when she had an opportunity to forsake, it was evident, were not agreeable to her nature. In a few months she found a home in a good and respectable family. Three children (girls) of one family, whose parents, not seven years ago, were above want, moved in a respectable circle, beloved by their friends, the mother pious, had every appearance of a life of comfort; but the destroyer, *Intemperance*, came.— The father gave himself up to it; and the mo-

ther's constant anguish for the anticipated misery of her interesting children, deprived her of reason; they were neglected, and she obliged to beg for food to sustain them. On day in her absence, the clothes of one of those little ones took fire, and burned her in so dreadful a manner, that she suffered for more than a year; and from neglect was almost a cripple. The mother died, and they were brought to the Asylum before this child recovered, the youngest also suffering from a severe burn, and otherwise very much diseased. They are now in health, and are peculiarly interesting children; the eldest is in a pious family in this city. A boy, seven years old, found in the street in the winter begging, with but little clothing on, was brought to the Asylum by the Poor Master, was afterwards claimed by a Canadian woman, who had probably decoyed him from home for the purpose of supplying her by begging. He had the appearance of abuse and neglect, and had lost the sight of one eye. He is now an interesting boy.— Another boy, nine years old, was taken from the streets in the winter, had been several weeks in jail, homeless and friendless, had the appearance of every vice attendant on idleness, had been deprived of his father in infancy. If he ever had any privileges, he abused them, and did not know the alphabet. He had been an inmate in several different poor houses. He was sick for several months after he was brought to the Asylum. Since his recovery he has improved rapidly, and now bids fair to become a useful man. His mother remarked that she had utterly despaired of saving him, as she could not keep him herself, and he would not stay at any place where she boarded him to go to school. He has been at the Asylum eighteen months, and has never once left the yard without permission. Before he found a home in the Asylum he had been put in the poor house, and ran away from there, and was afterwards put into the jail to save him from freezing.

Many more cases might be given, but these are enough to convince an enlightened community of the importance of such an Institution.

The studies and work are attended as directed in the school, and every means used to train the children up to habits of industry. They can repeat nearly a thousand verses of scripture, besides hymns and other lessons. Five are considerably advanced in Olney's Geography, and four in Parley's; and these nine study Arithmetic. Several children have been removed by their parents; three have been removed by death. Four are in good families in this city; several in the country; seven out of the county. Thirty nine are now remaining in the Asylum, all in good health.

By order of the Board of Managers.

M. E. TALMAN, Sec'y.

There was a verbal statement given of two others, which exceedingly interested the audience. It was this:—A boy by the name of John Ker, about six and a half years old, was brought from the poor house to the Asylum, when it was first established. He had some recollection of his mother, who died when the Cholera prevailed in this city. Of his father he has had no recollection. He often told the Matron and teacher that he had an infant sister when his mother died, and expressed a desire that if she were alive, she might be found and brought to the Asylum. He said she had a scar on her neck, caused by her clothes taking fire from shavings on the hearth.

One day, a little more than a year since, a gentleman brought a little girl to the Asylum by

the name of Mary Carr, saying he had taken her on the death of her mother who died of the Cholera, and hearing of the Asylum, he had brought her. As soon as the child was brought into the room, John immediately recognized her, and ran and caught her in his arms, and exclaimed, "this is my sister, my dear sister, and here is the scar on her neck; she has come to the Asylum, she has come." Thus have those two interesting children been brought together, and will probably grow up in the cultivation of those feelings which should characterize brother and sister, instead of being exposed to the vices attendant on a condition so destitute, and without the knowledge of each others existence.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Lisbon, April 2, 1839.

A few days since, I made a jaunt up the Tagus, on board a steamer, to the head waters of navigation, or the border of Spain. I found on board, Count Forobo, who is said to be the wealthiest nobleman in Portugal. He has a palace near Villa Franke, to which he was going, with a company of the Italian Opera Players, to spend the holy days, and had chartered a steamer to come up the next day, with his friends, to the entertainment. He owns the opera house in Lisbon, which is the best theatre in the city, and has also an opera house in connection with his palace at Ville Franke. He speaks good English and is very much of a gentleman, in high repute with the Portuguese. He pointed out to me the objects of interest along the river, among which the lines constructed by the French and English in 1811, when Wellington commanded the English army in the Peninsular war. These lines commence on the Tagus within two miles of Count Forobo's palace, and run across the country to the ocean. They still stand out in bold relief, evincing the military skill of the two great commanders. These two lines are divided by a deep valley, opposite each other on lofty hills. Wellington had constructed three parallel lines of batteries, so that in case he was driven from the first, he could take shelter behind the second line. Messenah, the French commandant, frequently said that he could force Wellington's lines, but it would cost him at least 10,000 men, which he thought was too dear a price at which to purchase temporary victory. Wellington had 90,000 men along the lines under his command. The river above Lisbon for some 15 miles, widens into a bay of some 10 miles in breadth, after which its channel narrows; but the country assumes on the south, the appearance of a champaign country, as far as the eye can reach, while the northern bank is made up of a succession of hills, covered to the top with olive groves, from some of which the view is most picturesque and grand. When I had reached Ville Nova, the head of navigation upon the Tagus, I was within about 100 miles of the ancient city of Seville, in Spain. I had hoped to have been able to pass through the country to it, but was informed that there were so many Guerilla parties abroad, that it was impracticable to do so. It is some 500 miles around, and I fear I shall be under the necessity of forbidding myself the pleasure of visiting the spot where the great captain Don Quixotte discovered the famous helmet of Malbrino, or of viewing the most extensive collection of paintings of the *inimitable Morillo*, extant. Seville was his birth place, and his genius has enkindled a glory which will brighten and survive that of the Cæsars.

I have seen the royal family frequently since

I have been here. The Queen rides out often, on horseback, attended by the King, some of the maids of honor, and a few young nobles.—She is what we should call a large, fine, healthy looking Dutch woman; nothing very commanding or prepossessing in her looks. The King is a sprightly looking *dandyish sort of a boy*, a nephew of La Poue. They go frequently to the opera. I have once seen them there in State—on the occasion of the adoption of the Constitution, and the ascension of the throne by Donna Mariah—attended by the Maids of Honor and the Field Marshals of the kingdom. There was no remarkable demonstrations of the people in her favor, upon her appearance, and I had formed the idea that their presence had become too cheap—I am told, however, that the private life of both the King and Queen is unexceptionable. The Cortes allow them \$1200 per day, to keep up the expenses of Court with. The 4th of April will be the Queen's birth day, and will be a gaily one, should one of the young princes so far recover from sickness as to enable them to hold the levee.

I have been to-day to visit the tomb of the Kings, in the church of St. Vincent. It is a room a little below the level of the floor of the church, some forty feet in length and fifteen in width, arched with stone and lined with black silk velvet, dimly lighted through vaulted windows. The coffins of the Kings are in the form of a trunk with an oval top, made of lead, with an outside case of wood, which is covered with black silk velvet, faced with gold lace and fringe. Here rests the remains of several princes—the Duke of Braganza, the 1st King of Portugal—Joseph—the Johns and their Queens, and Don Pedro—their coffin surmounted by the crowns. Standing upon Don Pedro's, are both the crown of Brazil and Portugal; the latter in the best taste and the richest, both, however, are much the finest in the collection. That of Brazil rising in the form of a cone, formed of massive bands of solid gold and lined with green velvet. The crown of Portugal is more modern in its form, rising above the head and then rolling out in graceful curls, from which extends wreaths of gold in the form of festoons, forming a small crown in the centre;—this is lined with crimson velvet, and with it is a sceptre of large size, composed of solid gold. The crowns were as much as I could conveniently lift, at arms length; the crowns of the eastern Kings are more antique and not so rich.

I am forced to close this letter, as the vessel by which I send it is about sailing. After I leave Lisbon, you will hear no more from me, in the way of letters, as I shall only travel over ground too often described, to call for any notice from unpractised hands.

Tacitus says that early marriage makes us immortal—that it is the soul and chief prop of empire—and that the man who resolves to live without woman, or the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

Two gentlemen noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at the different hotels. One observed that, at his hotel, he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in iron vessels. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength enough to run out of the tpe-pot."

A preacher, who had once been a printer, thus concluded a sermon. Youth may be compared to a comma, manhood to a semi-colon; old age to a colon; to which death puts a period.

Written for the Gem.

CORSELET AND LACING.

No. 3.

MR. EDITOR—Agreeably to my suggestions in my last communication on the use of the corselet and lacing, I will now make a few remarks on their deleterious effects upon the vital organs and on the general system arising from the exclusion of a due proportion of vital air into the lungs. In order to give a tolerably distinct notion of the importance and use of respiration, I would premise that the *thorax* or *chest* contain the heart and lungs. By the curved disposition of the ribs attached or *articulated* to the bones of the back, and by the intervention of cartilage to the breast bone forwards in such a manner as to protect those vital organs from external injury. They are destined also to perform other and very important offices, beside forming a wall of defence. By the action of the muscles to elevate and their antagonists to depress the ribs, respiration or breathing is performed. The enlargement of the chest thus produced by the elevation of the ribs, in an ordinary sized adult, will admit about thirty cubic inches of air into the lungs at every inspiration, and about fifteen inspirations in a minute. According to this estimate four hundred and ninety five cubic inches of atmospheric air is breathed over in a minute. Of this about one hundred and nine cubic inches is vital air, or air that will support animal life. It is ascertained by observation that the vital air is diminished from one-fourth to one-fifth part of it every time the air is inhaled into the lungs. The effect no doubt is familiar to all who have been exposed to the confined air of crowded apartments. This effect may readily be carried to such an extent as to produce death by suffocation. Oxygenation and decarbonization of the blood seems to be the grand design of our Creator in respiration, to qualify the blood by circulation through the lungs for *nutrition*, and replenish the wastes that are constantly made in every part of the body. It is well known to all, who attend carefully to this subject, that the change the blood undergoes while circulating through the lungs, is very great. From a dark purple hue as it appears just before entering the lungs, on arriving there and passing through those organs, the blood assumes a light frothy and vermilion red appearance, and from thence it is conveyed into the general circulation. In order to have a correct notion of the circulation of the blood in the human system, we should trace its course through a double round of circulation, beginning, for instance, at the right auricle of the heart where the dark purple blood is received from the large veins; from thence to the right ventricle, and then into the pulmonary artery which conveys and distributes the blood through the lungs, from the minute ramifications of the pulmonary artery; we next arrive at the capillary veins of the pulmonary vein which conveys the light colored and frothy blood into the left auricle of the heart; then into the strong, muscular, left ventricle; from which it is conveyed by the large artery called the aorta, and its numerous branches, to all parts of the body; from whence it is again returned to the right auricle of the heart, by the numerous veins that take their rise from the extremities of the arteries, what remains after the supplies have been drawn from the general mass of blood, to repair the natural wastes of the body. Thus we find that the whole mass of blood must necessarily circulate through the lungs, to be qualified for its legitimate uses.

Now if we fully understand the mechanism

and physiology of the circulation of the blood thus far, we shall arrive at the inevitable conclusion that in every inflation of the lungs with common air it is not only important that a full quantity should be received at every breath, but that the quality should be just of that proportion of oxygen or vital air we usually find in a pure atmosphere, in order that the blood may be preserved in a healthful state.

The properties of atmospheric air have often been experimented upon by chemists, and ascertained, that if the proportion of *oxygen gas* is increased from twenty-three per cent., which is the usual quantity contained in pure atmospheric air, to thirty-seven per cent., one would not inhale but a few breaths of it before he would become frantic with intoxication. Such an atmosphere would be too exciting for health, "we should live too fast." To frequent such unnatural excitements we should suffer from *indirect debility*, in a similar manner to those who are in the habit of using intoxicating drinks.

Should the quantity be stinted, or should there be a lack of a due proportion of oxygen in the air we breathe, we should immediately feel more or less oppression about the heart and lungs in consequence of it, and the animal functions generally would suffer from *direct debility*. The symptoms of habitual tipping usually discover themselves by a full or plethoric habit and ruby red cheeks and nose in the one case, and emaciated habit or languid and wan countenance in that of habitually and genteelly laced ladies in the other case. Thirty thousand tipplers no doubt have died annually in the United States from the first named evil, and probably twice that number from the last. But the evil in point of population does not end here; the tippler may have a numerous and healthful offspring, while the fashionable wasp-waisted ladies who have been laced into the corselet consumption will *seldom* have a numerous or healthful offspring.

An experiment has been tried on a well-formed chest to ascertain the difference of capacity of the chest to receive air without restraint, compared with the quantity received into a tight laced chest, which resulted in a difference of more than one-third part in quantity. This fact can be readily ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to procure a gasometer for the purpose. What, then, can we expect but sterility, disease and death from the deprivation of so considerable a part of the principle of vitality in the air we breathe? Is it not time that mothers should take this matter in hand? that they should combine their influence and efforts to abolish a fashion so unseemly in appearance and so ruinous in its effects? Let parents look abroad in the land, particularly among the *tort strained beauties*, and the genteel and fashionable circles, and from them hear the maladies enumerated which are produced mainly by the corselet and lacing; and no one, I am persuaded, would feel disposed to pass this subject by as a matter of indifference.

Having now taken a brief physiological view of this subject, I should like to call the attention of the *Fair* readers to a few remarks hereafter, on *Pathology*, or diseases more particularly arising from the use of the corselet and lacing.

Respectfully Yours, &c., L.

Mademoiselle Rachel, the celebrated French actress, who has come up from a street ballad girl, is to be wedded to the Duke D'Ossuna, and become a Castilian Dutchess, with a fortune of many millions. Here is a romance in reality for you.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A friend who wrote the "Lines on the Destruction of the Caroline," which were very extensively re-published and applauded, has sent us the following, which are no less worthy of the same distinction. We have taken the liberty to add her name, and place of residence.

Written for the C. C. M.

"THERE ARE BEAUTIFUL THINGS."

There are beautiful things in the dark blue sky,
When Aurora comes on her orient car;
When the lark on his glittering wing soars high,
And pours his lay to the morning star.

There are beautiful things when the twilight dim
Steals solemnly over the flower clad earth—
When the wailing breeze and the evening hymn
Mingle with voices of childhood's mirth—

When the sportive thrush and the mournful dove
Through the forest shades rich music pour,
Bringing back gleams of hope and love
To hearts by the arrows of grief made sore.

There's beauty and joy in the face of youth,
The elastic form and the buoyant tread,
When the brow is stamped with the seal of truth
And charms by the rosy graces spread.

More beautiful still is the pure young soul
That a Saviour's blood hath washed from sin,
Where the stainless tears of affection roll,
And hope's bright beacon beams within.

But the sky is o'er cast with a gloomy cloud,
The thrilling song of the lark shall cease,
And midnight come with a sable shroud,
And the voice of mirth be hushed in peace—

And time shall wrinkle the fair young face,
And death the silver chord shall sever;
Birds, earth and sky shall flee apace,
But the soul—the soul shall live forever.

AMIRA THOMPSON.

Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Hear'st thou the plaintive song
Those infant voices raise?
'Tis sweeter far than thousand notes
That gain vast heed of praise.

It moves, and melts the heart
To sympathy inclined;
And wakes anew that fount of love,
So holy, and refined.

It raises cheering thoughts:
Of minds immortal torn
From Degradation's evil grasp,
And on to Virtue borne:

Of that unailing word,
That He who rules on high,
Will guide and guard the lonely one
With ever-watchful eye:

Of those pure notes in heaven,
Breathed forth from seraph's lyre:
And songs, that may wait sweeter praise,
Swelled by that little choir.

Thanks for the hand that led
The noble-minded forth,
To place amid our thiving soil
Plant of such real worth.

Of lofty domes and halls,
Ne'er be it ours to boast;
Let outward splendor be
In moral beauty lost:

And tokens such as this,
Proclaim in future years,
That 'twas our highest joy and pride,
To dry up sorrow's tears. A. C. P.

Written for the Gem.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE ON PAGE 92.

The first a knight in armor clad,
And brave to fight or fall;
The last a hood worn on the head,
Within the convent hall.

The whole knighthood by princes sought,
Who on their knees did crave it;
It only was by valor won,
And monarchs only gave it.

But here on freedom's favored soil,
Such honors we despise;
We only think those worth our toil,
That come down from the skies.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joys,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand
And that richest of books which excell'd every other—
That family Bible that lay on the stand:
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling;
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books, which excell'd every other,
That family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted—
My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books which excell'd every other,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Blest Bible, the light and the guide to the stranger,
With thee I seem circled by parents and friends;
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger,
On thee my last lingering hope then depends.
Hope waken to vigor and rises to glory,
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
For refuge lay hold on the hopes set before me,
Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Hail rising the brightest and best of the morning,
The star which guided my parents safe home;
A beam of thy glory my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten my gloom.
As the Eastern sag's to worship the stranger,
In ecstasy hasten to Canaan's fair land,
I'll bow to adore him, but not in a manner,
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheer'd by his heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing—
I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band,
In rapture of joy be ever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

In beauty lingers on the hills
The death-smile of the dying day;
And twilight in my heart instils
The softness of its rosy ray.
I watch the river's peaceful flow,
Here, standing by my mother's grave,
And feel my dreams of glory go,
Like weels upon its sluggish wave.

God gives us ministers of love,
Which we regard not, being near;
Death takes them from us—then we feel
That angels have been with us here!
As mother, sister, friend, or wife,
They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain;
And when the grave has closed between
Our hearts and theirs, we love—in vain!

Would! Mother! thou could'st hear me tell
How oft, amid my brief career,
For sins and follies loved too well,
Hath fall'n the free repentant tear.
And, in the way-wardness of youth,
How better thoughts have given to me
Contempt for error, love for truth,
'Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

The harvest of my youth is done,
And manhood, come with all its cares,
Finds, garner'd up within my heart,
For every flower a thousand tares.
Dear Mother! couldst thou know my thoughts,
Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,
The depth of feeling in my breast,
Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine!
Orange County, New York.

A SCRAP.

While others crowd around to gaze,
I humbly stand alone,
Nor dare my drooping eyelids raise
To thee, the worship'd one.
With gestures bold and accent free,
Gay words they careless speak;
I shrink, and shudder, when I see
Their breath profane thy cheek.

One calls for music—and thy song
Is poured with ready skill;
I seek, amid th' applauding throng,
To hide my wild heart's thrill,
One leads thee to the circling dance,
Thy fairy hand retains—
The fire of madness lights my glance,
Its lava fills my veins.

Oh, thou shouldst be a hidden gem,
Placed in an idle shrine,
In radiance seen afar, by them
Who deem thou art not mine!
Mine—mine!—and is this hope of youth,
A strange word traced on sand,
Where sudden rolls the wave of truth,
And sweeps it from the sandy strand?

SONNET.

On the boy who died of eating Fruit Pies.

Currants have checked the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumber spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, yet 'tis a lesson good;
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin-wash'd ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch is soon rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But, in a gentle strain of unstrain'd verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey;
echeases I was fruit-ful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away.
From the New York Literary Gazette.

"In vain we drudge, in vain we fondly roam,
For true content is only found at home;
In our own breast the happy goddess lies,
And freely grants her favors to the wise."

PARNELL.

"Contentment spoke—'Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'"—1B.

TO MULTIPLY A SHIRT.

As Bays, whose cup of poverty was dashed,
Lay snug in bed while his one shirt was washed,
The dame appeared—and holding it to view,
Said, "if 'tis washed again, 'twill wash in two"
"Indeed!" cried Bays, "then wash it, pray good
cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen!"

MARRIED.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. W. Van Landt, Mr. SIMEON P. ALLCOTT, to Miss FRANCES A. WRIGHT, all of this city.

On the 12th instant, by Rev. Dr. Dewey, Mr. George W. Root, of the firm of Root & Dunham, of N. Y., to Miss Amelia W. Ely, niece of Hervey Ely, Esq. of this city.

At Woodstock, Vt. on the 2d instant, Mr. FREDERICK RICE, of East Bloomfield, to Miss LOUISA CARPENTER, of the former place.

In Henrietta, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. F. Wheeler, Mr. John Rook, to Miss Ann Montgomery, both of Rochester.

In Charlotte, on Monday, 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Judd, MR. JACOB SNEIGHOVE, Coach Builder, of this city, to MISS MATILDA PAYNE, of Greece.

At Brighton, on the 19th inst., by Rev. A. Ingersoll, Mr. JOHN SHELMIER, to Miss LOUISA A., daughter of Mr. William Perrin, all of Brighton.

In Piga, on the 12th instant, by Azotus M. Frost, Esq. Mr. George O. Smalley, of Ill., to Miss Olive C. Miner, of the former place.

In Geneva, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. P. C. Hay, Mr. J. I. Banta, of Rochester, to Miss Lydia Van Brunt, of Geneva.

At Bath, on the 30th ult. Mr. John S. Eddy, to Miss Juda Aldrich.

At Ithaca, Mr. William Ostrand, to Miss Ann Hanyan.

At Syracuse, on the 4th instant, Mr. V. W. Smith, editor of the Western State Journal, to Miss Theodora, only daughter of Doctor Morey, Esq. all of the above named place.

In Arcadia, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. David Cushing, Mr. Chandler Pease, of Rochester, to Miss Mary Patrick, of the town of Arcadia.

DIED.

Of Consumption, in Rochester, June 1st, 1830, JAMES F. BROWN, Attorney at Law, aged 27 years.

Mr. B. was a native of Boston, and graduated at Williams' College, Mass. in 1832. He was a subject of one of the many revivals with which that Institution was blessed under the labors of the Rev. Dr. Griffin. His highly cultivated intellect, and exemplary life had attached to him many warm friends, whose great consolation it is, in view of their great loss, that death to him had no terrors; his last words on the subject of dying were, "It is sweet to wrap yourself in the mantle of Christ's righteousness, and lie down and sweetly sleep with Jesus." He expressed only one wish to live, which was, that he might cancel his obligations to his friends, who knowing he had been early deprived of both his parents, and his home, had contributed to his comfort during a protracted illness of a year and a half. His own words were, "my gratitude can never be expressed, but I have prayed for you all, that the Lord would reward you."

The following lines, (a part of a fragment from his own pen, on the death of an early friend,) express the feelings of an extensive circle of his friends, in relation to his own death:

Quos dii amant, moriantur juvenes.—Horace.

The fairest flower is first to die,
The brightest tint is first to fade,
The dearest friend, we know not why,
Is first to sleep among the dead,
Friendship's purest, sweetest, holiest tie,
Will first be rent and yield to agony.

Thy star which rose so bright and clear,
Has early, early set in night,
Thou didst but shortly linger here,
And just begin to shed the light
Of thy chastened, pure and classic mind,
And then didst leave thy sphere of hopes behind.

That tie is severed—thou art gone,
I chant no requiem o'er thy bier—
I drop the heart's pure offering on
Thy grave—'tis all I have—a tear—
Sleep on until thy Maker bid thee rise.
Then, then with songs of triumph mount the skies.

THE



GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839.

No. 14.

MISCELLANY.

CUTTING OUT A LETTER OF MARQUE.

Of all services of danger which a naval officer has to perform during a time of war, and there are many, the task of cutting out an armed vessel from under the guns of an enemy's fort, and bringing her out of the harbor in safety, is considered the most desperate. Coolness and courage must travel hand in hand there; and the successful commander of such an expedition, under the most favorable circumstances, must consider himself well off if he earns his laurels at the cost of blood.

The sun was slowly descending behind the blue peaks of San Domingo, when an American frigate came in sight of the village of Port Platte, situated at the head of a small harbor on the south side of the island, and, furling her courses, hove too, for the purpose of reconnoitering. After scanning narrowly the little anchorage, the frigate put about, and, setting her courses, was soon lost amid the shades of night. The inhabitants of the village had felt great alarm at the near approach of the armed ship, and had reinforced their fort, beside sending a number of soldiers on board the letter of marque, *Sandwich*, formerly a British packet, but now in the service of the French, which lay close under the guns of the fort, where she was receiving a cargo of coffee, previous to her making a run for France.

It was in the year 1800, just after the action between the *Constellation* and *La Vengeance*, and the name of the conqueror, Truxton, passed from lip to lip with instinctive consternation. Night came on; the moon had not appeared, and scudding clouds obscured the stars. The *reveille* had been beaten at the garrison, and the inhabitants of Port Platte had retired to dream of the daring cruisers of the American squadron. The frigate, when she had lost sight of the island, came about, and under easy sail, stood in for the shore. She was the *Constitution*, Commodore Talbot, and from the silence that reigned throughout the ship, and the total absence of light from the battle lanterns, the most careless observer would have supposed that she was about to do something for the glory of the old thirteen.

As she drew nigh the port, two officers might have been seen at the gangway, watching narrowly the lights that twinkled ahead. At this moment, the heavy roar of a cannon came echoing along the waters, and then one after another, the lights disappeared, until none were seen but those which seemed to be designed to burn throughout the night.

"Now is your time," said the elder of the persons to the younger; "have the second cutter manned, six, and come to me for farther orders." Thus saying, the commodore, for it was he, looked at the compass, and entered the cabin. In a few minutes, a knock at the cabin door announced the arrival of some officer to make a report.

"Enter," said the bluff old commodore, and immediately Lieutenant Hull, the first of the *Constitution*, stood before him.

"Are you ready?" said the commodore.

"All ready, sir," replied the lieutenant.

"Then, sir," said the commodore, "you will enter the harbor of Port Platte without being discovered, ascertain whether the craft that lies under the guns of the fort is the *Sandwich*, and when you shall have done so, return and make a report to me."

"How shall I ascertain that fact without boarding her?" said the lieutenant.

"You will know her to be the *Sandwich*," replied the commodore, "by the black stripes

around her white masts, and by the shortness of her bowsprit. Make haste, sir, for I long to give you a job."

The lieutenant smiled as he bade the commodore good night, and, immediately ascending, gave such orders to the officer of the deck as he deemed necessary under the circumstances of the case. The night was pretty well advanced as Mr. Hull wrapped himself in his boat cloak, and seated himself in the stern sheets of the second cutter.

"Shove off—let fall—pull cheerily, my boys," were the orders he gave, in a low voice, in quick succession; then passing swiftly around the frigate's stern, he pulled for the harbor, and was soon lost sight of.

For two hours nothing was heard of the adventurous officer or his boat, and the old commodore began to grow quite anxious about them. Already a pale streak stretched itself along the eastern waters, and the clouds grew thinner and fewer, while here and there a star peeped out, and was reflected back by the waves below.

"Boat ahoy!" challenged the sentinel at the gang-way of the *Constitution*, as the dash of oars at this moment fell upon his ear.

"Aye! aye!" replied the officer of the boat, and soon Lieutenant Hull crossed the gangway of the ship.

"It is the *Sandwich*, sir," said the lieutenant, after reporting his return, and paying the customary salute.

"Are you certain?" said Commodore Talbot.

"I am, sir," replied the officer, "for I lay directly under her stern, and heard through the cabin windows, which were open, her officers congratulating themselves upon the departure of the *Constellation*, for such they deem this ship to be. Beside, I noticed her masts and bowsprit, as I swept along under the guns of the fort—they are as you described them to be."

"I'll have her, by—," said Commodore Talbot, as he looked again at the harbor, which began to show itself amid the haze of dawn. "About ship, sir—set all the studding sails," and bidding the lieutenant good night, the commander in chief bounced into his cabin.

The frigate swiftly came about, and took her departure from the land. Soon the studding sails on both sides were spread out to the wind, and, like a mountain of snow, she danced along upon the bosom of the deep, until her morning watch looked out in vain for the blue outline of the island of St. Domingo.

"Sail O!" cried the look out.

"Where away?" said the officer of the deck.

"On the lee bow, sir," replied the seaman.

"Can you make her out?" hailed the officer.

"She is a sloop, sir, and shows American colors."

"Hoist our ensign," said the lieutenant.

"Aye, there comes the *Sally* in the nick of time," said the commodore, who had left the cabin at the first hail. Mr. Hull, make a signal for her to run down and speak us; we will proceed to business."

In a short time, the sail, which proved to be the American sloop *Sally*, came alongside of the *Constitution*. After a conference with her captain, he and his crew came on board the frigate, while lieutenant Hull, with a party of seamen and marines, the latter led by the brave captain Carmick, immediately repaired on board of the sloop. Having received orders from the commodore, the sloop now put her helm up and ran for the Island.

In the course of the night, while running down for her port under easy sail, a shot suddenly flew over the *Sally*, and soon after an English frigate ranged up alongside. Mr. Hull hove to, and when the boarding lieutenant gained the sloop's deck where he found so large a

party of men and officers in naval uniforms, he was much surprised. He was told the object of the expedition, however, and expressed his disappointment, as his own ship was waiting to let the *Sandwich* complete her cargo, in order to cut her out also.*

It was about noon of the following day when the sloop stood in the harbor of Port Platte.—Before her lay the *Sandwich*, with her broadside bearing on the approach; and in the rear of her, at no great distance, a battery showed its long row of black teeth for her protection.

Lieutenant Hull had sent nearly all the men below, before he entered the harbor, and now, having a stern anchor ready, he bore down, like a short handed lubberly sloop, for the bows of the *Sandwich*. As he drew nigh the ship, he said, in a low voice, "stand by to board," and soon a large number of men crouched under the bulwarks, ready for action.

"You will be afoul of me," said the Lieutenant of the *Sandwich*, who was leaning carelessly over the bulwarks as the sloop came down.

"I think I shall," was the laconic reply.—In a moment the sloop struck the bows of the enemy.

"Let go the kedge!" thundered the lieutenant—it was done like magic.

"Boarders away!" cried he, and seizing his cutlass, he crossed the gangway of the *Sandwich*, at the head of his men, and carried her without a struggle.

Captain Carmick, in the ship's boats, now landed; carried the battery, spiked the guns, and retired without the loss of a man.

A great commotion was now perceptible on shore; but the commander and his crew went swiftly to work to secure their prize, and tho' she was dismantled above her deck, and her guns stowed in the hold, before sunset she had her royal yards crossed, her guns scaled and the crew quartered. She now got under way, with the American flag at the ensign peak, and stood out of the harbor in company with the sloop.

Evening was slowly fading into night, as a ship followed at some distance by a sloop, bore down for the *Constitution*.

"Hail the stranger," said Commodore Talbot.

"What ship is that?" thundered the officer on the deck, through his trumpet.

"The United States ship Talbot, I. Hull, commander," replied the victorious officer, as he drew near enough to be distinguished by the officers of the frigate.

"It is Hull, by heavens!" said the Commodore. In a few minutes Lieutenant Hull came on board and made his official report. After a short time the *Sally's* Captain and crew were returned to the vessel, with many thanks, and Lieutenant Hull having received orders to that effect, repaired on board the prize as her commander, and, crowding all sail, followed the Commodore to Jamaica.

*Cooper's Naval History.

From the Commercial Herald and Penn. Sentinel.

THE STRANGE COMBAT.

It was during the last war of this country with Great Britain, that circumstances led me to be a passenger on board one of our merchantmen, in which I had embarked what little property I possessed. Our seas were at that time covered with small privateers belonging to both belligerents, who did more mischief to the commerce of both nations than the several public armed vessels of either.

We had been sailing for two days with a good breeze, though now and then it would lull, and then we sagged heavily along through a fog almost as dense as the waters that bore us. We were not far from our port, and our captain was

willing to crowd sail night and day, as the risk of capture was superior to that of shipwreck, and disaster from a crippling of our spars.—Our ship was about four hundred tons, heavily loaded and not a swift sailor. Her captain was a man of shrewd judgment and inflexibility of purpose, and rather given to taciturnity. He was of a slight figure, gentlemanly to equals, decided and prompt to those under him in his orders, and in exaction of their fulfilment. His keen dark eye, and naval officer gait, showed a kind of courage which one would call daring, if they had watched his countenance on particular occasions. Yet at other times he seemed to be rather a careful mariner who would reef for safety, when safety apparently did not require it. He was one of those kind of men who seemed inclined to bend the purpose of others to his own, while they were kept in ignorance of his views. I have seen him fix his eagle eye upon a sailor, and require him to look him steadily in the face for five minutes, and then dismiss him without a comment or reason for so doing, but I would bet my life almost that he had a good one.

After skimming through the mist, which I have spoken of for two or three days, I happened to be on deck with Captain ——. I was in conversation with him as to the probability of reaching our port free of the enemy's cruises. He replied with his usual brevity, "the fog and carrying sail, alone can save us; I am a made man if we escape, if not, I am ruined."

He said this in the same tone of voice that he would have given a common order; he looked up and said sternly, "there is a fog eater?" At this moment, the sun seemed to flash upon our deck, and the fog rose from the sea like the hoisting of the curtain at the theatre, a small breeze took us aback, and before an order was given, we saw directly under our lee, a little black looking, sharp built, tall rigged port bearing schooner, whose decks were crowded with men. "I know her!" ejaculated our Captain, and the next moment there came a ball dancing across our bows, in imitation of a distracted porpoise; our Captain took the helm from a sailor, and gave orders to lay to. Another shot came within a few feet of the Captain, and passed through the mainsail, which he seemed to regard as little as he would the flapping of a sea gull. But his countenance grew dark and terrific; he had not a gun on board. The privateer braced sharp on the wind, and at the same time came within musket shot; a boat came on board, and ordered us under the pigmy's lee in style of an Admiral in the British navy.

In the mean time the wind had freshened, and the Captain had privately given orders to have every sail in readiness for instant setting. The boat left us and bore down, apparently for the purpose of fulfilling the command which had been given us. To secure and pack my papers was the work of a moment, for the anticipation of capture had placed me on my guard in this particular. When I returned on deck we were almost within hail of the stranger under a flowing sail, which, in order to bring to a proper luff under the lee of the privateer, would require to be immediately taken in. The Captain was still at the helm, and was intent, apparently, upon coming as near the stern of the opposite vessel as possible, though at the same time he seemed to grasp the whole of the little privateer at one glance; his brow was knit, and the veins of his forehead seemed to be swollen; he heeded nothing around him. At this moment he gave the words 'square away,' which brought our bows on the centre of the enemy's vessel.

Luff, said the Captain; at the same moment, the flash of a gun and its ball, were both seen and heard from the port hole of our antagonist; it raked us fore and aft cutting every thing before it; in another moment the bow of our heavy vessel struck the quarter of the privateer, with a tremendous crash; another moment, she passed over her, and nothing was to be seen of our capturer but a few floating barrels and some spars, and human beings who had escaped for a few moments the yawning deep.

Never shall I forget the cry that came from that vessel, as our own was passing over her; it was allied to nothing human! it was of such shrill distress that a maniac's mind alone could grasp its dreadfulness. Our vessel was immediately laid to, and a boat sent to pick up such as survived. Our captain gave the helm to the mate, and went to the bows to ascertain our own damage, which was not excessively severe.—Though our bowsprit, figure head, and cut wa-

ter were carried away, and a leak was sprung but yet not such an one as would be a serious inconvenience. Among those who were strangely precipitated into the caverns of the sea, one was found alive who had risen to its surface. It was the Captain; he was the commander of the privateer, of six guns and fifty men, in British employ. When taken up he was insensible, and remained so for a long period; after awhile when he found himself in a strange vessel, all seemed to be a dream with him.

On a recovery from his trance, and when the facts flowed like a dark flood upon his memory, he seemed to recollect the consequences of his adventure with our clumsy merchantman. He stated that he was leaning upon the taffrail, when he ordered the gun to be fired, as we came suspiciously near;—it was his first intimation of the intention of our commander.—Still he declared it to have been a dastardly act, that previous to our understanding whether he was friend or foe, and when, from the act of our pretending to obey his order, he might have presumed there was no treachery intended him; for us, without moving, without a hint of resistance, to bear directly upon his smaller craft, and by the weight of our ship, and not by the bravery of our sailors, to sink as fine a crew as ever manned a privateer's deck; to send, not in open contest, but by assassination and viper-like guile, to the mercy of the deep and of God, so many unprepared souls, was an act unworthy of a mortal. He even regretted that he was left alone to mourn over them. He insisted that their ghosts would haunt them in sleep—and he prayed that the thunders of eternal vengeance might visit the head of its infamous projector. He described the terrific shrieks of those who went with him—the rattle in the throats of the drowning—the crush which laid open his favorite vessel's side, even below her water mark—and yelled out anathemas upon its heartless author.

Our captain had been standing at a little distance from the berth of his foe, but now walked up and placed his keen eyes upon him and asked, "do you not know me?" He replied, "I must have seen you before; I know not where." There was one of those pauses like lulls in a gale at sea. "Your privateer was stationed at Gibraltar, by the name of——, in February 1812, was it not?" A groan succeeded from the shaking auditor. "I knew you and your vessel then; and you spoke wrongfully of my sister; Henry struck you, and you stabbed him with your dirk; he recovered, and he challenged you—you fought and killed him. I was on the battle ground—you afterwards and there repeated, exultingly, your charge when he was a corpse. I then challenged you, and you sneaked off to your ship, and met me not; I know your vessel, for its form was graven on my brain; I have rewarded your treachery, and when we reach our port and you cease to be my guest, I will give you an opportunity of righting yourself from the charge, viz: "You were an American, fostered by our family, have turned traitor to your country, aspersed a female who rejected your suit, are a murderer of her brother, a villain whose only absence from meanness is a passing show of courage. The first thing you have to do, sir, when you land, is to meet me in what is termed an honorable way; and that too, sir, before our sales are taken from the yards. This cabin is yours, and the steward will do your biddings until then."

We sailed on heavily without falling in with another vessel for some days. The moon came up one night in remarkable splendor, and I was leaning over the bulwarks. I saw the captain of the privateer come from the gangway, and as the moon-beam fell on his countenance, I observed it was peculiarly wild and sad. I endeavored to engage him in conversation—in reply to some question he observed, "I have been a black hearted villain." Sharks were playing around us as if revelling in the flood of the lunar ray. I passed from him to our captain, who seemed lost in deep and bitter contemplation—the very sound of my voice seemed to startle him—before I had uttered a sentence, we heard a splash in the water, and saw distinctly our former foe in the sea; he raised his arm as if bidding us farewell, when a shark of uncommon size, turned on his back and with one snap of his enormous jaws divided in two distinct parts the unhappy sufferer. A tinge of

red on the waters, as our ship glided past was all that was seen of the lost commander, and thus perished the sole survivor of one of those pests of the ocean called a privateer. In a few days we reached our port, but since our arrival and even to the present hour, I cannot forget the going down of the privateer, over which our vessel boomed as if but a floating stick of timber was in its path. That death shriek will visit me in dreams, and scare sleep from the still "watches of the night."

From the Knickerbocker.

BEARDING A SEA LION IN HIS DEN.

BY J. N. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

The island of Staten Land, which lies south east of Terra del Fuego, from which it is separated by the Strait le Maire, when seen from a short distance, has a most barren and forbidden appearance; but such is not its real character. The tops of the mountains, composed of immense masses of granite, produce, it is true, little vegetation; but on their sides, and what may be called the low lands, there is a rich, thick mould, formed by the decomposition of their natural productions, and beautified with the most luxuriant verdure.

Near the entrance of Port Hatches, is a cavern, long known as the retreat of a few patriarches of the ocean, to whom its deep recesses had been, until the period of which I am about to speak, a safe protection. The opening of this sea-lion's den is about thirty feet in width, its base being on a level with the sea, at low water mark. The whole length of the cave, beneath the base of the precipice, is two hundred and twenty paces, beautifully arched over with stalactites, and in some places changing its course from a direct line, and forming little apertures, which communicate with the main entrance.

To enter this cavern, explore its secret chambers, and provoke a combat with the ancient holders and proprietors of this wild citadel, was the object of one of our boat excursions. Preparatory to our advance into this

——— cavern hoar,

That stands all lonely on the sea beat shore,
fires were placed, one after another, with a distance of thirty yards between each two, to answer the double purpose of guiding our progress, and of securing a speedy retreat, should we be too roughly received by the old *phoca*, who, with a number of clap-matches in his suite, had taken up a position in the farthest corner of the den.

With lighted torches, we now advanced into the abyss, which the ancient Romans would have consecrated to deified nymphs, and the Persians have assigned as the seat of their god Mithras. The fires cast a dim, flickering light, which rendered visible the darkness in our rear. Every thing around us seemed to partake of the gloomy silence of the tomb, until the stillness was suddenly broken by the roar of the old lion, more appalling, by far, than that of his fierce namesake of the Moorish plains. Having approached so near that we could see the monster's glaring eye-balls, we discharged our muskets, and continued, alternately retiring to load, and advancing to fire, until our ears were stunned, and our heads bewildered, with the reverberations of the reports, mingled with the roarings of the whole maddened group, now closely pressed, and severely wounded.

Our lights failing for an instant, we retreated to replenish them. The lashings of the waves at the mouth of the cavern, though distant, echoed and rumbled so loudly through the vaulted passages, that we could not hear each others' voices. As we again moved forward, to discharge our pieces, the old sea lion broke out into a new paroxysm of rage, tearing up the gravel and rocks with his claws and teeth. The white foam mixed with blood, dropped from his large red tongue; while so hoarse, so loud and deafening, was his howl, that we were obliged to stop our ears with our hands, to prevent being pained by it.

The scene around us had now indeed become one of inconceivable wildness and horror.—Two hundred paces within the mouth of a cave which man had never before entered, the dim flickering light of our torches, and the decaying fires in our rear, together with the suffocating smoke from the frequent firing, rendered it necessary to retrograde. Nor did we commence retreating a moment too soon. Wounded and infuriate, the old lion now began to move to-

ward us, as we gradually returned, step by step, throwing stones and firebrands, to keep him in check, until we had reached so near the mouth of the cavern, that with deliberate aim, capt. Palmer of the Penguin, shot him. This was his death wound, although he had previously received no less than ten balls.

After recruiting our fires with the blubber of our victim, we returned to the charge; and soon succeeded in taking the remaining five females and their pups. The old sea-lion (*phoca jubata*), measured ten feet six inches in length, and eight feet round the shoulders; and, as we supposed, could not weigh less than four hundred pounds. The females were from six to seven feet in length, and of a more slender form.

POOR JACK.—Let no eye be turned away from this until it is read."

The following account is given by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a Minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink, on the brink of the sea. His little son by him three years of age, being very hungry solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty and the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war passing by discovered the plank and the child, and a sailor at the risk of his own life plunged into the sea and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board of that man of war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war an aged man came under his care nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this young officer: For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of—presenting him a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was given by a lady—has been the means of my conversion, and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go. He went on confessing the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of the Bible; and among other enormities, how he cast his little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for need of food. The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man, his father a dying penitent under his care; and judge, of the feelings of the poor penitent, to find that the young stranger was his son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished. A description of their mutual feeling will not be attempted. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the Gospel. On closing his story, the Minister in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the Chairman and said, "Sir, I am Poor Jack!"

From an English Publication.

IRISH CONVERSATION.

"Mrs. Reilly, jewell, the top of the morning to you. And how is it wid you ma'am?"

"The better of seeing you this blessed morning, Mrs. Driscoll, darling. And how's the man that owns you?"

"Hearty, but weak like kitching broth."

"How's the chilthur?"

"Don't ax me. Surely the whole boiling of them were going to be turned out last quarter as naked as they were born. Cromwell's luck to the one eyed thief of the world that was going to murder the fatherless crathurs."

"Och! and who was the kidnapping villain?"

"Hould your whist, and I'll tell you. I was standing on the stips of the cillar, tying my praekken, when Mr. Foyle, the tax-gatherer, comes up, as impudent as if the whole street belonged to him.

"How are you, Mrs. Driscoll?" says he.

"Yes, sir, says I, as if I wasn't minding him, for I knew what he wanted."

"Mrs. Driscoll," says he, "I'm come for the taxes."

"More power to your elbow, sir, says I, warding him off a little at first."

"There's two gales due, ma'am," says he.

"Is there, sir?" says I.

"Well," says he, looking at me as if he'd look me through, "are you going to pay me?"

"Pay you, sir," says I, "do you think I'm a robber?" Where do you think a poor struggling widow like me would get the money to pay you?"

"Oh, that won't do, Mrs. Driscoll," says he, coloring up to the gills, "bekase," says he, "they're the King's taxes, and what am I to say to the King when he comes to the fore for his money?"

"Say what you like," said I, "and welcome. The King isn't so mane spirited as to be beholden on the likes of me for his livin'."

"Oh, that's mighty well," says he; "but the King won't wait any longer, and if you don't pay me I must distract you."

"You must what, sir," says I.

"I must distract you, Mrs. Driscoll," says he, wiping his mouth with a pocket handkerchief as yellow as a kite's claw.

"Distrain me, sir," says I, "Is it such a dirty tax-gatherer for to offer to distract me? I'm a decent woman, sir," says I, "the mother of nine chilthur, and no man shall distract me sir," says I, "let alone such as you. Don't let me see you daar to come near me. I'm sure your father was a musician, for you look as if you were walking upon two German flutes, and you're so crooked in body that, God help us, if you swallowed a twelve penny nail you'd convert it into a cork screw. Distrain me! och murder! murder! Boys, is this the way I'm to be trated?"

With that he says, "Mrs. Driscoll," says he, "you mistake my manein intirely—its seizing the furniture, I mane!"

"And why didn't you say so at once?" says I, "instead of squint at me with your swivel eye, and bad cess to you."

"Ma'am," says he, spaking me fair, "I must take the furniture for the taxes; it's my duty I'm doing, Mrs. Driscoll."

"Oh then, Mr. Foyle," says I, "you're kindly welcome to the two stools and the settle-bed, and the noggins and the pitcher—and that's the whole inventory—for I havn't as much money as'd pay turnpike for a walking stick. Come down the ladder, Mr. Foyle," said I, "and I'm sorry it isn't a coach and six for your sake."

Upon the word, he was following me down, when I just turned round, and says I, "Mr. Foyle," says I, "its reasonable I should tell you that three of the poor chilthur are in the typhus; and may be a gentleman like you would be afeard of it, us poor crathurs are used to it."

"In the typhus, Mrs. Driscoll!" says he, jumping back like a garden thrush, "are you sure it's the typhus?"

"Oh, come down, sir," says I, "and make your mind asy."

"Not to day, ma'am," says he; "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Driscoll, for troubling you; I'll come another time;" and with that he ran away for the bare life.

I never saw him since. Divil a typhus was below, Mrs. Reilly, no more nor there is in the bottom of the sea."

From a late London paper.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

An unparalleled matrimonial adventure has taken place during the last week in Dudley. A Mr. Wragg, patent smoke bottle maker, a few days ago, paid his addresses to a Mrs. Bradley, in Birmingham street, Dudley; but after a long intimacy he proved faithless, and a few weeks ago commenced paying his addresses to Mrs. Lane of the same town. Mrs. Lane, happening to be on terms of friendship with her fair rival determined to punish Mr. Wragg for his faithlessness. Feigning to receive his addresses with tenderness, she consented that the bands of marriage should be published in Wordsley Church, and being experienced in the forms necessary to be undergone, she undertook to have them published herself. This she did; but instead of giving her own name, she gave that of Mrs. Lydia Bradley. So far all went well; but the difficulties to be overcome were greater.

The morning for the celebration came, and with it came Mr. Wragg to the house of his new love. Mrs. Lane received him with smiles, ready attired in her wedding dress, and inform-

ed him if he would wait ten minutes whilst she made some little preparation, and put on her veil, she would accompany him. She then went up stairs and transferred her wedding garments to Mrs. Bradley, who descended duly veiled and decorated for the ceremony. It is customary in Dudley for the bridegroom to lead the way to church accompanied by the bridesmaid, the father and bride bringing up the cortege. In this order the party arrived at church. The trepidation of the representative of Mrs. Lane may be more easily conceived than described.—The ceremony was entered upon; aye, and such was the modest trepidation of poor Wragg, that he went throughout it without raising his eyes, or noticing that the name of his bride was Lydia Bradley, and not Nancy Lane.

After leaving the altar, recovering his spirits, the gay Benedict attempted to steal a kiss. He was successful, but what words can depict his astonishment, his indignation to behold the face was not Nancy's but Lydia's! The sequel only remains to be told; the bridegroom, who had been audibly consoling himself upon the prospects of being "independant for life," with Mrs. Lane's property, sought instant redress by applying to an attorney. Alas! the gentleman of the law told him that his only remedy was an applications for a divorce, but he would not be answerable for the amount of the costs, so faithless Mr. Wragg has been obliged to put up with his misfortune, to the no small amusement of the whole town.

Sayings from the Talmud.—When Esop, in answer to a question put to him by Chilo, "What God was doing?" said that "He was depressing the proud and exalting the humble," the reply was considered as most admirable; but the same sentiments are to be found in the Medrash, though expressed, as usual with the Jewish writers, in the form of a story. It runs thus:—A matron once asked Rabbi Jose, "In how many days God created the world?" "In six days," replied the Rabbi, as it is written, "In six days God made the heavens and the earth." "But," continued she, "what is he doing now?" "Oh!" replied the Rabbi, "He makes ladders, on which he causes the poor to ascend and the rich to descend, or, in other words, he exalts the lowly and depresses the haughty." There were discovered on the fragments of an ancient tombstone Greek words to the following purpose:—"I was not, and I became! I am not, but shall be!" The same thought is expressed in the following reply of Rabbi Gabiha to a sceptic. A free thinker once said to Rabbi Gabiha, "Ye fools who believe in a resurrection, see ye not that the living die? how then can you believe that the dead shall live?" "Silly man," replied Gabiha: "thou believest in a creation—well, then, if what never before existed exists, why may not that which once existed exist again?"—*Good-hugh's Lectures on Biblical Literature.*

THE POLYPI is one of the most curious of the animal world, and feeds upon insects. It sometimes happens that two polypi lay hold on the same worm, and when they meet, one swallows the other: but their stomachs, like those of all other animals, being incapable of digesting a living substance, after an hour or two, the one which has been swallowed issues out. The manner in which these animals propagate their kind is not less remarkable. First, there appear small tubercles on the sides, which in a few days assume the shape of a small polypi. Before it is separated from the parent, the young one seizes its food, and it is often the case that it becomes a parent itself before being detached therefrom. The destructibility of their life is most astonishing. When cut in two, they will join themselves together, and when cut in two and scattered, each part forms a new and entire animal. They may also be turned inside out, and even grafted together. This remarkable power of re-production gave them the scientific name of *hydra*, in allusion to the fabulous monster of that name.

Biblical Curiosity.—The 21st verse of chapter 7th of Ezra, contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the only one thus distinguished:

And I, even I, Artazerxes, the King, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the rivers, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of Heaven, shall require of you, it shall be done speedily.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839.

THE "TERRACE GROVE" PARTY.

The Tea Party at "Terrace Grove," passed off delightfully Monday. At an early hour, we proceeded to the grove, where all our high imaginings of the good taste and spirit of the Managers, and the romance and beauty of the scene, were eclipsed by the almost sublime reality which presented itself to our view.

The spot selected as the proper locality upon which to give the party, is situate upon the west bank of the river, immediately north of the lower Falls. It is a very elevated point, overlooking the river two hundred feet, with precipitous banks, heavily covered with rich foliage—the oak, the beech, and the maple towering high above you, or presenting their wide spreading tops to the eye, beneath you, according as they rest upon the lower or higher parts of the declivity. As you stand upon the main table-land, you have, above you, a distinct view of the beautiful Genesee, leaping, like the antelope from its mountain crag, from rapid to rapid, until, in its last leap over the lower fall, it finds its level with the blue Ontario, whose mirror surface may be seen from the highest point, glistening brightly beneath the dancing sun-beams far off in the north.

Casting your eye to the east, the beautiful grove, consecrated by the tomb of deceased loved ones, spreads itself before you, with all the verdure-beauty which that delightful spot never fails, in the due season, to present. To the north and the south of you, the high, precipitous and craggy, but sublimely beautiful and romantic, bold bluffs of the river attract your admiration, and induce a wonder that scenery so wildly rich, should so long have slept unadmired and unworshipped. Beneath you, and beyond the wild foliage which hangs as if in mid-air, from the precipitous bank, rolls onward, toward its tomb of deep waters, the rock-bound river; and around you, and still above you, are the green meadows, which nature has planted, and the rich arbors and romantic walks, which art has made, to perfect the enchanting view.

All this meets you upon your first step beyond the precincts of "Terrace Grove." Farther on, were reared the Tents of the "Union Grays," who acted as sentinels, presenting a pleasing contrast to the splendid Bowers, in which were displayed rich pyramids of Cake and Sweetmeats—whose beauty were only excelled by that of the Lady Managers, who sat, like "wood-nymphs in their bowers of green," shedding smiles and joy and gladness upon all around them.

Still beyond this principal rendezvous, and beneath an oaken arbor, were Capt. CHESHIRE'S Band, whose dulcet notes rang sweetly through the forest beneath them, and were sent back, in delightful echo, from "the woods and water of the fairy glen."

Still further on, and at the termination of a walk, shaded by maple saplings, upon whose branches hung the sweet-scented flower, began the arborescent path-way, leading to the terrace. And than this path-way, nothing in art, and but little in nature—save the bright and beautiful under whose direction the whole was arranged—could be more beautiful. The path is cut in a gradual descent, upon the side of the steep declivity, and is over-arched by an oaken arbor, decorated by thickly interspersed festoons of roses and flowers of every hue, and grade, from

the modest violet to the rich velvet dahlia, all emitting their delicious odor, as if anxious to contribute all their virtues to the delightful scene.

This "arbor walk" led to the "Terrace"—a spot as wildly romantic, as the sublimest of the scenes of the Rhine or the Alp Mountains. It covers an area of some ten rods, and is about the only spot, midway of the precipitous banks upon which the foot could find a resting place. This area has been beautifully arranged, and situated, as it is, with the branches of the trees from below, just reaching you, and those rooted in the banks above, towering high in mid-air, beyond you, it was the chief attraction of the multitude of beauty, which had been attracted to the rich festivities of the place. It was here that the "dance upon the green," came off, and as the glad hearts "tripped the light fantastic toe," upon the velvet sward, we sighed for the pen of the good Sir Walter, to give life and being to the fairy scene.

The refreshments were the counterpart of the scenery. The Tea and the Coffee was excellent. The Cake and the Sandwiches, and the Creams, and all the *et ceteras*, delicious. The company present—composed of the fashion and the beauty—the grave and the gay—seemed, and could not but be, delighted and happy.

For this novel and pleasing festival, the Lady Managers, and their Gentlemen associates, deserve the thanks and gratitude of all present. Never, before, has there been a more, or an equally, agreeable party got up in our city. It was a bright exterminator of wrinkles and care—a resting-place for the troubled heart, and a fountain of innocent joy to the mirthful and happy. Such occasions are fair oases in the sometime desert of life, and give to all of us a better opinion of humanity, and a holier sense of gratitude to that Being who has blessed us with natures susceptible of the bliss of social enjoyment.

During the evening, the boys had their fun, in the discharging of sky-rockets, the throwing of fire-balls, the firing of cannon, bonfires &c.—the whole being a sort of "Postscript" to the celebration of the Fourth.

NEW BOOKS.—"John Smith's Letters, with Pictures to match."—These Letters are of the genuine Jack Downing school, and are exceedingly amusing. We deem them fully equal to the original, and you might ransack the world for a more perfect antidote to the ennui. The "pictures" are irresistible. "The Smithville Detachment marching for the Disputed Territory," is capital. We pity the man who wears a long face while contemplating the "down east" enthusiasm which the picture displays. Go, ye hypocondriacs and whoever are afflicted with "The Blues," and buy John Smith. It will take the wrinkles from your brow, the sternness from your phiz, and give you an appetite.

"Phantasmion, Prince of Palmland."—Here we have two volumes of the very essence of poetical Romance—not the poetry of rhyme, but the pure, musical liquid poetry of prose. It comes from beneath the editorial pen of GREENVILLE MELLETT—than whom we have few better poets amongst us; albeit he is a very modest man. The tale is allegorical. Fairies and wood-nymphs dance through the text, and keep the mind in a very flower garden of fancy. It will be read with delight by those who are fond of the strongly tinged figures of romance.

"Bently's Miscellany."—This is the popular periodical which has been immortalized by the

etchings of CRUIKSHANK and the writings of "Boz." It is a medley work, each number containing about 120 pages, and a variety of matter whose quantity is only excelled by its quality. There is now in progress of publication, in weekly portions, the well written works of "Jack Shepard," "Handy Andy," and "Colin Clink." Besides several long chapters from these works, there are eighteen other articles, all of deep interest.

"The Metropolitan," is a smaller but scarcely less attractive re-print, also devoted to light literature. It always contains much that is interesting, and taken in connexion with the "Reviews," "Blackwood" and "Bently," gives a rich fund of English literature once a month.

All of the Re-prints are from the press of Mrs. LEWIS, New York. C. MORSE acts as agent for this city.

"The Ladies' Companion," for July, is full of excellent matter, entirely original. Among the contributors we observe the names of Miss GOULD, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, PARK BENJAMIN, JOHN NEAL, and a score of others equally well known and admired. In selecting objects of pleasure, we advise the Ladies to choose a "Companion."

☞ A couple were married in Philadelphia, a few days since, as the young lady believed, *in fun*. But when, soon after, the certificate of her marriage was sent her, duly attested, she began to see that the joke was no joke. She forthwith commenced a suit against her husband, and the Alderman who officiated for conspiracy. "The end is not yet."

Written for the Gem.

CORSELET AND LACING.

No. 4.

MR. EDITOR—Having drawn some outlines in a *Physiological* point of view in relation to this subject, I propose now to make a few remarks on *Pathology*, or those diseases more immediately connected with it.

Of the effects, from the use of the *corselet* with its *stays* or *lacings* that are closely drawn about the chest, the following evils have been enumerated, viz: the partial obstructions to the motions of all the joints wherever applied; the feebleness of the muscles, in their power of action, that have been habitually bandaged down by artificial means; the malformation of the chest, the injury to the vital organs; the interruption of the functions of the heart and lungs in particular; the general derangement in glandular secretions; and the want of nourishment to the body, from the want of proper *oxygenization* or *decarbonization* of the blood. Each of these evils, whether considered collectively or separately, has important bearings in relation to bodily health, the subject now under consideration.

In this brief communication, perhaps it would be as profitable to confine the attention to the diseases of the lungs, arising from the use of the *corselet* and *lacing*.

It will readily be perceived that in all cases of compression of the chest, air cannot be received into the lungs in sufficient quantities to inflate them. Of course a portion must remain partially collapsed, and as the lungs are subject to irritations and sub-acute inflammations, *adhesions*, *hepatizations*, *vomica*, *tubercles* and *ulcerations* are frequently known to follow.

* Those who have injured themselves in this way, (and I hold no one can have escaped who has been in the habit of tight lacing,) are affected more or less with that class of diseases called

Cachexies, and very frequently by *Emaciation* or *Marasmus*.

Diseases of this character are marked by a gradual wasting of the body, unaccompanied by a difficulty of breathing, cough, or any evident fever at first, but frequently attended with a loss of appetite and impaired digestion, depression of spirits and general languor. Should the cause not be removed more alarming symptoms will supervene, as alternate paleness and flushing of the countenance, heat and dryness of the skin, a feeble and quick pulse, fretfulness, great debility and disturbed sleep.

In this stage of the disease we often hear the remark of Mrs. A. or B., or Miss C. "is in a delicate state of health," or that "she is very feeble," and that it is feared "she is going into a decline." The disease now assumes a formidable appearance. The patient and her friends now begin in good earnest to inquire into the nature of her case and to seek a remedy.

Journeying is often resorted to by the faltering invalid. This often proves a valuable remedy for these of debilitated habits; but is often rendered inefficacious by the use of the lacing apparatus, and the severe discipline of fashionable circles of friends. Physicians are consulted, medicines tried, but all in vain so long as their *corselet* and stays are lashed about the chest with the gripe of death. Whatever efforts are made to regain health under these circumstances, the patient is doomed to disappointment; when the indications of cure might be expressed in a short prescription, viz. "Omit the use of the *corselet* and *lacing*; use simple nutritious food; take moderate exercise in pure, dry and wholesome air; with but few medications, and those merely to regulate the stomach and bowels." This regimen well followed would no doubt effect as many wonderful cures of the *Corselet Consumption*, as a strictly *rain water diet* would in the cure of the numerous maladies arising from the habitual use of intoxicating liquors.

Should the *Corselet Consumption* still be suffered to go on, which has now arrived to that fearful stage, which is usually treated of under the head of *Atrophy*, other and more deplorable symptoms will soon follow in their train; when medical aid can do but little more than ease the patient down to the grave.

In enumerating the following symptoms I would not undertake to impose the belief that they are peculiar to this cause alone, but are observed in Consumptions in common with those arising from numerous other causes.

In the more advanced stages of the disease the breathing becomes difficult, the emaciation and weakness go on increasing. With these the person begins to be sensible of a pain in some part of the thorax, and frequently in the side; it sometimes prevails to that degree as to prevent the person from lying easily on that side; the pulse which at first perhaps is soft, small, and but a little quicker than usual, now becomes full, hard and frequent. At the same time the face flushes, particularly after eating; the palms of the hands and soles of the feet are affected with burning heat; the respiration is laborious and difficult; evening exacerbations become obvious, and by degrees the fever assumes the hectic form. As the disease advances, a sore mouth makes its appearance first by a slow inflammation about the gums and fauces with *aphthæ* or thrush.

In the last stage of the disease the emaciation is so great that the patient has the appearance of a walking skeleton; the countenance is altered, the cheek bones are prominent, the eyes

look hollow and languid, the hair falls off, the nails are of a livid color and much curved, the feet affected with œdematous swellings. To the end of the disease the senses remain entire, and the mind is confident and full of hope, flattering herself with a speedy recovery and forming distant projects under that vain hope. I once heard a young lady remark, who had thus sunk down by degrees to a dying state, when the pulse had ceased at the wrist, and the chill of death was sensibly felt in the extremities, that she was fearful she "should lose the use of her arm!"

Shortly before death the extremities become cold. Sometimes delirium precedes that event, and continues till life is extinguished.

What consolation can the bereaved and afflicted mother now derive from the consideration that her lovely daughter had lived a fashionable life? that her natural and beautiful form had been rendered still more genteel by lacing? since by this means she was tortured into that fashionable deformity that has carried her to that bourne from whence she will never return! Connected too, as it should be, with the sad and stinging reflection that had it not been for this beautifying process, her life might have been preserved; that lovely form that God had given her, and the healthful countenance, might still have remained unimpaired; and instead of being called to mourn over her untimely grave, she might have lived her parents' solace in their declining years. More hereafter.

Very respectfully, Yours, &c. L.

MODERN EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is a time in the age in which we live in which all are inquiring, with intense anxiety "what is the reason of the hard times?" I have lived some time in the world and for several years in this city; and, from a careful examination and observation, I think I can answer, or at least give a few reasons why we are in the present crisis. In the first place, I can remember when the only carriage there was in the city was an old green hack, something like a post coach, (not like our modern ones,) and that was owned by Mr. J. C. who kept a public house, and used it to bring up the passengers that arrived in the old Ontario steamboat at Hanford's Landing. It was considered a prodigy in the village of "Rochesterville;" and whenever a ride was "got up," it was put in requisition, and about eight or ten embarked in it and paid 4s. each, and were highly satisfied. Contrast this with the gilded coaches that now roll through our streets, and ask those who are judges in this matter, whether those now in vogue, and those who use them, are any better able to support them than the then public were the one alluded to. I know, Sir, that we are an enterprising people, and that vast improvements have been made and are constantly making; but may not a disposition prevail of letting our extravagant desire for such things go ahead of our ability?

Again Mr.—and Mr.—come into our city from the more wealthy portion of the country east; they immediately fit up their houses, and endeavor to give tone and tenor to society.—The common people look on with wonder and astonishment, and if, by chance, they are respectable and have a fair standing in society, they may visit at one of their houses: there they are made acquainted with the splendors of the house; immediately become dissatisfied with the comfort and simplicity that reigns at home, and begin to be impatient to follow the example of their more wealthy neighbors. This is

easy to do, whether able or not, and instead of the neat three ply carpet which they were satisfied with before, they must now have a Brussels; and instead of the cherry and mahogany which was wont to be all they desired, they must now have the marble and the massive furniture of modern times. Where these things can be afforded and paid for, it is well enough; but there is a disposition to have them and enjoy them before they are thus able.

Again, Mr.— has a splendid horse, and we must have as good an one as he. And again, they launch out into an outfit of \$5,000, \$10,000, and, in some cases, to 20 and \$25,000 for a house, when, at the same time, they are paying over 7 per cent for money, and very much obliged to you beside. My opinion is, that no person, in the ordinary circumstances of most of our good citizens, has a moral right to live in a tenement on this footstool that shall cost over \$4,000 or \$5,000, while there is so much suffering in the world. All this tends to beget an uneasiness and impatient desire in the minds of the people who, were not the temptation placed before them, would never desire to imitate them even though they had the means.

But what has been the sequel to all this, or, at least, to nine out of ten of those who have so indulged? They have fluttered their brief hour on the stage, thought best to sell out, or "be sold out"—gone into a state of *retiracy*, and lived *within their means*. But their influence has been left to have its full force upon those who have been so unwise as to pattern after their own example; and unless a miracle or some fortunate circumstance intervene, they are also left to have their effects brought under the hammer, or assigned to some friend for the benefit of their creditors. May not some of the causes of the hard times be traced to the above causes, and the many other multifarious ways in which extravagance is fostered?

Truly Yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

In April, 1770, the following lines written in a large, bold hand, were pasted up conspicuously on the walls of St. James's Palace in London:—

PROPHECY.

A cold winter—a mild Spring—
A bloody summer, and a DEAD KING!

A thousand pounds reward were offered for the discovery of the author, in vain.

Religion.—"He is a bad citizen," said Napoleon "who undermines the religious faith of his country. All may not, perhaps, be substantially good; but certain it is, that all come in aid of the Government power, and are the essential basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine: nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog."

MARRIED.

Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, at the 2d Baptist church, Mr. LEWIS DENNEY, of New York, to Miss JANE CHARLOCK, of this city.

In this city, on the 5th Inst, by Rev G S Boardman, Mr. John Anderson to Miss Eliza Weir.

In this city, on the 4th Inst, by Rev Mr Church, Mr. George Lambert to Miss Elizabeth Brook. Also, Mr. Calvin Harris, of Penfield, to Mrs Ann Harris, of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 4th, by Rev Mr Edwards, Mr James Haavey to Miss Margaret S. Penney, all of Rochester.

Yesterday morning, July 11th, at St Lukes Church by Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. LEWIS P. BEERS of Seneca Falls, to Miss ALMIRA, daughter of JOSEPH FIELD, Esq., of this city.

On the 8th instant, at the Bethel Church, by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. HENRY SHARPLES, to Miss EXPERIENCE BUTTERFIELD, all of this city.

In Andover, Mass, July 2d, at the residence of Dea. Paschal Abbott, by the Rev. Samuel C. Jackson, Mr. M. MILLER, of this city, to Miss ABBY A. ABBOTT, of the former place.

On the 25th instant, in East Avon, Livingston Co., by Rev. Edwards Marsh, Dr. RUSSELL CAULKINS, of Little Falls, Herkimer Co., to Miss JANE HELEN WHITEBECK, of the former place.

At Yates, Orleans county, New York, on the 7th instant, by the Rev R. Dunning, Mr. Henry Dickinson, to Miss Susan Peckham, both of Rochester.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence of the Rochester Daily Democrat.
LISBON, April 8, 1839.

Our Charge de Affaires, the Hon. Edward KAVENAGH, said so much to me of the beauties of Cintra and the splendor of Mufra, that I made up my mind not to leave Portugal without seeing them, and on the 2d instant, after chartering a donkey and a boy to drive it and act as a guide, I started for the latter place. My route lay through a thickly settled and highly cultivated country, made up of hills and valleys. After journeying for some hours in company with mules, donkeys and market women, I became hungry, and made signs to my dumb Sancho, (for though he could make as much noise as the watch dog, and his notes were as varied as the parrot's, it was no more intelligible to me than the language of the mute,) he understood me, and the first hospidra we came to he pointed out. I went in and soon found the mistake I had made in not bringing with me a memorandum, in Portuguese, of such articles as I wished to enquire for, as I could no more make them understand what I wanted, than I could understand my driver. The house, as all country inns are, in Portugal, was a sort of grocery, or eating and drinking shop, where travellers and mulateers mix together. I took the liberty of making myself quite at home, and walked into the back part, where I found some bread and butter and marmelade made of fruit and sugar, which is generally in use as a substitute for cheese, out of which I made a tolerable lunch, and pushed on for Cintra, which I reached at evening, after passing around a portion of the mountain of the same name, upon the north side of which it stands, elevated some hundred feet above the plains, amongst precipices and rocks, the streets twisting around the points and bends in the mountain, with buildings perched above your head and high walls to protect you from deep glens below. I found here the best jinn I have met with in Portugal, kept by a Spaniard, who once travelled as the servant of an English nobleman and married an English woman. The house is upon the mountain side, the entrance is to the upper story, which is occupied as a dining room, under which is the kitchen and lodging rooms—mine was three stories below. Here I unexpectedly found one of the Superiors of the English Catholic College at Lisbon, with several of the students, with whom I had previously met and was acquainted, also the President of the Irish college and some gentlemen from Ireland, all bound to Mufra. I joined them the next morning and we all set off, mounted on mules, donkeys and horses, for the Mecca of Portugal. Our route lay through a grain growing country, with but few orange, lemon and olive orchards along the way; the valleys are deeper and the hills higher than any I had previously met with, rising and descending sometimes a thousand feet, the road winding around the hill, which is cultivated from top to bottom and too steep for a carriage path, reminding you of what you may have conceived of the hill country of Judea.

The temple of Mufra contains a church, palace and convent, all under one roof, and is said to be superior in magnitude and splendor to the Escumel of Spain, and hardly equalled by anything in Europe. It had its origin in the superstition and bigotry of King John the 5th. The Queen was barren, and one of the nobility was lamenting one day the unhappy state Portugal would be placed in without a legal successor to the throne. A monk, celebrated for his

piety, of the Franciscan order, happened to be present, and replied that the King could have an heir if he wished it. This reached the King's ears, and excited him to ask the monk what he meant, who replied that if the King would do something worthy of the blessing, for the cause of religion and the church, he could have an heir. Whereupon, the King vowed that if heaven would bless him with a child, he would build a church and monastery for the Franciscans. The Queen was soon discovered to be with child, and the King applied to the Pope for permission to build a church and monastery, in connection with a palace, for the Franciscans. This was a very poor order of monks, which had been instituted for the purpose of reforming the clergy, whose connection with the State and great wealth had introduced impiety to an alarming extent amongst them. The Pope objected, as so splendid a temple as the King intended to build, would tend to degenerate this poor and pious order of reformers. The King then proposed that the building should be plain, and that gold should be excluded from the ornaments. Whereupon, the Pope consented, upon condition that the location should be remote from the capital and secluded. Hence its location in the midst of a fertile country but entirely away from any town. The little village of Mufra has sprung up as an appendage to it since it was built. It was 15 years in building and was finished in the early part of the 18th century, and cost eighteen millions of dollars, besides an immense amount of labor which was contributed by the people. The building covers an area of between six and seven hundred feet square, the whole structure is of marble, encircling four open courts for purposes of light, surrounded by arched colonades, in some of which are fountains and statuary. The roof is an oval marble pavement, with richly wrought marble balustrades, and frequent watch towers all around it. Ten thousand men would perform their evolutions, march and countermarch upon it. In the centre of the church which is in the centre of the building is an immense dome, rising some 90 feet from the roof, and in front, on each side of the entrance to the church, rise two loftier towers, composed of blocks of marble, each of which contains chimes of bells: in both, there are one hundred and forty-four, some of which are larger than ten of the largest in our city put together.—On each corner of the building, in front, are two larger towers, but not so high as the others, oval and in the form of watch towers. The front is of a mixed order of architecture, forming a very tasteful and happy combination.—Under the pediment it is of Roman Ionic, above Corinthian; the wings and centre are Dorick.

As there is nothing else at Mufra to be seen, we entered the church or cathedral (for it is built in the form of a cathedral) soon after we reached there. The most of the company were Catholic priests, and one of them took it into his head that he must say mass, and though a very gentlemanly clever fellow, I am so very uncharitable as to believe it was more to have it to say that he had worshipped at Mecca, than any pious feeling that came over him at the moment. Be that as it may, the sacred robes were handed forth from the closet, and he invested with them. When armed perfectly from head to foot, as the law, gospel, and mother church directs, he commenced mass with as much earnestness as though the conversion of the world was at stake. In the mean time, I, being a pagan, nondescript, heretic, or whatever

er they may be pleased to call me, stalked around the church, gazing at its many wonders.

The church is 278 feet long and 168 wide, including the altar of sacrifice, (where the holy fire is ever kept burning) and the altar for mass. The floor is variegated marble, cut in scores, the sun irradiating serpentine, and in a thousand different forms, fitted together in most perfect joints. There are three altars and ten chapels, connected in a cathedral form, and on each side of which are corinthian columns, of one entire piece of marble, variegated and highly polished—some of them 40 feet in length and two in diameter. The walls, between the pilasters, are marble slabs, in basso relievo, as highly polished as a centre table—so are also the most of the other rooms of this immense temple—in connection with which are over 100 marble statues—some of them in drapery—42 of which are within the church, said to be fine specimens of the art, not one of which I should think, cost less labor than the famous statue of Hamilton, erected by the merchants of New York, in their Exchange, of which we have heard so much. On each side of each altar, high above your head, is a large organ, (six in all) with a trumpet to every stop—any one of which is more powerful than all the organs of our city put together. I was more fortunate than Byron, for I heard them played, and peculiarly fortunate in my company, as some of them were dignitaries of the church, at whose request all the secret and high places of the church and palace were opened out to us. Mass being over, we commenced our rounds, first visiting the Sacrista, where are deposited the ornaments of the church. The candlebra, lamps, altar-pieces and ornaments, would fill an ordinary house, all finely wrought in bronze, said to be as expensive and look like burnished gold. The mitres and church robes are of two kinds: the first introduced in compliance with the prohibition of the Pope of the use of gold, are embroidered silk, wrought by hand, and of exquisite workmanship. Afterwards, another order was instituted here, whose mitres and robes are composed of cloth of burnished gold, spangled all over with gems. The curtains and covering to the altars are of the same rich materials. Two spacious rooms are filled with these trappings and ornaments.

The next place we visited was the library, on the third floor, in the rear. This is a noble room, arched overhead, and of the Roman order. It is 300 feet long and 35 feet wide, with wings opening into the centre 90 feet long. Midway of the wall, all around, is a promenade, with books above and below, classified and labelled. The whole is admirably arranged. There are now here 30,000 well bound volumes. The room is well lighted, and makes a most prepossessing appearance. The collection was once much larger, but the recent frequent revolutions have made large inroads upon it.

From the library we visited the almost innumerable apartments of the monks—which take up the entire two lower stories of this immense building, with the exception of the front. Halls cross each other at right angles, some of them 600 feet long, with apartments upon each side, some resembling a palace, others a prison.—Under the pavements of one of the lower halls are the tombs of the monks, over which you pass. The Dining hall would do credit to a prince. In the anti-chamber are two immense marble fountains, where the monks wash previous to going to their meals. The hall is 20 feet high, and the walls are polished marble, in basso relievo. Through the centre runs a

partition, rising a little higher than the head, on each side of which, as well as around the walls, are seats, in front of which are narrow tables, so constructed that the occupant shall have no one opposite him while eating. The tables, seats and partition are composed of plank of the finest Brazilian wood, highly polished and resting on marble. The kitchen is of the same princely character, with marble vases and fountains, from which emanate constantly flowing streams of pure water.

In the chapels, dining hall and church, are a great many paintings, some of which are said to be very fine, particularly so are an altar piece, representing Christ in power, and in the act of hurling a thunderbolt upon the world, while St. Vincent, St. Frances and the Virgin are supplicating with great earnestness and apparently confident that they shall succeed in averting the blow—the annunciation, and John baptising Christ. There was no one who had charge of them who knew the authors of them, and I could not ascertain if any of them are the production of Morillo or not.

After passing through many other apartments, which I shall not attempt to describe, we ascended to the towers and heard the bells chime merry music. One set is played the same as an organ, the other is wound up with a crank, the same as a clock, and set to a tune, when it plays without any further assistance. There is as much machinery in each of the towers, by which the bells are chimed, as would compose a large steam engine, and it resembles one very much. In their louder notes, they are deafening, the building trembles as if the elements had burst forth in a universal roar. From the roof we descended to the palace. The Reception Room is more than 600 feet long, occupying the whole front of one story, composed of a succession of rooms, opening from one to the other by sliding doors. The palace and apartments of the royal family, occupy the whole of the two upper stories, including several royal chapels. The apartments are numerous and of the most princely order, a description of which would be an endless work, with which I will not tire your patience.

"*Saunders' Spelling Book.*"—We have looked through this new candidate for public favor, and find it a work of no inconsiderable merit, and really well calculated to win its way up to public favor. It makes no pretensions to new discoveries in either orthography or orthoepy, but does lay claim to favor, and justly too, we think, on account of its improved arrangement. Those who are anxious to examine the work, can do so by calling at the bookstore of H. STANWOOD & Co., corner of Buffalo and State streets.

☞ We have received the last "*Foreign Quarterly*," as usual full of matter of instruction and interest. The article upon the Theory of Storms, furnishes a number of very curious and instructive facts; and the article upon the History of Chemistry is of deep interest.

Piano Fortes.—WARREN has now on hand a splendid lot of Piano Fortes. The assortment is larger, and the tone and finish of the instrument nearer perfect, than any ever before offered. Of course those who wish one of the articles will give WARREN a call.

☞ Townsends arrangement of the Old and New Testament may be seen at H. STANWOOD & Co's. bookstore.

☞ A young lady of nineteen, advertises, in a Cleveland paper, for a husband! Poor dear, why doesn't she go to the far west, where they pay a premium for ladies?

From the "Family Letters from London," we extract the following racy anecdote:

The writer was surveying London from the cupola of St. Paul's. It was a gloomy day, the fog rolled up its heavy curtains in a limited radius, so that the thousand spires of the metropolis were shut from the circumference embraced by the eye. As he looked around, he was aware of another spectator, standing by his side, who accosted him—"Well, I guess this 'ere is a pretty great place, from what I can see!"—Our tourist took him at once for a fellow countryman. "Yes," he replied, with affected ignorance: "You Englishmen ought to be proud of it."

"Oh," said he in return; "I guess I aint an Englishman; I rather expect that I'm principally from the United States."

"So am I," was the rejoinder. "We are looking, though, upon an immense metropolis, as you intimated; but we do not see its immensity to-day. It needs as clear a light as possible, for the wide and general view."

"Well, yes, I expect it does. After all it must be a desperate sizeable place, including the outskirts and water-privileges; for it looks to be dreadful *thick-settled* jest along here, round the meeting-house.

This quotation is from hearsay and memory, but substantially faithful, in fact and scene.

Romance in Death.—The last Natchez Free Trader tells the following story:—"On the 7th of the present month, Miss Mary Ann L. Barber aged 17, and L. B. Young aged 23 both of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, were buried in one grave, after having departed this life under the following circumstances.—Mr. Y was a high minded honorable young gentleman, most ardently and devotedly attached to Miss Barber, between whom and himself those promises and attentions had been interchanged which pledged them to the marriage union at no distant day. One in every sentiment, as well as in sympathy, they both, a few months since, made a profession of religion at the same altar, and at the same time. On the day of their death, they had gone on a water excursion, with uncommon buoyancy and animation of spirits, along with four others in a skiff, which suddenly overset and plunged them all in the water.—The lover seized the one whom, of all others, he would save, and they both perished!

They were found at the bottom, locked fast in each other's arms. With a solemn propriety, that embrace was never broken, and their bodies thus rest in one grave together, even as their spirits together passed into one heaven.

The Nabob and the Sickly Boy.—The National Gazette relates the following:

"On Monday evening, after sun-down, we were walking in the western part of the city, and passed a row of elegant houses yet unfinished. The workmen had gone, and a middle aged gentleman, as his neat suit of black indicated, was surveying the structure with evident complacency. He was the owner of those fine dwellings. A poor, little, sickly, ragged boy, was under the scaffolding, gathering a few chips into his basket. The brow of the rich man lowered upon the unhappy child, and pushing him into the street, he said in an angry tone—"Go away, go away! what business have you here?" When the spirit of that man appears before the mansions of the blest, the guardian angel will reject it saying "Go away, go away! what business have you here?"

We have heard of a disgraceful riot having occurred in Percy a few days since, arising out of some political excitement at the late training of the Militia there, in which several persons are reported to have been seriously injured, as the particulars have not been forwarded to us direct, however, we trust there is some exaggeration in the statement.—*Cobourg (U. C.) Star.*

In 1631 leather cannons were used by the Swedes with considerable success. They were considered an improvement upon the wooden cannon then in use, and which consisted of thick staves of wood bound together by iron hoops.

A writer of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says, "innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." We should think it would stand a pretty smart chance of being combed out.

How to captivate women.—All women, almost, are captivated by talent; especially those for whose pleasure, in particular, its possessor may exert it. Nothing can be more delightful to them, because nothing can be more flattering; and flattery is the key to all hearts. Want of handsome person, or even of good looks, is for the most part forgotten, willingly pardoned, in the man of talent. The eye of woman does not require to be dazzled, as well as her mind; (I speak of general instances.) The same cannot be said with respect to virtuous qualities.—In so much higher esteem does human vanity hold talent than virtue. Good looks, combined with vapid intellect, will win few women, unless they are equally vapid with the object of their admiration:

Laughter.—No man who has once heartily and decidedly laughed, can be altogether irrefragably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what may be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and sniffer from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffling husky cackination, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treason, statagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle.*

A new way to get married.—A lady being engaged in a theological dispute with a gentleman, convinced him she was right; still he was unwilling to acknowledge himself vanquished, and proposed to wager, if she would allow him to name the conditions. To this the lady assented, "Then," said the gentleman, "I will wager myself against you." The lady seeing no method of escape, consented that a clergyman in the neighborhood should be sent for, who soon united them in the chain of Hymen. Query, who won the wager?

The worth of a good Companion.—A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrility is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor man, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money that they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money—for 'tis the company, and not the charge, that make the feast.—*Isaac Walton.*

A Justice of the Peace in Vermont, who was not very noted for his erudition, had a case brought before him of rather an indelicate nature, in which a young woman was introduced as a witness who was not very delicate in her testimony. The justice observed to her that she had brass enough in her face to make a five pail kettle, to which she answered, "yes, sir, and there is sap enough in your head to fill it."

Quackery.—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutantury complaint." "Pray, doctor, what is that?"—"It is the dropping of the nerves, ma'am, the nerves having fallen into the pizarintum, the chest becomes morberous, and the head goes tizarizen, tizarizen." "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

Variety.—"Custom cannot state his infinite variety." Over the stall of a public writer in la rue du Bac, at Paris, is the following inscription:—

"M. Renard, public writer, advising compiler, translates the tongues, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

We occasionally hear a simpering, double refined young lady, boasting that she never labored, and that she could not, for the life of her, make a pudding, as though ignorance of these matters was a mark of gentility. There can be no greater proof of silly arrogance, than such remarks.

D'Oisay, in remarking on a beauty-speck on the cheek of Lady Southampton, compared it to a gem on a rose leaf. "The compliment is *farjetched*," observed her ladyship. "How can that be," rejoined the count, "when it is made on the spot?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Written for the friends of Philo B. Keeler, who died in May last, about five years of age, and published at their request.

My kindred, do not weep for me,
No longer o'er that clay
Breathe forth your mournful sighs,—O turn
To these bright realms of day.

There's joy and gladness here—all pain,
And sin, and death are o'er;
Those things that vexed my soul on earth,
Can never reach me more.

There are no clouds, or storms, or cold,
No long and dreary night;
'Tis pleasant sunshine all the time,
And every thing is bright.

And here are holy angels, too,
A happy, happy throng;
You cannot think what joy it gives
To listen to their song.

I never heard such pleasant sounds
On earth, as we have here;
Such beautiful things I never saw,
As in these vales appear.

And more than all, here Jesus lives,
And shows his smiling face;
He is our sun, our life, our all,—
O! 'tis a joyful place.

Then do not wish me back again,
In that dark world below;
But think about my happy home,—
'Twill make you glad, I know.

And give the blessed Savior praise,
For calling me away,
Before temptation's thousand snares
Had led my feet astray.

I long to have you join me here,
And be for ever blest;
Dear father, mother, sister, friend,
Come to this place of rest.

Oh give to God your hearts, and lives,
His holy word obey;
Lay up your treasures in this world,
And cast vain things away.

Then, soon, a happy family,
We'll meet together here;
To part no more—but ever live,
Without a sigh or tear.

A. C. P.

INDEPENDENCE ODE.

AIR—STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

I

When our fathers in vain sought redress from the throne,
And the tyrant grew mad in his thirst for dominion—
Earth shook, while the bugle of Conflict was blown,
And the Bird of our Banner flapped boldly his pinion.
Men with hair thin and white
Bared their arms for the fight,
And the lad of sixteen made the dull weapon bright,
While, gilding the battle-storm rolling in wrath,
The Sunlight of Freedom streamed full on their path.

II

Tutored Cohorts of Ruin were marshalled in vain,
While the Lion of Britain waved haughtily o'er them;
Unmoved as the rock beating backward the main,
Frowned the phalanx of Liberty darkly before them:
With the dying and dead
Was the battle-field spread,
And the rain of Destruction fell smoking and red;
But the foe was taught sternly how bootless his wrath!
When a WASHINGTON stands unappall'd in his path.

III

In the green "Land of Groves" by their proud valor won
From the grasp of Invasion, our grandaires are sleeping;
Neither pillar or pile lifts its head in the sun
Where the green moss of Age o'er their ashes is creeping.
Marble triumphs of Art
Can no glory impart
When the deeds of the mighty are traced on the heart—
The mighty who crushed the grim foe in his wrath
As the warrior-bard smote the Giant of Gath.

IV

Proud heirs of a legacy bought by the sword,
May the South and the North ever live in Communion;
May the vials of Death on the traitor be poured
Whose tongue even mutters that foul word—"Disunion!"

Guard the Land of your birth,
Where the wretched of Earth,
When scourged by the Despot, find altar and hearth;
And no more will the red eye of War roll in wrath
While blood, flame and tears mark his desolate path.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

July 4, 1839.

THE MAIDEN'S RESCUE.

A TALE OF CINTRA.

The road from Lisbon to Cintra is one of the most beautiful and picturesque that can be conceived. The hedges are lined with the towering American aloe; and the luxuriant fruits, the blooming flowers, and sweetly perfumed plants of the south, abound in rich profusion. It is not more than two or three hours ride from the capitol to Cintra—and thither a young and handsome English officer "wended his solitary way," with a view of passing a day or two among the romantic scenery which abounds in its neighborhood.

The town stands beneath a mountain, whose side is clothed with a variegated wood, on which the cork-tree, the olive, the orange, and the vine, sweetly and gaily bloom; and at its summit a convent rears its mossy front, the approaches to which are of a most rugged and dangerous nature. Having procured refreshments and a guide in the town, our adventurer, whose name was Captain Dillon, began about mid-day to ascend the steep and dangerous path, though forewarned that he would find the fatigue at that hour, almost insupportable. He proceeded, however, and with difficulty reached the convent; where he was received with a frank and hearty welcome—the British uniform being a sure passport to hospitality, at that period, throughout the whole extent of Portugal. Here he cooled his heated frame by eating the most delicious fruits; whilst the fine and invigorating breezes of the mountain air soon restored to him the capacity for active exertion. Pleased with the monks, who had little of the ascetic, unsocial disposition of their order—Dillon resolved to pass the night at the convent.

"What ruins are those?" inquired Dillon of one of the monks, who was accompanying him in a ramble around the grounds of the convent, after he had dismissed his guide. As he spoke he pointed to the remains of a castellated fortress, that crowned the summit of a rude eminence, at no great distance from the convent.

"Those mouldering relics," replied Father Joachim, "are all that exist of a once proud edifice, which was inhabited by a race of infidels of the Abencerages tribe. Now its massy walls are mostly crumbled into dust, its gorgeous magnificence has vanished, and the orgies of robbers and smugglers are celebrated in those halls, which were once the resort of the brave and the fair of the followers of Mahomet."

As he spoke, two men were seen stealing along the path that wound round the mountain, in some places overhung by a projecting precipice, in others covered with umbrageous shrubs, to the ruins of which they were converging.—They bore something between them that had the appearance of a body enveloped in a mantle; but whether it was male or female, it was impossible to discover.

"What can these men be after?" inquired Dillon. "Why are they, with this evident desire to elude observation, conveying what seems to be a human form to yonder ruins? Has some deed of violence been committed, and are its perpetrators about to consign a dead victim to an unhallowed grave, or immerse a living one in the dismal precincts of yonder gloomy walls?"

"Alas! my son," replied the Father, "such sights are too frequent to our eyes to excite much wonder, however they may demand commiseration; and not unfrequently the groans of sufferers from lawless violence are wafted on the wings of the wind to those peaceful shades. We have no power to interfere; we can only regard with pity the violations of moral rectitude and religious duty; and offer up our prayers for the safety of the innocent, and the reformation of the guilty."

"There are but two!" said Dillon; and as he stood for a few minutes, wrapped in thought, the working of his countenance, and the ex-

pression of his fine dark eyes, as he looked towards the ruins, evinced that he was revolving some scheme to aid the unfortunate being just conveyed within their walls, if indeed he or she yet lived. His plan, whatever it was, was soon formed. He obtained from the monk a direction as to the easiest way of reaching the ruins, and departed, notwithstanding the remonstrances with which he was assailed; having first taken the precaution to supply himself with a brace of loaded pistols in addition to his sword—"and a better never decked a soldier's thigh"—which he always wore.

Proceeding with cautious celerity, he succeeded in gaining the ruins without molestation.—The path which he had followed ended directly under a wall of considerable height, skirting the ledge of the precipice on which the castle had been built. A little to the right a low arched entrance admitted him into a wide area, which had probably been the once spacious and well fitted hall of the Moslems, but which was now lonely and deserted. All was silent; but advancing a little further, the sound of voices burst upon his ear, and he looked round to see whence they proceeded. Under a bower, formed of the vine, the fasmine, and the geranium, the two men whom he had seen from the convent, were now discovered playing at dice;—whilst a few paces from them on the grass lay a female form, which, even at that distance, Dillon could discover to be young and beautiful.—He anxiously watched for some indication which might point to a decisive line of conduct for him to adopt. That the lady, whoever she might be, was not a willing associate of the two ruffians, for such their address, manners and appearance denoted them, with whom he found her, he felt convinced; and it was a moment of relief from a painful state of suspense, when he saw the two men emerge from the bower, and as they advanced towards the spot where he was concealed, overheard them, in the Portuguese language, detail their plans and intentions. He found that they had been deciding their pretensions to their lovely and helpless victim, by the cast of the dice; and the one who had been successful was a stern and sturdy looking villain, on whose face nature had fixed marks of cruelty in lineaments which time could never efface. A ferocious exultation gleamed on his countenance; his dark scowling eyes were lighted up with a deadly expression of passion, and shot gleams of vengeance from under his high and overarching brows:—he advanced to the extended female, and raised her up from the ground with no gentle touch, he said something which Dillon could not distinguish. The lady appeared to look up, and, as if recognizing the ruthless being by whom she was supported, uttered a piercing shriek, which was reverberated in echoes from rock to rock, and at length died away in the distance. Dillon knew not what to do; but his conduct was soon decided. The ruffian commenced a struggle with the unfortunate being that he held in his grasp, who was near sinking under his lawless violence; when not able to contain himself any longer, Dillon rushed down the steps, calling upon them in Portuguese, to hold. The ruffians seemed paralyzed for an instant—but it was only for an instant. Both rushed upon Dillon, who discharged his pistol and brought one to the ground. A short, but desperate conflict ensued with the other; but the nervous arm of the young Englishman at length humbled this opponent also in the dust.

Leaving the helpless and disabled ruffians, Dillon supported the lady he had rescued, along the path by which he had gained the ruins, to the convent, which they reached with difficulty, owing to the exhausted state of his charge.—They were received with joy by the monks, who supplied every necessary restorative, and soon the bloom of health mantled on her cheek.

I might here detail the tender conversation which ensued between the lady and Dillon, the love of the latter, and the gratitude, which soon ripened into love, of the former,—the daughter of a rich citizen of Cintra, who had been decoyed from her home by the ruffians from whom Dillon had delivered her. But though these occurrences are pleasant enough to the parties concerned, they are in general rather insipid to the reader, or to a third party. Suffice it to say, that in a few months Captain Dillon and the fair Isabel de Castro were united, and they never cease, to remember, with pleasure, the fortunate circumstance which commenced their acquaintance.

THE



GEM.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1839.

No. 15.

MISCELLANY.

THE ABENCHERRAGE.

A SPANISH TALE.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Allora, now a mere ruin, infested by bats and owlets, but in old times one of the strong border holds of the christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Grenada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander; and, at the time which we treat, was held by Rodrigo de Narvez, a veteran, famed, both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy, which should ever be entwined with the sterner virtues of the soldier.

The castle of Allora, was a mere part of his command; he was Alcayde, or military governor of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at the frontier post, because its situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen chevaliers, all well mounted and well appointed: with these he kept vigilant watch upon moslems; patrolling the roads and paths, and defiles of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye, and now and then signaling himself by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Grenada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of the day, the worthy Alcayde sallied forth with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighborhood and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be overheard by a Moorish scout or traveller; and kept along ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the full moon upon their armor. Coming to where the road divided, the Alcayde directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he with the remaining four, would take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five had not proceeded far, when in passing through a defile, overhung with trees, they heard the voice of a man singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove, on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend. The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the wayfarer, as he advanced, and enabled them to distinguish his dress and appearance with perfect accuracy. He was a Moorish cavalier, and his noble demeanor, and graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted, on a dapple grey steed, of powerful frame and generous spirit, and magnificently comparisoned. His dress was a marlota or tunic, and an Albernoz of crimson damask, fringed with gold. Tunisian turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with gold fringe.—At his girdle hung a scimitar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long double-pointed lance. Thus equipped, he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing with a sweet and manly voice a Moorish love ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain in the rock beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink; the rider threw his reins on his horse's neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together, they were so well pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor, that they resolved not to harm but capture him, which in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task; rushing therefore from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken, to gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler and couch his lance, was the work of an instant; and there he sat fixed, like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds and reconnoitered him warily, loth to come to an encounter which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley; 'if you be true knights,' said he, and seek for honorable fame, come on, singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but if you be mere lurkers of the road intent on spoil, come on all at once, and do your worst.'

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed: "Although no law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize, when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant, as courtesy, what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor, defend thyself!"

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his horse, made at the stranger. The latter met him in midcareer, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrusts of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled short about, with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horsemen were renowned: passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance, then, lightly replaced himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast, that soon bro't the Alcayde and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted a contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called to his followers to desist, and addressing the Moor, with courteous words, invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time, the contest was fierce and doubtful, and the Alcayde had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting, and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance; the Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor, in the right arm; then closing, in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth; when putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat, "Cavalier," exclaimed he, "render thyself my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands!"

"Kill me, rather," replied the Moor, 'for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty."

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit. He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south, with a fixed and wistful gaze.

"How is this?" exclaimed the Alcayde, reproachfully, "that you who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all spirit in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me as to a friend, and I promise you on the faith of a cavalier, that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure."

The Moorish knight kissed the hand of the Alcayde. "Noble cavalier," said he, "that I am cast down in spirit, is not from my wounds, which are slight, nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all gloom; nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier, is no disgrace. But to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story; and this I am moved to do by the great sympathy you have manifested towards me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions."

"Know then, that my name is Abendaraz, and that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencherrages of Granada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with treasonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest were banished; so that not an Abencherrage was permitted to remain in Granada, excepting my father, and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, however, should they have children, the sons should be educated at a distance from Granada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom.

"Conformable to this decree, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy Alcayde of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me with the kindness and affection of a father; and I grew up in the belief that he really was such. A few years afterwards his wife gave birth to a daughter, but his tenderness to me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarisa, for so the infant daughter of the Alcayde was called, as her own brother, and thought the growing passion which I felt for her was mere fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding as it were leaf by leaf, like morning roses, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

"At this period, I overheard a conversation between him and his confidential domestic; and I found myself to be the subject. "It is time," said he, "to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long as possible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of a proscribed and an unlucky race."

"This intelligence would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period, but the intimation that Xarisa was not my sister, operated like magic, and in an instant transformed my brotherly affections into ardent love.

"I sought Xarisa to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in a bower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair by the mirror of a chrysal fountain. I ran to her with open arms and she received me with a sister's embrace. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

"In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her. "Alas!" cried she, "then is our happiness at an end!"

"How!" exclaimed I, "wilt thou cease to love me because I am not thy brother?"

"Not so," replied she; "but do you not know that when it is once known we are not brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?"

"In fact, from that moment our intercourse took a new character. We often met at the fountain among the jessamines, but Xarisa no longer advanced with open arms to meet me.—She became reserved and silent, and would blush and cast down her eyes, when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unreserved intercourse that had existed between us, when we supposed ourselves brother and sister, yet I would not have had the relationship true, for the world.

"While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the King of Granada for the Alcayde to take command of the fortress of Coyn, which lies directly on the Christian frontier. He prepared to remove with all his family, but signified that I should remain at Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarisa. "That is the very cause," said he, "why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abendaracz, that thou shouldst know the secret of thy birth; that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarisa thy sister." "I know it all," I exclaimed, "and I love her with ten fold the affection of a brother.—You have brought us together; you have made us necessary to each other's happiness; our hearts have entwined themselves with our growth; do not now tear them asunder. Fill up the measure of your kindness; be indeed a father to me, by giving Xarisa for my wife."

"The brow of the Alcayde darkened as I spoke? "Have I been deceived?" said he.—"Have those nurtured in my bosom been conspiring against me?—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough to refuse thee the hand of my daughter that thou wert of a proscribed race who can never approach the walls of Granada; this, however, I might have passed; but never will I give my daughter to a man who has endeavored to win her from me by deception.

"All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarisa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and seeking Xarisa told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me. "Xarisa," said I, "we part forever! I shall never see thee more! Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and his wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!"

Xarisa reproached me with my want of faith, and promised me eternal constancy. I still doubted and desponded, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she agreed to a secret union. Our espousals made, we parted, with a promise on her part to send me word from Coyn, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The very day after our secret nuptials, I beheld the whole train of the Alcayde depart from Cartama, nor would he admit me to his presence, or permit me to bid farewell to Xarisa. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by the secret bond of union; but every thing around me fed my passion and reminded me of Xarisa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited; the chamber in which she had slept. I visited the bower of jessamines, and lingered beside the fountain in which she had delighted. Every thing recalled her to my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy.

"At length a confidential servant brought me word, that her father was to depart that day for Granada, on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyn, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I would obtain admittance.

"If ever you have loved, most valiant Alcayde, you may judge of the transports of my bosom. That very night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honor to my bride; and arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama.—You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom, in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarisa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will no longer be possible. Judge, then, whether I grieve without cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement."

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez was greatly moved by this recital; for, though more used to rugged war than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

"Abendaracz," said he, "I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the good fortune which delivered thee into my hands, should have marred so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith, as a true knight, to return prisoner to my castle, within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials."

The Abencerrage would have thrown himself at his feet, to pour out protestations of eternal gratitude, but the Alcayde prevented him. Calling in his cavaliers, he took the Abencerrage by the right hand, in their presence, exclaiming solemnly, "You promise, on the faith of a cavalier, to return to my castle of Allora within three days, and render yourself my prisoner?" And the Abencerrage said, "I promise."

Then said the Alcayde, "Go, and may good fortune attend you. If you require any safeguard, I and my cavaliers are ready to be your companions."

The Abencerrage kissed the hand of the Alcayde in grateful acknowledgement. "Give me," said he, "my own armor and my steed, and I require no guard. It is not likely that I shall again meet with so valorous a foe."

The shades of night had fallen, when the tramp of the dapple grey steed resounded over the drawbridge, and immediately afterwards the light clatter of hoofs along the road, bespoke the fleetness with which the youthful lover hastened to his bride. It was deep night when the moor arrived at the castle of Coyn. He silently and cautiously walked his panting steed under its dark walls, and having nearly passed round them, came to the portal denoted by Xarisa. He paused and looked around to see that he was not observed, and then knocked three times with the butt of his lance. In a little while the portal was timidly unclosed by the duenna of Xarisa. "Alas, señor," said she, "what has detained you thus long? Every night have I watched for you; and my lady is sick at heart with doubt and anxiety."

The Abencerrage hung his lance and shield and scimitar against the wall, and then followed the duenna with silent steps, up a winding staircase, to the apartment of Xarisa. Vain would be the attempt to describe the raptures of that meeting. Time flew too swiftly, and the Abencerrage had nearly forgotten, until too late, his promise to return a prisoner to the Alcayde of Allora. The recollection of it came to him with a pang, and suddenly awoke him from his dream of bliss. Xarisa saw his altered looks, and heard with alarm his stifled sighs; but her countenance brightened when she heard the cause. "Let not thy spirits be cast down," said she, throwing her white arms around him. "I have the keys of my father's treasures; send ransom more than enough to satisfy the Christian, and remain with me."

"No," said Abendaracz, "I have given my word to return in person, and like a true knight, must fulfil my promise. After that, fortune must do with me as it pleases."

"Then, said Xarisa, 'I will accompany thee. Never shall you return a prisoner, and I remain at liberty.'

The Abencerrage was transported with joy at this new proof of devotion in his beautiful bride. All preparations were speedily made for their departure. Xarisa mounted behind the Moor on his powerful steed; they left the castle walls before day break, nor did they pause until they arrived at the gates of the castle of Allora, which was flying wide to receive them.

Alighting in the court, the Abencerrage supported the steps of his trembling bride, who re-

mained closely veiled, into the presence of Rodrigo de Narvaez. "Behold, valiant Alcayde!" said he, "the way in which an Abencerrage keeps his word. I promised to return to thee a prisoner, but I deliver two captives into your power.—Behold Xarisa, and judge whether I grieved without reason over the loss of such a treasure. Receive us as your own, for I confide my life and her honor to your hands."

The Alcayde was lost in admiration of the beauty of the lady, and the noble spirit of the Moor. "I know not," said he, "which of you surpasses the other, but I know that my castle is graced and honored by your presence. Enter into it, and consider it your own while you deign to reside with me."

For several days the lovers remained at Allora, happy in each others love, and in the friendship of the brave Alcayde. The latter wrote a letter, full of courtesy, to the Moorish king at Granada, relating the whole event, extolling the valor and good faith of the Abencerrage, and craving for him the royal countenance.

The king was moved by the story, and was pleased with an opportunity of showing attention to the wishes of a gallant and chivalrous enemy; for though he had often suffered from the prowess of Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, he admired the heroic character he had gained throughout the land. Calling the Alcayde of Coyn into his presence, he gave him the letter to read. The Alcayde turned pale, and trembled with rage on the perusal. "Restrain thine anger," said the king, "there is nothing that the Alcayde of Allora could ask, that I would not grant if in my power." Go thou to Allora; pardon thy children; take them to thy home. I receive this Abencerrage into my favor, and it will be my delight to heap benefits upon you all."

The kindling ire of the Alcayde was suddenly appeased. He hastened to Allora; and folded his children to his bosom, who would have fallen at his feet. The gallant Rodrigo de Narvaez gave liberty to his prisoners without ransom, demanding merely a promise of his friendship. He accompanied the youthful couple and their father to Coyn, where their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings. When the festivities were over, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez returned to his fortress of Allora.

After his departure, the Alcayde of Coyn addressed his children:—"To your hands," said he, "I confide the disposition of my wealth. One of the first things I charge you, is not to forget the ransom you owe to the Alcayde of Allora. His magnanimity wronging him of his just dues. Give him moreover, your entire friendship, for he merits it fully though of a different faith."

The Abencerrage thanked him for his generous proposition, which truly accorded with his own wishes. He took a large sum of gold, and enclosed it in a rich coffer; and on his own part sent six beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned; with six shields and lances, mounted and embossed with gold. The beautiful Xarisa, at the same time wrote a letter to the Alcayde, filled with expressions of gratitude and friendship, and sent him a box of fragrant cypress-wood, containing linnen of the finest quality for his person. The valiant Alcayde disposed of the present in a characteristic manner. The horses and armor he shared among the cavaliers who had accompanied him on the night of the skirmish. The box of cypress wood and its contents he retained for the sake of the beautiful Xarisa; and sent her, by the hands of the messenger, the sum of gold paid as a ransom, entreating her to receive it as a wedding present. This courtesy and magnanimity raised the character of the Alcayde Rodrigo de Narvaez still higher in the estimation of the Moors, who extolled him as a perfect mirror of chivalric virtue; and from that time forward, there was a continual exchange of good offices between them.

ANECDOTE OF ROWLAND HILL.

A pious woman, a member in Surrey Chapel, was married to a husband, who, though very kind to her and in many respects a moral man, had no sense whatever of religion; but delighted in spending the hours in swilling beer which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the parties, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter day. The consequence was that a distraint on their furniture was put into their house, and a party was employed, as the techni-

cal phrase has it, to "take possession." After turning over every scheme in their minds which could suggest itself, for extricating them from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were just about to resign themselves to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife, of submitting the whole case to Mr. Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of treachery, made a short and simple statement of matters.

"How much would you require to save your furniture, and to get rid of the person in possession?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Eighteen pounds, sir, would be quite sufficient for the purpose," answered the poor woman with a palpitating heart.

"I'll let you have the loan of twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience."

The heart of the other was too full to give utterance to distinct expressions of gratitude for so great a mark of kindness on the part of her minister. He was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to perceive that the broken accents, and sometimes entire absence of words, which characterised her attempt to express her gratitude, afforded a far better proof of that feeling being at once deep and sincere, than if she had been most affluent in words and most fluent in using them.

"Send your husband to me on your return home," said Mr. Hill, after the other had returned thanks in the best way her feelings allowed her; "Send him to me presently, and I will have two ten pound notes waiting him by the time he arrives. I wish to give the notes to him rather than to you."

Mrs. D—quitted Mr. Hill's house, and hurried home with light foot, but with a still lighter heart. Having communicated to her husband what had passed between herself and her minister, it is unnecessary to say that he lost no time in proceeding to the house of Mr. Hill. The latter gentleman received him with much kindness of manner.

"And so," said he, "you are so unfortunate as to have a person in possession."

"We unfortunately have, sir."

"And twenty pounds will be sufficient to get rid of him and restore the furniture to you?"

"It will, sir."

"Well, then," said Mr. Hill, pointing to the table, "there are two ten pound notes for you, which you can repay me when you are able.—Take them."

The other hesitatingly advanced to the table, took up the notes, and was in the act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done him, at the same time expressing a hope that he would soon be able to pay the amount back again—when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaimed, "Stop a little! Just lay down the notes again until I ask a blessing on them."

The other did as he was desired, on which the reverend gentleman, extending both his arms, addressed a short prayer to the Divine Being to this effect—"O Lord, who art the Author of all mercy, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, do thou be graciously pleased to bless the small sum of money to be given to him who is now before Thee, that it may conduce to his present and eternal welfare. For Jesus Christ's sake."

"Now, sir," said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication to a Throne of Grace, "now, sir, you may take the money."

The party a second time took up the two ten pound notes, and was in the act as before of folding them up, when Mr. Hill interposed, by requesting him to wait a moment, adding that he had forgotten one thing.

It may be easily supposed that by this time the individual was a good deal confused. His confusion was increased a hundred fold when Mr. Hill remarked, "But, my friend, you have not yourself asked a blessing on the money.—You had better do it now."

"Sir," faltered out the other, scarcely able to support himself, "Sir, I cannot pray. I never prayed in my life."

"You have the more need to begin now," observed the reverend gentleman, in his own cool yet rebuking manner.

"I cannot, sir; I do not know what to say."

"Make the effort, however short your prayer may be."

"I cannot, sir. I am unable to utter one single sentence."

"Then you cannot have the money. I will

not lend twenty pounds to a prayerless person."

The other hesitated for a moment, and then closing his eyes, and with uplifted hands, he said with great earnestness, "O Lord, what shall I say to Thee and to Mr. Hill on this occasion?" He was about to begin another sentence when the reverend gentleman interrupted him, by observing, "That will do for a beginning. It is a very excellent first prayer. It is from the heart. I have not uttered a more sincere or fervent petition to God for the last fifty years. Take the money, and may God's blessing be given along with it." As he spoke, Mr. Hill took up the two ten pound notes and transferring them to the half bewildered man, cordially shook him by the hand, and wished him good morning.

THE ORPHAN.

BY CHARLTON.

The tempest of a dark December night had for some time vented its fury, when a wretched woman, drenched by the rain, dishevelled, and in tattered garments, sunk on the ground as she journeyed over the heath. She had wandered from her home—*home!* alas! she had none! She was an orphan. Long had a mother's voice ceased to instruct her by its precepts: a father's arm to protect and administer by its labor to her assistance. Both were consigned to the grave; and Emma was left without a friend, on whom to depend for counsel or assistance. She was then beautiful; her form and graceful movements were those of Diana; the health of Hygeia bloomed upon her cheek; and the lily's spotless whiteness lent its complexion to her cheek and bosom. Her mind was intelligent though not learned; her heart a compound of virtue and credulity. Never had Emma performed an act that was wrong, *knowing* it to be so; never suspected guile or treachery in another, judging the world as it were by the standard of her own honesty and truth. Thus acting and believing; unskilled in the deceptive character of *man*; forlorn and needy; she was approached by a youth, whose prepossessing form and manners soon engaged her affections. With the malice and the cunning of the arch fiend of old, he wooed, won, and deserted her!—Wretched Emma! Virtue was once thy richest pride and solace—*virtue!* And is it then but a name that the charitable look at? Art thou Emma, still virtuous? Shall the fell machinations of a villain cast approbrium upon thy purer nature, which only his infamy deserves? Yet it may be said that thou too art infamous! Not, not so; thou art wretched but not infamous. It was not a fault to believe as thou hast believed; it was a misfortune. That innocence which should have been thy protection, is nevertheless thy apology. You saw the tears trickle down from eyes, while those eyes beamed rapture upon you; you heard a voice silvery and sweet, which formed itself to your situation, declared its passion, and pledged its unalterable truth. Could you doubt it? No: that heart which never deceived, that heart which had so often throbbled with sympathetic emotions at the bare recital of "past tales of sorrow," could not suspect deception in another, when its feet laid in supplication, promises and vows. Who then, Emma, brands you infamous? "What voice of sorrow breaks upon my ear, giving to the night's loud gust a more appalling accent?" inquired a horseman, as he cautiously approached the spot where the wretched orphan lay. "A being disgraced; persecuted by the earth, and forsaken by heaven, (she replied.) Three days have passed since these famished lips have tasted the coarsest food; and many a long night since the roof of hospitality sheltered her from the 'pitiless storm.' I am a woman; I am an orphan!" Why have you been persecuted by the world? Why should you be forsaken by heaven? "I thought not of the epinions of one; and I have violated an ordinance of the other, I loved too well and was undone!"—"Take thy miserably fate!" interrupted the horseman, and galloped forward. He was a moralist. Through the gloomy severity of the blast, a firm and steady step was heard to approach. There was something in its sound presaging succour; something which conveyed hope to the heart. A glow of comfort flashed upon her frozen cheeks. A delicious sensation, (like to that which is experienced when we feel the congenial sigh breathe upon us, when it leaves the warm bosom of friendship,) animated her with new life. She rose with strength and feelings she knew not how to account for: she

hurried to meet him who approached her, and in the next instant fell senseless into his arms. "Child of affection!" inquired the stranger, as he wrapped her shivering form more tenderly in his mantle, and watched the returning life in her pallid face, by the indirect beamings of the moon, which had arisen: "Child of affection! why hast thou on this lone night wandered from thy friends and home?" "I have none," replied the disconsolate Emma, with convulsed emotion, while she cast upon him a look, which might have melted a stone, and endeavored to relieve herself from his embrace. It was the first time since her unhappy seduction, that she had been cherished by man. "I am very young" (she continued) but have experienced an age of misery. Seduced by a heart I believed to be the oracle of truth and constancy; an orphan; shunned by my former friends; scoffed at by my undoer; unpitied, unprotected, I have wandered alone; the canopy of heaven, at night, my only covering; the scanty fruit of the forest, my only sustenance. I could not love sin sufficient to pursue it for my bread! and who would administer the woman dishonored!—Stranger, the measure of my suffering is filled. In a few moments all that will remain of the orphan for the exercise of thy humanity will be the interment of her corpse, and inscription of her offence, that others may profit by her misfortunes, and shun that rock on which she struck and perished." "Orphan, thou wilt not die!" replied the stranger, pressing her cold form firmly in his arms. "I am childless, and will make thee mine. The world shall yet respect and bless the orphan, whose offence is treated with too much severity, and whose wants it refuses to supply." "Whose voice is this," exclaimed the sinking Emma, "that sends such tidings through my bewildered brain? who calls me from the grave?"

"One (replied the stranger) who feels it his duty to succour the afflicted; one that never sported with the unhappy, nor promised but to perform." "Angel! minister of heaven!" exclaimed the orphan and sunk her icy forehead upon his bosom. He was a friend! and the friend has kept his word. Emma is seen, blooming and beautiful as ever, moving in plenty.—Her error has long since been forgotten by all but herself, in consideration of her correct deportment, and the exercise of her charities.—She is the almoner of the village. Her kindness heals the afflicted; her precepts tame the obdurate. Once a year, when the night winds blow bleak, does Emma hie her to the spot where her preserver found her. It is the indulgence of a whim in her which he sanctions, more because he believes it to be the exercise of a penance for her crime, than from a fear that without any perpetuation of it, she might again fall its victim. One act originating in extreme sensibility and uncounselled by experience, weaned from her the sympathies of the world. One generous bosom snatched her from destruction, and gave to society again its brightest ornament. Adieu, sweet Emma! thy sufferings and thy persecutions are treasured up in every honest heart; and the hour is blest, in which this friend found thee an orphan on the heath.

JULIET.—A FRAGMENT.

*** She was sitting at the head of his grave—and the grass was beginning to look green upon the turf round the stone where her tears usually fell—she had not observed me, and I stood still. "Thou hast left me Fidelin," said she, bending her face down to the turf—"Thou hast left me, but it was to attend a dearer call—I will not weep" wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "I will not weep, for it was the call of one who loved thee better.—Thou hast flown to his bosom and what hast thou left behind thee for poor Juliet, but this cold sod?" She was silent some moments—the full moon was just beginning to climb over the tops of the trees as I came up; and as she stooped to kiss the turf, I saw the tears, through the moonbeams, trickling in hasty drops from her eyes. "Thou hast left me," said Juliet, raising her face from the grave, "but we shall meet again—I shall see thy face again and hear thee speak; and then we shall part no more." She rose cheerfully to retire—the tear was still trembling in her eye; never till that moment did I behold so sweet a charm—one might read the sentence in her face—"Thou has left me," said the tear; "but we shall meet again, and there we shall part no more," said the smile. Blessed religion, thought I, how happy are thy children.

A WEDDING AT SEA.

A Paris correspondent of the New England Review gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from this country.

"A novel circumstance took place while on our passage, which I must relate: There was a Mr. H. on board, who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New York. He was a kind, open-hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent, as well as handsome. His age about twenty-seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all, but as we made it a point to have but one family on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities, he was very soon made a welcome member.

On our sixth day out he came to me and inquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger, who was accompanied by his daughter, with whom Mr. H. seemed to be deeply smitten. For my own part I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners and highly intelligent. I informed him, and at his request I gave him a formal introduction, which terminated in the following manner.

Soon after the introduction it became evident that a mutual liking and affection existed between Mr. H. and Miss J., who, from the open expressions of fondness, began to attract the attentions of many of the passengers.—They were frequently observed in close conversation, and a game of whist was scarcely ever played in which they were not partners. On the second Sunday of our passage, we solicited the Rev. Mr. G., who was on his way to Italy, to preach a sermon. By the politeness of Capt. N. a large awning was spread above us, seats were prepared, and a congregation of seventy six persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was formed into a pulpit, and a choir was formed by "going into a committee of the whole." The text was read and the sermon delivered, of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card which lay on his desk:

"Wm. BENTLEY H——, Esq., of New York, intends marriage with Miss MARIA LOUISA J.—" We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than at the fact itself, and, indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made, that we all forgot the serious impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair.—But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly things were arranged to order, the best state room was to be given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze; not a voice was heard, not the least stir or bustle about the deck, and the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene.

As at noon, every soul on board gathered to the temple, which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks and closed with prayer.

The scene was truly as sublime as romantic.—The fair bride came out, dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where only an hour or two before she has uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on, and not a care cast a shadow of his wing across that scene of triumphant love and bliss.

A RECIPE to make cheap composition for preserving the roof of a house or any kind of weather boarding from weather and from fire.—Take one measure of fine sand, two measures of wood ashes well sifted, three of slackened lime ground up with oil; laid on with a painter's brush: first coat thin, and second thick.

I painted on a board with this mixture, and it adheres so strongly to the board, that it resists an iron tool; and put thick on a shingle, resists the operation of fire.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1839.

MISS SHIRREFF & MR. WILSON.

The beauty and gaiety of our city were at Concert Hall on Friday evening. All were delighted with the "minstrelsie"—or if any were not delighted, they did not possess bad taste enough to tell of it. The audience was large, but not crowded, as it should have been.

"What fairy like music," although an "old favorite" with every body, we never heard it sung with any thing like "fairy like" beauty before. It has been thrust upon our ears so often, by so many awful voices, that we have more than once pronounced it a "doleful sound;" but the artist like gracefulness with which it was sung by Miss SHIRREFF and Mr. WILSON made it really pretty.

"Rory O'More" was "to the life." If any of the "girls of Kilkenny had heard it, they would have thought it come direct from the Emerald landscapes. If all the broken hearted Roys could discourse their loves so charmingly, they would be irresistible—the Miss Cathaleens would have to lay down their arms.

"Im o'er young to marry yet" made quite a sensation among the young ladies and gentlemen. No word in the English language can create such lovely excitement, such sighs and blushes, as the single word "marry." If so potent in itself, what must it be when spoken in music by the enchanting voice of Miss SHIRREFF.

"Away to the mountain's brow," according to our fancy, was one of the best songs of the evening. But it is difficult to make any great discrimination where all was best.

"John Anderson my Jo" was grand. Who that heard it sung by Mr. WILSON will ever forget it. He gave to "The anchor's weighed" the true seaman's song expression. Dibbin himself could not have sung it with purer nautical feeling. It murmured in our ears like

— a dreamy lay,
Such as the southern breeze
Might waft at golden fall of day,
O'er blue transparent seas.

We have often sung "Meet me by moonlight alone" ourself—but we shall not sing it again very soon. After listening to Mr. WILSON's, with the accompaniment of his "Light Guitar," our voice, (and some others we could mention) sounds decidedly flat in it.

"Moonlight" music is undoubtedly more touching than any other. Since the days of the Chaldean shepherds and troubadours, who discovered it, every "true lover" has felt its soft, bewitching and delicious influence. From earliest time, when music danced among the Ægean Isles, and among the woods that waved o'er Delphi's steep, and

"Inspiration breathed around
Every shade and hallowed fountain,"
to the present, in which "Jim Crow" and "Billy Barlow" have jumped and sung, with an imperial command over the admiration of the million—moonlight music has not become obsolete:

"The silver light which hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness—
Speaks also to the heart."

Lunar Rainbow.—The Lenox (Mass.) Eagle of July 18th, says:—"During the shower of Tuesday night, a perfect defined rainbow appeared in the northeast. The moon was shining brightly and the shower approached from the southeast. The colors of the bow were not brilliant, but the arch remained for a long time distinct and unbroken. The brilliancy of the moon, shining in the midst of storm, the vivid flashes of lightning, and the roar of the thun-

der, together with the unwonted appearance of the bow of promise, presented a spectacle which we would not have missed."

Written for the Gem.

CORSELET AND LACING.

No. 5.

MR. EDITOR—Diseases arising from the use of these fashionable instruments of death, are not confined or limited to the substance of the lungs alone. The heart, the arteries the spine, the ribs with their intervening cartilages that unite them to the breast bone, and the breast bone itself, and shoulder blades, will be made to partake more or less of the general evil, according to the degree of rigidity to which the individual thinks proper to screw herself up to satisfy the looking-glass appearance of her person in conformity to the misguided and corrupt taste of elegance of form, as laid down in modern fashions.

Curvatures of the spine, distortions of the ribs and sternum, chronic or sub-acute inflammations of the tendinous, ligamentous and cartilaginous parts which are immediately connected with the distortions, are frequently the consequence of tight lacing, which may often be detected by slight pressure of the finger upon the part thus affected. Nervous palpitations are often produced by this cause, and by it the heart and arteries suffer in their organization, and sometimes these organic affections are very fatal in their tendency.

The stomach is another important organ which is frequently involved in disease by the beautifying process of lacing. Indigestion is one of the first symptoms usually attendant on the malady thus produced, which may be known by loss of appetite, nausea, heart-burn, flatulency, acid eructations, or gnawings in the stomach when empty, a sense of constriction and uneasiness in the throat, with pain in the side, or breast bone, so that the patient at times can only lie on the right side; great costiveness, habitual chilliness, and paleness of the countenance, languor, unwillingness to move about, lowness of spirits, palpitation, vertigo, and disturbed sleep. The number of these symptoms varies in different cases; with some, being felt only in part; in others being accompanied even with additional ones equally unpleasant, such as severe transient pains in the head and breast, and various affections of the sight, as blindness, double vision, &c.

In noticing the host of diseases that are occasioned wholly or in part by tight lacing, and which are almost always much aggravated by this means, we should not forget that the functions of the Liver and Pancreas are often interrupted, and sometimes to that degree as to fix upon the patient a long train of maladies, which, though not of the most immediately alarming character, frequently prove troublesome for a long time, and often very difficult to cure. This occurs more frequently in relation to the diseases of the first mentioned viscus.

The symptoms peculiar to this kind of liver complaint are a chilliness preceding pain in the region of the liver, sometimes dull, sometimes sharp, extending up to the collar-bone and shoulder, which is much increased by pressing upon the parts, and is accompanied with a cough, oppression of breathing, and difficulty of lying, except on the side affected; together with nausea and sickness, and often with a vomiting of bilious matter, and constipation of the bowels from the diminished secretion of life.

There is a loss of appetite, great thirst, with a strong, hard, and frequent pulse, near to an hundred in a minute, occasionally intermitting;

the skin is hot and dry at the same time, and the tongue covered with a white and sometimes a yellowish fur, the eyes become tinged of a deep yellow. The liver is sometimes found pressed out of its natural situation with an enlargement and hardness of this organ; an obtuse pain in the region of the liver extending to the right shoulder, accompanied very often with great difficulty of breathing and cough.

It may not be necessary to detail more minutely at present, the numerous diseases that are occasioned wholly or in part by this prolific cause.

A good sized volume would hardly afford sufficient room to contain in a condensed form a clear and full view of the subject matter of these brief sketches. Though my readers may think that full enough maladies have been enumerated to satisfy every reflecting mind of the deleterious consequences of following the capricious fashions of the *illiterate* and *silly flirts* who are entirely ignorant of the mischief they are plotting for themselves and others, and quite as heedless as they are ignorant of their consequences.

It may be, some will prefer an accusation of *unkindness*, in treating this subject with an unnecessary degree of asperity which is altogether uncalled for and unnecessary. To those, if any, I would say in reply, that my whole object is to render some benefit to multitudes of young ladies of our country, who are unwarily led into these fashions which are ruinous to health and withering to all earthly comforts and enjoyments. That this effort is wholly gratuitous on my part, and as such I present my views to the public.

There is another important consideration to which the attention of Parents and Heads of Families are earnestly requested in relation to this subject. It is well known that the first settlers of our country were a hardy race of people. So long as agriculture constituted their principle employment, and the chief resources for livelihood; so long the people were healthy, prosperous, and happy. When it was honorable for men to attend to their own concerns in person, and take an active part in the vigorous employments of the field, both in seed time and in harvest. When our Grandmothers and Mothers would "lay their hands to the spindle, and their hands hold the distaff." When they looked "well to the ways of their households and eat not the bread of idleness." These were the halcyon days when our youth were attired in the neat and comfortable garments, wrought by their own hands. When the beauty of their healthful sparkling countenances would receive no additional charms from the artificial tints in use by our faded ladies of the present day.

Alas! how frail the human intellect as well as the animal machine! The industry and economy which was employed assiduously for a time, brought with it competency, wealth, luxury and ease; and idleness, effeminacy and fashion.

Hence, as though the judgments of Heaven are to be visited upon this thoughtless and perverse generation for abusing the good things of the world; our fashionable follies are fast depopulating the genteel race that now constitute, if not the bone and muscle, the soul of the community. While those of our land that are plainly fed and meanly clad, and who are too often found quite uneducated, are filling the country with their numbers, and will no doubt continue to increase vastly in point of population on that class who consider themselves in more elevated stations of fashionable life.

Will Fathers, Mothers, Guardians and Friends

of our esteemed country with a healthful atmosphere and luxuriant soil—a land of plenty and of freedom—look silently on this crying sin and not make one single effort for its removal? Will Philanthropists seek the amelioration of the condition of the ignorant and the oppressed in other lands and entirely neglect our own in this particular? Will none "come to the rescue?"

Of twenty thousand children born in one year in the city of London it has been estimated that not over three thousand lived to grow up to manhood. Among the hardy yeomanry of New England at the same time, the proportion of deaths might have been set down in an inverse ratio.

Having now considered, very briefly, a few of the many points in *Physiology* and *Pathology* as connected with this subject, I hope hereafter, to be able to make some remarks in relation to its alliance with the *Mental Faculties*.

Very respectfully yours, &c., L.

ON THE UTILITY OF LEARNING FRENCH.

Before we set about learning any thing, be it what it may, it is right that we ascertain the thing to be such as is likely to be useful to us; and it is but reasonable that the usefulness should, in point of magnitude, bear a just proportion to the expense, whether of money or of time, demanded by the task which we are going to encounter. The French language is of this character; and very little reflection will convince any one, that it is a branch of learning which, in the present age, stands, in the scale of importance, next after that of our native tongue.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the reasons for learning French, but when it is recollected that the laws were, for several centuries, written and administered in French; that some of the present statutes stand in that language; and that a great part of the law terms in use at this day, are also in French, a motive will be found, more, we believe to induce men of education to learn this language.

There are, however, many motives of equal, and some perhaps, of greater weight. The French language is the language of all the courts of Europe. The cause of this is of no consequence; the fact is all we have to do with here; and that is undeniable. Then let it be observed, though each of the great nations of Europe generally insists that the treaties, to which it is a party, shall be in its own language, or in the *Latin*; yet, the French is, in spite of all the efforts made to prevent it, the universal language of negotiations. Few, indeed, comparatively speaking, are the persons employed in this way; but the instances, in which, for purposes connected with war, or with foreign commerce, it is necessary to be master of the French language, are by no means few, or of little importance.

In the carrying of trade, and in the affairs of merchants, it is frequently absolutely necessary to be able to speak and write French. A young man, whether in the wholesale or retail trade, and especially in the counting-house of a merchant, is worth a great deal more when he possesses the French Language, than when he does not. To travel on the continent of Europe without being able to speak French, is to be, during such travelling, a sort of deaf and dumb person; and the humiliation and mortification to be experienced in such a situation, will be by no means diminished by the reflection, that we owe them to our own want of attention and industry.

Though many books are translated into English, the far greater part are not; and, in every branch of knowledge, numerous indeed are those works which it may be useful to read. But, were there only the pain arising from the want of a knowledge of French, when we fall into company where we hear one of our own nation conversing with a Frenchman, this alone ought to be more than sufficient to urge a person to study.

I remember says one of the most voluminous writers of the age, a young Lady, in Long Island, who had been out on a visit to a house where one of the company happened to be a French lady, who could not speak English, and where a young American lady had been interpreter between this foreigner and the rest of the guests; and I shall never forget the manner in which the first mentioned young lady expressed the sense of her humiliation: "I never before," said she, in all my life, felt *envy*; but, there was Miss ———, first turning to the right, and then to the left, and at each turn, changing her language; and there sat I like a post, feeling myself more her inferior than I can describe."

It is really thus, This talent gives, in such cases, not only an air of superiority, but also a reasonable and just claim to superiority; because it must be manifest to every one that it is the effect of attention and industry, as well as good natural capacity of mind. It is not a thing like dancing or singing, perfection in the former of which is most likely to arise from an accidental pliancy of the limbs, and in the latter from an organization in the throat and lungs, not less accidental; it is not a thing of this sort, but a thing the possession of which necessarily implies considerable powers of intellect, and a meritorious application of those powers. Besides these considerations there is this: that by learning French well, under the care of a native of France, and not of a *Canadian*, *Pole* or of an *half taught American*, you will really become more thoroughly acquainted with your own language. But nothing is justly gained without labor of some sort or other; and to succeed in such an undertaking requires much assiduity and perseverance.

Music.—The city council of Salem have appropriated \$200 to defray the expenses of having music on the common one evening each week, during the summer. This speaks well for the good taste of the city.—*Express*.

This is the strongest practical argument of the progress of benevolence and good taste in this country, which we have yet seen. In but few ways could \$200 be spent so as to afford more general and innocent pleasure to a whole community, than in delighting them with weekly discourses of eloquent music. It is a pleasure in which all can participate. The poor and the rich are alike pleased and gratified. The hours during which the band are engaged, will be hours, when the happy will be the happier, and the unhappy the less so—when the hungry will forget their hunger, and the homeless and houseless and friendless rejoice that every avenue of pleasure, however fleeting and unsubstantial that pleasure may be, are not entirely closed up even to them. In old times the King of Salem blessed Abram's weary soldiers, and comforted them with bread and wine; and the Common Council of Salem have done little less in providing music once a week for the weary "democrats" of our modern Salem. "May they live a thousand years" to enjoy the luxury of their own provision, and may many other cities have the good taste to follow their example!

Written for the Gem

TIME.

"Every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less,"

Said one who had thought much on the shortness of time. And is time short? To many it is very short. And even the three-score and ten years of man are compared to a handbreath. Time, with the youngest, the happiest and the gay, must ere long close. The eye of the loved one, that now sparkles with delight, must grow dim in death. The cheek that now blooms with health and vigor, pale and sunken, must lie upon a dying pillow. Time, swift as the earth's revolution round the sun, is bearing her sons away to the dark and silent tomb. Many have been impressed, when too late, with the value of time. While in health, surrounded by the volatile and the gay, the friends and companions of their youth, like the person spoken of in the Gospel, they had fondly dreamed that time with them would last, at least, many years.—Such was the case with one of the celebrated Queens of England. But when time, with her, was about to close forever, she learned its worth. Such value did she place upon it, that willingly would she have given her kingdom for a moment. The wretched Altamont too, well knew the value of time when he cried out "Oh, for a month; for a single week. I ask not for years, though an age were none too little for the much I have to do."

But a more solemn thought presses itself upon the mind. Time is short; but however short it is the only space allotted us here in which we may prepare for eternity.

J. M'E.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Lisbon, April 8, 1839.

The royal apartments encircle the upper part of the church, around which is a succession of small rooms, opening into the church in the form of a cathedral, where the royal household attended worship, the music and service being heard as plainly as in the body of the church.—We entered these rooms for the purpose of hearing the organs played. As there was but one organist, we could hear but one at a time. The sweetness of the tones and the volume of the notes surpassed anything I have ever heard burst from a church organ, filling the whole edifice, even to trembling, with its deep toned swelling strains. If the notes of one has such power, we can hardly imagine the overwhelming effect of the six, played with the accompaniment of a numerous orchestra and choir.—Their loud notes re-echoing from arch to arch, from chapel to chapel, through the distant aisles and along the corridors, and reverberating back again, it might well remind one of the shouts of the redeemed, when their innumerable hosts shall strike up the universal anthem. Happy would it be if the lives, habits and daily walks of the people partook of the spirit elevating sentiment. But alas! in these lands where these proud temples shadow forth upon earth the image of heaven, the night of ignorance and superstition broods with gathering gloom.

While watching intently the echoing and reverberating of the last notes of the organ, my companions left me. I heard their voices and started in pursuit, following a winding stairway which I supposed to be the one they had taken; it led me down several stories into a dark hall, the door to which was fastened. I saw I was wrong and retraced my steps hastily—reached the church—no voices were to be heard. I whistled—it met with no response. I took another passage leading down stairs, through

lonely halls, which I soon discovered not to be the ones through which I had entered. I retraced my steps to the church. The stillness of death reigned there. I shouted—the very echoes of which were frightful. The shades of evening were gathering around. I was lost—a prisoner in the midst of a palace and a prison. My calls met with no answer, and for aught I knew, I was doomed to spend the night in a solitude more gloomy than the catacombs of Egypt, keeping vigils over the tombs of the monks.—I started again to see if I could not reach some outside window, where I hoped to make some one hear me from without. I rambled in vain. I could find no passage to an outer window, but in my rounds I discovered the hall through which we entered, and pursued it to a high door, which I recognised, but it was locked. I rattled it and screamed; but no one answered. I pushed off, determined to make another effort to extricate myself from this wilderness of woe and splendor. As I reached the farther end of the hall, I heard the door creak, and looking back saw that my deliverance had come. My companions, after getting out, discovered I was missing, and as I did not make my appearance in due time, they conjectured that I was left in the building, and sent the door keeper to look for me.

These halls are no longer enlivened by the presence of a brilliant court. The Royal Family rarely visit them. John the 6th was the last King that resided in them permanently.—Miguel spent a great deal of time there in hunting, in the royal park, which is filled with the stag and wild boar. The hawk may now be seen wheeling around its deserted towers, and the bat and swallow nestling in its turrets, while the goat is feeding in its courts. Its history is that of Portugal; when in the newness of life it imaged forth the splendor of her court, her incalculable wealth, and wide-spread dominions. Now that death has claimed it for its own, it indicates, with equal truth, the poverty of the kingdom, of empire decayed and destiny accomplished.

We returned to Cintra by a different route, running through several little villages, (the inhabitants all congregate in villages for safety). The buildings are of stone and their white-washed walls give them a very neat and imposing appearance, in the distance; but the charm is broken as you approach them. Many of them are filthy and inhabited by both men and beasts. My company were jolly companions. It was vacation with them, and they had laid off the sacerdotal robes, evincing not the least disposition, for the time being, to tread in the footsteps of their monkish predecessors, in "meriting heaven by making earth a hell."—They were intelligent men, and so catholic in spirit, awarding to America, notwithstanding the prevalence of heresy, so proud a station in the rank of nations, and so enviable a destiny, that I became half a convert to mother church, and should be gratified in meeting any of them upon my native shore.

When we reached Cintra, the town was illuminated in honor of the Queen, it being her birth-day, and a ball was given for the same purpose. I had the honor of an invitation to attend and determined at once to accept it, though a good deal fatigued, as it would probably be the only opportunity I should have in Portugal. My host, his lady and daughter, were the only persons at the party who could lip a word of English. Here, for the first time in my life, I was a lion. Spanish and Portuguese Americans were known to them,

but it was rare for them to meet with what they call an "Ingloss American." The fair donnas cast a shy look at me, and the gentlemen were profuse in their offers of gallantries, through my friends. The company was not large.—Some of the ladies were quite pretty, and danced like fairies. The Portuguese ladies are not unusually handsome; I have seen, however, some few of English or Scotch extraction, that were *really beautiful*; whose noble form, luscious countenance and resistless eye, would make a monk forswear his vow, and the most stubborn bachelor surrender at discretion; but as a general thing, our fair country women would shine pre-eminently amongst them. They usually waltz and dance quadrilles. The Spanish dance called the Bolero, two persons form a figure and dance with castinets in their hands, with which they keep time and make music, striking a note at every move, is a beautiful thing. The fandango is another famous dance, but it is rare to see it any where else than on the stage.

The Portuguese excel in music. Both sexes devote a great deal of time to it. The education of the lady is considered perfect if she can dance prettily and sing sweetly. In the dreaminess of the moment, the spirit stirring notes of their large and well apportioned military bands, may well carry one back to the time when the imperial eagle and the lion of England, waved over these plains, and the nodding plumes of their war caparisoned hosts, were seen as they passed in review before a Wellington, a Massena, and a Juno.

ROCHESTER.

Editorial Correspondence of the New-Yorker.

AT REST, July 2, 1839.

—It is now twelve years since I first passed through ROCHESTER, then a raw, ungainly village of some six thousand inhabitants. Its growth had rivalled that of Jonah's gourd; for scarcely a dozen years had then transpired since its site was a dense forest and untraversable swamp around the Falls of the Genesee. The thick foliage of the primeval woods almost excluded the light of the sun, save from their own lofty crowns and the middle of the foaming and hurrying river; the wild deer found in their shades and thickets a safe retreat from his enemies, save the fierce wolf to whom they were congenial; and the occasional adventurers from the Eastern home of civilization, allured to the Genesee country by the almost Arabian tales of its fertility and beauty, paused here but to gaze a moment at the resounding cataracts, then hastened to pursue the rugged and devious path which avoided so far as possible the inhospitable morass where now is Rochester. Such was it originally; such it continued to be down nearly to 1820, when a wave of the magic wand of Internal Improvement called it into being.

Rochester is emphatically a child of the Grand Canal. Other cities have derived great advantages from the construction of that noble work, and have risen from slender villages under its impulse; but Albany, Utica and Buffalo would have been cities, and eventually large ones, without it. Rochester was created by it. There might have ultimately been a grist-mill village here without the Canal, if the enterprise and capital required to dam so large a river as the Genesee had existed; but it is far more probable that the swamp would have remained impassable for a century at least.

The world first heard of Rochester after the completion of the Erie Canal, and heard with surprise that a great and thriving place of business had sprung from the bosom of the wilderness in the course of the last three or four years. Extravagant stories were told and extravagant expectations formed of it, with which thousands were first amused, then disgusted. A fever of speculation was succeeded by a season of lethargy, and many sagely concluded that the new emporium so much vaunted would sink as it had risen. I believe that, in 1827, it was the prevalent impression elsewhere that this place had 'touched the highest point of all its greatness.' How sagacious was this opinion, the fact that it has nearly or quite trebled its size

and population in the twelve years which have since intervened, will determine.

Rochester now irregularly covers an area of some four square miles, and it is steadily extending its borders and filling up its waste places. The great Revulsion of 1837 probably affected it less injuriously than any other city of the Union. It has gone on prospering through all, and now probably numbers some twenty to twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

I devoted a long day last week to an inspection of some of the 'lions' of the place. The first of these which strikes the stranger is the Great Aqueduct now being constructed across the Genesee for the passage of the Enlarged Grand Canal. This is one of the noblest efforts of human enterprise and industry. The work, when completed, will present a solid structure of hewn stone, stretching from bank to bank of the river, adapted to the mammoth dimensions of the Enlarged Canal, and pierced by five arches for the passage of the impetuous stream. The foundation is filled in with the common stone of the country, generally blasted from the bed of the river—the water being turned hither and thither by dams to allow of blasting and smoothing the solid rock which forms its bed. The arches themselves, however, as well as all the exposed and important portions of the Aqueduct, are built of the choicest stone, brought from the Onondaga quarries near Syracuse, and so nicely cut that a child's finger can hardly be any where inserted between two of them when placed together uncemented. Being of large size, and cut to form arches, abutments, &c., as well as of regular shape, they cannot fail to form one of the most solid and durable structures ever erected. It is difficult to say how it can be destroyed or disordered. The cost of this Aqueduct alone will, I understand, be near half a million of dollars.—The old one, just below it, is comparatively dwarfed by the comparison. It was ill contrived and constructed of poor stone, and has needed bracing already. It has long threatened to give way before the new one is ready to supersede it, but probably will not, as the latter is to be finished at the opening of navigation next spring.

Another 'lion' of Rochester, which I have not room to describe as it deserves, is the new cemetery or field of burial belonging to the city, and christened MOUNT HOPE! It is situated on an eminence a mile and a half south of the city, commanding a full view of it, and nearly covered with a natural growth of young wood. The enclosure contains about fifty acres of hill and valley, copse and glade, agreeably diversified, and presenting many situations of natural and quiet beauty. Two or three little lakes are to be constructed in different quarters; the Genesee forms a portion of the north-western boundary; and, notwithstanding the broken character of the ground, which is, in places, almost precipitous, good carriage roads have been formed over a great part of it. Families have selected and purchased their places of burial, and commenced the work of adorning and beautifying them, even where they have not been called to use them more decidedly. Beside these, the lakes and the roads, all has been wisely left to the ministrings of Nature. On the whole, the cemetery reflects credit on the taste and feeling of the authorities and citizens of Rochester. 'May they live a thousand years!' if they are unwise enough to wish it, and then rest calmly and sweetly beneath the green turf and the quiet shades of 'Mount Hope.'

"CRACKBACK THE COBLER."

In the July Knickerbocker, is the story of a Yankee elected Caliph, in Bagdad. The way it was done, was in this wise:

"One beautiful summer morning, Crackback was as usual busily at work on his bench by the little window which commanded a distant view of the Caliph's seraglio. Fast flew the stitches, while the hammer rose and fell with unwonted rapidity. Something, it was evident, had occurred, which did not happen every day. The cobbler was in tribulation. The stranger's gold had been spent to the last farthing; and worse than all, with the departure of the last coin, his darling Zilla had relapsed into her old ways.—That very morning, for the first time in a whole month, she had again resumed the reins of household government, and with whip in hand, had again given her husband a spice of her administration, by breaking the broom handle over his

back. The tears rolled slowly down his cheeks; he sighed heavily, and hung down his head. Suddenly, with a manly effort, he checked his grief, and dashing away the drops with the back of his hand, set his teeth firmly together, and wished, once more, than he was the Caliph. At that moment, a heavy gun, from the topmost turret of the seraglio, sent its echoes through the streets and squares of Bagdad, shaking the town to its centre with the shock. Crackback started to his feet at the instant that a vivid flash, followed by a startling report, issued from the gun, and immediately the ponderous bell of the city guardhouse, which was seldom rung, save in case of alarm, commenced a slow and solemn toll, and the crescent of the Prophet, which floated day and night from the highest pinnacle of the seraglio, was lowered, and in its place a black flag fluttered, the plaything of the winds.

'Hallo! Zilla! Zilla! come here, quick! There's the deuce to pay at the seraglio!' ejaculated Crackback; 'something or other has happened; such a running about! Shoe-leather will soon wear out, that's one comfort. I'll go out and hire a dozen journeymen, right away, now!' And he left the house.

'Ah! Crackback,' exclaimed a neighbor, 'bad news! The good Caliph, Haroun the Third, is no more.'

'No! You don't say so! Do tell!'

'Yes, it is, alas! too true; and where shall we find so good a ruler!'

Crackback said no more. He returned home, and immediately set about increasing his supply of shoes. He 'should sell,' he said, 'a vast number, to be worn at the funeral.'

The cobbler was industriously plying his awl, when his attention was attracted by the distant beating of a drum: and in a moment after, the sound of a full band of music, playing a lively national air, was borne to his ears. Hastily throwing down his work, he put his head out of the window and saw, at the upper end of the street, a long procession, moving in the direction of his dwelling. Somewhat puzzled to make out its meaning, Crackback pulled off his turban, that he might salute the Grand Vizier, whom he recognized in the van. They advanced slowly, until they arrived in front of his door; at that moment a heavy discharge of artillery was fired from the turrets of the seraglio, the brattling trumpets sent forth a sonorous flourish, and the whole body came to a dead halt.

'I see it all,' whispered the cobbler to himself; the Grand Vizier has stopped on his way to the mosque, to bespeak funeral shoes, for the royal household! Won't I strike for high prices; How are you, Grand Vizier?' he added aloud: 'how'd you do? Glad to see you.'—What was his astonishment, when, instead of the expected patronizing nod, he saw the Vizier respectfully approach, and as he stepped forth to meet him, kneel and press the edge of his old leather apron to his lips!

'Health and prosperity ever be your lot!' exclaimed the Vizier, rising; 'may you live a thousand years! Shout. 'Long life to Crackback the First, Caliph of Bagdad!' And at the word, the air was rent with the voice of the multitude.

Crackback gazed for a moment in silence upon the Vizier and his attendants, and then, as if a new light had suddenly dawned upon him, replied; 'All this would be dreadful fine if I was only Caliph, but just stop your fooling, now, and tell me how many shoes you want, and when they must be done.'

'May it please your High Mightiness,' responded the Vizier deferentially, 'I trust you'll never make another pair of shoes. You are now Caliph of Bagdad, in place of our beloved Haroun the Third, may he rest in peace! who departed this world of woes this morning, at the second crowing of the cock.'

'Now you don't?—you don't mean to say I'm really Caliph, do you?' said Crackback, doubtfully.

'Even so,' replied the Vizier. 'When the deceased Haroun felt his end approaching, he called me and the members of the household to his bed side. 'Well-beloved Selim,' said he, 'I feel that I am dying. When I am gone, and here his voice trembled, 'I shall desire that my respected friend, Crackback the cobbler, should reign in my place. As the virtues of manhood, and the best qualifications of a Caliph, are in him combined.' Having said this, he fell back and breathed his last. Such was his will and pleasure, and who shall gain say it?'

At this moment, Crackback's wife appeared at the door, when her husband, in great glee, informed her of the news.

'You're a goose!' she replied; 'what's the use o' lying?'

'I am, eh?' replied Crackback; 'very well, madame, you shall see. Here! a dozen of you there obey my first order. Put that woman under arrest; she is a dangerous person, and jeopard the peace and safety of the state.'

Six of the soldiers immediately advanced to lay violent hands on Zilla, but it was not without a severe struggle that the termagant yielded to superior numbers.

'Away with her!' exclaimed Crackback; 'we'll see who's the goose now! Convey her to the lowest dungeon of the fortress, and there let her await my royal will and pleasure. Am I not Caliph?'

'Most assuredly!' replied the Vizier, bowing obsequiously.

'So I am, Grand Vizier,' continued the sometime cobbler, 'and you are a true and loyal subject; and as a token of my gratitude for the intelligence you have brought me, I'll find you in shoes for a year to come.'

'Your highness is too good.'

'No, I an't,' interrupted Crackback; 'I know what I'm about, I guess.'

'Will it please you to proceed to the seraglio?' asked Selim.

'Oh certain—by all means! But stop; let me shut up shop.'

Selim made a motion to the troops, who suddenly divided, and between the ranks a tall and stately elephant advanced.

'Eh? what's all this?' demanded Crackback, not a little alarmed at the appearance of the huge animal. 'You don't expect me to climb up to the top of that crittur, do you?—'cause if you do, you're almighty mistaken, I can tell you.'

'This was Haroun's favorite beast,' replied the Vizier, 'and you are to ride, as his successor.'

'I wont, that's flat!' replied the shoemaker, hastily retreating. Good Lord! I would n't mount him for a dollar.'

Your highness, there is no other way.'

'Vizier, shut up! will you?' interrupted Crackback. 'I choose to walk; but if you're a mind to get up into that tottleish castle, I've no objections. All I can say, is, that if you do, you're a greener gander than I took you for, that's all!'

Arrival and departure.—Every body knows the clattering that is kept up, on the arrival of a steambot, and the Babel-like confusion which on every side is heard. But few, very few, perhaps have marked her departure, and the incidents connected with it.

Buffalo, in this particular, stands alone. At nine the first bell rings. Groups of gay and giddy parties are seen rolling towards the wharf in an omnibus. Following those, in a hurried walk, are the *mediocres*, the bone and sinew that are to build and sustain the institutions of the West. In a few minutes they are on board.—The bell is again heard. Individuals, both male and female, have taken each other by the hand, and the farewell is uttered.

The young bride parts with brother and sister—the youth with his school companions—and the aged mother, whose ties of home are too strong to emigrate, embraces her children.—The boat moves—the first evolution of the ponderous wheels is to her a heavy shock—the parent yields to nature, and her care worn countenance is bedewed with tears. A few seconds and the wharf is cleared—and the conveyance out upon the blue water. All who were gathered around by business or curiosity are gone, and the boat is on her way. Yet on some elevated spot may be seen the mother. It is, perhaps, her last look—and so intense and pure are her feelings, that she follows the object until the smoke and mist have hid it from her view.—What her smothered agony is at that moment we leave to be surmised.—*Buf. Adv.*

Technicalities.—Perhaps among no other profession do technical phrases prevail to such a degree of practicalness as among the Printer's craft. An English paper chronicles the demise of a 'typo' in this way: George Woodcock, the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all, and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life was without a ||.—*Times.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MOUNT HOPE.

Thou groveland city of the slumbering dead,
Where quiet reigns, and grief forgets to sigh!
Oft from the noisy crowd, and sordid world,
I gladly wend me, to thy sombre shade;
Where waking silence stirs uplifted thought
And Friendship tearful wanders through the glade.

Here! 'mid thy woods in sacred reverence reared,
Where Philomela stays her cheerful song;
Far from the living, I'll converse the dead,
While beate spirits through the foliage throng.

Thou hast no beauties for the daring fool
Who knows no future,—owns no guardian care;
Whose hoping mind, itself secludes from hope!
And Death seems but the capstone of Despair!

Yet doubly dear, (though sin first formed the tomb),
Thy marble urns, on Delta's beautiful green;
Frontier of Earth! where Jordan bathes the shore,
And deathless suns smile o'er the distant scene!

Oh! I can wish my wanderings all were o'er!
That I might sleep recumbent on thy breast;
That I, a straggler by a sea-beat shore,
Might cast my anchor, and enjoy thy rest!

J. R.

Written for the Gem.

SAD MUSINGS.

The dreams of calm delight,
Of joys to perish never,
Have sunk in shenless night,
Have fled away for ever.

No more the high-born passion
For th' beautiful and bright,
Shall soothe with its delusion,
Nor conquer by its might.

Weave not the gaysome garland,
Of beauty and perfume;
But chant the wail of sadness
For th' heart of rayless gloom.

Love, friendship, and their train
Of purity and bliss,
Can never bloom again,
To cherish and to bless.

The broken plant may rise,
The trodden flower revive;
And storm'd and cloudy skies
Will storms and clouds out-live.

But the crush'd and smitten soul,
All hopeless, mock'd, and slain,
May not on Earth recall
Its light and love again.

O, breathe no air of gladness,
Nor beauty's off'ring bring;
For all is now but sadness,
And misery's wild sting.

The visions of delight
Shall beam no more, no, never!
My soul is wrapp'd in night—
My dreams have fled for ever.

ROLUAD.

Country Ladies.—The Editor of the Chicago Democrat is perfectly crazy after the country girls. He says that the most respectable ladies in the world are those engaged in making butter and cheese in the country, and the most fashionable ones too. They are always at home, polite, and affable, and if a gentleman is not so homely as to frighten the cow, he is welcome to half the milking stool, where he can make love if he wishes.

Conjugal Endearments.—Thomas Vail, at a late term of the Court of Common Pleas for Meigs county, was found guilty on an indictment for whipping his wife, and sentenced to ten days imprisonment in the county Jail—to be fed on bread and water, and pay a fine of fifty dollars. Verily such little indulgencies are * dog cheap."—*Toledo Blade.*

In 1777, the Legislature of N. Hampshire unanimously voted to Brigadier General Stark, a "complete suit of clothes, becoming his rank," etc. Certain friends of the gallant officer regretted that the compliment had been paid in this shape, as it seemed to prove either that the General was *Stark naked*, or the Legislature *Stark mad*.—*Buf. Adv.*

ON TRIFLES.

From "Proverbial Philosophy," by Martin Farquar Tupper.

There is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things;
And no swerving from a right line that may not lead eternally astray.

A landmark tree was once a seed, and the dust in the balance maketh a difference.

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble.

The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand;
And the shoal that wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of worms;

Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flour of the brook.

Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contentest with thine equal—

For atoms crowd on atoms, ere crime groweth to be a giant.
A spark is a molecule of matter, yet it may kindle the world.

Vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.

Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or good;

For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth.
The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening, hath saved life and destroyed it, hath cast down and built up fortunes.

The warrior that stood against a host may be pierced unto death by a needle;

And the saint that feareth not the fire may perish the victim of a thought.

A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the gun;

And the cable of a furlong is lost thro' an ill wrought inch.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness;

And the deepest wretchedness of life is a continuance of petty pains.

Many have too much, but nobody hath enough.

Many men's estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney.

Mathematical Interrogatories.—If the Apple which William Tell shot from the head of his son gave liberty to Switzerland, how many bushels of the same size would it take to make a barrel of cider from the same orchard?

If a two year old puppy was to hallo as loud as a common sized calf, when struck a gentle tap on the head—how loud would a dog six years old hallo, when struck half as hard?

If sixteen yards of tape cost one dollar and twenty-five cents, how many bushels of potatoes would it take for a Barbecue?

If four hundred subscribers were to pay in advance every year for a good newspaper, how long would it take twelve men to build a rail road eight miles in length?

Suppose ten men put up four good houses every year, in what time could four men pull them down?

If a pole four feet high made a shadow sixteen feet long, what would be the probable distance from the 4th of July to Cape Cod?

Warm Bread.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer gives one or two facts with regard to the article of bread, which deserves extensive circulation. They are as follows:

"It is a fact to which physicians bear a uniform testimony, that bread should never be taken into the stomach till it has been, at least, twelve hours from the oven. And those families who study their health, take their bread one day ahead, regarding it as unfit for use till 24 hours old.

It is a fact that a given quantity of bread 24 hours old, will feed one third more persons than the same quantity of warm bread."

A Diamond Mine.—A large Elephant exhibited his sagacity lately in England by taking a gold ring from the finger of his keeper and returning it to him again. An exquisite present, tickled with the feat, held out his little finger, on which sparkled a gem of the first water.—The Elephant politely took off the ring; but being dazzled with its splendor, very deliberately swallowed it, leaving the exquisite in great horror and dismay at his loss.—*Star.*

The selfish Man.—Colarden, when on his death-bed, was visited by his friend Barthe, who requested his opinion of his comedy of 'The Selfish Man,' which he came to read at his bedside. "You may add an excellent trait to the character of your principal personage," replied Colarden; "say that he obliged an old friend on the eve of death to hear him read a five-act comedy."

A discovery.—The Canton Herald, in a communication, says that the following resolution was lately offered at the meeting of a religious society in this State:

Resolved, That the practice of taking timber without the consent of the owner, commonly called *hooking*, is not in accordance with the spirit of the gospel.

Said a fellow to a Jew, a while ago, "did you know that they hang Jews and Jackasses together in England?" "No I didn't," replied the I-raelite, "but if it be true, it is fortunate that you and I are not there, for one of us might be hung for his nation, and the other for his nature, and there would be the end of both."

The lost Fashion.—Going without vests and stocks in Chesnut street! The tailors have left out pockets in the pantaloons, and we expect the next thing will be to leave off the legs: We shall then have our dandies served up 'au naturel.' 'Raw in the shell'—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Great Strawberries.—A market woman near Cincinnati has for several years past, says the Gazette, made \$1,000 per acre from her garden, by raising strawberries. The variety she cultivated is called the Hudson, and they measured from 3 to 5 inches in circumference.

What's in a Name?—The New Hampshire Whig says, it once heard of a facetious person whose name was New, who named his first child Something, as it was "Something New." His second was christened Nothing, it being "Nothing New."

A gentleman, who at breakfast the other morning broke an egg, and disturbed the repose of a sentimental looking biddy, called the waiter, and insinuated that he did not like to have a bill presented "till he had done eating."

At a wedding up town, a few evenings since, after the clergyman had united the happy pair, an awful silence ensued, which becoming rather irksome to a young gentleman, he exclaimed, "you need'nt be so *unspeakably happy*."

A young man stepped into a bookstore and said he wanted to get "A Young Man's Companion." "Well sir," said the bookseller, "there is my daughter."

MARRIED.

On the 22d instant, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. Alexander Hazlett, to Miss Lydia Brittin, all of this city.

In Westmoreland, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Lusk, Mr. JOSEPH C. FRINK, of Marshall, Michigan, to Miss AMELIA C., daughter of the late Capt. Robert Norris.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. R. De Forest, Mr. Newton Thorpe, to Miss Mary Ann Chatterton, all of this city.

In Auburn, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Johnston, Mr. S. Dunham, to Miss Permelia Culver, daughter of Col. S. Culver, all of Auburn.

In Genesee, on the 4th instant, by Elder Hall Whiting, Mr. Ralph Withey, of Avon, to Miss Nancy Russell, of Lima.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.

- Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county, New York.
- Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county, do do
- S. P. Brock, Branchport, Yates county, do do
- Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co., do do
- R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co., Vermont.
- Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co., Michigan.
- J. H. Blue, Chariton, Mo.
- G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co., New York.
- Miss E. A. Adams, Canandaigua, Ontario co., do do
- F. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co., do do
- A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co., do do
- W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co., Ohio.
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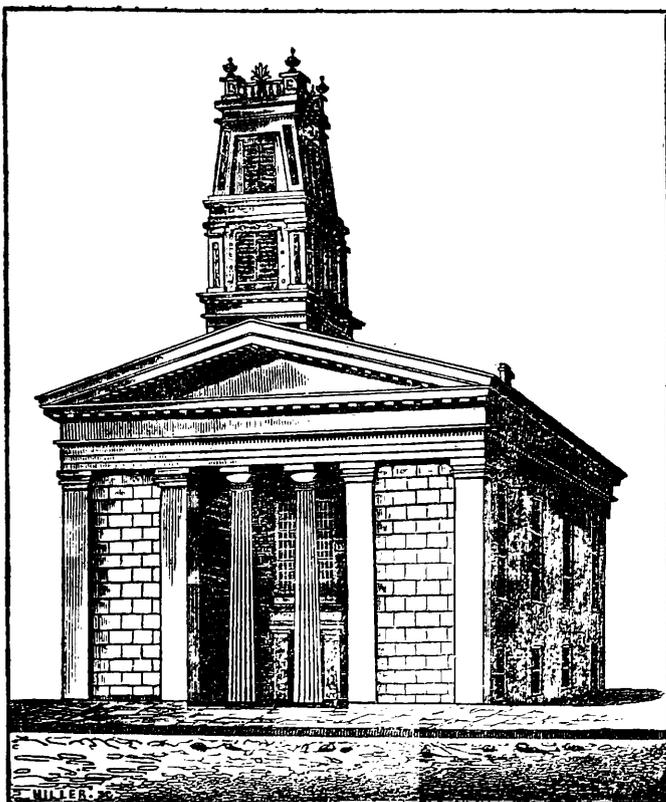
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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1839.

No. 16.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ROCHESTER.
[FOR DESCRIPTION OF THE EDIFICE. SEE PAGE 33.]

MISCELLANY.

From the Lady's Book.

MARY MAGDALENE;—A TRADITION OF NAIN.

Mary arose from the crimson pillows on which she had been reposing, and approaching the window drew back, with a silken rope, the heavy draperies of purple inwrought with gold, which shaded the apartment from the direct rays of the sun, and gazed with a thoughtful brow out on the quiet streets of the city of Nain. Beyond its walls lay the sea, whose waters reflected back to Heaven the thousand resplendent lights and shadows scattered along the western horizon by the flashing rays of the setting sun, and in the far distance, like a streak of gray clouds, lay the mountains of Judea.—Many a shallop, richly laden, was gliding over the still waters; some bound outward, freighted with the rich dyes and stuffs of Nazareth; some coming into port bearing treasures of gold and jewels from distant lands; others with costly silks and fine paintings—polished mirrors of steel and silver, and pearls and wrought ivory from the Ionian Isles. The chaunt of the oarsmen, as their oars plashed lazily in the glowing waters, came faintly and sweetly on the ear, and the white sails scarcely swelling in the breeze, looked like saffron-tinted clouds. Then came stealing and chirping on the stillness the vesper hymns, of the birds, and blending as they did with the gradually decreasing hum of the city as the evening-mist brooded over it, they were sounds which shed over the spirit of Mary Magdalene a something like peace. A band of young and beautiful maidens now tripped along with jars filled, from the purest well in the city; then came a crowd of children dancing to the sound of cymbals and

lutes, and trailing after them long vines of flowers and interwoven wreaths, and sending out their joyous laughter and sounds of mirth which well accorded with the sweet harmony of music.

Mary Magdalene turned her eyes wearily away from those tokens of peace and joy, and leaning her head against a marble pillar, wept. A low sweet voice aroused her, singing an old Jewish song which told in sad poetry the tale of a broken heart. The singer was a young and lovely girl just blushing into the morning of life, her skin was like polished ivory, save where a rose tint flushed her cheeks and dyed the tips of her taper fingers. Her large blue eyes were cast downwards, and the full red lips just parted enough to reveal two rows of pearl-like teeth—her exquisitely formed arms and bust, combined with a slight and graceful figure, now half hidden by a profusion of sunny hair, which fell back from her sad childish forehead and swept the Mosaic pavement completed the beautiful picture. Mary started as the voice told her slave had been a witness to her emotion, and raising her magnificent form to its utmost height, while her commanding black eye flashed with anger, exclaimed, "Thou here! away slave! how dost thou dare see me weep?"

The timid voice was stilled and the fair young head bowed in silence and tears. After gazing on the young maiden a few moments, during which short space, contempt, and an expression of mysterious bitterness alternately changed her countenance, the touching and beautiful grief of Addi moved her better spirit and chased away every feeling except pity. "Come hither, Addi—come hither, poor bird. Forgive thy mistress's wayward mood, and sing again; but sing something to lighten my heart, for it is heavy and sad, child—sing something to stir the still fountain of its gladness—sing—sing Addi; is not thy cage a gilded one—then, wherefore, sad and silent?"

"The star that lighted my pathway, is gone out. Zimri, the widow's son is dead!"

"Ha! dead! poor child, I pity thee! Yet, Addi, come hither, I would tell thee, maiden, to cherish a love for the dead—let it not go out, and leave thy heart, like the waters of that sea whose sullen waves cover those olden cities which were destroyed in their might and glory by Jehovah. Thou hast heard of the fruits which grow on its banks?"

"Yea, lady!"

"Let love for the dead go out, and thou wilt become like—like—me—yes, Addi, me—beautiful and bright to the eye, but within bitterness and ashes!—but hark!"

"Oh, lady," sobbed the young slave—that sound of grief is the wail of Zimri's mother and kinsmen—they are bearing him past to the grave—and Addi rushed to the window, and straining her eyes through the misty twilight, saw the bier on which was laid the dead body of Zimri, and over it the bended form of his widow mother, weeping; and by the torch's light which they carried, the sorrowful faces of his kinsmen.

"They are coming, lady," she cried to Mary, who had thrown herself again on the crimson pillow of her couch—"Oh, Zimri, is that still form never more to move? Methinks, I see now the smile on his white lips, and the waves of shining hair on his gentle brow. See, lady! they are beneath the window, and the pall has fallen so closely around him that you can see the beauty of his form even in death—ha! why do they stop!—a crowd approaches—who—what—aha! it is the Prophet Jesus, and his followers!"

Mary started from her recumbent posture, and throwing back the tresses of long black hair which had fallen like a veil around her with a look of intense anxiety gazed on the face of Addi, who still, unheeding her mistress's emotion continued—"He is like one of our mountain palms, in his majesty—his brow is like the evening star, and his serene lips drop honey. He approaches the widow: he looks on the tears with eyes of tender pity—he speaks—he raises his face towards Heaven, and reaches forth his hand and lays it on the dead?—and with a loud and piercing shriek, she rushed forth into the streets.

Mary started up with an expression of dread and wonder, and looking down on the crowd below saw the youth arising from his bier at the command of Jesus. She saw him, with the warm breath of life in his nostrils, who a few moments past was dead and cold. And as the shouts from the assembled people rent the air, many of whom were now willing to believe in and worship Him who wrought the miracle, he bowed his head meekly on his bosom and gathering the folds of his garments around him, he glided, noiselessly away from the multitude.

After long hours of abstraction Mary lifted her head from her bosom, and approaching a mirror, folded her arms, and gazed on her image with an expression of bitterness; anon tears coursed over her flushed cheeks, and her bosom heaved as if some pent-up agony wrung her heart.

"Why art thou weeping," said a voice near her, "why art thou weeping, Mary?"

"Ha! Phelon?"

"Ay, Phelon," he answered; "Phelon, the king's son, who abides here in the common garb of a publican, to be near thee."

"Go to thy father's palace again, Phelon," answered Mary, sadly, without turning to look on the beautiful youth, with his brown curling hair and dark blue eyes, which gazed with incredulous wonder on her.

'Mary,' said he, 'thou art angered with me—I come but to bring a parting gift, Mary. My father is wroth against me because I am not at the head of the soldiery, and hath sent his chief officer to bring me to his presence; but I will go out of the city to-night, while he sleepeth, and ere the first watches, of the morning, Phelon will be on his war horse with helm and battle spear and plume, ready for the fight.'

Her lips quivered, and paled as she turned and looked on him, and her voice was plaintive, as she replied—'Go, Phelon! thou art bright and beautiful in mine eyes, and verily have I loved thee; but go, I pray, never more to see that face again; I pray, never more to here the word of thy silvery and honeyed tongue again; I have sinned; go from me.'

He looked steadfastly and sternly on her while she spoke, and with a searching glance, said—'Hast thou seen the Nazarine who calleth himself Jesus?'

'I have,' she answered calmly; 'and to-morrow while thou art going to battle, I shall be kneeling in the dust at his feet.'

Phelon laughed tauntingly, and turning on his iron heel, replied:

'Look on my gift, Mary'; and he laid an exquisitely wrought casket at her feet. The light from the scented lamp which threw delicious odors from its silver pedestal, shone down on the interior of the casket, and glittered on the gold and precious stones that were therein, in many hued sparkles of brilliancy. There was also an alabaster box set round with jewels, which contained epikenard and ointment, such as queens used.

'Hence, tempter,' she shrieked; 'hence! or I will send thy name out on the ears of the sleepers of Nain like tenfold thunder. Hence, I say, for the devils which tear my soul are raving within me.'

Unaccustomed to her strange mode, he left the apartment hastily. She threw herself prostrate on the floor and pressed her burning forehead against the cold marble, and writhed and wept, and sorrowed mightily; for mightily had the Magdalene sinned. When she arose from her humble posture, it was past the middle watch of the night, and the inhabitants of the city had gone to rest, and all was silent save the watchery of the sentinel as he paced the wall, and the occasional clamor of his armor as he changed from hand to hand his heavy spear. The rippling of gentle waves on the distant sea came singing past, mingled with scented winds, which had been sleeping through the day amid orange groves and blossoms, and the moon, like a crescent of diamonds, showered a flood of beautiful glory over the earth; but still Mary could not slumber or rest. A costly robe of crimson, confined around the waist by a girdle inwrought with precious stones, fell in rich folds around her voluptuous form, and the long black braids of hair, which, when unconfined, swept the floor as she stood, were gathered up in plaits, and curls, and secured by bodkins of gold, and strings of rubies and pearls. Her arms, bared almost to the shoulders, were entwined with links of precious stones and silver, and as she paced with a rapid step to and fro the apartment, the constant glitter of her feet displayed a costly taste in her sandals, which were embroidered with tiny pearls and gems, and fastened by clasps of highly polished silver. She looked out on the heavens, peaceful and bright in their glory of azure and silver; then scanned with a restless eye the calm landscape below; all were at rest, the very dogs had ceased baying at the moon, and were slumbering quietly in their chains. She turned and gazed round her apartment; the singing birds were sleeping with their glossy heads behind their wings, undisturbed by the fountain which bubbled from the marble laver, and trickled down its sides with a ringing sound. Addi, the beautiful one was dreaming of Zimri, for there was a tear stealing over the roses of her smiling cheek.—No where that she turned could Mary see or hear aught to still the agonies which tore her heart. She snatched her harp, and commenced many soothing melodies, but her fingers trembled, and her hand fell along the chords, and crushed the music; that was thrown aside and crossing her arms on her bosom, she lifted her palid face, and closing her eyes as if to shut out every object which had grown familiar, sat like some breathless statue, awaiting the touch of Promethean fires to start it into life.

But soon her breast began to heave, and her white ghastly teeth were pressed on her lips un-

til the red blood gushed from beneath them;—she threw her arms on high, and with a cry of anguish cast herself on her knees, in all the despairing sorrow of a repentance like hers. She tore from her hair the gems which fell like a shower of glory around her, and trampled beneath her feet the casket of precious jewelry, until the floor was strewn with its rich contents, and beat her bosom in her agony, and sprinkled ashes on her head, and wept tears such as had never swelled up from heart before.

Addi, who had been awakened by the unrestrained grief of her mistress, ran and knelt at her feet, and clasped her knees, and comprehending well, from her expressions, the cause of her woe, exclaimed—'Go to Him, lady—go to Him who raised the dead!'

'And wherefore, O maiden, should I, the sinful, go to him?'

'Oh lady! if the sleeper in the shadow of death heareth His voice, thy spirit can hear it; and to hear it, is to live.'

The mild and consoling words of Addi, as she told of what she had seen and heard at the raising of the widow's son, and what the disciples preached daily, soothed Mary's troubled spirit; and something like hope of eventual peace sprung up in her heart; and she laid her head gradually on the bosom of her hand-maiden, who clasped her beauteous arms around her, and laid her cool innocent cheek on the burning, throbbing brow of Mary.—And thus the two sat—one breathing hopes of forgiveness, the other listening as if life hung on each word; until day began to dawn behind the blue hills.

On that day while the master sat at meat with Simon, a rich and learned Pharisee of Nain, a woman came and knelt at his feet, and bending her veiled head low to the floor, watered them with her tears, and unbinding her hair, wiped them with the heavy shining curls, then kissed His feet, and anointed them with ointment, the perfume of which filled the vast room. And He knew that she was a sinner who thus humbly and silently asked for pardon, and said, Thy sins which are many, are forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee—go in peace.'

Mary Magdalene was no more seen in Nain. After kneeling at the Savior's feet, and hearing his assurance of forgiveness, she sold her gold and silver, and gems, and gave much goods to the poor. She was no more seen in Nain in the flushed glory of her beauty, but went forth alone into the wilderness; and in the solemnity of its silence, raised an altar to Him who had forgiven her sins.

From Coleman's Monthly Miscellany for July.

RINGWOOD THE ROVER:

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

Our plough the galley, and our steeds the breeze—
Our harvest field the broad and boundless sea—
We reap the golden crop from zone to zone,
Our birthright all that slaves and dastards own.

The earliest dawning of a lovely summer day, in the year 1659, was pouring its sweet light, unblended yet with that fierce heat which renders almost insupportable the noontide hours, over the forests which encircled with a belt of ever-during verdure the Spanish city of St. Augustine. It was already in those days a place of much importance, with nunneries, and steepled churches, and terraced dwellings, with white walls and jalousies peeping from out the dark foliage of dark orange groves, and all those beautiful peculiarities of semi-Moorish taste, which lend so much of poetry and of romance to the old towns of Spain. It had its flanking walls, its ditches, and its palisades, presenting their impregnable resistance to the fierce and wily Indian, whom the relentless cruelty of the white colonist, of whatsoever nation, had at length goaded into systematic and continual hostility; its seaward bastions, with water-gate and demi-lune, mounted with heavy cannon, and garrisoned by old Castilians, under an officer who bore the style of royal governor.

Such was the aspect of the place at the conclusion of the first century which had elapsed since its foundation; nurtured into undue maturity by the stern bigotry and energetic enterprize of that land, which had filled the southern continent with giant cities, over whose ramparts floated its proud motto of *Plus Oultre*, and, marking every spot whereon its sons had set a foot by massacre and bloodshed, had drained from *El Dorado*—as they justly termed it—those vast but fatal treasures, which raised

it for a little while above all nations of the earth, only to plunge it in the end into effeminacy, and ruin, and perfect barbarism. The heavy dews, as they were exhaled by the rising day-god, teemed with the incense of unnumbered perfumes, wafted from the ten thousand vegetable wonders which had given name to that peninsula, wherein credulity, insatiate of all that Nature had bestowed with profuse bounty, had placed the seat of all those monstrous fictions which alchemists had palmed upon their dupes, until they brought themselves to deem them real. The land breeze swept far seaward the rich odors from the orange groves, and the vast forests whence gleamed frequently the snowy chalice of the superb magnolia, and the dense starlike blossoms of the flowering dogwood; and curled the azure waters of the Gulf into a thousand tiny wavelets, which sparkled with innumerable smiles to the bright heaven; while the thrilling and prolonged notes of the emulous mocking-birds—nightingales of the west, with scarce inferior song—made every thing resound with their rich liquid melody. On earth—on ocean—and in the cloudless ether, all was calm, lovely, peaceful; but on the bastion of the town: there was the din of arms, the dissonant harsh clang of mingled voices, the hurrying to and fro of soldiery, the long roll of the drum beating to arms in haste, blent with the piercing strain of trumpets, and the continuous peal or bells, rung backward, as it seemed, in token of dismay and danger.

Beneath the yellow flag with its tri-colored blazonry, surrounded by a group of noble-looking men, clad for the most part in the half-armor of the day, with much of waving plumage, rich lace, and fair embroidery, stood the governor, Juan Melendez de Aviles, descendant of that Pedro, of the same noble name, who, by an exertion of both skill and valor,—which, had they not been tarnished by the most fiendish cruelty, would have been deemed heroic,—won for the second Philip that fair province, from the French Huguenots of Coligny. The eyes of all that little group were intently fixed on the sea, from which it would appear the apprehended danger—if apprehended danger it were, that gave rise to those tokens of surprise and preparation—was most to be expected; and in the visages of all an evident expression of anxiety and doubt was marked, in its least doubtful characters. But in the face of no one were there such signs of perturbation and dismay, as in that of the governor. He was a man of large and heavy build, a veteran of many a bloody war, with limbs which, although deprived somewhat of agility and litheness by the unsparring hand of Time, were cast in a mould of iron; his features prominent, bold, and haughty, with a world of iron resolution in the firmly compressed mouth and massive jaw, and a glance of intolerable fire in the dark eye; and his bearing, such as became a cavalier, to whom the camp and court had been alike familiar from his first boyhood. But now his rich dress was in disarray; a leathern shoulder-belt with an immense two-handed sword attached to it, and a display of cumbersome and ill-wrought pistols, thrust hastily into his broad buff girdle, assorted ill with a fair garb of courtly fashion; his long hair, once as black as jet, but now discolored with full many a wintry streak of gray, hung in disordered masses over his broad brow, lank and uncurled, and graceless—and on his brow the perspiration stood in drops, like bubbles on the bosom of some turbid stream—and the red olive tints of his complexion were an unnatural and ghastly hue; and, as he grasped a powerful perspective glass, with which he ever and anon swept the horizon, his fingers might be seen to work in quick convulsive twitches, as though they would have bedded themselves into the polished brass!

'Nothing!' he said, after a long and wistful gaze, 'I can see nothing seaward. Yet right sure am I that those sounds were of far distant ordnance. It is the twelfth, too, of the month; and, long ere this, the earavel we were advised of should have been safe in harbor. Hark! hark! heard ye not then,' he cried, 'heard ye not that dull roar to the eastward? Pedro, Gutierrez, hearken: what say ye, cavaliers, is't not the voice of ordnance?'

'Fast doubt, it is,' replied the elder of the gentlemen he had addressed, 'and heavy ordnance too.'

'And lo! a sail,' exclaimed the other, who

the wily desperadoes anchored just within cannon-shot; and as the Spanish ensign was torn down, amid a tumult of tremendous exultation, man after man of the defendants were hurled overboard,—so that their terror-stricken countrymen upon the battlements might see the waters, ever, as they fell, lashed into froth and spray by the ferocious sharks, which, taught by their voracious instinct the consequences of battle, seized each one, as he touched the surface, tugging and snapping at each other for every palpitating morsel. And still more terrible than this, the howls of men—howls, such as nothing but the utmost and most excruciating tortures could force from human lips—mixed with the shrill and more piteous shrieks of women, told that the fate of those who had become the property of the disgusting fish was but a boon of mercy, when compared to the more awful doom of those preserved from the first carnage, to satiate the victors' love of blood or beauty.

All day long did this sight continue—all day long were the heavens polluted, by the atrocious deeds they were compelled to witness—pierced by the cries of those who called on them in vain for succor or for mercy. The evening was now drawing nigh, although, perhaps, some three hours yet remained of daylight; when, by a simultaneous movement on the frigate's deck, it might be judged that some new project had been fixed upon by the bucaniers. Nowhere the garrison devoid, if not of absolute fear, at least of much anxiety; since it was evident that their relentless enemies were in great force—not counting less (as they might calculate, from the known habits of the Caribbean pirates of stowing, in their long low barques, as many men as possibly could be contained in them) than seven hundred, or perhaps a thousand soldiers; more fighting men than which, St. Augustine could not at that day have turned out, though to preserve herself from utter ruin. Nor was it contrary, by any means, or foreign to the policy of these far-dreaded rovers, to attack villages, or even forts and cities, when in sufficient numbers to render success probable, and when enough of plunder, or of licentious pleasure, might be looked forward to, as the result of their bold daring! A levy of the citizens *en masse* was instantly resorted to—arms were distributed even among the slaves, whose terrors, not inferior to those of their masters, rendered it safe to trust them with the weapons which, at another time, they would have directed against the bosoms of the givers. Cannon were leveled, ammunition was piled by every gun, and all precaution taken which could insure a desperate resistance. The pallor and the gloom had passed away from the dark visage of Melendez, with the uncertainty which had so terribly distracted him. Sure, as he felt himself now to be, that she, his treasured child,—the only being on whom his stern soul doated,—had endured the last and most appalling wo that can befall a woman—that now her agonies, her innocence, her woes, were at an end for ever—he had again resumed his soldierly and high demeanor. His face was now deeply flushed; and his eyebrows contracted over the fiery orbs they shaded, still these could scarcely have been noted, but for the flames of fierce light which they at times shot forth. His lips alone were pale and ashy, so violent was the compression over his clenched teeth!

'Would God,' he said, when every preparation was concluded, 'would God, that they may try it again! So would they feel a father's vengeance!'

Nor did it seem improbable that his vengeful prayer would be immediately and fully granted; for now the pirate barques might be observed to put off, one by one, from the dismantled and abandoned frigate—a single small boat only waiting, as it would seem, for their commander. Diverging slowly and in opposite directions, but carefully preserving a safe distance from the batteries, they came to anchor each after each, the nearest about a half mile from their prize; and, as the last swung round, the crew of the remaining skiff were seen getting in all haste to their oars. By aid of their naked eyes, the Spaniards now beheld a group of officers appear upon the bulwarks of the caravel, from which were lowered instantly three figures, two of which were females, into the cutter at the gangway. All, then, passed over the ship's side, but one, who, disappearing for a moment through the cabin hatch, returned,

bearing a lighted flambeau: deliberately then he set on fire, in some twenty different places, the slighter cordage and the sails of the ill-fated ship! and, ere he glided down a rope into his boat, the forked tongues of flame might be seen darting up the shrouds and masts, like fiery serpents; and, in a few short minutes, the whole of that magnificent and stately fabric, which had so lately walked the waters 'like a thing of life,' was one huge pyramid of roaring and devouring flame. Strongly and rapidly did that boat's crew give way, and little time enough had they to place themselves in safety; for, fired already in the hold before they left her, they had not traversed half the space between her and their nearest barque, before, with an explosion that might be heard leagues away into the pathless forest, startling the wild beast and the wilder Indian in his lair, and with a wide and circling glare that for an instant made the broad daylight pallid, the caravel blew up! A mass of pitchy smoke settled for a short space upon the water where she lay; and, as it drifted seaward, a few rent planks and mouldering spars were all that remained of that noblest work of man's invention.

After a little while, the skiff came to under the lee of the three-masted picaroon, and nothing more was seen by the excited Spaniards, until a burst of flame from a bow-port of the felucca, and the dull roar of an unshotted gun, awoke their attention. With the report, down came the English ensign from the fore, down came the red flag from the peak, and in succession a broad white field, in signs of truce and amity, waved in the place of each. Upon the signal, each in succession of the pirates fired a leeward gun, and hoisted a white flag; and next, ere half an hour had elapsed, all the boats of the squadron—twenty, at least, in number—might be seen to put off from the barques, each bearing the same amicable signal at their bows; and, after joining,—which they did at the first practicable point,—to pull on, steadily, in beautiful and accurate array, toward the shore.

Eagerly did the Spaniards watch these singular manœuvres, and with ke enscrutiny did they observe each several barge; but it was not until they had arrived within a short space of the beach, that they might make out clearly the forms or features of those who occupied them. No could they as yet do this to their satisfaction, when, observing that no flag of truce was displayed from the ramparts, they became stationary, just without the surf, pulling a stroke or two at times, merely to hold their own, for the tide was now fast ebbing. Scarce had they halted, before a figure rose up in the bow of the central boat—a powerful barge, pulling with forty oars—and, waving a white flag above his head, shouted some words, which did not reach, however, the ears for which they were intended, although there could be no doubt of their import.

'Shall we respond to their signal, fair Senor?' exclaimed the veteran Diego. 'I trow 'twere better to answer them. It may be, they hold some of our friends to ransom.'

'No truce! no flag!' fiercely replied Melendez. 'I waited but to get them within our point-blank range. Take good sight, cannoneers! look to your matches! fire!'

'Hold! for God's sake, hold!' cried young Don Amadis, leaping before the muzzle of the gun, and grasping by the arm the impetuous governor. 'See you not there?' and, with eyes almost starting from his head, and lips apart, and outstretched hands, he pointed to the signal boat. 'See you not it is she?'

Slowly Melendez caught his meaning—turned his glass to the barge, wherein the quick eye of the youthful lover had detected the form of his intended bride—dropped it from his unnerved and powerless hand, and, with a quick shrill cry, 'My daughter! my Teresa!' sank helpless as a child into the arms of his attendants; while, catching instantly their cue, the cannoneers flung down their linstocks, and in three minutes' time a flag of truce was seen waving in the place of Castile's gorgeous blazonry.

I know of but one thing safe in the universe,—and that is TRUTH, And I know of but one way to TRUTH, for an individual mind, and that is, UNFETTERED THOUGHT! And I know of but one path for the multitude to TRUTH, and that is, THOUGHT—freely expressed.—Orville Dewey.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1859.

The Wood Cut—of the First Baptist Church, which embellishes this number of the Gem, was engraved by M. MILLER, of this city, a young artist whose productions evince genius and taste highly creditable to him, and which will, as they have opportunity for development, we doubt not, do honor to our city in that department of industry.

☞ Mrs. LEWER's Republication of BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY, THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, and BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for June, have made their appearance. It is gratifying to a just national pride, that the best poetical articles in this number of Blackwood, are from the pens of Americans. A letter from a Poet in Arkansas, Mr. Alben Pike, to Christopher North, is of itself a curiosity, and in this instance it is more remarkable, as accompanying a number of elegant and classical odes, entitled, "Hymns to the Gods." Mr. Isaac C. Pray is also the contributor of a very beautiful sonnet.

Ladies' Companion.—The August number of this well conducted periodical is on our table. It is illustrated with a fine steel engraving by Dick, and its contents, entirely original, are of a superior order. We are glad that the ability of the editor, Mr. SNOWDEN, is duly appreciated by a return of a very full subscription list.

☞ Chambers' Weekly Journal, published in Edinburgh, issues 68,000 weekly. A *fac simile* copy of the journal is now published in New York, by Mr. JACKSON.

Written for the Gem.

CORSELET AND LACING.

No. 6.

MR. EDITOR,—In the further prosecution of our inquiries in regard to the use of the *Corselet and Lacing*, we will turn our attention to their effect upon the *Brain and Nerves*, and the consequent injurious effects any morbid affections of these organs of sensation may have on the *intellectual faculties*, properties the most essential to our being. If we find by the strictest and most careful investigation that no ill results in these respects, the sin of this self-destroying fashion will appear less heinous in its character. And still more if we discover *any advantage in any possible degree to the animal economy, or to the moral condition of our race*; we will cheerfully accord that mitigation in our sentence of condemnation, which candor itself may consistently award in extenuation of this guilty practice.

The brain is one of the most essential and important organs in the whole system. It is surrounded and well protected from external injuries by the ten plated bones that compose the cranium.

From this organ we discover the emanation of nine pairs of nerves, which, with thirty pairs that come from the spinal marrow, constitute the whole number of the body. They are long whitish cords for sensation in sensible parts, for the five external senses, as touch, sight, hearing, smelling and taste; and for the motion of muscles. All their separate and distinct offices to perform, as the first pair, or olfactory nerves, are sent from the brain to the nose to serve for smelling; the second pair, or optic nerves, are sent to the eyes, and constitute the organs of vision, &c. Notwithstanding each pair of nerves throughout the whole

system have their specific and appropriate offices to perform, and convey, as by telegraphic communication, intelligence to the soul, or the sensorium commune, sensations in all their varied forms, but they are all interwoven by their numerous branches throughout the body, so that they readily sympathize with each other when any thing hurtful is presented to either.

We have often witnessed the sympathy between the brain and stomach. A severe blow or contusion upon the head frequently occasions vomiting; and also a disordered stomach occasions head-ache.

Injuries to the nerves of one part of the body will sometimes occasion sympathetic or symptomatic pains remote from the seat of the injury. I have known numerous applications made to remove a symptomatic pain just below the knee-pan, occasioned by the hip-abscess.—Such deceptive, and sympathetic affections are not extraordinary, all practicing physicians no doubt find them of ordinary occurrence. Sometimes violent results follow from a mere punctured wound in a nerve, as general convulsions and locked-jaw.

"The senses," says Mr. Hooper, "are distinguished into internal and external. The internal senses are ideas which the sensorium commune or mind, forms to itself, and may be produced from the external senses, or they may be excited spontaneously; such are *memory, imagination, conscience, the passions of the mind, and reasoning*, by the superior excellence of which, man differs so eminently from the brute."

The external senses are, smelling, seeing, hearing, "tasting and hearing."

Were I to vary the phraseology in this description or definition, I would say that the animated human body is possessed of *matter and mind*; or what may be still more familiar, of *body and soul*; the former exits by sensation, the latter by the consciousness of its existence.

Here we are to look for the intricate and dim lines of demarkation between Physiological, and Metaphysical boundaries in those departments of science. The union of the mind with the body seems inseparable, so long as the principles of life exist in the system whether sensation or consciousness continues in any perceptible degree or shall have become dormant before death takes place. But as soon as the vital spark of life shall have been extinguished we suppose a separation of soul and body instantly takes place, and as we follow the body to the grave, we may with an eye of faith follow the never dying soul to the world of spirits.

While the body and soul remain united, they are so intimately connected in their functions, and naturally dependent on each other for harmonious action, that the health of the former is indispensably necessary to afford full scope for the energies of the latter. Hence it is obvious in numerous cases the impaired health of the body produces a corresponding feebleness of mind; and by analogy we may infer that in most cases of protracted illness as to bodily health, the mind is made to participate in a corresponding weakness; and to this cause may be traced a *fatuity* and sometimes *moroseness of disposition* which after proves, for a considerable length of time, sources of discomfiture and unhappiness in the social and domestic circles of relatives and friends.

The brain encased as it is in its shell of bone and infolded in its durable and soft membranes, is subject to inflammation and other diseases, like other visceral organs, and to a great extent,

according to the vascularity of the parts with which it is connected. The sensitiveness from inflammation wherever found seems usually to arise more from the number of the vessels of those parts, than from the number of nervous filaments bestowed on them. And this from a very plain reason, because the circulation is more immediately involved in disease. But I need not enlarge on this point. A sanguineous plethora or a congestion of blood upon the brain as from partial strangulation is often the result of obstructed circulation by *stay lacing*.

Strangulation as has been intimated in a former number arises from a want of oxygenization or decarbonization of the blood. This effect is most clearly illustrated in those unfortunate subjects in whom the passage called the foramen ovale remains partially open.

This is a passage which admits the blood to pass directly from the right to the left side of the heart without passing through the lungs, which of course carries a portion of the blood into the general circulation which is unfit to nourish the body, hence the purple hue of those little patients; *little* I say because they seldom live to grow up to manhood. And when they do, there is that fatuity in intellect, that renders them more the subjects of pity than of hope. May we not reasonably infer from analogy, that the same want created in the system by artificial means as *lacing* will produce like effects?

We will attend to this subject hereafter.

Respectfully yours. L.

Excellent.—A public meeting has been held ately in Woonsocket, (Mass.) and the following preamble and resolution adopted:—

Whereas it is currently reported that in one of our neighboring villages, "a man made during the last year \$1,500 by minding his own business, and \$500 by letting other people's alone"—therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to some of the good people in our village to try the experiment, not only as a sort of emolument to themselves, but of satisfaction to their neighbors.

The Re-Publications.—We have the July number of "*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*." It is filled with the very ablest papers. There is no publication in the world possessing more real, intrinsic merit than "*Blackwood*." The only drawback upon its excellency is its toryism; but even that is hardly a drawback to the Yankee who wishes to keep track of English politics—which he cannot do without reading "*Blackwood*." The present number contains two valuable papers, "*Colonial government and the Jamaica Question*," and "*Turkey, Egypt and the affairs of the East*." From either of these articles, more than \$5 worth of information can be obtained.

"*Bentley's Miscellany for July*," is also before us. This is an *unique* publication, and is certainly deserving of the great popularity which it enjoys. The present number contains several chapters of "*Jack Shepard*," "*The veterans of Chelsea Hospital*," "*Rambles among the Rivers*," and "*Colin Clink*." These are all interesting stories, as are the various other articles which the July number contains. There are also two etchings by CRUIKSHANK.

We regret that no more of these re-publications are taken here—particularly "*Blackwood*" and the "*Reviews*." It is impossible to keep up any thing like an intelligent acquaintance of the affairs of Europe without them. C. MORSE is Mrs. LEWER's agent for this city.

Modesty.—A girl down East said she didn't like to swing into the garden, "cause the taters had eyes."

The following anecdotes we copy from an eloquent speech of Mr. Tillinghast, delivered at Providence on the 4th of July, at a dinner table with a band of the surviving soldiers of the revolution.

The first blood drawn from the veins of a British officer in that great quarrel, was drawn by a shot from a Rhode Island musket—upon our own waves, within sight from the tower of that temple where we have this morning heard the scenes and principles of the revolution so eloquently reviewed by the orator of the day. The owner of that musket still lives in honor amongst us, still characterized by that native resolution, which the lapse of 67 years from that time has not been able to extinguish or abate. The first sword that waved in triumph upon the surmounted rampart at Yorktown, was a Rhode Island sword. The owner of that sword as he clambered up the work, received upon his hands and arms the stabs of the bayonets that were aimed at his life, and having gained the summit and planted himself there, he lifted his sword aloft in his bleeding hand, and called aloud to friends and foes, "Capt. Stephen Olney's company forms here."

Washington—phrenologically described by Combe:

Washington was one of the greatest men that ever lived. His temperament seems to have been sanguine bilious; his head large, and well adapted in every part; the moral sentiments and intellectual reign supreme. He had a constancy which no difficulties could overcome, and an honesty of purpose and ardor of patriotism which no temptation could swerve nor opposition subdue. He always regarded his country before himself, and in him there was no quality of mind deficient: no quality in excess: no false lights and no deficient lights. He therefore gave to every thing its due weight and no more. He was dignified, courteous and just; brave, cautious, politic, quick to perceive, and prompt to judge; always acting in the right time, and in the right manner. Those who say that Washington was not a great man, can merely mean that he displayed no quality in excess; that he played off no coruscations; but he had that sterling worth—that daily beauty in the life; that force of character; that grandeur and elevation of the whole man, which renders him far more great and estimable, in my opinion, than the poet, the painter or the orator.

Sagacity of the Dog.—There used formerly to be as many dogs as men at the kirk of Twidmuir, Peeblesshire, on account of the difficulty which the farmers and shepherds of that pastoral district had in preventing canine attendants from following them. The dogs in general behaved pretty well, and lay below the seats; still, quarrels among them sometimes took place, and on these occasions the minister had to order the beadle to turn out the disturbers of the peace; with these exceptions they kept in tolerable good order till the congregation was going to disperse. From long attendants at church, they knew when this breaking up was to take place. The signal for uproar was the rising of the minister in the pulpit to pronounce the blessing; as soon as he did so, they used to rush pell-mell to the door, barking and screeching for joy to be let loose, and, therefore, not a word could be heard.

At length the minister, honest man! he thought himself of a plan to get quit of these disturbances. He told the members of the congregation, that it would be better for them all to keep their seats till the parting benediction was over, and then they would rise and walk leisurely out. This was tried, and succeeded remarkably well. However, it happened one day that the minister of the parish was absent, and a stranger was in the pulpit, who, when he rose to pronounce the blessings after the psalm, was surprised to see the congregation sitting, which is against all rule and custom. At last an old gray-haired shepherd called out to him,—“Oh, just go on, sir, go on! we are only sitting a wee bit, to cheat the dowgs; but when ye have done we'll all rise and go out quietly.”

Singular Coincidence.—A man named *Cain Abel*, keeps the *Adam and Eve* tavern in *Eden, Vermont*.—*Exchange Paper*.

Yes, and no doubt the *Serpent* can be found there too as busy as ever in destroying *Adam and Eve's* children.—*Honeye Staud*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence of the Rochester Daily Democrat.

PARIS, June 1, 1839.

The Boulevard is the pride of the Parisians. It is a broad street, with the walks in some parts of it embowered in shades upon each side and running around a circle, in the form of a moon, in the centre of the city, crossing the Seine twice, which divides the city, running east and west through its centre. That portion of it called the Italian Boulevard, near the Palaces, is peculiarly brilliant. Lined on each side by shops and cafes, and lighted by immense windows, formed of a single pane of glass, ornamented with all sorts of decorations that the ingenious Frenchman can devise. This and the square surrounded by the shops in the Palace Royal, when lit up at night, presents a sheet of living light, reflected by a thousand mirrors, through the groves and other avenues and embowered ways, where the fountain flings into mid air its ever cooling waters, enlivened by the multitudes of moving human beings, animated by the notes of the minstrel, presents a scene which one may well imagine to be a full realization of the fairest vision of the Arabian Tales.

The immense squares and public grounds, some of which contain more than an hundred acres, impart novelty and great interest to Paris. In the centre of the city, you may be lost in a wilderness of houses, and wander through streets darkened by the towering walls of the buildings, and rush at once from the midst of them into one of nature's wildernesses of forest trees, with here and there an opening, ornamented with beautiful flower gardens, fountains, and basins representing little lakes of crystal waters, over which the swan moves like the dolphin, paddling her white canoe. These groves are the favorite resort of the Parisians, through which they make their daily promenades, animated by the sweet notes of the woodland songster, and the harp, guitar, violin, and a hundred other instruments, with which the wandering minstrel seeks to please the passer by, and to abstract a few sous from his bounty.

The Garden of the Tuilleries, the Palace Royal, the Luxembourg Garden of Plants, and the *Champ de Mars* and the *Champ Elysses*, are the most prominent squares, the most of which adorn the banks of the river, which is confined by noble marble quays, and spanned by numerous stone and iron bridges; a dozen of which are within the range of the eye, black with a moving multitude of human beings, while the streets or quays along the river bank are swarming with men and beasts and carriages, sweeping by the long ranges of temples, and noble palaces which rise on either bank of the river, as if unconscious of the presence of royalty, and presenting a scene which would have lent animation and imparted grandeur to the Tiber, and of which Rome might well have been proud, even in the days of its Cæsars.

Napoleon clipped off many of the excrescences with which Paris abounded, and robbed much of it in great beauty; but you must not imagine that Paris, or any of the old cities of Europe, present the uniformity, order and newness of some of our American cities; on the contrary, the streets of the most of them are narrow, and many of them irregular and crooked, and the buildings composed of every order and grade of architecture which has existed since the infancy of time, and are dingy with the accumulated dust of ages. Its noblest palaces and proudest temples are robbed in the dusk of antiquity, and the new buildings soon assume the hue of a smoky city.

It is not not only the princely and noble character of its palaces, temples and public squares and royal domains, which imparts interest to it, but it is the proud and enlightened character of many of its institutions—the offspring of liberal and giant minds with unbounded means at their disposal—which has made it the proudest, the noblest and the gayest city of the present age; which, in connection with the brilliant and exciting character of its history, has thrown an undying interest around it.

There is no Sabbath in Catholic countries.—In Paris, it is the gayest day of the week, and devoted to merry making. The theatres and circuses are open, and the gardens, groves, and public grounds swarm with gay, pleasure seeking and merry making beings. The groves of the *Champ Elysses*, in the midst of which the exhibit of arts and manufactures is held, presents a scene that doubtless has no parallel upon earth. Every kind of mountebankism and necromancy that ever existed, is enacted there.—Each actor has his gazers. While some are attracted by the flying horses, others look on the aerial *voicageur*, as he dives and plunges and sails around in the gay ship, with its sails flying, without the aid of wind or water, but by an immense horizontal wheel, that works around a tree, rising and falling in its revolutions, forming not an inapt representation of ships, as they sail along over rough seas and mountain waves. The next moment the musical crack of the whip announces the approach of the Royal Family, when there is a general rush of the multitude to catch a glimpse of the train of carriages as they pass along, surrounded by gay attendants and horse guards. Every avenue presents a continual train of carriages, of every variety, amongst which may be seen those of the nobility and gentry, with their liveried servants and out-riders, and beside them, in parallel and embowered ways, "gallants bold and ladies fair," with waving plumes, mounted upon beautiful coursers, are dashing away to the country and neighboring forests for an airing. The sound of the bugle proclaims the approach of the flower of the cavalry and the military pride of France—whose nodding plumes, neighing steeds and prancing war horses, dancing along at the spirit stirring notes of the trumpet, bugle and battle horn, followed by long lines of infantry, with their banners spread to the breeze and their steps quickened by the inspiration of the rolling drum and ear-piercing fife, presents a scene that may well remind one of the time when Massena, Ney and Murat led them to glory. When the music of the military bands is lost in the distance, or drowned by the noise of the multitude, the notes of the minstrel break upon your ears, with the thousand various instruments, the most charming of which is that which their Creator gave them. Decrepitude and age, youth and beauty, may be found amongst them. The Tyrolese mountain girl, the dark brunette of Switzerland, and the fair songster of sunny Italy, touch nature's golden harp with exquisite taste, and mingle their sweet notes with the harp, guitar, violin and the mild bag-pipe. Amongst this wandering musical throng, some of the undignified airs of our own country, are not without representations in "Jim Crow" and "Long Tailed Blue." The whole scene presents a singular contrast to the rational and quiet Sabbath of our own little city.

Household Affairs.—A domestic informed his master that the house was on fire. "Tell your mistress of it," said he "for I do not meddle with household affairs."

FATAL INSTANCE OF THE DANGER OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Chance, and that spirit of inquiry which Paul Pry excuses in himself by calling it the characteristic of the age, once led us to visit the lunatic asylum at Charenton. Amid the many sad and afflicting instances of debased and degraded humanity we met with, one man struck us most particularly. He was about five and thirty years of age, tall and well built, with a lofty forehead and a deep-set penetrating eye. The whole character of his head was highly intellectual; but the expression of his features was melancholy and depressing beyond anything words can give any idea of. The face was deadly pale, and marked by small blue veins; and the dragged mouth and downcast look bespoke utter despair. He never noticed the persons about him, but stared fixedly at vacancy, and muttered constantly in a broken and supplicating voice, as if entreating forgiveness of some great and heinous crime.

"Will he recover?" said we, as we turned to leave the spot.

"Never," said the keeper; "his is a madness never curable."

On our return to Paris, M. E——, the celebrated physician, who had accompanied us to Charenton, gave us the following brief account of this man's case.

Monsieur Eugene S—— had so brilliantly distinguished himself in his career at the French bar, that at the early age of twenty-eight, he was named Procureur de Roi, an office in many respects similar to that of our attorney-general. To a great knowledge of his profession, rarely attainable at so early a period of life, he united the gift of a most convincing eloquence; and, stranger still, a thorough acquaintance with human nature in all its shapes and phases, which seemed absolutely incompatible with his habits of close study and seclusion. There was no art nor 'metier' with the details of which he was unacquainted; no rank or walk in life, whose feelings and prejudices he could not dip into, and identify himself with. The very dialect of the lowest classes he made his study, and from the patois of Normandy, to the outlandish jargon of the Gascogne, he was familiar with all. Talents like these were not long in establishing the fame of their possessor, and before he had been four years at the bar, it was difficult to say whether he was more feared as a rival by his colleagues, or dreaded as an accuser by the criminal. This to a French advocate was the pinnacle of professional fame.

As his practice extended, his labor at home became much greater; frequently he did not leave his study till daybreak, and always appeared each morning at the opening of the court.—The effect upon his health was evident in his pallid look, and his figure, formerly erect and firm, becoming stooped and bent; the life of excitement his career presented, left neither time nor inclination for society or amusement; and his existence was one great mental struggle.

All who understand the nature of a trial for life and death in France, are aware that it is neither more nor less than a drama, in which the Procureur du Roi plays the principal character; and whose success is estimated by but one test—the conviction of the accused. There is no preparation too severe, no artifice too deep, no plot too subtle, for the advocate, upon occasions like this; he acts himself patiently to learn the character of the prisoner, his habits, his feelings, his prejudices, his fears; and by the time that the trial comes on is thoroughly familiar with every leading trait and feature of the man.

In combats like this our advocate's life was passed; and so complete a mastery had the demoniacal passion gained over him, that whenever, by the acquittal of a "prevenu," he seemed to be defrauded in his rightful tribute of admiration and applause, the effect on his spirits became evident; his head drooped; and for several days he would scarcely speak. The beaten candidate for collegiate honors never suffered from defeat as he did; and at last to such a height had this infatuation reached, that his own life seemed actually to hang in the scale upon every trial for capital offence; and upon the issue, threatened death to the advocate or the accused. "Lavuel de deux," said our old barrister, at the opening of a case, and the words became a proverb concerning Monsieur S——.

This mania was at its height when the government directed him to proceed to Bordeaux to take the direction of a trial, which, at that

period, was exciting the greatest interest in France. The case was this:—A gentleman travelling for pleasure, accompanied by a single servant, had taken up his residence on the banks of the Garonne. Here the mild urbanity of his manners and prepossessing address had soon won for him the attention and good-will of the inhabitants, who were much taken with him, and in an equal degree prejudiced against the servant, whose Bretagne stupidity and rudeness were ill calculated to make friends for him. In the little village where they sojourned two new arrivals were sure to attract their share of attention, and they were most rigidly canvassed, but always with the same judgment.

Such was the state of matters, when one morning the village was thrown into commotion by the report that the stranger had been murdered in the night, and that the servant was gone, no one knew whither. On opening the door of the little cottage, a strange and sad sight presented itself; the floor was covered with packing cases and chests, corded and fastened as if for a journey; the little plate and few books of the deceased were carefully packed, and every thing betokened the preparation for departure. In the bedroom the spectacle was still more strange; the bed clothes lay in a heap upon the floor, covered with blood, and a broken razor, a twisted and torn portion of a dressing-gown lay beside them; there were several foot-prints in the blood upon the floor; and these were traced through a small dressing room which led out upon a garden where they disappeared in the grass; the servant was nowhere to be found; neither could any trace of the body be discovered. Such were, in a few words the chief circumstances which indicated the commission of the dreadful crime, and in the state of public feeling towards the two parties, were deemed sufficiently strong to implicate the servant, who, it was now discovered, had been some leagues up on the road to Bordeaux early that morning.

The commissaire of police set out immediately in pursuit; and before night the man was arrested. At first his usual stupid and sullen manner was assumed; but on hearing that the death of his master was now proved, he burst into tears, and never spoke more.

The most diligent search was now made to discover the body, but without success. It was nowhere to be found. A hat belonging to the deceased was taken up near the river and carried down by the current which was here very rapid. The indignation of all parties, who were never kindly disposed to the servant, rose to the greatest height, that he would never acknowledge what had been done with the body, although now no doubt remained upon their mind as to his guilt.

His trial at length came on; and Monsieur S— arrived "special" in Lyons to conduct it. The great principle in English criminal law, that a conviction cannot be held for murder until the body be found, exists not in France; but in lieu of it, they require a chain of circumstantial evidence of the strongest and of the most convincing nature.

To discover this where it existed, to fashion it where it did not, were easy to the practised advocate; and the poor prisoner, whose reasoning powers were evidently of the weakest order, and whose intelligence was most limited, offered an easy victim to every subtle question of the lawyer; he fell deeper and deeper into the snare laid for him; he was made to say that though upon the road to Bourdeaux, he knew not why he was there; that the watch and keys in his possession were his master's he acknowledged; but why they were in his keeping he could not tell; every hesitation of his manner, every momentary indication of trouble and confusion were turned against him; and even when a fitful gleam of intelligence would shoot across his clouded brain, it was anticipated by his torturer and converted to his injury. The result may be easily guessed; he was condemned to death; and the following morning, as the advocate received at his levee the congratulations of the authorities upon his success and ability, the prisoner was led to the guillotine amid the execration of ten thousand people.

Two years after this trial took place our advocate was passing through Amiens on his way to Peroune. There was considerable bustle and confusion in the hotel, from an incident which had just occurred, and which shocked all the inmates. A gentleman who had arrived the evening before, having attempted to commit suicide

by cutting his throat, and was found two miles from the town upon the high road, where it appeared he had fallen from loss of blood, having walked thus far after his intended crime.

"His name is Lemoine" said some one in the crowd, as they carried him bleeding, and nearly lifeless into the house.

"Lemoine!" said Monsieur S—, musingly; "the name of the man murdered at Lyons by Jean Labarte."

"And what is most strange," said another, not hearing the muttered observations of Monsieur S—"he is now perfectly sensible and most penitent for his attempt, which he ascribes to a passing insanity that he has been liable to from a boy; the impulse is first to destroy, and then to conceal himself."

"That is indeed singular," said Monsieur S—"but there is no combating a monomania."

"So the poor man feels, for he has already essayed the same several times—in the last he nearly succeeded in doing it, when living on the Garonne."

"The Garonne—Lemoine—" screamed, rather than spoke the advocate—"when—where—the name of the village?"

"La Hulpe," said the stranger.

"I am a murderer!" said S—, as he fell upon the pavement, the blood streaming from his mouth and nose; they lifted him up at once and carried him into the house; the shock had been too much. The face of the murdered Jean Labarte, as with stupid look, and heavy inexpressible gaze he started up from the dock, never left him after; and he passed his remaining days in Charenton, a despairing, broken-hearted maniac.

It subsequently came out, that poor Labarte, knowing that his master was threatened with an attack, had packed up all he possessed, and set out for Bourdeaux to procure a physician, trusting, that from his precaution, no mischief could accrue in the meanwhile—one razor was unfortunately forgotten, and gave rise to all the circumstances we have mentioned.—*Dublin University Magazine, July.*

Educating a Wife.—From the "Journal of Aaron Burr," during his residence in Europe, just published by the Harpers, we extract the following curious narrative:

Perry, the proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, has now an income of £10,000 per annum. Born in the north of Scotland and having received a good classical education, at the age of twenty he walked to London to seek his fortune. He had left on his arrival two and six-pence.—For some time he nearly starved. At length he got employment, and small wages from the editor of the Morning Chronicle, and subsequently he became principal editor, and then a partner, and finally, sole proprietor. At the age of forty he was wealthy. Happening to make a journey in the country, he saw, in a milliner's shop, a girl, with whose beauty and manner he was greatly smitten. He begged leave to repeat his visit—at the second interview, he told her he would marry her, but, added, I am a man of fortune, and wish to live hospitably, and to make my friends happy at home. I am not accustomed to society, and must have a wife who can do the honors of my house with grace, and dignity, and fashion. Now you have seen nothing of the world, and know less of these matters than I do; but you have talents, and would presently become a lady, if you were under proper advantage. Then, if you will go to Paris, and spend two years there to perfect yourself, I will furnish the means, and marry you on your return." The lady, who was seventeen, was not long balancing on so hard a condition. She went to Paris, passed the two years under every advantage which money could procure, returned an accomplished lady, and all that Perry could wish. They married, and have six lovely children. She has been the pride of his hearth, the ornament of his house, and the admiration of his friends.

I know an Irishman who did something of the same kind, but I doubt whether there be any thing similar in the history of an Englishman.

The Prayune answers a correspondent who asks which expression is the more proper, the "house burned up" or "burned down." That depends upon whether the fire originated in the geller or the garret.

AMERICAN CHAMPAIGN,

MADE BY

MR. CORREA DA COSTA,

The American Wine-Maker, and Teacher of Modern Tongues in the space of six months. Terms by agreement. Mount Vernon House, Second Street, Philadelphia.

For six gallons of water, take six pounds of clarified sugar, three ounces of ginger in powder, and two ounces of cream of Tartar; then give the whole a good boiling; take it off the fire—let it cool to blood heat, and add to it the peel of six lemons, and five ounces of yeast, (which can be had of the bakers.) mix it well, settle for twelve hours, draw it off clear—bottle it, cork it tight, keep it until next day, and then drink *American Champaign* to my health.

Labor-saving Soap.—The following is a recipe for making the labor-saving soap, (so called,) which is an excellent article for washing, and a saving of labor. The recipes for making have been sold from \$5 to \$10, and the soap 7 cents per pound; but can be manufactured for about two cents. Take two pounds of sal soda, two pounds of yellow bar soap, and ten quarts of water; cut the soap in thin slices, and boil all together two hours; then strain it through a cloth; let it cool, and it is fit for use. Directions for using the soap:—Put the clothes in soak the night before you wash, and to every pail of water in which you boil them, add one pound of soap. They will need no rubbing; merely rinse them out, and they will be perfectly clean and white.

Fever and ague—Effectual remedy.—The following simple recipe has never been known to fail and is now published for the benefit of such as may be suffering under this disagreeable complaint:

- 1 oz. Yellow Peruvian Bark.
- ½ oz. Cream Tartar.
- 1 table spoonful pulverized Cloves.
- 1 pint Teneriffe Wine.

Mix together. Shake it well, and take a wine glass full every two hours after the fever is off.

N. B. Before taking the above, a dose of Epsom Salts, or other medicine, should be administered, to cleanse the stomach, and render the cure more speedy and certain.—*American.*

"Help, and give willingly, when you have any thing, and think not the more of yourself; and if you have nothing, keep the cup of cold water always at hand, and think not the less of yourself."—*Claudius.*

The whole law of charity in four lines! Let it circulate. Read aright, and it will do us more good than an essay on the Sub-Treasury. Its blessed influence will abide in the heart, and rest like soft lights on our spirits. Here are two other drops from the same fount, worth a year's subscription: seeing 'tis only six dollars:

"Think often on sacred things, and be certain that all shall not be labor without profit, and let the heaven heaven the whole lump."

"It is easy to despise—to understand is much better."

There, enough for one day. Let us take care, gentle reader, while we are learning a little of all manner of outward things, not to mistake knowledge for "wisdom," and for this end, bear in mind the words of old Baxter—"Keep open the passage betwixt the head and the heart."—*Newark Daily Adv.*

Dislocation of the Jaw from Yawning.—By far the most singular case of this description we have ever heard of, occurred in Ayr, many years ago. A woman between 60 and 70 years of age, named Gillespie, who lived in Townhead, had been so addicted to yawning in Church, as to call down the reproof of the Rev. Dr. Dalrymple upon her for the habit. At last the failing cured itself—for the poor woman yawned her jaw out of joint. The case was a very obdurate one, as the late Dr. Bone, Dr. White-side, and indeed the whole faculty, who attended, could not reduce the dislocation. The singularity of the case lies in the sequel. After living mostly on soft food for a twelvemonth, the woman went to Church and yawned her jaw back into its place again! The incident smacks a good deal of the man who leaped into a quick set hedge and scratched out his eyes, and then scratched them in again; but the facts of the case we have stated, are beyond dispute.—*Ayr Adv.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.
WHAT IS TRUTH.

Suggested by a recent discourse before the
"Young Men's Association" of this city.

Look upward;—read it in the stars that deck the azure
sky,
And in the soft and silvery moon, enthroned with ma-
jesty;
The gorgeous orb that scatters night, and with reviving
ray
Spreads life and beauty all abroad, imparting joyful
day.

Ay, read it in the opening cloud, that pours its treasure
down,
Whose bounteous gift, ungrateful earth but seldom
deigns to own;
In that triumphant arch, that shines with bright and
varied hue.
From out the storm, like Mercy's smile, so beautiful,
and true.

Behold it in those glittering drops that gem each ver-
dant leaf,
As morn's unrivall'd charms appear;—pure, lovely, and
yet brief;
In rivulets that flow unchained through flowery mead
and vale,
Glad'ning the soil, whose fragrant stores a thousand
sweets exhale.

Upon the trackless ocean read, and in the woody glade,
Among those lofty boughs which form the forest's lone-
ly shade;
In rugged cliffs by river's side, and those smooth rocks
that seem
Like chisel'd work;—in mossy beds along the winding
stream.

Listen! 'tis in the robin's note that comes at early
dawn,
In all the witching melody that sounds o'er hill and
lawn;
Its humbler strains the insect breathes upon the sum-
mer air,
And in the zephyr's gentle sigh—yea, it is even there.

Oh, study these, and lay aside earth's evanescent lore,
The priceless gem is found amid creation's boundless
store;
In all the works of Deity its lustrous beauties shine,
For every impress of His hand is nought but truth di-
vine.
A. C. P.

Written for the Gem

From the papers of the Mumford Lyceum.

LIFE.

Why should mortals complain, because here on earth,
The storms of misfortune sometimes will arise;
And darken the Sun which shone on our birth,
Like the clouds of Summer that float o'er the skies?

Is it not wrong for us mortals to stay,
And note the dark shades that pervade our lot;
While the flowers of pleasure that bloom in our way,
Are hastily pluck'd, enjoyed, and forgot?

'Tis true, there are many dark seasons of pain,
When sorrow's chill storms encircle us round,
And naught in this life will appear to retain,
Scarce a charm which on earth can be found.

But have we not also bright seasons of bliss?
When the fond heart in its fulness of love,
Would waver, bidden to choose between this
And the joy of Paradise promised above?

Then let us not say that this world is all gloom,
And all our life but a bleak wintry day,
While the bright star of hope our path doth illumine,
And sheds o'er the morrow its heart-cheering ray.

Let us look upon earth with an eye of delight,
And pluck the fair flowers around us that grow;
For soon shall we sleep in that long silent night,
When life and its pleasures shall cease here below.
H***.

Caledonia, June, 1839

Written for the Gem.

IMPATIENCE OF DESIRE.

Could I secure the tempest's love,
And make some cloud my friend,
So they would at my bidding move,
And to my word attend;

This night, the cloud in chariot form,
Stood at my door appear,
And from its sporting with the storm,
The tempest should draw near.

Then in my misty phæton,
I'd mount the ambient air,
And driven by the tempest's wrath,
Ere morning I'd be there.

Or might our thoughts be messengers,
To carry what we write,
Without the tempest's aid, or cloud,—
I'd hear from you to-night!

ADOLPHUS.

The following were written by Mr. Leggett a few
days before his death. They were the last lines from
his pen:—

Why, what is death but life
In other forms of being? life without
The coarser attributes of man, the dull
And momentarily decaying frame which holds
The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down
To brotherhood with brutes? There's no such thing
As death: what's called so is but the beginning
Of new existence, a fresh segment in
The eternal round of change. [Eve. Post.

A THRILLING STORY.

A thrilling story is going the rounds of the
papers, taken from the "Naval and Military
Magazine," which, stripped of all its embellish-
ment, is to the following purport:

On the day of the ever-memorable battle of
Waterloo, Captain Walter Leslie's young bride,
Helen, with feelings more easily imagined than
described, took her seat at a window overlooking
the field of that dreadful conflict; but being
within reach of random shot, she, with the other
inmates, retired to a barn as a place of more
safety, and there remained in anxious suspense
during the whole day. Some time in the night,
Capt. Bryan was brought to the barn, badly
wounded. Helen, with the necessaries which
her forebodings had suggested, tenderly dressed
young Bryan's wounds, and after his revival,
ventured to inquire after her Walter. Bryan's
evasive answer but too fully portended the
worst. She begged him to tell her the circum-
stances, for she knew that her husband was dead.
Bryan then stated that just before going into
action, Capt. Leslie thrust a small Bible into
his bosom, charging him that if he fell in ac-
tion, faithfully to deliver the sacred relic to his
beloved Helen. But a few moments elapsed
before he did fall. After learning from Bryan
the spot at which Walter fell, she went alone in
the night, lantern in hand, into the field of the
dead and dying, amidst the plunging of wound-
ed horses and other frightful sights, in search
of the remains of her beloved. On the point
of returning in despair of finding the object of
her anxious search, among such a mass of car-
nage, her attention was drawn to an outstretch-
ed hand, on which was found the well known
ring of her husband, who was partly buried be-
neath a pile of other bodies. Whilst alone en-
gaged in the release of the object of her affec-
tions, two soldiers, sent by Capt. Bryan, came
to her assistance, and bore "Auncastor's dear re-
mains" to the same room with the wounded
Captain. The Surgeon applying a glass to the
lips of Leslie, declared that he yet lived. The
shock of joy was too great for the delicate sys-
tem of Helen; one vacant stare, and she fell
lifeless on the floor, several hours being spent
in restoring her to sensibility, and the embrace
of her fond Walter.

The small Bible was presented to Leslie, by
Helen, on their wedding day; neither of them
dreaming that the Holy Book was to be the sal-
vation of the Captain's temporal life. The ball
aimed at his bosom spent its force in the folds
of the Bible, which is now religiously preserved
in the family, as a perpetual memorial of that
extraordinary Providence.—*Raleigh Register.*

Precocity.—'Ma,' said a little girl the other
day, who had scarcely entered her teens, 'Ma,
maint I get married?'

'Why child,' said the anxious mother, 'what
upon earth ever put that notion into your head?'
'Cause all the other girls are getting married
as fast as they can, and I want to too.'

'Well, you must not think of such a thing.—
Don't you ever ask me such a foolish question
again—married! indeed! I never heard the
like!'

'Well, Ma, if I can't have a husband, maint
I have a piece of bread and butter?'

'Certainly. Now you begin to talk rationally,
and you may have as much as you went. When
you have done, put on your bonnet and go to
school.'

We came off then.—*N. O. Picayune.*

There is a fellow in Wisconsin so thin that a
man has offered him almost any price if he will
allow himself to be cut up into lamp wick. He
is the same chap, whose shadow was mistaken
for a shingle, and whittled to pieces by a trav-
elling Yankee. And after all he is not so great
a curiosity as a fellow in Arkansas, who is so
short that he has been often mistaken for pie
crust.

Good Nature.—"By Hook or by Crook,"
Dame Grundy was the most good natured wo-
man alive. Come what would, every thing was
right, nothing wrong. One day Father Grun-
dy told a neighbor that he believed his wife was
one of the most even tempered women in the
world, for he never saw her cross in his life;
and that for once he should like to see her so.—
"Well," said his neighbor, "go to the woods and
bring her a load of the crookedest wood you can
find, and if it doesn't make her cross, nothing
will." Accordingly, to try the experiment, he
teamed home a load of wood every way calcul-
ated to make a woman fret. For a week or
more she used the wood copiously, but not a
word of complaint escaped her lips. So one
day the husband ventured to inquire of her how
she liked the wood. "Oh, 'tis beautiful wood,"
said she. "I wish you'd get another load, for it
lays round the pot complete."

A southern planter having frequently wit-
nessed the depredations committed of his onion
beds, concluded that a young negro had stolen
them for supplying his neighbors. After vain-
ly attempting to extract a confession from
blackey, he gave him a sound thrashing, think-
ing no doubt, if he was not the thief, he
should serve as a proxy until the real depredator
was found. On the following morning, the
negro, seeing a strange animal lurking about
the garden succeeded in capturing him, and took
in triumph to his master, who saluted him with
"What do you bring that skunk here for?"—
"Me bring him here dat massa no more trash
poornigger;—him steals massa's injuns; jist
smell he breff."

An Irishman was saying that he once saw a
person beheaded, with his hands tied behind him,
who immediately picked it up and placed it
again on his shoulders! Ha! said a bystander,
how could he pick up his head with his hands
tied behind him? Oh! said Paddy, you fool;
could not he have picked it up with his teeth?

An old lady says: "Some young people think
that matrimony is something uncommonly ex-
flunctificacious, but la! it's nothing after you
get used to it."

It is a singular fact, as is said, that a mock-
ing bird, if placed near a "Bobolink," will die
of mortification at his utter inability to imitate
him.—*Nashua Tel.*

Madam CARADORI ALLAN left New York
for Liverpool last week. Blessings go with her,
for she has blessed thousands with her sweet
melody.

'Here's the banisters, but where the d—l is the
stairs,' as the drunken fellow said, ven he felt
his way round the bedstead in the dark.

When you hear a young lady express aver-
sion for little children—infer that her heart has
been ossified by tight lacing.—*Express.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge,
Mr. ELIAS B. WHEELER, to Miss MARY GAL-
LAGHER, all of this city.

At New York, on the 23d instant, by the Rev. Dr.
Bayard, Mr. Alfred Vail, of Morristown, N. J., to Miss
Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the late James Cummings,
of New York.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. H. P.
Penniman, Preceptor of Penfield Academy, to Miss
Caroline Boardman, of Brighton.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.

Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county,	New York.
Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county,	do do
S. P. Breck, Branchport, Yates county,	do do
Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co.,	do do
R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co.,	Vermont.
Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co.,	Michigan.
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P. S. Church, Oakfield, Genesee co.,	do do
Henry Henion, Rushville, Ontario co.,	do do
S. Reeve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co.,	do do
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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1839.

No. 17.

MISCELLANY.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not in anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes, the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonely some enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms, of beauty, and heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an Ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen, but that's not what I'm after now, as you very well know, my blushing little rogue of the world; andorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome, I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see let alone hear, the creythur."

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, lave off; ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing when they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the old Rhyme?—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary!"

Well, I'm not going to say she's contrary—I'm sure sh'es any thing but that to you, any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it, and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen," she continued, addressing herself to the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make yer self either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a mistress to give yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swap an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Any thing for your happiness," said the brother, somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, nptwithstanding all the lecturing that you kept on to

me; he has a turn for a drop, Ellen, you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen, "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he isn't here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good naturedly.

"No," she answered, "before. I think a girl's chance of happiness not worth much who trusts to after-marriage reformation. I wont. Didnt I reform you, Mike, of the shocking habit you had of putting every thing off to the very last! and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than yours, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door check, or smoking your pipe, or leaning over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike, "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall!" she answered; "I've laid it every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home she'll have such a housefull of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, every thing good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good colleen, and worthily my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush?—whisht! will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footsteps in the lawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon, that confined its luxuriance, in a little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good humored face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank and manly, and fearless looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night?—ye're lubky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that hates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; it's echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can: she'll twist

you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you won't know whether it's on your head or your heels you're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straight-forward question, whether she heard them or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after, the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, "and well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more," when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland.—When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, what she loved, I am sorry to say, unlike the generality of my fair countrywomen, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was only a drop, the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down your throat, Larry?" "Who poured it down my throat, is it? why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after!"

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover, "It's no use oh-ellening me," she answered quickly, "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women," said her brother.

"There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a table-spoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the table-spoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the temptation and the overcomingness of the thing, and it was hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I know you are not one yet, but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge.—And no matter what, indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that does lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, the last taste in life, I took at the fair.—

You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see its joking you are. Why, Lent 'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, to get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think your oath is out—no."

"I'll swear any thing you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all: there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the last drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because ye darn't trust yerself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish woman don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'd tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the witch of Bal-laghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they usgd to watch, rather far off, as if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-reared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to be her son, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the *vale* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and may be she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the bank bohereen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbled to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man's*) hound in fully cry, and see him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very much frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart,

*Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about her with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men like him delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fairing woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whiskey would revive her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, after saving my life? When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixed her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards, while she spoke as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that would't be in nature. Ellen she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt: to kill thought he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a foot, and we were crying round the death bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten gallon cask on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting, drunken company, his voice was heard swearing 'he had lived like a king, and he would die like a king.'

"And your poor mother," I asked.

"Thank God, she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he did smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that makes me as mad as it ever made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than was ever put upon it by a foreign power, or hard made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat old Stacy's words," said Ellen, "you see I can never forget them." "You might think," she continued, "that I had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who were too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but somehow, Edward Lambert got round with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay hearted, with sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which had made me shed no tear over my father's grave. Think of that, young girl, the drink doesn't make a man a beast at first, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular, but one used to entice him, and another

† In the house.

used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line that I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance between married people; and I used to rave, when, may be, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned.—Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment—he was industrious, and sorry enough when any fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone; and no finger is stretched out to me but in scorn and hatred, I think may be I might have done better; but God defend, the last was hard to bear."

"Oh, Boys," said Ellen, "if you only had heard her voice when she said that, and seen her face, poor old Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied, "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never any so good. She was almost three years old, and he was fond of her—he was, but its a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand, I took sulkey and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it would not have ended so.—The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle and went over to look at her; her little face was red and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only a half mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and was not kept long, the Doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down, when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest, when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to that, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But, Ellen, Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle in the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down, and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh! how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold, or hot, coming from his lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust on my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbapry, with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband!" inquired Larry, in accents of horror; what became of him? did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen, "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which she must but

for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf." "And now, Ellen Murphy," she added, when the end was come, "do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison, the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have told you what tales my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is as hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry."

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry, "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time—name it—I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till after Easter.

I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that 'the least taste in life' is a great taste too much!—that 'ONLY A DROP' is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

From the London New Monthly Magazine for June.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Nine o'clock had just struck at the Imperial Palace at Fontainebleau. Napoleon, seated by the fire side with Marie Louise, was enjoying that freedom of conversation and familiarity he was so fond of. Never had his noble and antique features assumed so joyous and so natural an expression. He laughed, he chatted, he joked; and a stranger entering by chance, would have had much difficulty in recognising the Emperor in that little stout man, lolling with so much *nonchalance* in an arm chair.

He poked the fire with the tip of his boot, rubbed his hands with glee, and with playful and tender sallies, provoked Marie Louise to venture upon some French phrases, as yet strange to her, which she disfigured with a German frankness so irresistibly droll, that Napoleon burst into fits of laughter.

The Empress, half angry, half smiling, came and sat upon the knee of her husband. At the same moment the door opening, the soldier-like face of Duroc presented itself.

"Sire," said he, "the Italian artist is arrived."

"Conduct him here immediately," replied the Emperor, at the same time pushing back his arm-chair, he left a space for the new comer between the Empress and himself.

The visitor on entering, made a profound bow to the two illustrious personages into whose presence he was admitted; and at the desire of Napoleon took a seat near the fire.

"Welcome to France, my dear Canova," said the Emperor, in one of his kindest accents.—"But how pale and thin you have become since I last saw you. You must certainly leave Rome and come to reside in Paris. The air of the capital will restore you to health and vigour. See how well we are," said he, taking in his hand the fresh and rosy chin of Marie Louise.

"Sire, you must attribute my ill health to the fatigue of my occupations, not to the air of my country. To leave home altogether would be impossible for me; indeed, it would be fatal to me."

"Paris is the capital of the arts. You must stay here, I desire it," said the husband of the pretty German, in a commanding tone, on a sudden assuming the Emperor.

Your Majesty may dispose of my life; but if you wish it to be devoted to your service, sire, grant me permission to return to Italy, as soon as I have finished the bust of her Majesty, the Empress, which I am about to undertake."

"Devil's in the man," exclaimed the Emperor,

'he refuses to remain with me! You see, Louise, he has no other ambition than to be the greatest sculptor in the world. He longs to leave us to return to Rome to resume his labors, and to present to the world another such a work as his 'Terpsichore,' 'Paris,' 'Les Danseuses,' 'Venus,' or the 'Magdalen.'

The conversation then became more general: they talked of the Excavation continued by the Borghese family of Italian artists, of the 'Colonne Vendome,' and a thousand other topics. Nothing was new to Napoleon, who conversed on with a perfect knowledge of every subject, and a wonderful clearness of perception.

Canova could not retain his surprise and admiration.

"How it is possible for your majesty to divide your attention between so many different matters?" exclaimed he.

"I have sixty millions of subjects," replied Napoleon, with a smile; eight or nine hundred thousand soldiers, a hundred thousand horses. The Romans themselves had not so many; I have commanded at forty battles. At Wagram, I fired a hundred thousand cannon balls, and this lady, who was then archduchess of Austria, desired my death." At this he pulled the ear of Marie Louise, who answered with a droll imitation of her German accent. "Il etre bien frai." "I think," said the Roman artist, "things now wear a different aspect."

"Oh! Cela est bein vrai," said Marie Louise; this time in the best French possible, kissing the Emperor's hand tenderly, who taking the young creature by the waist, made her sit upon his lap, but as she blushing resisted, Bah! Bah!" said Napoleon; Canova is a friend, and we don't make ceremonies with friends, besides, he is himself of a tender and susceptible nature, and will be delighted to witness the happiness of an affectionate couple."

"Listen to me Louise, and I will relate to you a romantic story, the hero of which you may easily guess; you will then judge if those who love, each other ought to feel restraint before Canova."

He kissed Marie Louise, and keeping her still upon his knee, began: "In the province of Trevisa there is a little village called Possagno. In this place was born and reared the son of an architect, whose father died at the early age of twenty-seven, and whose mother married the second time, Satori di Crepano."

At four years old, the child, by name Antonio, was entrusted to the care of its grandfather, who treated it with much severity. By him it was sent to pass an autumn at Pradazzi, two or three leagues from Possagno, at the house of an Italian senator; a friend of his, whose name was Faliero. The latter observing the intelligence of the little peasant, and pleased with the ability he evinced in carving stone, shaping clay, placed him as a pupil with a clever sculptor called Toretto."

"What! your majesty knows all these minute details of my private life?" exclaimed Canova in surprise.

"I knew many more," replied Napoleon maliciously, and he continued.

"Toretto was a man of strict morals, but however narrowly he may have watched his favorite pupil, Antonio found means to escape from Atelier now and then to go and dance at the village fetes. He was then only sixteen.—Amongst the gay throng of peasants assembled together during the vintage to dance the tarantella, there was one whose charms captivated his heart, Bettina Biasi; she was just fourteen. Her large black eyes sparkled with animation; her waist was so tapering two hands could span it; her hair, the loveliest that ever adorned a maiden."

A sigh escaped from the bosom of Canova. The Emperor pressed the hand of Marie Louise, that she might remark that sigh, and without interrupting his recital, continued—

"Antonio was enthusiastic, and in love. As for the grandfather, he was much less moved by the fascinations, than by the marriage portion of Bettina, which was considerable, particularly for the poor apprentice to a sculpture."

"The parents of both formed projects of uniting them; arrangements for their marriage were drawing to a close, when Toretto and the Senator chanced to hear of it."

"They reflected that this union would destroy the prospects of their *portege*, and determined to prevent it."

"One evening they entered the chamber of Antonio, commanded him to follow them; and

notwithstanding his tears, his resistance, and despair, carried him to Venice, where they confined him during a whole year.

"All endeavors to escape proved fruitless.—The enamored youth finding his return to Pradazzi impossible, was compelled to seek consolation in the study of his favorite pursuit—sculpture."

The talent and reputation of the young man soon spread abroad; his celebrity was established—he became rich—his society was courted by all, and the memory of Bettina Biasi was gradually erased from his mind.

At the same time the arts and blandishments of another little coquette, Domincia, took the place in his affections. She was the daughter of the sculptor, Volpato.

Proposals of marriage were made; but as Dominica was yet young, a postponement was agreed upon till the following year. Alas! before that time Dominica bestowed, her hand on Raphael Morghen.

"The poor deserted lover was in despair at this new piece of treachery."

"At this part of the recital, Canova fell into a deep fit of musing and melancholy, unconscious of what was passing around him."

"His health gave way. His physicians and friends recommended him to return and breathe the air of his native village."

"(Were Corvisart here, he would say this was a remedy the faculty do not believe in, but nevertheless it always succeeds.)"

"Antonio set off on his journey."

"On his approach to his native place the thoughts of Bettina Biasi, that charming, that lovely girl, so disinterested in her love for him, rushed upon his imagination more fresh, and engaging than ever."

"O!" cried he, "how ungrateful have I been to neglect and forget her!"

"Dismissing from his mind all remembrance of Dominica, he dreamt only of Bettina Biasi. He pictured to himself the delight he should experience in again clasping her to his bosom."

"His heart beat with hope and joy, and whilst he was resolving within himself, to proceed next day without fail to Pradazzi, he perceived the village spire of Passagno before him."

"Too much agitated to remain in the slow 'vetturino,' he alighted and continued his journey on foot by a short road, until he arrived at the gate of the little town."

"At this moment a crowd of young men who were awaiting his arrival, perceive him approach—fill the air with shouts of welcome, surround and embrace him."

"He stands without the power of speech, his heart throbs within him, his eyes are filled with tears."

"The road is strewed with laurel branches and evergreens, all the inhabitants of Passagno, women, children, and old men in holiday costume, lined the road, and salute the celebrated youth."

"The venerable Toretto, the old master of Canova folds him in his arms, weeping over him. At a distance approach the mother of Canova, his step-father, and behind them a female in tears."

"Bettina! mia Bettina!" cried Canova.

"She stretches out her hand to him, he is about to speak, when the bells of the village sound a merry peal, salvos of musketry rend the air, and the curate at the head of his clergy, singing the 'Te Deum,' advances in his clerical robes, kneels down, and returns thanks to Providence for having granted to Passagno a child so renowned as Canova. The aged priest then passes his arm through that of Canova, his mother leans on the other and the procession conducts the hero in triumph to his grandfather, whose infirmities confine him to his house."

"Ah! sire, sire! let me entreat you not to continue a recital which awakens such cruel and such sweet recollections," interrupted Canova, sobbing.

But Napoleon was too much pleased with the impression he had made on his listeners to think of stopping. Marie Louise had several times wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Listen to the rest, resumed he, addressing the empress, we are coming to the *denoument*, which is well worthy of the rest of the story."

"The day following, as Canova was entering the little garden of his grandfather, he saw Bettina Biasi approaching him."

"Five years had diminished nothing of her beauty, except that she was pale and resembled one of his own white marble statues."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1839.

DISSOLUTION.

The co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Shepard, Strong & Dawson, is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. Dated Rochester, Aug. 26, 1839.

ERASTUS SHEPARD,
ALVAH STRONG,
GEORGE DAWSON, Jr.

The affairs of the late firm will be settled, and the business continued, by the subscribers.
ERASTUS SHEPARD,
ALVAH STRONG.

SWEET'S PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

Many publications have been presented to community, from the hand of "travellers by the fireside," which have attracted much attention in their day, but subsequently passed into oblivion. The reason of this is, that they contained no originality, but merely embodied events or opinions without examination, or the capability of distinguishing error from the truth; and perhaps, added to these details, much from their own crude fancies,—the wild sallies of a wandering imagination. From this extreme, the author of this work is as distant as he is from being an empiric. He has not merely theorized, but tested from experiment; and blended both theory and practice in his profession. Mr. S. has long been a practical teacher of the science herein systematized; and the work before us is the product of his experience, as well as of his observations and research. He has tested the efficacy of each principle he inculcates, to form a correct reader and an accomplished speaker in public. To us, this seems a consideration of no trivial importance. It adds to his instructions, embodied in the elementary part of his work, all that value which would be conferred upon a geographical treatise, by the fact that its author had himself ascended the mountains, traversed the plains, and beheld with his own eyes, all the localities therein described.

The first peculiarity of this work which we shall notice, is the thorough manner in which he treats of the elementary principles of elocution. It was remarked of West, the celebrated American painter, resident at London, that in order to insure perfection, he descended even to the grinding of his own colors—thus commencing at the very first steps of his art. Thus has it been with Mr. S. The analysis of sounds in the English language, as exhibited on pages 18, 19 and 20, contain all upon this point that would be valuable to understand.

Again. It has been uniformly contended, and we have long been persuaded, that one obstacle to good reading and speaking, much more important than many have imagined, is a proper understanding of the subject of discourse, as well as of associated circumstances. A mere scientific lecture needs but little manifestation of feeling: were much exhibited in its delivery, it would appear inappropriate. The reason of this is founded in the character of the human mind. Its constitution is such, that deep emotion is produced by an appeal to the feelings, rather than to the intellect alone. Reason, therefore, teaches us the propriety of the above remark. But suppose a composition of this character, written in a foreign tongue, should be given for recitation to an individual totally ignorant of its meaning. The question here is, would it fall far short of an impossibility, for that individual to give it a correct elocution—to have the intonations of his voice and his ac-

companying gestures appropriately exerted?—To obviate this, has been an attempt of no similar work with which we have been acquainted. The consequence has been,—as parents and others solicitous for the intellectual improvement of youth have ever been painfully and penitently made sensible—that parrots might as well have been subjected to the discipline of the school-room, as those whom they were intended to benefit. We are happy to see that a new era is dawning upon this subject, the first manifestations of which are visible in the notes appended to nearly every piece in the work before us. Mr. S. certainly bears the palm of having first introduced these auxiliaries in his publication,—a peculiarity which, in our opinion, gives it a high additional claim to public approbation.

Another circumstance to which we allude, characteristic and commendatory of this work, is, that about one-sixth part of its selections for exercise, relate immediately to the subject of Elocution. It has been suggested as an important improvement in all class books for reading, that they should be filled, not with an indiscriminate commingling together of articles which contain no valuable information whatever, but a selection upon those topics, a knowledge of which would be of practical utility in succeeding years. This idea, we conceive, originated in just and comprehensive views; and we are happy to notice this system introduced in the present volume. While the student in elocution is repeating these exercises, he will not, therefore, be necessitated to regard them merely as such, but as treasures of many a golden principle, by a strict conformity to which, can alone be reared the beautiful structure of elegant elocution.

To those who consider a knowledge and practical exhibition of elocutionary powers, as useless acquirements, we have but little to say. If they are contented to hear the energetic declamation of gigantic intellect, the lofty flights of aspiring genius, the pathetic appeals that should melt the heart, the sneers of envy and the breathings of revenge, the language of expectation and the utterings of despair, read, or publicly declaimed, in the same key and pitch of voice, and accompanied by similar gestures,—so let it be. To us, even in a private circle, this seems unpleasant; and in public, betrays a want of taste and a deficiency of even philosophic discrimination, that can never become general among the enlightened and refined.

Numerous recommendations accompany this work, from more than one hundred of the most distinguished individuals in this State. †

Written for the Gem.

CORSELET AND LACING.

No. 7.

MR. EDITOR—The Brain as all other parts of the body require regular periods of rest, particularly after an exhaustion of the energies of the system by bodily or mental exertion for any considerable length of time.

This effect is produced in the healthful subject, by the languid circulation through the brain, thereby occasioning a gentle pressure upon that organ, which is known invariably to occasion a disposition to sleep. Though it may be necessary occasionally, to induce sleep by the administration of Opiate or Anodyne preparations; nature, generally, will direct the most salutary course to secure all the rest that is requisite to restore those energies. It is admitted I believe by all Physiologists, that sleep is produced by gentle pressure upon the brain; but

"O Bettina! Bettina!" cried he, "will you pardon me my ingratitude, and confer on me a happiness I scarcely deserve. I had not yet seen you, when all the fervor and tender affection I once bore you returned upon me with increased strength.

"Listen!" said Bettina, whose voice trembled with emotion—"listen! Antonio Mio—I suffered much when I learnt that you were to be married to Dominica, but I felt even then, dearest friend, that the humble village girl of Pradrazzi the daughter of a peasant, the affianced of the apprentice Antonio, could never be the wife of the celebrated Canova. Nevertheless, I refused several offers of marriage, and for five years I lived upon the recollection of him I loved. But when I heard that you were about to return to Parsagno—when I concluded, from my own feelings, that you would not be able to see me again without emotion—when I reflected that we might be both weak enough to renew intimacies rendered unreasonable by your present position, I was anxious to save us both not only the possibility of yielding, but also the agitation and struggles we would have to undergo—I married.

"Married!—you married!"

"About eight days ago, to a deserving young man, who has sought my hand for four years."

"Oh! that was a noble and worthy creature!" cried Marie Louise.

Canova had left his seat, and gone to lean his head against the window, to conceal his grief.

A knock came to the door, and the Minister of Police, the Duc d'Orante, put in his plain but expressive head.

"Really, M. le Duc, you could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

"See the effect I have produced, thanks to the information you have procured me from Italy, within the last few days.

"Adieu, Canova," continued he, gently patting the shoulder of the artist. "Employ yourself in making the bust of my wife, and when you have finished it, if you still persist in returning to Italy, I suppose we must let you go.

"Good night! I have business with M. le Duc d'Orante. Ah! it is a hard life that of emperor," said he—"it is not often I have an evening to myself and friend, near the fire.

"Now come, M. le Duc." And he went out with the minister.

We must not omit to add, that this was the evening of the 11th October, 1810, and that the Emperor, Marie Louise and Canova, were in the same room, and near the same fire place where Napoleon signed his abdication, 11th of April, 1814.

The Lottery Ticket.—Mr. Taylor, the celebrated sailor preacher of Boston, once related the following anecdote. A poor woman who had once seen better days, was finally compelled, by the intemperance of her husband, to resort to the wash-tub to earn a scanty subsistence for herself and children. At length, however, heartbroken and destitute, she determined to purchase a lottery ticket, with the hope that, if she should be successful, her husband might once more enter into business and become a steady man. To her unspeakable joy, the ticket came up a prize of \$10,000! Frenzied, she ran to her husband, and throwing her arms about his neck, said, "Oh my husband, now we shall be happy; now we shall live as we once lived—I have drawn a prize in the lottery!"

"Don't be too sure of that, woman," said the wretch, looking into her face with the utmost composure. "Don't be too sure of that; for I found the ticket in your drawer and gave it to Mr. — for a glass of rum!" The transition from sudden joy to sudden grief was so great, that no sooner had he concluded than the unhappy woman dropped at his feet, a lifeless corpse. Alas! these stories, touching as they are, are nevertheless stern realities.

A Yankee and an Irishman riding together, passed by a gallows:—"Pat," said the Yankee, "give the gallows its due, and where would you be?" "Faith, that's aisily towid," replied Pat, "I'd be riding to town by myself, all alone, sure." The Yankee was beat this time.

To Preserve Eggs.—Apply with a brush a solution of gun Arabic to the shells, or immerse the eggs therein; let them dry, and afterwards pack them in dry charcoal dust. This prevents their being affected by any change of temperature.—Maine Farmer.

when that pressure is increased to a certain extent beyond what is natural, other symptoms will follow which are often alarming in their character, as *Apoplexy, Palsy, &c.* These probably occur oftener from obstructed circulation of blood through the brain than from any other cause; and these obstructions are often found to arise from bandaging about the heart and large arteries, as in *fashionable lacing*.

We regard the brain as the common centre of our thoughts. Great zeal has been displayed by Physiologists in times past to discover the seat of the soul; not less, perhaps, than was discovered formerly by Alchemists to find the Philosopher's stone. Some supposed the soul was seated at the cardiac orifice of the stomach, others supposed it was in the heart, and others located it in the Pinea Gland of the brain. Be this as it may, these questions may as well be passed over on this occasion.

It is sufficient for our present purpose to know that the brain is the organ by which all the energies of the body and mind are regulated. From this organ the nerves derive their power to act on other parts, and from it also, the faculties of the mind are developed, where reason holds its seat and sways the sceptre of the will. To this viscus we look for the mysterious union of soul and body; being furnished with nerves, sent into all parts of the body, and stationed as it were, at every point of a proach, as faithful sentinels to descry danger on its first approach and instantly convey the intelligence through their whitish lines to the citadel; thus to give warning either to flee from danger or prepare for defence. But for these faculties; fire, frost, sword, pestilence and famine would often be made the occasions of terror. were it not for timely precaution which would render those agents powerless.

There are sympathies of the soul as well as of the body, which may extend as far as the stretch of thought, illimitable and undefined. These sympathies are excited by a knowledge of the misfortunes, pains, wrongs, or oppressions of others. We pity the sick and afflicted; we pity the poor; we pity the unfortunate; we pity those who are wronged and oppressed by others; we pity those also who suffer violence in their persons, from *ignorance or superstition*, or from a sacrilegious attempt to improve the form of the human body which was created after the image of God.

Have we not felt some tender compassion stirred up in our bosoms, from various accounts of suffering humanity for fashion's sake. For instance, the tattooing of the bodies of the South Sea Islanders; the confinement that flattens the heads of infant Indians at the West; the compression of the feet of infants for years in China to prevent their growth, &c.; occasioning a vast amount of pain and suffering in order to be conformed to *fancy and fashion*? Shall our pity be moved toward them, and feel no compassion for the deluded females of our own land who are destroying themselves by tens of thousands annually, by the unseemly and horrid practice of lashing *basket-stuff and hand-saws* about their bodies to beautify their persons?

In conclusion, according to my views of this subject, there is no fashion existing among civilized or savage nations more repugnant to sound philosophy than that of the use of the *Corselet* with its *Stays and Lacing*.

My object has been throughout my several numbers to present this subject to my readers in the clear light of truth, relying implicitly on the force of reason deduced from facts, to carry

conviction to the understanding. Believing that so far as reason is allowed to bear her mild and consistent sway over the human mind, we are in duty bound to cherish and encourage every possible means to strengthen her position by doctrines and principles founded on *truth*. And where but on these principles shall we find a safe direction to the attainment of what we all aspire after, *happiness*?

To whom shall we go for that wisdom which is from on high and which is profitable to direct, but to Him who is the Author of Life and Light?

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, (said St. Paul,) by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Before taking leave of this subject, I would respectfully inquire of the Young and Fair reader, what real good she expects to acquire from following this fashion? to what dimensions she would reduce the diameter of the chest if she could with impunity go to the full extent of her wishes?

How is it possible to associate beauty or elegance of form in a confined narrow thorax, emaciated body, and pallid sickly countenance, over the well formed chest, with a sprightly and intelligent countenance glowing with health?

I ask those of enlightened minds to view this matter, and *those only*, who are disposed to examine the subject on rational and scientific principles; for where erroneous impressions are entertained without reason, no reasoning will eradicate them from the mind. Look to the high and responsible situations in life to which it is ever honorable for Young Ladies, with laudable zeal to aspire.

On your course of action will greatly depend the vigor and nobleness, or the degenerate effeminacy, of succeeding generations; and on you rests, in a good degree, the responsibility to disabuse our country of this *detested fashion*.

To Mothers, I would say; including not only *natural Mothers*, but *spiritual Mothers in Israel* also; that their duty requires them to put forth their efficient energies for the removal of this monstrous evil, and that too without delay. You have been made sufficiently acquainted with the *physical constitution of our existence and the moral law of God* in relation to this subject, to know that it becomes your bounden duty, in so far as you have power or capacity, to preserve your own lives and the lives of others, to stay this fell destroyer.

I appeal to you with confidence for prompt exertion, inasmuch as that class of our race in question, are your *daughters; the objects of your desires, of your pains, of your joys, and of your cares*. There is no evasion of the truth; "Every one that asketh receiveth wisdom" on this subject. And in what will maternal affections avail, if she put not forth her charitable hand to rescue her beloved offspring from impending ruin?

"Woman, (says a recent writer,) notwithstanding the deformities of fashion, command our admiration, for she is still beautiful. But esteemed she cannot be till she exhibits a respect for herself, by the exhibition of a sacred regard for the laws of her constitution"

In view of the responsibility resting on you, I am persuaded you will not sit supinely at your ease and behold the multitude of our *Fair Damsels* pine away and go down prematurely to their graves in consequence of habitually violating the laws of their being; but that your energies will be awakened, your influence combined, and that you will press this subject reso-

lutely and unceasingly *till the bonds are loosened and the oppressed go free.*

Very respectfully, Yours, &c. L.

A writer in the Journal of Commerce complains of certain letters which purport to be written in London, over the signature of "St. John Smith," and published in the New York Commercial. The complaint would be very proper, if the letters were not intended as burlesque upon the wishy-washy tea-table trash that appear under the head of Foreign Correspondence in our fashionable journals. That, however, being their design—we suppose—they deserve commendation rather than censure, for they can scarcely fail to expose the nonsensical character of two thirds of the trash which is published as Letters from Europe now-a-days.

New Geography and Atlas.—We have before us a new work, by T. T. SMILEY, of which, from a slight examination, we are inclined to think favorably. The plan is simple, the style concise and comprehensive, and the work, as a whole, well adapted for pupils of every grade. The author very happily embraces within his plan the subjects of natural history, as well as political, astronomy, natural philosophy, and geology, sufficient for the illustration of the main objects of the work, and also as an introduction to those studies.

The Atlas, we have no hesitation in saying, is far superior to any thing of the kind extant. It consists of 15 beautifully engraved maps, containing all the new political divisions and recent discoveries, more clearly defined than upon any other maps we have seen.

[For sale at the Bookstores in the city.]

We know not by whom the additional stanzas to 'John Anderson, my Jo,' were written, but the exquisite tone of unalterable affection which pervades them, and the unconsciousness of time's progress which that purity of love engenders, could never have been more simply or more touchingly expressed:

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
They say 'tis forty year
Since I ca'd you my Jo, John,
Since you ca'd me your dear:
I'm sure it canna be, John,
Nor near sue long ago;
It's but a honey moon at maist,
John Anderson, my Jo.

"The expressed juice of the Tomato vine, introduced into the crevice of the bedstead, with a feather, is said to effectually destroy bed bugs."

After all that has been said in favor of the Tomato, we are of the opinion that the bed bugs which rather run away than eat them, are the least unwise.

The sacred fire of religion must never go out, but it must be like the fire of heaven; it must shine like stars, though sometimes covered with a cloud, or obscured by a greater light; yet they dwell forever in their orbs, and walk in their circles, and observe their circumstances, but go not out by day nor night, and set not where kings die, nor are extinguished when nations change their government. So must the zeal of a christian be.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Dialogue.—"Papa one of my schoolmates says his brother wears mustachios! What are mustachios, papa?"

"Mustachios, my son, are bunches of hair worn on the lip by certain dandies, as a substitute for brains."

"Well, papa, are those who wear mustachios what are called *hair-brained people*?"

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark ages* of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell us what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the age just before the invention of *spectacles*." "Go to your seats."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence of the Rochester Daily Democrat.

PARIS, JUNE 1, 1839.

The Place de la Concorde, which has recently been greatly embellished, is one of the most brilliant spots in Paris; and it is associated with some of the most mournful recollections of the bloody history of France. During the rejoicing at the marriage of Louis 16, the people became frightened at the discharge of some fire works, and in the mob 3000 persons were trampled to death and mortally injured upon it. In 1789, an accidental collision between the people and Prince de Lambese's Regiment, became the signal for the destruction of the Bastille.—Louis XVI suffered death upon it in 1793; afterwards, the following persons suffered death by the guillotine upon it, viz:—The amiable and lamented Mariah Antoinette, consort of Louis XVI, Charlotte Corday, Brissott, Louis Phillippe, Joseph the Eaghite, Duke of Orleans, and some 3000 others, in a single year. Subsequently, Danton and his followers and the infamous Robespierre. Thus, at last, Haman perished upon the gallows erected for Mordecai the Jew; but, unfortunately, not until it had drank the blood of thousands of innocent victims.

It is an open square, bounded by the Seine, the Garden of Tuilleries, Champs Elysses, the Chamber of Deputies in front and rows of Palaces in the rear. Its pavements are elevated—of asphaltum, laid in diamonds and squares, with central circles, representing the sun, with stone carriage ways. At each corner are sunk gardens, with walls of marble, surmounted by a marble railing in the form of a balustrade.—In the centre rises the magnificent obelisk brought from the temple of Luxer, at Thebes—covered with hieroglyphics, as perfect as when they were first indented, more than 3000 years ago—opposite and on each side of which are two of the finest fountains in Paris, dedicated to Maritime and Fluvial navigation, ornamented with flowers and fruits, representing the harvest and vintage. Agriculture and manufactures have also their appropriate devices. The ocean and Mediteranean are represented.—Nerieds are swimming about with fish in their mouths. The basins are three, elevated one above the other, from the lower of which, Tritons, Naiads and spouting dolphins are throwing water into the air, which falls back into the upper basin and runs over the side, forming a crystal as it pours from basin to basin. At the different corners of the square are 8 marble pavilions, surmounted by colossal allegorical figures of females in drapery, representing the different cities of France, with intervening equestrian statues, in the midst of which rise 40 gilded lamp posts, glittering like burnished gold. The whole ground is constantly alive with carriages and horsemen and a sprinkled throng of human beings.

If Paris is gay in these quiet times, as it surely is with its brilliant court, what must it have been under the emperor whose eagles waved triumphant over prostrate Europe, and every courier brought the submission of other States, and the tidings of still greater victories, (at the quick succession and brilliancy of which, the wondering world looked on with astonishment) and its streets were the scene of daily triumphs, decorated with the trophies of each successive victory, and its temples adorned with the gath-ered beauties of ravaged empires, and the conquered banners, taken in a thousand battles, waved from their outer walls, in view of which, it is a wonderment that the enthusiastic French did not explode and evaporate in mist.

Wherever you go, you meet offspring of Napoleon's inimitable and creative genius. The Tuilleries, Louver, Palace of the Legion of Honor, Exchange, Pere la Chaise, Triumphal Arch, Place Vendome, St. Dennis, bridges, quays and apian ways, threading the kingdom, over which the chariot and horseman sweeps as if on the wings of the wind. And many of those proud institutions which have made Paris an intellectual world, around which other worlds revolve, are more or less the reflection of his immortal mind. What a pity that such transcendent abilities should be sullied by the vauntings of an ungovernable ambition. His is not the first instance of the conquerer of worlds proving unequal to the conquest of themselves. Nor is it to be wondered, that in so unparalleled a succession of brilliant achievements—petted by the French, who idolised him—that he should partake of their fanaticism and run mad.

At the time he commenced his career, France had been torn by religious fanaticism, then infidelity took the reins, trampling under her more than ear of Juggernaut, thousands of victims, till she bled at every pore and had become a terror to herself. In the midst of her overturning, Napoleon's star leaped from its orbit and shot through the earth, a meteor light. Such was its brilliancy, that it attracted the gaze of the French people, and he was enabled to mount the whirlwind and control the storm. In the midst of his triumphs he was conscious that he could not maintain his ascendancy with the French, constituted as they were, but by a succession of brilliant actions; and in the midst of his military career, he exercised his gigantic mind in forming schemes of internal improvement and in rearing up institutions calculated to impart intelligence and to prepare the people for a government of reason. Had he continued to carry out his plans of enlightened wisdom, instead of embarking in wild and unwarrantable schemes for personal aggrandizement, his name would have gone down to posterity amongst the first of Washingtons. His love of power proved too strong for his philosophy—he went one step too far—and his sun which was once a blazing sheet of fire, went down, apparently in interminable night. So far as his example may tend to influence others, it would be well if it were so; but it is otherwise with him. The French have already replaced his statue upon the column Vendome, and every incident of his life, his battles, treaties, coronation, court receptions and feats, have been made to stand forth upon canvass as large as life by the first artists of the age, and fill a more conspicuous place in their palaces and temples than those of any other Sovereign, where they are constantly open to the gaze of the people, who are proud of the deeds of the empire, and the great mass of them look upon him as a super-human being—a kind of Deity—endowed with more than human faculties. The day is not distant when they will demand his remains to be brought home from the lonely island of the sea; and it would not be singular if, ere long, such a monument should rise to his memory as they have reared for no other man. It may be contended that this can never be the case, as men's evil deeds live after them, and that his are so manifold that his memory can never rise above them.—The records of our times prove it to be equally true that their good deeds survive their evil, and that in progress of time, great and brilliant actions throw into the shade with after generations, the dark spots in their history, and there are no people on earth so likely to overlook the dark shades in his character, in their admiration

of what they conceive to be magnificent and grand in his actions, as the French. Aside from this, such are the fruits of Napoleon's genius, in the proud institutions that it spoke into life, and the elevated and bettered condition of the French people, as well as those of revolutionary Europe, that much of the blood that he tracked around the world, is springing up flowers of perpetual bloom.

The thickest veil of infamy would be, to them, to darken his memory. It is impossible that so brilliant a genius should ever be lost in the night of time. It is like the far off evening star, that brightens with the increasing darkness of the night. The added dusk of every year that slips its moorings and sails away to join the years beyond the flood, will impart new lustre to its reflection, till the encircling sun shall set to rise no more.

Shocking Accident through Gambling at Paris.—We have taken the pains to make the following abridgement of a long and interesting story in the French papers:

A young woman, or rather one who had been very young and beautiful, and perhaps as virtuous as she was fair, before she became involved in the temptations of Paris, and the fascinations of Frascati's gambling pandemonium, betook herself after the late legal suppression of establishments of that kind, to the frequenting of a house, where under the pretext of a *table d'hote*, play is still carried on. There she was known by the name of Malvina; but ever since she had been a visitor of it, her luck at cards had been growing worse and worse. She no longer possessed the too ready means which she once had of compensating for her losses at play, and she became forced to dispose of all the moveables which she owned, trinkets, furniture, and even clothes. At length every thing was gone, and a few evenings ago she threw her last stake on the table, and lost it. "The game is over," she was heard to say with an air of assumed gaiety, "I shall play no more!" and she borrowed a couple of francs from some one attached to the house to pay for a carriolet home. Two days passed and she did not appear. From her air and from her losses it was suspected that something fatal had happened; the police had been required to interfere, and her door was forced open. The unfortunate Malvina was found lying on her bed in the second day of her death. She had dressed herself in white, and round her right arm had bound a light colored lock of some one's hair, the last thing she cared for, and expired with the lock and her arm lying on her heart. In the middle of the room was a large brazier that had contained the fatal charcoal. On the evening of the funeral they talked a good deal about Malvina in the house where she had played her last stake; but the *ecarte* table was as well frequented as ever, and the *builotte* attracted just as many votaries as ever. One lady of the establishment appeared more affected than the rest; she had lent Malvina a shawl, and the inexorable landlady persisted in retaining it, as part payment of the rent of the deceased.—*N. O. Bea* *

CORRECTING A BLUNDER.—Lieutenant O'—when a Cadet at West Point, visited the city of N. Y. in company with a friend and was particularly struck with the city hall, which he examined with the eye of an architectural *conisseur*. "Well," said his friend, "you seem rather pleased with that affair, O'—; what do you think of it?"

"Why I'm thinking by the powers, without any disrespect to you here at all, that that same edifice was never built in this country!"

Such a beautiful bull and so agreeably enriched with the slightest touch of the brogue was irresistible, and a smile from his companion brought before the eyes of the young Irishman the error he had made.

"Och," he exclaimed in his hurry to correct himself, "I didn't mane that at all. I intended to have said, but spoke without thinking, that the man that built it was never in this country."
—*Balt. Trans.*

'I'm not fond of catnip,' as the girl said ven pusey bit a piece off her nose.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

This is a branch of female education too much neglected, it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the Globes" To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught, and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fair temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the jugged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way, still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilac traveling dress, the lady's maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favorite French valet had put out all the band-boxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage.—Of course, on the happiest day of his life Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles. "Ver vel, Sare William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be band-boxed now, you will be band-boxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests, a gentleman, whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivals when people cruelly give you joy of having made one step more to your grave, this sad guest, at his wedding literally wished him many happy returns of the day! The polite admittor of the band boxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient without any more returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove" such a very preceptible chain; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinched beaked. A friend of mine, Mrs. Frances Caldwell, does the thing much better. We shall give a domestic dialogue in Curzon-street, by way of example to the rising generation.

"I have been at Baldoc's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Caldwell while helping the soup, "he has two lovely Sevres tables, portraits of Louis the XIVth's beauties; you must let me have them for the drawing room, they are such loves."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr. Caldwell in his most decisive tone, "what you can want with anything in the drawing room. I am sure that it is as much as any one can do to get across them as it is. I will have no more money spent on such trash."

"This fish is capital, the sauce is a *chef d'oeuvre*," exclaimed the lady, hastening to change the discourse. "Now do let me recommend it to you."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little series of delicate attentions on the part of his wife.—One thing is advised; another, which she is well aware is her husband's aversion, playfully forbidden, with a my dear Francis, you are so careless of yourself—consider *less horreurs del' indigestion*.

Dinner declines into desert, and Mr. Caldwell eats his walnuts, peeled

"By no hand, as you may guess,
But that of Fairly Fair."

alias Mrs. Caldwell's very pretty fingers. Towards the middle of his second glass of port, he perceives that there are tears in his wife's soft blue eyes—which become actual sobs and as he progresses with the third glass:

"I see how it is Laura; well you shall have the tables."

"The tables!" cried the lady, with an air, as the school boy said of ancient Gaul quartered into three halves, of disdain, wounded feelings, and tenderness.

"I have really lost all wish for them. It was of you, Francis, that I was thinking.—Good God! can you weigh a few paltry pounds against the pleasure of gratifying your wife.—I see I have lost my hold of your affections.—

What have I done? I whose whole life has but one happiness, that of pleasing you!"

We will not pursue the subject to its conjugal close of tears and kisses; suffice it to say, that the next day the tables are sent home; not given, but accepted as a favor.

Now this, to use an Americanism, is "a dreadful beautiful" way of doing business. We seriously recommend its consideration as a study to our female readers.

Scolding, also, does much, for as the old riddle says, "anything" is what

"Many a man who has a wife,
Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of whose very remains the rose, as the eastern proverb has it, was formed at the creation—flattery, that honey of the heart, is the true heart of sway instead of divide, our new state secret is, "flatter to reign."—*Court Journal*.

The Absurdities of Ignorance.—Among the ridiculous opinions prevailing among the ignorant, though now confined to very few, is that if a woman be married without her clothes on, her husband is not liable for her debts. This is as well-founded as the belief among a portion of the very ignorant in England, that a husband may sell his wife; that is, it has not, and never had any legal foundation.

On Tuesday evening, a widower applied to an alderman in this county, to marry him to a widow. The alderman, undertaking to act as matrimonial blacksmith, accompanied the applicant to the house where the chains were to be rivited. Introduced to the apartment where he was to officiate, he saw two well dressed and pretty women holding a blanket extended across a corner. Above it were visible a head and shoulders, the latter very fair, and quite guiltless of clothing. As this is the fashion, the alderman was not surprised; but being very polite, and therefore looking down for fear of embarrassing the lady, he saw two little feet peeping from beneath the blanket, as white and as bare as the shoulder above. Thinking that he had got into the wrong apartment at an unseasonable hour, he begged pardon for the supposed intrusion, and beat a retreat. But before he reached the door, the two bride-maids told him to stay, for there was the bride behind the blanket, waiting to be married.

More astonished than ever—indeed struck quite *in a heap*—he requested the bridegroom to explain. Thus applied to, the swain said that the lady behind the blanket, in the costume of Venus just risen from the sea, or of the Venus de Medicis without the gauze wrapper that some modest people among us put over it when they stick it up in the parlor, was *the widow*. *The widow who?* inquired the alderman. The widow that is waiting for me to marry her. But why does she choose that dress for the occasion? asked the forger of hymeneal manacles. Her late husband died about \$150 in debt, and if she marries again without any clothes on, her new husband is not legally bound to pay the debt.

Therefore, while she stands behind the blanket and reaches her hand over, I can stand before it and hold her hand, and you can say the world and make us one.

The alderman, after a hearty laugh at this learned exposition of the law, told the bridegroom that if he married the widow even without her skin, the precaution would not save him from his predecessor's debts, but that according to law, he must take her *dum oner* with all her burdens. Thus advised, the widow Venus went up stairs, put off the costume of a goddess, and soon descended in the habiliments appropriate to a modern wedding among the civilized, and covering over her face to conceal her flushes was joined for better and worse to the widow.—*Philadelphia World*.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.—A merchant having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to anybody. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. "If you divulge this loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbors."

"Good mind to pinch you, Sal," said an awkward Josey, on his first visit to his rustic flame. "What you 'ant to pinch me for, Zekiel?"—"Golly! 'cause I love you so!"—"Now go along, Zeke, you great hateful! I should think you might be big enough to feel ridiculous!"

Discovery of Mummies at Durango, Mexico.—

A million of mummies, it is stated, have lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands and ornaments of the Egyptian. Among them was found a poinard of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c., of alternately colored beads, fragments of bones polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues, (probably our modern India rubber cloth,) moccasins worked like those of our Indians to-day, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to continue these interesting researches and America will become another Egypt to antiquarians, and her ruins will go back to the oldest periods of world, showing doubtless that the ancestors of the Montezumas lived on the Nile, and that their luxurious civilization was broken up and overpowered by the hardy hordes of Asiatic Tartars, who came down from Behring's Straits and the Rocky Mountains. The scenes of Attila and Alaric in Rome and Greece, were rehearsed at an early day on the shores of California and the plains of Mexico. It is unknown of the mummies above mentioned what kind of embalmment was used, or whether it was nitrous depositions in the caves where they were found. A fact of importance is stated, that the shells of the necklaces are of a marine shell found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of their forefathers probably therefore landed from the Malay, Hindoostan or Chinese coast, or from islands on the Indian ocean.—*Texas Star*.

"Get thee gone!" cried we to a poor beggar, who was apparently about 60 years of age. His countenance was pale, emaciated, and care worn—his dress was forlorn and tattered—his hair was silvery white, and, as he stood with his head uncovered, was blown about by the damp wind. What a figure for a painter tho't we—his pallid, worn, but expressive features—his miserable garment—the breeze playing among his locks. The beggar approached nearer—"For the love of Heaven! spare me a trifle to save me from starving—as God is my witness I have not tasted food these two days!" We looked at him. He was resting one hand on his stick over which he leaned—partly from age, and partly from rest—while the other was extended about half way from his body, in which he held his hat—in this position he regarded us with looks, (they were wishful and imploring) which seemed to read our purpose.

We put our hand into our pocket—a gleam flitted on his countenance; we paused—looked at him again, then drew it out, with a few bits which we placed in his hand; as we did so, a tear started in his eye—it fell on our extended palm. It was the tear of gratitude, warm and fresh from the heart! we felt it!—Two hours afterwards we saw the venerable man in the neighborhood of a small cabaret, drunk as a lord.—*N O. Picayune*.

Instinct.—This wonderful and mysterious power, which invariably leads its possessor right and never like man's boasted reason, gets its followers into scrapes, is seldom more beautifully displayed than in the following instance:

In a hive of bees it was discovered that the moth had commenced his ravages, and the destruction of the young bees, or the abandonment of the hive by the old ones, was anticipated. In view of the latter alternative, a new hive was placed near the old one. Shortly after, the bees were seen entering it, each carrying what appeared to be some green leaf. On examining the hive, long rolls of clover leaves were discovered. Looking closely, they were found to consist of separate packages neatly folded up, and cemented at the edges with great nicety; each package containing a young bee and a sufficient quantity of nutriment for its support. From the fact, it would seem that the persecuted bees, in order to guard their young in future from the attacks of their deadly enemy, adopted this ingenious device. Had they been actuated by what man calls reason, could they have superior intelligence or greater apparent knowledge of causation?

"O dear!" blubbered an urchin who had just been suffering from an application of the birch, "O my! they tell me about 40 rods making a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let 'em get such a plaguy licken as I've had, and they'll find out that one rod makes an ACHER."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

From the Author in Michigan, to his sister in Rochester, after receiving her description of the Ladies' Party, July 4th, in "Terrace Grove" (Lower Falls) a daily resort of their childhood, and then called Greenwood Lot.

You think more poetry and love
Are twined around that "Terrace Grove,"
Than e'er was known in "Greenwood Lot,"
Though earliest childhood named the spot.

To me the words of "Terrace Grove"
Sound as a stranger's name,
And such an one I cannot love
When it usurps the claim
That "Greenwood" has on shady bowers
Where passed my first—my youthful hours.

In "Terrace Grove" o'er eastern climes
Mid relics of the ancient times,
I view a crumbling wall;
A gothic arch with moss o'ergrown,
A tower whose mouldering ruin lone
Seems tottering to its fall.

It stands on edge of precipice,
And far below, a stream, the less
In distance, is so small,
That only as a winding brook
It seems as here ye downward look
Fron. out this desert hall.

In front of castle desolate,
The wild weeds garden o'er the gate,
And briar and hawthorn rank,
Have every rounded pathway filled,
And in the bower, alike have killed
The flower and shade tree rank.

Here, in the years long past and gone
When life and gaiety moved on,
Here, then was "Terrace Grove;"
But passed those names as in decay
Those forms returned them to their clay,
No longer there to rove.

'Tis strange, this fancy, yet so old
As is that tower o'er grown with mould,
Appears that name to me;
I cannot see my native ground,
The level plat, or grass grown mound,
As they were wont to be.

But in the name of "Greenwood Lot,"
I view the wild romantic spot,
Where in my childhood, free,
I roamed throughout when breezes shook
The chestnut from its burry nook,
And dropped them down for me.

Oft climbing to that tree top high,
Which blends its boughs with blue of sky,
I saw the gleaming fires,
Which shone, as low the waning sun,
Ere its last hour of travel done,
Illumed the city spires.

Or in that fearful chasm down,
With banks on either side whose frown
Looked coldly calmly there;
I gazed upon the waterfall,
As leaping from its rocky wall
It gave its waves to air.

Or up the winding pathway steep,
O'er jutting crags where wild vines creep,
In middle air I strayed,
And broke the cedar's topmost bough,
Though down an hundred feet below
The roots their footing made.

Wild was the scene, and grand as wild;
The trees on trees alternate piled
Till in their high shade,
From out their boughs of richest crown,
'Twas fearful giddy distance down
To where the waters flowed.

And 'bove those cliffs, within that wood
I watched the robin's growing brood,
'Till from the nest they came;
Then caught them, and in boyish pride
I hung their willow cage beside
The prisoned linnet tame.

But changed the scene and woody scene,
The once unbroken carpet green
Is now with walks inlaid,
And o'er those paths in woven bowers
Are twined the varied wreaths of flowers
Above that sylvan shade.

And music from afar is stealing,
And 'neath those arbor archways wheeling
"The beautiful and fair,"
And, than those flowers above—more bright
And, than the sound that floats—more light
Those sylph-like forms in air.

Here all is life and gayety;
And in the whirling waltz, as free
They tread the winding maze,
Or seated in the glade the while,
The lip—the eye—alike the smile
O'er every feature plays.

As lightly through the dance they stray,
So pass the moment hours away,
Until the day hath gone;
And youth and pleasure all have left,
And bowers of fairy haft
Are silent, still and lone.

When first throughout the shady scene,
Seraphic forms within that green
Had twined the flowers above,
When music was from "fairy glen"
Returned in echoing answer:—then
They named it Terrace Grove.

And for one smile from beauty fair,
Whilst roving 'neath those arbors there,

I'd speak the name they gave,
And think it one as not inapt.—
Nay! thoughts within that smile are wrapt—
"Lot," "Grove," are on the wave!

The gay have passed, and back the name
Again returns; the wild, the same
The crag the shade, the grot,
Ever to sacred memory dear,
Each, all are viewed when'er I hear
Those words, the "Greenwood Lot."
NELSON.

LINES

Suggested by a Visit to Camp Lowd.

The white tents decked the verdant lawn,
Not as in day's of yore,
When he who slept upon his sword,
Awoke to Battle's roar.

The sentinel paced to and fro,
Not with the trembling tread,
As if the morrow's sun might view
Them sleeping with the dead.

The Baniers waved amid the breeze,
By fairy fingers wrought,
And soared aloft our Country's Flag,
From blood and peril brought.

Stern were the hearts assembled there,
Determined not to yield;
But something checked the firm resolve,
Beauty, was on the field.

Before a shaft from Cupid sent,
The stoutest hear might quail,
He has been known to penetrate
The hardest coat of mail.

Oh, may you ne'er be called upon,
To ward another blow,
Than one from Worth and Beauty sent
By his unerring bow.

But should a foreign power attempt
To tarnish our bright name,
Then speed ye on! and boldly fight
For freedom and for fame.

Pour out your blood upon the plain,
Or conquerors return;
And for our Nation's noble brow,
A crown of glory earn.
L.

Written for the Gem.

THE WAR SIGN OF THE ARAUCANIANS.
It was the custom of the Araucanians on declaring
war to send through the nation an arrow clenched in
a dead man's hand, by means of runners or messengers.
—Vide Holme's Annals.

Rise up ye young and gallant ones,
Rise up ye men of war,
And quickly light with beacon fires
The hills both near and far.
Oh! have ye not seen the ghastly sign
That flew along the land?
'Twas a barbed arrow clenched fast
In a dead man's clay-cold hand!

Ye of the chase and the mountain steep
Where the wild buck boundeth free,
Ye who are linked in the mazy dance
Who doth it rouse but ye?
Oh leave the chase and the cherub throng
For the painted warrior band,
Since well ye ken of the arrow borne
In the grasp of the dead man's hand!

Ho! thou who sleepest beneath the rock!
Or tilth the golden corn!
Or listlessly wanderest beside the stream,
Oh! who if not ye doth it warn?
Then light the beacon and sound the shell,
And save your native land!
For through your borders the arrow hath gone
Clenched in the dead man's hand!

Oh grasp the quiver and bend the bow!
And poise the hunting spear!
For a sign of war hath shook the earth
With a sore and grievous fear.
The loftest hills and deepest vales
From rock to river sand,
Have felt the shock of the arrow borne
In the grasp of the dead man's hand!
D. V. C. R.

MARRIED.

At Hollev, Orleans Co., N. Y., on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Alfred White, Mr. LUTHER D. LEROY, of Rochester, of the firm of HARRIS, WILHELM & Hurd, to Miss SARAH M., daughter of Abijah Dean, Esq., of the former place.
At Porter's Ville, Conn., on the 5th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Stuart, Mr. WILLIAM P. SMITH of this city, to Miss FRANCES E., daughter of JEDEDIAH RANDALL, Esq., of the former place.
[Undying joys to the happy pair.]

HOPE.—By T. K. HERVEY.

Again—again she comes!—methinks I hear
Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings;
My heart goes forth to meet her with a tear,
And welcome sends from all its broken strings.
It was not thus—not thus—we met of yore,
When my plumed soul went half way to the sky
To greet her; and the joyous song she bore
Was scarce more tuneful than the glad reply;
The wings are fetter'd by the weight of years,
And grief has spoil'd the music with her tears.

She comes—I know her by her starry eyes,
I know her by the rainbow in her hair!
Her vesture of the light and summer skies—
But gone the girle which she used to wear
Of summer roses, and the sandal flowers
That hung enamoured round her fairy feet,
When, in her youth, she haunted earthly bowers,
And culled from all the beautiful and sweet,
No more she mocks me with her voice of mirth,
Nor offers now the garlands of the earth.

Come back, come back—thou hast been absent long,
Oh! welcome back the sybil of the soul,
Who came, and comes again, with pleading strong,
To offer to the heart her mystic scroll;
Though every year she wears a sadder look,
And sings a sadder song, and every year
Some further leaves are torn out from her book,
And fewer what she brings, and far more dear.
As once she came—oh, might she come again,
With all the perished volumes offered THEN.

But come—thy coming is a gladness yet—
Light from the present o'er the future cast,
That makes the present bright—but oh—regret
Is present sorrow while it mourns the past,
And memory speaks, as speaks the curfew bell,
To tell the daylight of the heart is gone.
Come like the spect of old, and with thy spell,
Put back the shadow of that setting sun
On my soul's dial; and with new-born light
Hush the wild toiling of the voice of night.

Bright spirit, come—the mystic roll is thine.
That shows the hidden fountains of the breast,
And turns, with point unerring, to divine
The places where its buried treasures rest,
Its hoards of thought and feeling; at that spell,
Methinks I feel its long-lost wealth revealed,
And ancient springs within my bosom swell
That grief had checked, and ruin had concealed,
And sweetly swelling where its waters stray,
The tints and freshness of its earlier day.

She comes—she comes—her voice is in mine ear,
Her mild, sweet voice, that sings and sings for ever,
Whose strains of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,
Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river;
(Flow'rs, like lovers, only speak in sighs,
Whose thro' are hues, whose voices are their hearts.)
Oh—thus the spirit yearns to pierce the skies,
Exulting thence, though all save hope departs:
Thus the glad freshness of our sinless years
Is watered ever by the heart's rich tears.

She comes—I know her by her radiant eyes,
Before whose smile the long dim cloud departs;
And if a darker shade be on her brow,
And if her tones be sadder than of yore,
And if she sings more solemn music now,
And bears another harp that erst she bore;
And if around her form no longer glow
The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore—
That look is lovelier, and that song more sweet,
And heaven's flowers—the stars—are at her feet.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. JESSE NEWMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH BRUCE.
At Salisbury, on the 19th Aug. by the Rev. Mr. Amos W. Seely, Mr. George Bartholomew, to Miss Sophronia E. Richmond, both of this city.
In Clarkson, on the 20th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Clark, jr. Mr. Augustus H. Clark of Kendall, to Miss Eveline Randall, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th inst., Sarah Ann, daughter of Ezekiah and Tryphena Hurlbutt, aged about 1 year.
In this city, on the 18th & 24th inst. the infant twins of Milo and Charlotte Benjamin, aged 4 months.
On the 18th instant, of an inflammation on the lungs, Evi Kellogg, in the 14th year of his age, youngest son of Mrs. Bruce Kellogg of this city, formerly of Troy.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

- ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.
- Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county, New York.
 - Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county, do do
 - S. P. Breck, Branchport, Yates county, do do
 - Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co., do do
 - R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co., Vermont.
 - Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co., Michigan.
 - J. H. Blue, Charlton, Mo.
 - G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co., New York
 - Miss E. A. Adams, Canandaigua, Ontario co., do do
 - E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co., do do
 - A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co., do do
 - W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co., Ohio.
 - S. Hunt, Hunt's Hollow, Allegany co., New York.
 - E. B. Warner, Lima, Livingston co., do do
 - A. H. Eddy, Marion, Wayne Co., do do
 - Israel Pennington, Mason, Lennawa co., Michigan.
 - K. W. Townsend, Newark, Wayne co., New York.
 - P. S. Church, Onfield, Genesee co., do do
 - Henry Nelson, Rushville, Ontario co., do do
 - S. Greve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co., do do
 - N. G. Shepard, South Avon, Liv. Co., do do
 - D. Cuffman, South Leflow, Gen. Co., do do
 - Sewal Brimhall, Watertown, Jeff. Co., do do
 - Post Master, Utica, Licking Co., Ohio.

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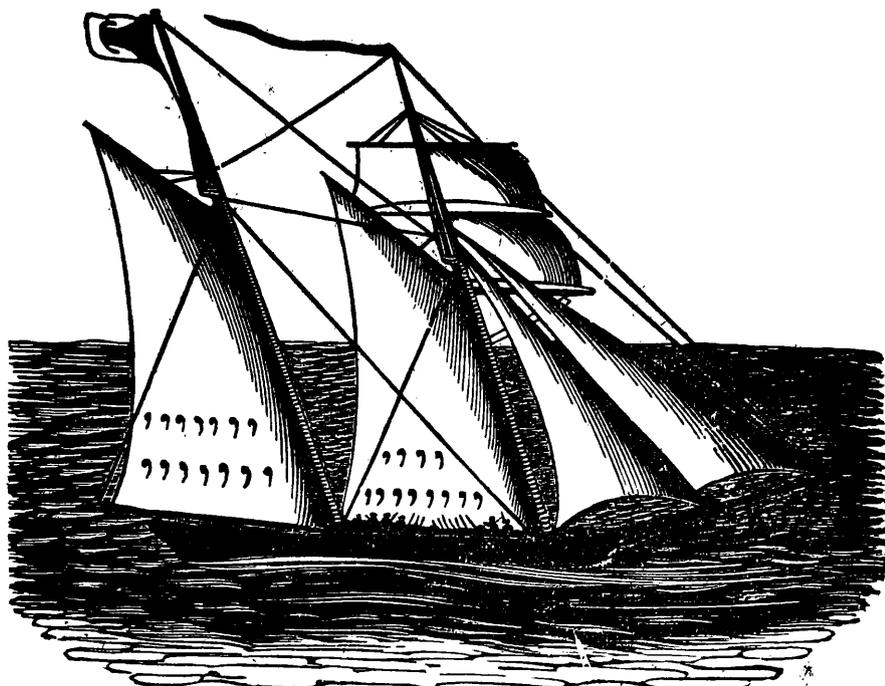
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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1839.

No. 18.



'THE LONG, LOW, BLACK SCHOONER.'

The Schooner Amistead.—The capture of this vessel and the probable fate of those on board, has excited so much interest, that we have incurred the expense of procuring the above cut, and present in this number with all the particulars relative to the unfortunate prisoners, which have yet been published. Truth is stronger than fiction, and we presume no tale which we could lay before our readers would excite so much interest as the circumstances here given.

From the New York Sun.

THE WHOLE OF THE PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE PIRACY, MUTINY AND MURDERS, ON BOARD THE SPANISH SCHOONER AMISTEAD, WHICH WAS CAPTURED ON MONDAY LAST, AND CARRIED INTO NEW LONDON, CONN.

In the month of June last Don Jose Ruiz, a wealthy and noble Spaniard, left his estate at Principe, and proceeded to Havana to buy slaves. At Havana he purchased 49 from a cargo which had just arrived from the Coast of Africa. To forward his purchase home he chartered the schooner Amistead, Ramon Ferrer master and sole owner. Together with his slaves he shipped a number of packages, partly his own and partly on freight. The packages contained a regular assortment of goods for that market. There was some crockery, some copper and many dry goods, besides fancy articles for amusement or luxury. Personally Senor Ruiz had but little money on board, although the captain was supposed to have specie to the amount of \$3000 in doubloons. Besides this cargo the Amistead received on board Don Pedro Montez, and four slaves, as passengers. The slaves of Senor Montez were from the same cargo as those of Ruiz, but were all children between the ages of 7 and 12. Three of the four were females, and one a male. The crew of the schooner consisted of the captain, his two slaves, and two white men. The slaves of Ruiz and Montez

were all Congolose negroes, only six weeks from the coast of Africa, four of which, at least, had been spent on the passage. One of the Captain's slaves was a mulatto, and employed as cook; the other a black boy named Antonio, who is yet on board the schooner.

The schooner is of Baltimore clipper build, about 170 tons burden, 6 years old, and was called the Friendship, which being Hispaniolised, means Amistead. She was insured at Havana to her full value. Senor Ruiz is insured \$20,000, and it is supposed the rest of the shippers also were.

On the 28th of June, 1839, this vessel sailed from the Havana for Guanaja, the port of entry for Principe. Among the slaves purchased by Ruiz, was one called, in Spanish, Joseph Cinquez, who is the son of an African chief. This Cinquez is one of those spirits which appear but seldom. Possessing far more sagacity and courage than his race generally do, he had been accustomed to command. His physical proportions are those best calculated to endure privation. His countenance when in repose looks heavy, but under excitement it assumes an expression of great intelligence. His eye is that of a Spaniard, and can exhibit every variety of thought, from the cool contempt of a haughty chieftain to the high resolve which would be sustained through martyrdom. His lips are thicker and more turned up than those of his race in general, but when opened display a set of teeth rivalling in beauty the most regular of those which we praise so much in Caucasian beauty. But his nostrils are the most remarkable feature he possesses. These he can contract or dilate at pleasure. His general deportment is free from levity, and many white men might take a lesson in dignity and forbearance from the African Chieftain, who, although in bondage, appears to have been the Oseola of his race. In height he is about 5 feet 7½ inches, has a full chest, large joints and muscles, and built for strength and agility.

The head of this extraordinary man, now only 26 years of age, is one that, in physiognomical parlance, indicates the strongly marked charac-

ter of its possessor. The forehead is high and perpendicular, no receding; it would most probably be called round. The organs of locality, individuality and eventuality, are very prominently developed. Causality, comparison and hope, rather small. Language is very good. In this head the moral sentiments preponderate.—Benevolence, veneration and conscientiousness are very large. Combatativeness and destructiveness are only moderately developed. Perhaps, however, the strongest points are adhesiveness, concentrativeness and firmness.—These indicate unshaken courage, and intense love of home and kindred. He is, taking him for all in all, one calculated to excite the deepest interest in his behalf, and just the man to invent and become the leader in such an event as that which has thrown him on our shores.

For four days after leaving the Havana, all went well except that the winds were ahead.—Guanaja is only about 300 miles from the city of Havana, and is situated in the province of Puerto Principe, on the Island of Cuba.

On the fifth night, the captain being asleep on a mattress on deck, with his mule to slave by his side, was attacked by this chief, with a sugar knife. The first blow did not inflict great injury, for after receiving it, he called to Antonio, also his own slave, and a cabin boy, to get some bread and throw it among the negroes, hoping thereby to pacify them. The Captain defended himself bravely, but he was overpowered by Joseph, who split his head open. While Joseph was engaged with the Captain, three others were attacking the mulatto slave and the white men. In the meantime the other negroes were making the most dreadful noises imaginable. While killing the Captain and the mulatto, the man at the wheel and another Spanish sailor, let down the stern boat and escaped.—After the bloody business was finished, Joseph attacked Senor Montez, and would have killed him but for the interference of others. As it was, Senor Montez received a very dangerous wound on the head, and another on the arm. When the attack ceased, Montez went below. Ruiz had been on deck but no attempt was made to hurt him. Joseph followed Montez, and leading him on deck, tied his hands. Ruiz was tied immediately afterward, and then both were lashed together. Joseph and his three companions then went below and ransacked the cabin, after which he armed them with sugar knives, similar to that he used. This weapon is about 28 inches long, and 3 broad at the end. From that width it tapers off to the handle, where it is simply a piece of bar steel, about an inch square. There were but four muskets on board, and the use of these was unknown to the slaves. When the ransacking was ended, Montez and Ruiz were allowed to go below. Next morning Montez was taken out of the cabin and although dangerously wounded, compelled to steer to the Eastward. Having been master of a ship in early life, he understood boxing about without making head way. All this time the negroes pointed to the sun and then to their knives, and if for a moment the vessel veered perceptibly, they brandished their knives over the head of Montez in a most horrible manner. The poor wretches knew that they had come from where the sun appeared to rise, but they understood nothing of navigation, and were easily deluded.

About two days after the rising they had a heavy gale, which drifted them into the Bahama Channel. Here they boxed about again, but saw no vessels; at last, being out of water, the negroes ordered Montez to make the nearest land, which proved to be the Island of St. Andrews. Here the negroes met no one. After this Montez steered for New Providence, but the negroes were not disposed to land. By this

time Joseph had learned to steer, and he took the helm in the day, leaving one of the white men to steer at night. Every night Joseph slept near the helm, and had two of the most trusty negroes by his side watching, and ready to awake him on the least alarm.

During this interval the negroes broke open the hatches and pillaged the cargo. Among it they found wine, raisins, and a great quantity of medicine; all this they ate indiscriminately. Ten died in a short time, and others would have done so, had not Joseph forbidden the rest to touch any thing but what he gave them. Any infraction of this wholesome regulation brought down on the head of the offender a severe personal chastisement from the hands of the chief. Joseph lived abstemiously during the whole trouble, and insisted on the most perfect obedience to his orders. The only food eaten was portioned off by his hand, and not a box of the cargo opened but under his direction. He divided the spoil, taking the smallest portion for himself. He was the master spirit on board; every thing felt his influence. We confess that during all this time the whites were in a most wretched condition, and their hope of escape very small. In the night they steered to the west, and succeeded in persuading Joseph to keep to the north of east, in the day.

About the fifteenth of this month, as the Spaniards suppose, for they had lost knowledge of dates and days, they came in sight of Long Island. In the interval they had been boarded by several vessels, one of which supplied them with a demijohn of water. They had seen many vessels and signalized them, but were unable to call their attention. When any vessel came alongside Joseph would stand by Ruiz, the only man who speaks English, and watch him with fearful intensity.

The organ of communication between Senor Ruiz and the Congolese, was Antonio, the captain's slave. He is by birth an African, but has lived in Cuba 8 or 10 years. He speaks both Congolese and Spanish. He had been employed as cabin boy, and could Joseph have dispensed with his assistance, he would have been killed.

On the 20th of this month they were hailed by pilot boat No. 3, which gave them some apples. Joseph having some fear of betrayal, would not allow Ruiz to speak with these. Pilot boat No. 4 came alongside also, but they were not permitted to board. On the 24th they made Montauk light, and stood for it, hoping to run the vessel ashore, but the tide drifted them up the bay. They then came to anchor off Culloden Point, where the negroes went ashore to lay in water. Between the fifteenth and twenty-fourth they had anchored about thirty times, at different places on the coast.

The negroes who went ashore at Culloden were almost naked, and the inhabitants were exceedingly alarmed. They were two days in the neighborhood without any attempt being made to arrest them. Only in two instances did they succeed in bartering with the inhabitants for provisions, once for a doubloon, and once for a musket. While engaged in watering they were fallen in with by Captain Green, and another gentleman from Sag Harbor, who had visited the point on a shooting excursion. Captain Green immediately saw that all was not right, and gave them to understand that they should be taken care of. There appears to be something contradictory in the report of these gentlemen, who say that the negroes asked what country they were in, to which the Americans replied America. Then according to the statement of the gentlemen, they asked the negroes if they had any money on board, and told them to fetch it. The negroes said they had, and went on board and brought back two trunks, which they said contained 400 doubloons. Captain Green said he lifted the trunks and heard the money rattle. He then told them that in the morning he would pilot them into Sag Harbor, upon which they returned to the schooner, taking the money with them. How this conversation could have occurred, when not one of the negroes can speak a word of English, is a mystery to us, unless Capt. Green, or his friend, speak Congolese. However, Capt. Green is going to claim salvage, if he told the collector at New London correctly, on the doubloons. In that case no doubt he will explain everything satisfactorily. We only tell the story as he told it to us.

Either before or immediately after Capt. Green and his friend had returned, the boat of the cutter Washington came in sight and board-

ed the vessel. Immediately on seeing a gentleman in uniform, Senor Ruiz went up to him and said:

"These negroes are my slaves; they have risen and taken the vessel; that is the leader (pointing to Joseph) and I claim your protection."

Lieuts. Porter and Mead then immediately took possession, disarmed the negroes, and took the schooner in tow. Joseph on seeing this went below, and tying some gold about his person, he leapt out of the main hatch, and at one bound was over the side. While under the water he disengaged the doubloons, and came up about 100 yards from the vessel, having been under water at least 5 minutes. The boat was instantly manned, and sent in chase of him.—When the boat neared him he would stop, but just as it came within reach he would dive down and come up again some yards behind her stern. He thus employed them about 40 minutes, when seeing farther attempts useless, he gave himself up. When pulled on board the boat he smiled, putting his hands to his throat, intimated he was going to be hanged. Joseph was then transferred to the Washington, but he seemed so uneasy, and displayed so much anxiety to return to the schooner that he was humanely gratified. On once more joining the Amistead the poor wretches clustered around him, making the most extravagant demonstration of joy. Some laughed, some screamed, some danced, and some wept. Joseph stood in the midst, but did not even smile. When the noise had subsided, he addressed them in Congolese, which was translated by Antonio as follows:—

"Friends and Brothers—We would have returned, but the sun was against us. I would not see you serve the white man, so I induced you to help me kill the Captain. I thought I should be killed—I expected it. It would have been better. You had better be killed than live many moons in misery. I shall be hanged, I think, every day. But this does not pain me.—I could die happy, if by dying I could save so many of my brothers from the bondage of the white man."

By this time the excitement had risen to such a pitch that the officer in command had Joseph led away by force and returned to the Washington. Even this the hero bore with stoical dignity, while his poor countrymen uttered the most piercing yells. On board the Washington he was manacled to prevent his leaping overboard. Even this failed to elicit the slightest perceptible emotion. This was on Tuesday.—On Wednesday he signified by motions that if they would take him on board the schooner again, he would show them a handkerchief full of doubloons. He was accordingly sent on board. His manacles were taken off and he once more went below to receive congratulations, even more wild and enthusiastic than those of Tuesday. Antonio was told to watch and listen to him. Instead of finding the doubloons, he again addressed the negroes, which, according to the interpretation of Antonio to Spanish, and from Spanish to English by John Jay Hyde, Esq., editor of the New London Gazette, was as follows:—

"My brothers, I am once more among you, having deceived the enemy of our race by saying I had doubloons. I came to tell you that you have only one chance for death, and none for liberty. I am sure you prefer death, as I do. You can by killing the white men now on board, and I will help you, make the people here kill you. It is better for you to do this, and then you will not only avert bondage yourselves, but prevent the entailment of unnumbered wrongs on your children. Come—come with me then—"

Antonio made the signal and the unsubdued chief was dragged from the hold, again manacled, and put on board the Washington. While making this speech, his cheek shone, and his eye was often turned to the sailors in charge.—The negroes yelled and looked as fiercely as he did. They leapt about and seemed like creatures under some talismanic power. On his way to the Washington, the hero moved not a muscle, but kept his eye fixed on the schooner.—On board the Washington he made a thousand gestures and motions to be taken on deck, as if on some urgent and important errand. But when led up he only looks at the schooner, and remains with his eye fixed upon her till taken below again. He evinces no emotion, and had he lived in the days of Greece or Rome, his name would have been handed down to posterity as one who had practised those most sublime

of all virtues—disinterested patriotism and unshrinking courage. Now most probably he will be hanged as a murderer and pirate.

On Wednesday night, Captain Gedney dispatched an express to the U. S. Marshall at N. Haven, who gave information to his Honor A. T. Judson, U. S. District Judge. On Thursday morning both these gentlemen arrived, and after careful deliberation, concluded to hold their court on board the Washington, then lying off the Fort, within musket shot of the schooner. Lieut. Woolcott kindly offered the services of the U. S. Cutter Experiment to take all interested on board the Washington. The U. S. Marshal very politely took us under his protection.

JUDICIAL INVESTIGATION.

At anchor, on board the U. S. Cutter Washington, commanded by Lieut. Gedney.

New London, Aug. 26, 1839.

His Honor Andrew T. Judson, U. S. District Judge, on the bench, C. A. Ingersol, Esq. appearing for the U. S. District Attorney.—The court was opened by the U. S. Marshall. The clerk then swore Don Pedro Montez, owner of part of the cargo, and three of the slaves, and Don Jose Ruiz, also owner of part of the cargo, and forty-nine of the slaves. These gentlemen then lodged a complaint against Joseph Cinquez, (the leader in the alleged offence) Antonio, Simon Lacin, Peter, Martin, Manuel, Andrew, Edward, Baledonis, Bartholemew, Raymond, Augustine, Evaristo, Casimiro, Mercho, Gabriel, Santario, Escalastico, Pascual, Estanilaus, Desiderio, Nicholas, Stephen, Thomas, Corsino, Lewis, Bartolo, Julian, Frederick, Saturnio, Larduslado, Celestino, Epifanio, Teyacio, Genancio, Phillip, Francis, Hipiloto, Venito, Tidor, Vincito, Dirccio, Apolonio, Ezidiquiel, Leon, Julius, Hirbofo, to 2d, and Zidnon, or such of the above as might be alive at that time. It was ascertained that Joseph Cinquez and 38 others, were alive and on the complaint an indictment was framed charging them with murder and piracy on board the Spanish schooner Amistead.

Joseph Cinquez, the leader, was brought into the cabin manacled. He had a cord round his neck, to which a snuff box was suspended. He wore a red flannel shirt, and duck pantaloons. The portrait we had taken is an excellent likeness, but it is deficient in the hero like expression of his eye, and brow. His appearance was neat, and in cleanliness would compare advantageously with any colored dandy in Broadway. He was calm and collected. Occasionally he smiled with a melancholy but determined expression, but he evinced no fear. At intervals he motioned with his hand that he expected to be hanged, and then for a moment would gaze intently on his accusers.

Lieut. R. W. Meade, who speaks the Spanish language, both elegantly and fluently, acted as an interpreter between the Spaniards and the court. The poor prisoner did not understand a word in either language, and stood a mute spectator, although interested in the event.

Several bundles of letters were produced, saved from the Amistead, and such as were unsealed read. The contents being simply commercial can be of no interest to the reader.—Among the papers were two licenses from the Governor of Havana, Gen. Ezpeleta, one for three slaves, owned by Pedro Montes, one of the men saved, and 49 owned by Senor Don Jose Ruiz, the other that has escaped, allowing the said slaves to be transported to Principe, and commanding said owners to report their arrival to the territorial Judge of the district in which Principe is situated. A license was found permitting Pedro Montes, a merchant of Principe, to proceed to Matanzas, and transact business, which was endorsed by the Governor of Havana, and the officer of the port. Regular passports were produced, allowing the passengers to proceed to their destination. A license was found permitting Selestino Ferrers, a mulatto, owned, by Captain Ramon Ferrers, and employed as a cook, to proceed on the voyage. Other licenses for each sailor were produced and read, all of which were regularly signed, and endorsed by the proper authorities. The Custom House clearance, dated the 18th May, 1839, was produced. Also another dated 27th June, 1839, all regular. Several licenses permitting goods to be shipped on board the Amistead, were read, and decided to be regular. Lieut. R. W. Meade testified that he was in the boat which boarded the Amistead, and demanded the papers, which were unhesitatingly

delivered. Previous to this demand Senor Don Jose Ruiz had claimed protection for himself and Don Pedro Montes, the only white men on board. The protection was immediately granted and the vessel brought to New London.

Many of the events which are detailed in the narrative were omitted in the evidence as having no bearing on the guilt or innocence of the accused, in the present stage of the proceedings.

Senor Don Jose Ruiz was next sworn, and testified as follows. I bought 49 slaves in Havana, and shipped them on board the schooner *Amistead*. We sailed for Guanaja, the intermediate port for Principe. For the four first days every thing went on well. In the night heard a notice in the foresale. All of us were asleep except the man at helm. Do not know how things began; was awake by the noise. This man, Joseph, I saw. Cannot tell how many were engaged. There was no moon. It was very dark. I took up an oar and tried to quell the mutiny; I cried no! no! I then heard one of the crew cry murder. I then heard the captain order the cabin boy to go below and get some bread to throw to them, in hope to pacify the negroes. I went below and called on Montes to follow me, and told them not to kill me; I did not see the captain killed. They called me on deck, and told me I should not be hurt. I asked them as a favor to spare the old man. They did so. After this they went below and ransacked the trunks of the passengers. Before doing this, they tied our hands. We went on our course—don't know who was at the helm. Next day I missed Capt. Ramon Ferrer, two sailors, Manuel Pagilla, and Yacinto—and Selestina, the cook. We all slept on deck. The slaves told us next day that they had killed all; but the cabin boy said that they had killed only the captain and cook. The other two he said had escaped in the canoe—a small boat. The cabin boy is an African by birth, but has lived a long time in Cuba. His name is Antonio, and belonged to the captain. From this time we were compelled to steer east in the day; but sometimes the wind would not allow us to steer east, then they would threaten us with death. In the night we steered west, and kept to the northward as much as possible. We were six or seven leagues from land when the outbreak took place. Antonio is yet alive. They would have killed him, but he acted as interpreter between us, as he understood both languages. He is now on board the schooner. Principe is about two days sail from Havana, or 100 leagues, reckoning 3 miles to a league. Sometimes, when the winds are adverse, the passage occupies 15 days.

Senor Don Pedro Montes was next sworn. This witness testified altogether in Spanish, Lieut. R. W. Meade, interpreter.

We left Havana on the 28th of June. I owned 4 slaves, 3 females and 1 male. For 3 days the wind was ahead, and all went well. Between 11 and 12 at night, just as the moon was rising, sky dark and cloudy, weather very rainy, on the fourth night, I laid down on a mattress. Between 3 and 4 was awakened by a noise which was caused by blows given to the mulatto cook. I went on deck and they attacked me. I seized a stick and a knife, with a view to defend myself. I did not wish to kill or hurt them. At this time the prisoner wounded me on the head severely with one of the sugar knives, also on the arm. I then ran below and stowed myself between two barrels, wrapped up in a sail. (Here the prisoner motioned for his snuff box.) The prisoner rushed after me and attempted to kill me, but was prevented by the interference of another man. I recollect who struck me, but was not sufficiently sensible to distinguish the man who saved me. I was faint from loss of blood. I was then taken on deck and tied to the hand of Ruiz. After this they commanded me to steer for their country. I told them I did not know the way. I was much afraid, and had lost my senses, so I cannot recollect who tied me. On the second day after the mutiny a heavy gale came on. I still steered, having once been a master of a vessel.—When recovered, I steered for Havana, in the night by the stars, but by the sun in the day, taking care to make no more way than possible. After sailing fifty leagues, we saw an American merchant ship, but did not speak her. We were also passed by a schooner, but were unnoticed. Every moment my life was threatened. I know nothing of the murder of the captain. All I know of the murder of the mulatto is that

I heard the blows. He was asleep when attacked. Next morning the negroes had washed the decks. During the rain the captain was at the helm. They were all glad, next day, at what had happened. The prisoners treated me harshly, and, but for the interference of others, would have killed me several times every day.—We kept no reckoning. I did not know how many days we had been out, nor what day of the week it was when the officers came on board. We anchored at least thirty times, and lost an anchor at New Providence. When at anchor we were treated well, but at sea they acted very cruelly toward me. They once wanted me to drop anchor in the high seas. I had no wish to kill any of them, but prevented them from killing each other.

The prisoner was now sent to his quarters, and the Court adjourned to the schooner that she might be inspected, and that Antonia when making his deposition might recognise those who murdered the Captain and his mulatto cook.

ADJOURNED INVESTIGATION ON BOARD THE AMISTEAD.

Antonio, the slave of the murdered Captain, was called before the Court, and was addressed in Spanish, by Lieut. Meade, on the nature of an oath. He said he was a Christian, and on being sworn, he thus testified.

"We had been out four days when the mutiny broke out. That night it had been raining very hard, and all hands had been on deck. The rain ceased, but still it was very dark. Clouds covered the moon. After the rain, the Captain and the mulatto lay down on some mattresses, that they had brought on deck. Four of the slaves came aft, armed with those knives which are used to cut sugar cane; they struck the Captain across the face twice or three times; they struck the mulatto oftener. Neither of them groaned. By this time the rest of the slaves had come on deck, all armed in the same way. The man at the wheel and another let down the small boat and escaped. I was awake and saw it all.—The men escaped before Senor Ruiz, and Senor Montez awoke. Joseph, the man in irons, was the leader; he attacked Senor Montez. Senor Montez fought with them and wanted them to be still. The Captain ordered me to throw some bread amongst them. I do so, but they would not touch it. After killing the Captain and the cook and wounding Senor Montez, they tied Montez and Ruiz by the hands till they had ransacked the cabin. After doing so they loosed them, and they went below. Senor Montez could scarcely walk. The bodies of the captain and mulatto were thrown overboard, and the decks washed. One of the slaves who attacked the Captain has since died. Joseph was one, two of them are now below. (The boy then went on deck and picked out the two negroes who had conspired to kill the Captain and mulatto.)

The examination of the boy being finished, the court returned by the conveyance which put it on board the *Washington*, and after being in consultation some time came to the following decision:—

Joseph Cinquez, the leader, and 38 others, as named in the indictment, stand committed for trial before the next Circuit Court at Hartford, to be holden on the 17th day of September next.

The three girls, and Antonia, the cabin boy, are ordered to give bonds in the sum of \$100 each to appear before the said court and give evidence in the aforesaid case, and for want of such bonds to be committed to the county jail in the city of New Haven. These persons were not indicted.

Lieut. R. W. Meade, Don Jose Ruiz, and Don Pedro Montes, are ordered to recognise in the sum of \$100 each to appear and give evidence in said case, before the aforesaid court.

The court now finally adjourned, having given an order on the U. S. Marshal to transport them to New Haven.

As we were about to leave, the following was put into our hands by Senor Ruiz, with a request that it might be published in all the city papers.

A CARD.

New London, Aug. 29, 1839.

The subscriber, Don Jose Ruiz and Don Pedro Montes, in gratitude for their most unhopd for and providential rescue from the hands of a ruthless gang of African buccaners and an awful death, would take this means of expressing, in some slight degree, their thankfulness and obligation to Lieut. Com. T. R. Gedney

and the officers and crew of the U. S. surveying brig *Washington*, for their decision in seizing the *Amistead*, and their unremitting kindness and hospitality in providing for their comfort on board their vessel, as well as the means they have taken for the protection of their property.

We also must express our indebtedness to that nation whose flag they so worthily bear, with an assurance that this act will be duly appreciated by our most gracious sovereign, Her Majesty the Queen of Spain.

DON JOSE RUIZ.

DON PEDRO MONTEZ.

From the Boston Transcript.

ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN.

There were some things about this personage, too much out of the common course to allow of letting him go down to the grave without a volley. Our readers all know that the admiral was a Bostonian. He loved to speak of the times when he was "a dirty faced little rascal, licking molasses with the boys on Long wharf." This was before the Revolution. The veterans say that his family—which we have always heard was rather of humble condition than otherwise—resided in Providence House Court.

Isaac was not destined, however, to be always licking molasses. There was a spirit in him which yearned for activity and adventure, and we find him in the British navy at a very early date. In this service no man more thoroughly earned that advancement and reputation which are both so hard to be earned. He went regularly and rigorously, we believe, through all the ordinary grades, till he reached the fourth step from the summit of a list which is always long enough to discourage the hardest aspirant. During this long service he must have lived over strange scenes. Indeed we know very well that he did so, and can only regret that we hear nothing of a memoir appearing which should embody the spirit of those things.

At one time, the Duke of Clarence was under him—as midshipman, we believe. William got greatly attached to his commander too, who, though "rude in speech" sometimes, had yet, as the Indians say, a soft heart and a large one. As Duke and King, the middy afterward did all he could for Coffin's promotion, nor was he content to relinquish his society after coming to the throne. It is about three years since William, inviting him to dine, was informed by the admiral that the gout, his great enemy, had wholly disabled him: he was obliged to be trundled about in his easy chair." "Well, then, come with your easy chair," was the royal sailor's response to his old comrade; and go with his easy chair he did. He had long before this received a splendid medal on some occasion from his sovereign's hand. This he carried with him on land and sea, and he had it when he was cast adrift on the Atlantic ten years ago or more, by the burning of the "*Boston*." It was the only article then saved out of all his chattels, but his happiness was complete when it was held up to him on Capt. Mackay's deck, while the helpless hero lay there flat on his back.

This we have from a spectator of the scene. Our neighbor Osgood, the artist, was on board the *Boston* at the time. He describes the fire (lightning in a cotton ship) and the whole scene, as terrific. The sea ran mountains high, and it seemed doubtful if a boat could live, yet the admiral never blanched. He was disabled, and his companions were very anxious to save him. Mr. O. says that as several were about to go below for that purpose, they encountered the veteran at the head of the cabin stairs. He, having heard of the danger, had ascended thus far, by the assistance of his servant, and with great and painful exertion. A mattress was laid in the whale boat, which was on the quarter. On this he was placed, with his servant by his side, while a man was stationed at each tackle. He, at the bows, seemed well aware of the critical situation in which they were placed; but the man at the stern took out his knife, and when the wave rose to the boat, cut the tackle, so that when the latter rose again, the other end being fast, the boat was half filled with water, and the sailor at the stern thrown into the deep. By this time the bow-tackle was unhooked, the boat cleared from the side, and the old tar taken, half drowned, from the sea, to receive a severe reprimand from the fearless man whom he had so unintentionally immersed in a cold bath.

Thus this scene went on till all were afloat, in boats, three hundred miles from land. One

soon died of exhaustion. The rest were on an allowance of a third of a biscuit and a gill of water a day. The admiral not only shared all, but he alone kept up the life of the company, giving them every encouragement, and winding up occasionally with one of his best songs.—“Oh, my lads,” he roared out at one time, “don't look so eagerly at my old carcass; here's a young painter that will make a much better meal!” Fortunately this lasted but a night and a day. The passengers got into this port not long after. The admiral went to the Tremont again, just as if all was not lost.—Moreover, he sat to the artist, and paid him double price. He also gave Captain Mackay, who rescued the company, a doubloon, of five hundred dollars and a splendid gold watch.

This is a long story, but it shows the whole man. He was a sailor of the old school. Smollet would have gloried in him, but he was too good for Smollet. With all his little eccentricities, and ill-disciplined as he was, there was a sound sense and sterling Yankee spirit at the bottom, which still kept him erect, and sent him ahead. Yet, to his shrewdness were added a gallantry and generosity that finished from nothing. His impulses were noble and he yielded to them. He once commanded a ship when a man was knocked overboard in a gale; his confidant hesitated, but not Coffin; in five minutes he had the fellow on deck again, heels over head. “Ah, you blackguard,” he cried, as he shook the water out of his trousers, “You've cost me a new hat.”

At another time he had a fire, suddenly discovered below, which proved to be close to the magazine, and even the old sailors were so frightened that sixty of them swam ashore.—The admiral, however, led on the rest to the rescue, and the fire was, with great exertions, extinguished. As to liberality, his character is well known. We see that he has lately been publicly thanked as a leading benefactor of the “Naval School.” Every body knows that the Coffin School, consisting chiefly of persons of that family, has long been flourishing by his beneficence at Nantucket, where there are said to be, at least, 500 of the name.

The old man loved America best after all.—There was nothing like Boston to him. Much more might be added to this gossip, but enough. We hope that some of the admiral's contemporaries, who are qualified, will let us hear from them. Meanwhile, as we we said before, they'll excuse this “volley.”

“I say, Harry, were you at the battle of Bunker Hill?” “Not exactly, Tom, but then my daddy says he knew a man that told him that he saw an old friend of his that had an uncle who often affirmed that a great grandfather, by the mother's side, belonged to a regiment of foot, in which there was a man who said that a daddy of his told him that a mercantile uncle met a man one day who said he had seen General Washington about those diggings one day afore breakfast!—“Were you ever any closer?” Not quite as near gunshot as that, I thank you!”—*Franklin Review.*

“You ought to marry.” “Never.” “I know a good girl for you.” “But perhaps you—pahaw! you dont know her.” “She is young.” “Then she is sly.” “Beautiful.” “Then more dangerous.” “Of good family.” “Then she is proud.” “Tender hearted.” “Then she is jealous.” “She has talents.” “To kill me.” “And one hundred thousand dollars.” “I will take her!”

A Good 'un.—A wag, after reading the statement that the State Prison in Connecticut produced a profit to the State of about \$5,000 per annum, recommended that all the citizens of the State be imprisoned “on speculation.”

“If you don't accept my challenge,” said one gentleman of honor to another, “I will gazette you—so take your choice.” “Go ahead,” said the other. “I had rather fill six gazettes than one coffin.”

An Explanation.—“Come, my friend; tip us the rhuo.” “What's tip us the rhuo?” “Why, out with the dust.” “I don't understand.” “Why, post the pony.” “Post the pony?” “Yes, shell out.” “Really, I am at a loss.” “Why, fork up.” “Inexplicable!” “Zounds, man, cash down.”

In Fulton street, near Broadway, New York, there is a sign which reads “T. Pecker, wood engraver.” He is, of course, a wood-pecker.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence of the Rochester Daily Democrat.

EDINBURGH, June 21, 1839.

I left London on the 18th and reached Edinburgh on the 20th inst., the new portion of which is one of the handsomest cities in Europe. It stands, as you are aware, upon elevated hills, some two miles away from the Frith of Forth, which it overlooks, and looks out upon the English channel. From the port of Leith, which is the landing place for Edinburgh, the ground gradually ascends to the city. The hill side is very picturesque, clothed with clumps of trees, green pasturage and gardens. The city stands upon three hills running parallel with each other and the Frith of Forth, the central of which is the highest, upon which, and the hill in the rear, stands the old town. The hills are divided by a deep ravine and connected by bridges; as you pass from one to the other, you cross a single street which passes under the bridge 50 feet below you, along which rows of buildings rise, 50 feet above your head, and at the side of the way are entrances running down to the street below and to the stories above—each story accommodating a family. The new town stands upon a lesser hill, and is the first you approach from the port—forming an inclined plane, looking out upon the Frith of Forth—with its uniform streets, lined with noble buildings, composed of Scotch granite, equally uniform, varied by numerous squares, ornamented with trees, flowers and fountains, in the midst of which rise noble monuments, which, with the numberless towers, cupolas and church steeples of this *puritan city*, presents a most grand and imposing view from the sea as you approach it. As you pass around the town, you are shown many things connected with scenes of thrilling interest in Scotch history. High street commences at Holy Rood House, which was the palace of the Scotch kings, and runs along the top of the loftiest hill upon which the old town is built, to the Castle, which terminates it. Near the foot of this street, on the corner of a house, is a pulpit, with a miniature likeness of John Knox standing in it. It is said to be the spot where that fearless reformer preached his first sermon, to a multitude in the street, in the midst of which he was shot at, and the bullet struck the building, passing within an inch of his head. It is related of him that he coolly remarked that an inch was as good as a mile, and continued his discourse.

Holy Rood house and its grounds are still kept up as an appendage to the English court. It is a large antique building, composed of Scotch free stone, surrounding a court with inner porticoes and composed of a variety of orders of architecture, as it is the offspring of different designs and ages. It contains many old paintings, mostly representing characters in Scotch history, and a royal library. The rooms of Queen Mary occupy the oldest portion of the palace and are kept in the same state as she left them. The visitor is shown her table, mirrors, chairs and bed that she brought from France, which occupy the same rooms as when she was there. Adjoining her bed room is a small closet, looking out upon the park, where her Italian favorite was at tea when he was arrested.—The conspirators entered the Queen's bedroom by a narrow back stair way and dragged him from the tea room, through the bedroom, to an adjoining one, where they dispatched him. The colour of the floor is darkened, which is said to have been caused by his blood. Some portion of Damby's armor and the military gloves worn at the time of his death are seen; also a favor-

ite miniature likeness of Queen Mary. To the right of the palace rises Carlton Hill, upon which stands the High School—one of the finest buildings in Edinburgh—still above which rises a monument to Nelson and another to Burns. Burns' contains a statue which is said to be a correct likeness of him. Near by, the people of Edinburgh commenced, some years since, a national monument, upon a grand scale, (it seems they did not count the cost,) the expense of completing which has been found so great that they have abandoned it at present, if not forever. They had laid the foundation and reared the columns in front, which are composed of white marble, of the Corinthian order, fluted, are of immense size, and in imitation of the Coliseum, at Rome, and if completed upon the same magnificent scale as commenced, would be one of the noblest monuments of the age. From this hill is a beautiful view of the city and surrounding country. To the left of High street, as you approach the castle, stands the church in which John Knox preached. It has nothing to recommend it to notice but its antiquity and historical associations. A little farther on stands the old house in which Sir Walter Scott was born; and still farther is the burying ground of the martyrs who fell in the reformation. A monument is erected to their memory, near which, it states, the most of the remains of 38,000 who suffered for the cause of Christ in 20 years, during the reformation, are deposited—amongst whom was the Duke of Argyle and other noble martyrs. Still higher up, at the termination of the hill, stands the castle, elevated and overlooking the city, as if the genius of man had surmounted the cloud encircled rocks with other towns, reaching from earth to heaven. It is a strong fortification, approachable only from the hill on the side of the city. It contains the ancient crown of the Scotch Kings, old armor, &c. You are also shown the cannon from which the keys of the castle were discharged against the followers of Charles the Pretender, when he besieged it. He demanded the delivery of the keys and surrender of the castle; and received in reply, assurance that they should be delivered the next day, from the hands of a maiden. They were put into this piece with scraps of iron and fired off, —at the first discharge ever made from it—killing many of the followers of Charles. On the side of the hill, west of the castle, stands the old house in which Allon Rumsey lived and composed his “Gentle Shepherd.” The College, Parliament House, Museum, and all the public institutions are noble edifices; the most of them modern, and of a character highly creditable to the city, a description of which the limits of my letter will not permit.

As you pass from street to street at night, and mingle with the people, the notes of the minstrel breaks upon your ear. Nature's golden harp, touched by the fair songster, (though not so fair as those of sunnier climes and the majority of them more degraded) lends enchantment to the scene. Among them, a daughter of Ireland sang not inaptly, the sweet airs of her own patriot isle, mingling her music with the spirit-stirring notes of the loftier national airs of Scotland, to which the rude bag-pipes lent wild enchantment, awakening associations of the fondest recollections, and carrying one back to the time when this unconquered people acknowledged no other lords than those of their own creation, and were as free as the untamed eagle in his mountain cire, or the winds that sweep over their native hills. Though that freedom is now somewhat abridged, and they are

subject to another realm, the unconquerable spirit of their ancestors lives on, maintaining for them their ancient rights, and the freedom of their original institutions to greater extent than is enjoyed by any other subjects of the British crown. It is not to be disguised, however, that that free and patriot spirit that no human power could conquer, has proved in some respects, unequal to the conquest of itself, which is abundantly evinced in the ravages of the destroying angel of intemperance, which, even amongst this puritan people, goes forth from conquering to conquer, tracking blood over the land. The social habits of the Scotch, which either begets tippling, or tippling begets that spirit of hilarity for which they are so much renowned, and which is evinced in that mirthful glee which is manifested amongst the lower classes, and is more or less the out breaking of intemperance. Edinburgh has less of drunkenness, perhaps, than some other cities, as its population is of a more elevated character, composed of the nobility, and intellectual and moneyed aristocracy of Scotland—hence it is, that so much wealth is expended and taste displayed in their parks, temples and private edifices.

The best view of the city and surrounding country is from Arthur's seat, a mountain which rises back of the city near a thousand feet—you commence the ascent from near Holy Rood House. It had been raining the most of the day and the mountain top was covered with mist, which cleared away in the afternoon, and I thought I should have no more favorable time to obtain a view, and commenced ascending it by a circuitous route through pasture grounds, too steep for anything but sheep and goats to feed upon, herds of which enliven the mountain side. Before I had reached half way up, the mist returned—the whole mountain was shrouded in fog so dense that but a few paces of it came within range of the vision at once. I continued my course, hoping that the wind would clear away the mist, and that I should still be able to look out upon the earth below. Before I reached the crags and lightning splintered rocks which compose the peak, it commenced raining, and continued pouring down in floods; from which, when I had reached the top, I protected myself as well as I could, by crawling behind, and upon the leeward side of, some of the larger rocks. The wind blew and roared among the rocks with all the resistless fury of the wintry tempest—moaning, whistling, and then roaring, as if the storm god, and all the windy warriors, were battling in the clouds around the mountain peak—whose riven rocks look as if they were not strangers to Nature's elemental wars.

The storm abated, but the mist continued; and I was still partially hid among the rocks, waiting for it to clear away, when a gentleman and lady, who had been caught part of the way up the mountain, came up dripping in the rain. The lady discovered me first, and screamed, catching hold of her husband. He started, and turned pale, and was as much frightened as if attacked by a banditti. I saw their fright and kept my place, and spoke to them, telling them that I was an unfortunate pilgrim like themselves, who had been caught in the storm. The gentleman immediately recovered from his fright, but the lady's nerves were more affected. I conversed with her, but during the time she remained, she did not recover from the tremor occasioned by the fright. I met them, afterwards, in the Highlands, and she had not forgotten her fright among the rocks of Arthur's seat.

A little before sun-set, the mist cleared away,

when one of the most enchanting views imaginable spread out a perfect panorama within the range of vision. The city lay at my feet, exhibiting its numerous squares at one view, with all the rich variety of shade and verdure, with flower enamelled borders, from which rise Melville's, Pitt's, Nelson's, and other monuments as if ruling deities, presiding over the scene. Beyond it, the Frith of Forth winds its silvery thread, meandering through broad bottom lands. Still farther on rise the ever varying hills of Fifeshire, bounded by the bay and sea, darkened by the smoke of a hundred steamers rising to the clouds from among the tall masts of birds of commerce and warrior ships; while in your rear sleeps in great beauty the vale of Teviot, bounded by the blue mountains of Cheviot.—Farther on the left, long lines of the Pentland hills darken the horizon. In front, and far away, the venerable towers of Sterling comes booming upon the vision. Beneath its walls stretches out the immortal fields of Bannockburn; and still farther on, rise in dark outline, the Grampion hills.

YOUNG MEN, READ THIS.

A SCENE FROM "CLEMENT FALCONER."

Mr. Crabbe entered his office one morning, after having passed from the grave to the gay, in his usual manner at the table of a friend, and throwing himself into a chair, 'Clem,' said he, 'lay aside that book and let us talk.' The volume being deposited on the table, he continued: 'I have turned out of my office a number of very clever, and a few very distinguished men, and whether you are to go in advance of your predecessors, or to fall behind them must depend in some measure upon nature to be sure, but mainly upon yourself. I was sitting in this place one morning in the fall of the year, when I stepped a long, lank, limber young Yankee. His cane was thrown over his shoulder, from which depended down his back a bandana handkerchief, containing all the worldly goods he possessed besides those he had on. He wore a slouched beaver, a threadbare coat, linen pantaloons, and a coarse pair of shoes, and had traveled on foot from the mountains of New Hampshire, on his way to the West. But it had occurred to him that morning, as he said, that before he arrived in the new States, he would like to study the law, and requested permission to begin his studies forthwith in my office, desiring me to state, at the same time, what was the customary student's fee in these parts.—Somewhat startled at first by the apparition, I had thought of not receiving him, but there was something in the quiet determination of his eye, and the confident business air with which he threw down his bundle, and opened the subject of his wishes, and still more in the hardy enterprise and firmness of purpose, implied in the whole conduct of the young man, that pleased me exceedingly, and I told him he was welcome to use my books, and to such aid as I could afford him in the prosecution of his studies. That my charge for those young gentlemen who were able to pay me conveniently, was one hundred dollars per annum; but those who could not afford this expenditure, I willingly received without charge. He replied that he had no money, and could only say, that after he should be qualified to practice, and got into business, which he hoped he would not be long in doing, he would remit my fee from the West. He set in accordingly, paying his board, and providing himself with clothing, by taking a class of young men to whom he gave instructions at nights in Latin and Greek, and was never absent from the office but one day for three years, at which time he was admitted to the bar. He now again took up his cane and bundle continuing his tramp over the mountains, and sat himself down in the then territory of Indiana, whence he remitted me, in sums from time to time, the whole amount of my fee. I wrote to him, declaring that I was unwilling to receive his money, and hoping that he would consider me satisfied, but he insisted upon paying me every farthing. And now that man is a Senator in Congress from the West, building up a well earned name among the great men of the Nation.

Eating and Drinking.—Mr. Combe while delivering one of the Franklin lectures in this city a few weeks since, in the course of some physiological remarks, alluded to the propensity of the Americans for good living. He said that the greatest difficulty which he had experienced since his arrival in this country, was how to resist the temptations to eat of the great varieties of rich food which surrounded him on every side. And this close observer of human nature was right—the Americans as a people are exceedingly fond of good eating and drinking.—Indeed this is their chief, and most approved mode of testifying joy on any extraordinary occasion. If a distinguished man, a soldier or a statesman, is supposed to have deserved some mark of distinguished honor, he is invited to a public dinner, and is feasted to his heart's content amid the cheers of his assembled and enthusiastic friends, who regard every approbation mouthful of the choice viands, or swallow of sparkling Champagne, as a further extinction of the debt of gratitude they owe him for his services.

And in private life, if a gentleman invites a few friends to assemble at his house, instead of providing an intellectual entertainment such as would do honor to human nature, he caters merely to gratify sensual appetites. Not only his most important, but his only care is to make for the occasion a great variety of expensive delicacies to tickle the palate—and the more successful he is in thus laying temptations in the way of his guests to eat and drink far more than nature craves, the greater is his own gratification, and in all likelihood the gratifications of his guests who laud him without measure for his excellent taste, and unbounded hospitality.

In like manner, if a lady gives a party, the first question she asks herself is, what entertainment she shall provide. She accordingly sets her wits to work, to devise a variety of refreshments, which shall be abundant and genteel;—and her pride and gratification are in direct proportion to the variety and excellency of the means produced to gratify the unnatural longing of an epicure. And the guests, for days afterwards, in canvassing the character of the entertainment, instead of speaking of an intellectual pleasure which they derived from the party, dwell with much gusto on the variety of cakes, ices, confits, syllabubs, fruit, wines &c., &c., which were produced and demolished on the occasion.

Eating and drinking therefore, to our shame be it said—seem to be an important part of the business of our lives, and a foreigner may be forgiven for supposing that we conceive the *ne plus ultra* of human happiness to consist in a well furnished table.—*Mercantile Jour.*

The Gentleman at Church may be known by the following marks.—Comes in good season, so as neither to interrupt the pastor or congregation by a late arrival.

Does not stop upon the steps or in the portico, to gap at the ladies, salute friends, or display his colloquial powers.

Opens and shuts the door gently, and walks deliberately up the aisle or gallery stairs and gets to his seat as quietly, and by making as few people remove as possible.

Takes his seat either in the back part of the seat or steps out into the aisle when any one wishes to pass in, and never thinks of such a thing as making people crowd past him while keeping his place in the seat.

Is always attentive to strangers, and gives up his seat to such; seeking another for himself.

Never thinks of defiling the house of God with tobacco pipe, or annoying those who sit near him by chewing that nauseous weed in church.

Never, unless in case of illness, gets up and goes out in time of service. But if necessity compels him to do so, goes so quietly that his very manner is an apology for the act.

Does not engage in conversation before commencement of service.

Does not whisper or laugh, or eat fruit in the house of God, or lounge.

Does not rush out of church like a ramping horse the moment the benediction is pronounced but retires slowly in a noiseless quiet manner.

Does all he can, by precept and example, to promote the decorum of others.

The Hon. William Sullivan, a gentleman of acknowledged private and public worth, died in this city yesterday.—*Boston Atlas of Monday.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1899.

Sacred Concert.—We heard only the last two pieces sung at Mr. MURRAY'S Concert at the Brick Church on Thursday evening; but those were enough to convince us that the whole performance has rarely been excelled by so small a Choir. The audience was large, and every countenance bore marks of satisfaction; and this is saying much in favor of the singing, in a place where public taste has been so far cultivated and refined as in this city during the last few years. Miss ABBOTT sung with her usual strength and sweetness, and, as our predecessor used to say, "was the admired of all admirers." While listening to her dulcet notes, we could not avoid thinking, how perfect must be the music of Heaven, where all the instruments are from the Divine hand, and echo the gratified emotions of redeemed and glorified spirits.

Diet.—Don't be frightened! We are not going to inculcate offensive dogmas on this subject upon our readers. But there is truth in the following paragraph, or our experience is no test and our friends are welcome to all the benefit they may derive from it:

People who eat much flesh, should not indulge in fruit. Those who do not may eat freely. The stomach that is fitted to digest the one, is not in proper order for the other. Man is by nature a fruit eating animal, but the free use of flesh, especially highly seasoned dishes, perverts his nature.

"Better late than Never," says the New London Gazette, on announcing the marriage of Mr. John Lait of Wekutee, Pa., to Miss Julia S. Never, aged 70.

Aspect of the Sky.—Four of the larger planets are now visible in the south-western sky, early in the evening, viz, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

"Washington."—There are said to be two counties, 87 post towns, 1 city and 1 borough in the United States bearing the name of Washington.

Mr. RUSSELL, the vocalist, gave a concert at Ithaca on the 20th. Some persons endeavored to get up an excitement and disturb the concert, but every thing passed off well.

The Georgia Historical Society have a volume in course of publication, which will appear early in the ensuing year.

"Nix Mate," the new novel by Rufus Dawes, Esq., is nearly out. The story is laid in the year 1688-9, during the first revolution in Massachusetts.

Mr. Audubon, the distinguished Ornithologist, and lady, arrived at New York on Sunday, in the packet ship George Washington, from Liverpool.

Jonathan Tub was brought in by an officer who found him lying in the dirt, gloriously fuddled. The magistrate asked "how came you to get so very drunk?"

Jonathan. I aint very drunk—I'm only tolerably drunk!

Mag. Intolerably, you mean. You're a swill-Tub.

Jonathan. No, I'm a Jonathan Tub.

Mag. Or rather a Tub full—so you shall be fully committed. Jonathan was immediately locked up.

March of Intelligence.—"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?"

"Ours stands on the mantle-piece, right agin the plasterin."

From the Kennebeck Journal.

"Let every man mind his own business."—This is a good maxim but its application is sometimes questionable. We have lately seen it applied to the friends of temperance who try to stop others from drinking rum. Let every man drink who chooses, says one,—it is nobody's business but his own.

Well, thought we, as we laid down the paper, perhaps it must be so—we cannot force people to be sober; so as the bell has rung for nine, we'll shut up the office, go home and go to bed. On our way we heard a tremendous racket in a low dirty-looking building; and amid the din, the shrill cry of murder was distinctly heard.—We rushed in and found a great ragged brute of a fellow with bloodshot eyes, mauling his wife and children with an old ricketty chair. We wrenched his weapon from him and tumbled him into a corner, from which he was too drunk to extricate himself speedily. We asked him what he meant by such conduct. "What is that to you?" said he—"let every man mind his own business."

We cleared for home and went to bed. About two or three o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by a rumpus in the street. There was loud swearing and cries of "take him off—he is stabbing me." We ran out and found two or three young men, all very much intoxicated. They had been playing billiards or some other game at a gambling house till that late hour, and having been stripped of their money by blacklegs, and a good deal fuddled withal, they were in a very savage humor, and fell out and quarrelled by the way. We ventured to say that the places where they had been ought to be shut up, but one of them indignantly replied "Let every man mind his own business."

So we went to bed again.

Next morning we went to pay our taxes.—"Higher than ever," said we, "how's this?"

"Oh," said the treasurer, "the town has had so much to pay for paupers." "Well, but what made so many paupers?" It was rum, I suppose." We asked an old citizen if nothing could be done by striking at the root of the matter? "Perhaps there might (said he,) but then people generally think it is best to let every one mind his own business."

While we were at dinner that day, a poor woman, pale, dirty, and cadaverous, came to the door. She had two children with her as haggard as herself. She begged for cold victuals, old clothes—any thing. She did not tell her story, because she had been there frequently before, and told all to the good woman of the house. We inquired about her case, and was told it was pretty much like fifty others within a circuit of a few miles. Her husband was a poor drunken scamp, who spent all the money he could get for rum, while his wife and children were fed in part from our kitchen. Going from dinner we met the identical fellow in the street, and asked him why he did not go to work. What do you think he said? Why, "let every man mind his own business."

Having a note to pay in the bank, in a few days, we hurried back to the office and began to turn over the leaves of our big ledger, to see who owed money which ought to be collected. There was Tom Nokes, owed \$6, marked G. T. (gone to Texas.) Had been good, but took to drink, and run away in debt.

Bill Swizzle owed \$7 50—always loved a drop, but was formerly considered a moderate drinker; used to pay for his paper; since sold his farm and went into trade—sold rum, and was his own largest customer in that line; fell through—now good for nothing.

Ezekiel Swig owes \$8 75—once quite respectable—had property—dead and estate insolvent—farm in the possession of the man who sold him his rum.

Benjamin Burster, dead balance against him of \$9 25, for paper and advertising—broke his neck by a fall from his horse.

Sam Cocktail died of delirium tremens; owes for three years—lost his property by gambling and drinking—family very destitute. Can't ask them to pay anything.

Well thought we, perhaps it is right that every man should attend his own business, and let that of other people alone, but who is to pay our note in the bank? Have we not some business in this matter?

"Please Exchange," as the printer said when he offered his heart to a beautiful girl.

From the Knickerbocker for August

CLEARING THE COACH

BY HARRY FRANCO.

It is not many months since, that I had been travelling day and night, over roads of iron, for nearly a week, until my sense of hearing was almost destroyed, by the continued fiz-fiz-fiz, fiz-fiz, of a steam-engine, the incessant ding-ding, ding-ding, of the alarm bell, and the prolonged rumble, rumble, rumble, of the rail car wheels. My eyes, too, were well nigh destroyed by sparks of fire, and flying ashes; but above all, from the want of rest and sleep. It will be readily imagined, therefore, that it was with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that I exchanged a seat with an upright wooden back, in a rail-road car, for the almost by-gone luxury of a couch-like seat in an old-fashioned stage coach, which was to take me to my place of destination. A blessing rest upon those old-time conveyances, the bare mention of which calls up a thousand recollections of social pleasures, that come thronging and fluttering about the nib of my pen, like moths around a bright light on a summer evening. But, beautiful creatures! I can only apostrophise you now. Some other time, I will impale you upon the end of my quill, and preserve your slight forms in ink.

The day was remarkably fine; our road lay through the pleasantest parts of pleasant Connecticut, near the picturesque valley of the Housatonic; our cattle were sleek and fine looking; the driver was civil and well dressed; and the coach itself was a miracle. There was not a rent in the curtains, nor a spring out of order. There was but two passengers besides myself, one of whom was one of those good-natured humorists, who I believe live all their lives in stage-coaches, for I never met with one any where else; and the other was an invalid, with his face tied up so he could not speak.

Never had a weary traveller a sweeter prospect of enjoying a refreshing nap. We had traveled about a mile, and the easy motion of the coach had just begun to put me and my fellow travellers into a pleasant sleep, when a shrill voice, exclaiming, "Stop! stop!" caused the driver to rein up, which roused me from the delightful state of incipient somnolency into which I was sinking.

It was an elderly lady, with a monstrous band-box, a paper-covered trunk, and a little girl. We were of course debarred the satisfaction of saying a single ill-natured word. The driver dismounted from his box, and having stowed away the lady's baggage, proceeded to assist her to store herself away in the coach.

"Driver," said the lady, "do you know Deacon Hitchcock?"

"No ma'am," replied the driver, "I have only driv this road about a fortnight."

"I wonder if either of them gentlemen know him?" she said, putting her head into the coach.

"I don't," said the humorist; "but I know Deacon Hotchkiss, if that will answer your purpose."

"Don't neither of them other gentlemen know him?" she enquired.

I shook my head, negatively; for I was afraid to speak, lest I should dispel the charm that sleep had begun to shed over me; and the invalid shook his head, as he was unable to speak.

"Well, then, I don't know whether to get in or not," said the lady; "for I must see Deacon Hitchcock, before I go home. I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the state of New Hampshire, and the deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father, who has been dead two long years; and I should like to see him 'mazin'ly."

"Does he live about here?" asked the driver.

"Well, don't know for certain," said the lady; "but he lives somewhere in Connecticut. This is the first time I was ever so far from home; I live in the state of New Hampshire, and it is dreadful unpleasant; I feel a little dubious about riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen that I never see before in all my life."

"There's no danger, ma'am," said the driver, the gentlemen won't hurt you."

"Well, perhaps they won't, but it is very unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home; I live in the State of New Hampshire; and this little girl's—"

"You had better get in, ma'am," said the driver, with praiseworthy moderation.

"Well, I don't know but I may as well," she replied; and after informing the driver once

more that she was from the State of New Hampshire, and that her husband had been dead two years, she got in, and took her seat.

"I will take your fare, ma'am," said the driver.

"How much is it, Sir," asked the lady.

"Four-and-six pence," said the driver, "for yourself and the little girl."

"Well, that is a monstrous sight of money, for a little girl's passage, like that; her father, my husband, has been dead these two long years, and I never was so far from home before in all my life. I live in the State of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen would see me imposed upon."

"I will take your fare, if you please ma'am," again said the driver, in a tone bordering somewhat on impatience.

"How much did you say it was?—three-and-six-pence?" asked the lady.

"Four and six pence, if you please ma'am," said the driver.

"O, four and six-pence!" And after a good deal of fumbling and shaking of her pockets, she at last produced half a dollar, and a York Shilling, and put them in the driver's hand.

"That is not enough ma'am," said the driver, "I want nine-pence more."

"What!—aint we in York State?" she asked eagerly.

"No ma'am," replied the driver, "it is six shillings, York money."

"Well," said the lady, "I used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was to home in New Hampshire; I've reckoned many a fish voyage; but since I have got so far from home, I believe I am beginning to lose my mental faculties."

"I'll take that other nine-pence, if you please, ma'am," said the driver, in a voice approaching a little nearer to impatience. At last, after making allusion two or three times more to her native State, and her deceased husband (happy man!) she handed the driver his nine-pence, and we were once more in motion. Although my fellow travelers remained silent all the time she was disputing with the driver, yet they looked as though they wished the New Hampshire lady some of the worst wishes that could be imagined.

"Do you think it's dangerous on this road?" began the lady, as soon as the door was closed. "I am a very lengthy way from home, in the State of New Hampshire, and if any thing should happen, I don't know what I should do. I am quite unfamiliar with traveling; and I hope you won't think me obtrusive; I am a widow lady, my husband, this little girl's father, has been dead these two years come this spring; and I am going with her to the Springs; she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach. Are you going to the Springs, sir?" she said, addressing herself to the invalid, who shook his head in reply.

"Are you?" she asked, turning to me.

"No."

"Ah, I am very sorry; I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman; it is so awful for a lady to be so far from home, without a protector. I am from the State of New Hampshire; and this is the first time I ever went traveling in my life. Do you know any body in New Hampshire?"

"No madam, I do not," said the humorist, "and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to."

"Well, now that is very strange," continued the gossip; "I hav'nt met a single soul that I know, since I left home; and I am in a public way, too; I follow school-keepin' mostly for an occupation; and

"Ah, are you going, sir?" she asked addressing herself to the humorist.

"No, I am not," he replied, "and if I were—" But the contingency was inwardly pronounced. I am acquainted with all the first people in the State. I have been a school-teacher ever since my husband died, this poor little girl's father, two years ago; and I am very well known in Rocky bottom, Rockingham county, in the State of New Hampshire; I know all the first gentlemen in the place. There's Squire Goodwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Havens, Mr. Zachus Upham, Doctor Davil —"

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the humorist, "I can't stand this! Driver! stop, and let me get out!"

The driver reined up, and the humorist took his valise in his hand, and jumped out, followed by the invalid, who set out to walk back to the tavern we had left behind us. I thought the

New Hampshire lady would probably understand the cause of our fellow-travellers' sudden departure, and leave me to the quiet enjoyment of my nap. I never was more mistaken. No sooner was the coach in motion again, than she began to pour out such a running stream of surmises and questions about "them gentlemen that left us," mingled with reminiscences of New Hampshire, and her deceased husband, that I began to wish myself back again on a rail road car. At length, driven to desperation, I was compelled to call out to the driver to stop, and let me go out. The lady was very earnest in her endeavors to persuade me to remain; but I was regardless of her entreaties, although not exactly deaf to them. I took my wallet, determined to wait until the next coach came along. I was some distance from a tavern, but there was a quiet-looking burying-ground, just at the foot of the hill, which, to my wearied eyes held out a promise of rest; and as the sun was low, I determined to leap over the picket fence, and with my wallet for a pillow, take a nap on the dry, warm grass.

Anecdote.—When Gen. Jackson was in office, there lived at the White House a favorite niece or nephew of his—the young child of Mr. Donelson. This child was one evening present at a levee, when the foreign ambassadors waited upon the President in their court dresses, franked in all their old world finery. The morning after the levee, the child was standing with the venerable old General at one of the windows, amusing itself with the passing objects. While indulging in its gay innocent prattle, Mr. Livingston, who was then Secretary of State, drove up in his carriage, attended, as usual, by his footman in flash livery. "Oh! grandpapa," exclaimed the little creature. "Oh, dear granpapa, there is Mr. Livingston come in his carriage with one of the foreign ambassadors behind."—*N. Y. Tattler.*

A capital prize of \$20,000 in the Rhode Island Lottery, was drawn by a gentleman in Albany, last week; and the same gentleman also drew another prize of \$5,000 in the same lottery.

It became our duty, some time since, to hold special conference with a person who had fallen into a sad dilemma in money matters. "How," said we, "could you, with such a fine patrippony, a constant salary, and neither a drunkard nor a gambler—how could you reach such a total destitution as you are now in?"

He looked round with anxiety to see that there was no third person present, and leaning forward, he said with a loud whisper, and with a countenance disturbed with pain and mortification—

"I had the misfortune to draw fifteen thousand dollars in the ——— Lottery."—*U. S. Gaz.*

Remarkable Anagram.—In the eighteenth chapter of John's Gospel, verse 38, Pilate saith unto Jesus, What is truth? which question in the Latin language reads thus: *Quid est Veritas?* These letters transposed, make the justest and best answer that could possibly be given to the inquirer who did not think proper to wait for another, viz: *Est qui adest*—that is "it is the man who is present."

Technical Toast.—It is very common for men at their professional celebrations, to spice their toasts with technical phrases. The butchers of Baltimore at theirs on the 4th, gave the following:—

"The Belles of Baltimore—Choice pieces of tender loin; rich enough for the palate of any bachelor; may every one become a rib"

A young lady should never marry a man who will come and stay with her a week at a time, during the process of courtship. She may depend upon it that he is an idle fellow, and during all her natural life will afflict her with his company. Such a husband will never pursue a profession or trade successfully. He will always be sepulchred in idleness, and if his wife survives him, she will witness a slow, hard death.

A Cheshire auctioneer, while engaged the other day in his avocation, exalted the merits of a carpet—"Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Judge Judson, of the United States District Court for Connecticut, Mr. Ingersoll the Clerk, Mr. Wilcox, the Marshall, Messrs. Isham and Brainard, of New London as Counsel, held an examination at New London on the morning of the 29th ult. of the slaves captured on board the schooner Amistad, the result of which is, that the slaves have been sent to New Haven goal to await their trial on the 17th inst. The schooner and the property found on board will remain in New London to await further orders.—*Jour. Com.*

Locusts—On Friday last, in excavating Airy street, in this borough, the workmen came upon a nest of locusts three feet below the surface—They were completely formed, though in a torpid state. The place where they were found is about the middle of the street, and the soil hard and compact. How came they there?—*Norris-town Register.*

Whetting a Razor.—A young fop, who had just began to shave for beard, stepped into a barber's shop and after a grand swagger, desired to be shaved. The barber went through the usual movement, and the sprig jumped up with a flourish exclaiming—

"Maw foine fallow, what's your chawge?"

"Oh, no charge," was the reply.

"No charge! how's that?"

"Why we are always thankful when we can get soft calf skin to whet our razor's on!"

MARRIED.

In Hartford, Aug. 23, by the Hon. Seth Terry, Recorder, ERASmus T. SMITH, Esq., of South Hadley, formerly of this city, to Miss Lucia Mills, daughter of the late Jedediah Mills, Esq.

DIED.

On the 2d instant, Frances Catherine, youngest child of James Buchan of this city, aged 1 year and 5 months.

At his residence in the town of Lansing, on the 17th ult., Captain Abraham Bloom, in the 76th year of his age.

In 1795, Captain B. settled in the town of Lansing, where he continued to reside, much esteemed for his industrious, inoffensive and exemplary life, from that time to the day of his death. During his long life he never had a law suit, or was called as a witness in a court of record.

In Auburn, on the 28th instant, Mrs. Anne Bellamy, aged 82 years.

On the 22nd inst., at his late residence in Aurelius, Cayuga county, Edward Wheeler, aged 88 years, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Wheeler was one of the earliest settlers in this county, and resided on the farm upon which he died, about fifty years.

On the 30th ult., Margaret, daughter of W. W. and Isabella Howel, aged 5 months.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The "Christian Union Association of the city of Rochester and Vicinity," will hold its first Quarterly Meeting at Chili, (10 miles southwest of Rochester,) on Tuesday the 21th of September instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

By order of the Executive Committee.

E. SHEPARD, Sec'y.

□ This Association is composed of different religious denominations, who are equily represented in the appointment of the Standing Committee. The 2nd article of the constitution is as follows:—"The object of this Association shall be to promote all that cordiality of feeling and fellowship amongst the disciples of Christ—all that agreement in matters of faith and practice, and all that consequent concert and harmonious action in religious effort amongst Christians, which the Gospel requires."

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

- ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.
- Luke Wells, Amber, Onondaga county, New York.
 - Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county, do do
 - S. P. Breck, Branchport, Yates county, do do
 - Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co., do do
 - R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co., Vermont.
 - Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Burien co., Michigan.
 - J. H. Blue, Chariton, Mo.
 - G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co., New York
 - Miss E. A. Adams, Cannandaigua, Ontario co., do do
 - E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co., do do
 - A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co., do do
 - W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co., Ohio.
 - S. Hunt, Hunt's Hollow, Allegany co., New York.
 - E. B. Warner, Lima, Livingston co., do do
 - A. H. Eddy, Marion, Wayne Co., do do
 - Israel Pennington, Macon, Lenawa co., Michigan.
 - K. W. Townsend, Newark, Wayne co., New York.
 - P. S. Church, Oakfield, Genesee co., do do
 - Henry Henrich, Rittsville, Ontario co., do do
 - S. Reeve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co., do do
 - N. G. Shepard, South Avon, Liv. Co., do do
 - D. Cummins, South LoRoy, Gen. Co., do do
 - Sewal Brintnall, Watertown, Jeff. Co., do do
 - Post Master, Utica, Licking Co., Ohio.

OFFICE OF THE GEM

CORNER OF BUFFALO AND STATE STS, ROCHESTER

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[The following beautiful lines were inscribed to our friend, Rev. Mr. Dewey, Principal of the Rochester Collegiate Institute, by whom we are permitted to publish them. The writer is in the Missionary field at the west.]

INDIANS IN SEARCH OF THE GOSPEL.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. BRUDNER.

Some years since three Indians came from west of the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis, for the express purpose of learning the way to worship God acceptably, as they had been told that the "Great Spirit" was not pleased with their sacrifices, but had given to the "pale-faces" a book which taught the true worship. Two of them died at St. Louis, and the survivor returned with his scanty information alone to his tribe.

Gloriously the sun rolled on
Towards the western waters; the burning light
Of mid-day splendor, now, like regal robes,
Was laid aside, and the mild radiance
Of his golden disk appeared benevolent,
And full of love. Like a fond father, ling'ring
Still to gaze once more before he bids farewell,
The mighty monarch pausing, threw o'er flower,
And shrub, o'er wide extended plains,
And rippling streams, on lofty mountains,
And on tow'ring pines, the bright effulgence
Of his parting rays; then, majestic sank
Into the calm Pacific, while undulations
Of its gently swelling waves gave back
A beautiful reflection, gilding nature's
Varied scenes with softer light.
Slowly the twilight faded—darkness threw
Her sable drapery round, and stillness
Unbroken reigned o'er all the land.
But hark! there comes a sound of paddles
On the breeze; the frail canoe nearing the shore;
Is moored, and tall athletic forms draw round
The "council fire," whose bright'ning flame
Gleaming on high, reveals on every side
The gathering tribes of forest lords.
From the deep caverns of the Rocky hills,
Whose snow-capt heads are rising up to heaven,
From sunny vales, and from the verdant banks
Of proud Columbia; from east, north, south,
Come pouring in, vast multitudes. The aged sachem
And the warrior proud; the young aspirant
In the road to fame; the dark-eyed beauty,
And mothers with their infants, come alike
To swell the mighty concourse.

They meet in silence;
No sound of greeting, no sign of recognition,
Between long parted friends. A deep solemnity
Sitteth on each brow, as if forbidding
Utterance to common thoughts.
Why is all this? Hath the ambitious white man,
With his insatiate love of vast dominion,
Scaled e'en the rocky barrier which God hath made,
Threatening utter extermination unto those,
Who hold their heritage from heaven's King?
Or meet they here to mourn o'er devastations
That have swept away their eastern brethren?
To rouse the slumbering tomahawk, to raise
The warrior whoop, and breaking through great nature's
Fastnesses, wreak vengeance on their brother's toe?

Christian! draw near;
Listen to yonder white haired chief, and blush
That thou hast on the transient things of time
Poured out thy spirit's incense; and no better
Loved and served thy God.

"Brothers! when Manitto sends the summer heat,
The gently dropping showers, and the warm breath,
Making the corn spring up; when the first ears
Are good, and then again, when we gather in
The yellow harvest, to the Good Spirit,
Who hath given all, we bring our offerings.
Before we go to fight, we ask his blessing;
And when we come, bringing home many scalps
And prisoners, we offer up a burning sacrifice
To Great Manitto, whose strong arm hath given
The conquest to our warriors.

Brothers! when the Great Spirit rides on clouds,
And his breath is strong, making the waters swell
Like hills, and rush wild foaming to the shore;
When his eyes send forth bright blazing flames of fire,
That kill the tallest trees; and when we hear
His voice deep echoing from the mountain side,
We bow us down in fear.

Brothers! there came from towards the rising sun
A pale-faced stranger and dwelt within our camp:
But when he saw our worship, turning away,
He said, "the Great Manitto was not pleased
With his red children, for he did not love
The bleeding sacrifice.

He did not give us knowledge
But he said "his own pale nation had a book,
Which the Great Spirit gave to teach the way
To offer sacrifice acceptable.

Brothers! did the white man say truth?
Is not Manitto angry? else why did he give
To pale weak strangers, all the hunting grounds
Our brethren towards the rising sun possessed?
Why let them drive the red man from his haunts,
Cut down his forests, and not even leave
His father's graves unharmed?
Brothers! we cannot bear Manitto's wrath:
Yet our eyes are dark; like the lost hunter's
When the clouds and tempest come, that finds
No trodden path and sees no wigwam's light
To lead him home. Brothers, 'tis so with us:
Manitto frowns, our path is dark, and who
Shall teach poor Indian right? Brothers! who?
Hark! the high mountain's echo answers; Who?
One and another speak; all mourning o'er
Their spirits' darkness, and vainly seeking
For some gleam of hope; till the moon had set,
The stars were waning, and the rosy light
That tinged the sky, betokened coming morn.
It woke no note of gladness in the many hearts,
'T hat sunk in sorrow, watched the flickering flame
Of the expiring "council fire;" and emblem
Of their own impending doom.
Suddenly, as if some magic power
Had seized upon his soul, a youthful warrior
Stepped into the midst. His speaking eye flashed forth
Some lofty purpose, and his bosom heaved
With deep emotion, as his voice arose
In full toned eloquence.

"Rouse! Brothers, rouse from your dark thoughts of
woe!

The pale ones have the knowledge of Manitto's will,
And will they not point out to us the path
Manitto loves to have his children tread?
Brothers! the Soaring Eagle feareth not
To leave his tribe, and seek the white man's home,
And for his nation learn the way to worship.
Brothers! the day-king comes, his darting beams
Are beckoning away. I go; farewell."
"The Soaring Eagle shall not go alone,"
And forward sprang two other manly forms,
Resolved to do or die. 'T was the parting!
Long and wearily, did these devoted ones
Pursue their way; the rocky precipice,
The foaming cataract, and trackless desert
Arrested not their course.

They gained the white man's city;
Kind instructions fell from their great father's lips
Upon their darkened minds; and promises
Of pale faced teachers, who would live and die
Among their Indian brethren, caused a thrill of joy.
Homeward they turned their thoughts: but the tyrant,
death,
With mandate stern, bade two resign their being,
And find in stranger-land a last repose.

Alone, and bowed in spirit
The Soaring Eagle sought his native wilds,
Bearing to his people the commingled source
Of joy and tears.
Years have winged their flight; and waiting thousands
Encouraged by the feeble self denying band
Who came to bless, still look towards the east, and
raise

The Macedonian cry for Gospel light,—
Jehovah! who hast seen their nightly vigils,
Thou art their only help.

Arm of the Lord! awake, and bring salvation!
Teach, O teach thy haughty children, that Indians
Are their brethren, possessing souls undying
As their own!

Give them to see the future's retribution;
Raise the veil that covers dread eternity:
'Then shall the red man's cry no longer pass
Unheeded; but soon the solitary place be glad,
And from the wilderness ascend the song
Of triumph unto Him, who rules and reigns
For ever bless'd.

Rochester, August 1838.

Written for the Gem.

A SEAMAN'S ORPHAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

Roll on, roll on! thou madly dashing surge—
Roll on! nor heed a weeping orphan's woe;
Thy crying winds howl loud my father's dirge,
Thy waters sing of him in their wild flow.

Roll on, oh, Ocean! for thy billows' foam,
In mountains, beat upon his silent breast;
The lashing sea sad laves the lifeless dome—
The quiet spirit's fled away to rest.

Thy music, Ocean, that rudely strikes my ear,
My sleeping father's ear shall never greet;
Thy stormy wave rolled sadly as his bier,
And long his generous bosom's ceased to beat.

Though passing breezes bear my plaints along,
And sigh them softly o'er my father's grave;
He cannot hear my loud lamenting song,
Nor send a voice above th' eternal wave.

His lonely pillow is of glittering gems,
There rocks of coral are my father's bed,
And rubies for a thousand diadems
Shine gloriously around his restless head.

But though the spoils of seas about him glow,
And sparkling riches round the sleeping crowd;
They form no shelter from the ocean's flow,
They cannot purchase him a comely shroud!

I'll give my mourning to the gales of spring,
Each summer breath shall bear it on the wave,
And winter's dreary wind, on her lone wing,
Shall waft my sorrow o'er my father's grave.

Rochester, Aug. 19, 1839. W. G.

Written for the Gem

ROCHESTER—FAREWELL.

Keen bounds the pang that wakes my aching heart,
And strong emotions bathe my lingering eye
Yon setting sun shall rise to bid us part,
And morn's first breezes list my last "good-bye!"
Silken fetters long entwined,
May no longer fondly bind;
Farewell! all,—all I leave thee is—a sigh!

To all a stranger,—of myself—forlorn;
With no kind friend to cheer my onward way
Far wandering still, by many a rude wind borne,
'Twas thou first lured my wayward feet to stray.
I heard thee,—and forgot to roam
And thou hast given me friend and home,
Yet must we part! nor seek my feet to stray.

With thee I've laughed, and loved,—have sighed,—have
sung!

And fond as woodbine clasps the hoary oak—
My young affections round thee fondly clung,
Yet Fate decrees that even these be broke!
Bright the golden chain that bound us!
Strongly is it warp'd around us!

Yet must it snap beneath the unpitiful stroke!

Oh! I have loved while night's dull shades o'ercreast,
'Midst yonder lonely woodland heights to be!
And pinioned memory lights the fading past
As inusing I've gazed upon thee,—Genesee!

But a long—a last adieu!
I am fading fast from you,
And the grey-eyed morn bids my foot-steps flee!

See 'mid the trees which zephyrs soft disturb,
Its arboreal form yon lovely temple raise;
Whose top holds chattering with the sinking orb;
And from whose basement breaks the breath of praise!
Cradle of my soul! we part!
Yet oft as throbbing beats my heart,
Shall memory sing thee in Idalian lays!

Oft as the Bee 'mid honeyed petals hides,
To yonder cottage nestling on the green,
Where wanton peafowl from the tree-top glides,
And pearly dew on every leaflet sheen,

I've loved my willing feet to wend
And with my best—"my early friend"

In laughing chat break accustomed spleen!

But like yon sun which seeks his watery grave,
While night is stealing all his bounty fed;
So fading health takes what thy goodness gave,
And all my dreams of coming joys are fled

Yet as the rays of lesser light,
Beam and illumine that gloomy night,
My thoughts recursive shall the past o'erspread!

J. R.

THE FAIREST LAND.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide—
Say, of all thine eyes hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where?
Nature seems most best and fair.
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those we love abide—
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath press'd.
Though it be a fair space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'T would become enchanted ground,
With thee, yon sand waste would seem
The margin of At Cawthar's stream;
And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new born roses bloom."

THE



GEM.

By Erastus Shepard & Alvah Strong.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1859.

No. 19.

MISCELLANY.

From Colman's Monthly Miscellany.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S LOVE.

BY CALVIN PETERS.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

You talk of stage drivers. Is it not strange that, in his vast range of characters, Shakespeare has not a single picture of a veritable driver? He makes Hamlet say "All the world's a stage," and Richard to exclaim, "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse;" and yet of the autocrat of post-roads, the man who commands a stage and four horses, he has said nothing.—Most strange forgetfulness. The whips, however, shall not always remain unwhipped of justice. Mount our American—Mount, shall ye mount the stage-box with me, and as we gallop over the hills and dales of the fertile West, shall dash down their peculiarities, and yet produce his crack picture.

I shall leave the subject for him. He will produce a subject worthy of the American arts, and Colman's Miscellany. I have a simple story to tell, to please you, ladies and gentlemen, if you will only listen.

While on the road from Ithaca to Elmira, I fell in with a driver much to my mind. He was evidently a picked fellow, wore a satin stock instead of a bandanna, and spoke the English language to an unusual extent. When I say this, I mean, that he did not use the horse language exclusively; for your drivers, like other men who hold the rein, are apt to have a court vocabulary. I was seated beside him, commenting from time to time upon various topics, when at a sudden turn of the road we came upon a cluster of snug dwellings, one of which was conspicuous for its taste.

It was a cottage-house with wings, having a neat door-yard and lawn in front. A green latticed portico shielded the front door, over which was trellised a luxuriant honeysuckle. Roses and other flowering shrubs were scattered around, but still confusion and neglect marred the effect of these tokens of refinement. It was, notwithstanding, a sweet spot, and I inquired who lived there?

"I believe no one lives there now," responded the driver. "You will see, sir, the windows are closed, the flowers all tangled, and the honeysuckle wants trimming: yet that house was a happy place once, sir. Five years ago, sir, no one would have thought of so sad a change. The world is full of changes, sir!"

"It is indeed," said I, "but what of the cottage—tell me who lived there, and what has become of them?"

"Oh, it's a most sad and pitiful story, sir, and makes my heart ache to think of it. I've often told it, for every one enquires about that cottage. There's a solemn interest hanging over it like that forlorn honeysuckle, and I always feel downhearted when I pass it. But it's of no use to be down hearted in this world, sir."

"Not at all, my friend, but now for your story."

"Well, 'tis as I told you, a sad and wretched one."

(Here the driver threw away his segar and cracked up his horses.)

"You see, sir, the proprietors on this road have always been very careful about the drivers. They must have good, careful, steady fellows (I seldom drink, sir, very seldom.) The reason, sir, is plain as the hub of a coach wheel. It's all ups and downs here, hill and hollow, as you see; a driver must keep his eyes about him; for if he should get drunk and neglect his duty, slap, sir, in a moment, his whole load would be thrown heels over head, into eternity. Drivers

have a heavy load upon their minds, sir. But, as I was going to say, sir, the best driver ever put upon this road, or any where else, was Jim Ayton. Oh, sir, you cannot think what a fine little fellow he was, and a stage driver too. It is his story I am going to tell you, for Jim's heart and life once rested in that white cottage."

"How was that," said I.

"Let me tell the whole story," said the driver.

"Jim Ayton was the son of Charles Ayton. His father was a tipsy, do-nothing gentleman, college-bred, but none the better for that, sir.—He early came to these parts, bringing with him a pale, sickly lady, but there was something very mild and good about her. The folks said she was a clergyman's daughter, and that Ayton had stolen her heart while at college and married her against the consent of all her friends. It must have been so, for no friends ever came to see her. She made friends, however. Every body round about loved her, she was so sweet, engaging and affectionate-like.—She made little things for the children, and met them at church, and had a kind word for every body. I recollect her well, sir, I was a child then—I am a child now, sir." (Here the driver paused a few moments, to stifle his emotions.)

"You will pardon me, sir. These things are strange; but I can never recollect that sweet lady, and stroking my hair, and patting my cheeks, and giving me little books and pictures, but my heart is full. She died of grief, sir.—She doted on her husband, while every one else despised him; and why did they despise him, sir? His hard-working father had toiled day and night to send him to college—he had married an angel, sir, and yet he threw himself away—he had murdered himself soul and body with rum. Often, sir, in the cold and stormy nights of winter, has that feeble woman sought him out, and took him away from the taverns. She could persuade him when no one else could, for such a wife, sir, could persuade a man to any thing, except to leave rum altogether, and that death alone can do. Yes, sir, she tried hard, but she could not keep him from drink! I have heard the people tell, how she prayed for him, sat up for him, took his head in her lap and spoke soothingly to him, till he vowed a thousand times he would quit the bottle, and become a good man, and yet it was all smoke, sir! He became worse and worse, as all drunkards do; and would you believe it, sir, before he died he beat that tender-hearted woman he once loved so much. Yes, sir, the neighbors heard of it, and would have torn his house down over his head, and taken her among them, but she prevented them, and begged them to spare him for her sake. She loved him to the last, when all the world had forsaken him; she followed him like his shadow, till he was unable to go about; and when at last he died in raving madness, she dropped, as it were, into the same grave. Mrs. Ayton died three weeks after her husband, and left poor Jim an orphan at the age of 12 years. He had been her stay and comfort, sir, in the long years of misery with her husband, and she taught him many things that he never forgot. So, sir, at twelve years old, he was left alone in the wide world.

"Jim's grandfather, sir, was still alive, but tho' a hard working man, he was a drunken brute too. He had never liked his son's early marriage, though his daughter-in-law was an angel, and far too good for him. He, however, took Jim home, and made him do all sorts of work upon the farm. The poor boy's health began to suffer, but just then a master came into the place, and set up a district school. The neighbors made him let Jim go to it, and

Jim took to learning so well, that in a short time he outstripped all the scholars, and even equalled the master himself. I was one of the school-boys, sir, and recollect hearing the master say, that it all came of having so good a mother, and the tears came into Jim's eyes when he said so. Well, the master loved him, and we all loved him, and the visiting committee said he ought to be sent to college, but who was there to send him, poor orphan! His grandfather heard of their wishes, and the very mention of college made him savage. He took Jim away from school and put him to harder work. His son, he said, had been ruined at college, but there he lied, sir. Every body knew that the old man spoilt him before he went.—But Jim was in his power, and he took every means to oppress him, but it didn't last long.—One night the old grog-brusier got into a hard frolic, and after beating Jim shamefully, turned him out of doors. So the poor boy came in the dead of the night, without a coat to his back and took shelter with George Norbury, who kept the Farmer's Hotel.

Now Norbury had always liked Jim, and received him gladly, and said he should not go back to the old ruffian, who might put his life in danger. We drivers, too, liked him, and as Norbury owned this line of stages, and Jim had often been at his house, we had learned him to drive, till he could drive as well as the best of us. We spoke up for him, and said that if he would not go back to his grandfather, we would willingly support him out of our wages. But Jim was too independent for that, as you shall see, sir.

"As Jim knew how to drive so well, he could not bear the thoughts of lounging about and sucking his fingers; so he proposed to Norbury to drive a stage. Norbury thought he was too young, and wanted him about the house, but Jim could not bear this. He asked to be put upon trial, and took hold of the reins with such manliness and good will, that we all had to yield to him. No driver ever managed a team better, for his whole heart was in it. He was proud of showing his spirit, and we were all proud of him, for had'n't we taught him? It would have done your heart good, sir, to have heard the passengers on the route, particularly the ladies, ask for THE LITTLE STAGE DRIVER. Jim was rather small, sir, but he had a mighty spirit, and yet he was as gentle as a lamb; that is the reason why they liked him so. And the horses, too, got to knowing Jim, as well as you do your christian name; and they would seem to spring at the sound of his voice, and like reasoning creatures. Horses know more that some people think they do, and soon get to knowing who is kind to them. Don't you think horses reason, sir?"

"Much better than some men do," said I.

"I knew you was a man of sense, and understood human nature," responded the driver, "but I must go on with my story."

"Jim soon got to be well known on this line. Every one along the road liked him. They trusted him with their errands and messages, and I used to think the girls made messages, in order to speak with him. But he kept straight forward in the line of his duty; he was always gentle and obliging; he was glad to do every body a service; but why should I tell you of these things?—the truth is, he was a devilish clever fellow, and every body thought so!"—(Here the stage driver brought his hand down with an emphatic slap upon his knee, which left no doubt of the truth of his assertion.)

"So you see, sir, Jim became a regular stage driver. For upwards of five years, he drove without any interruption. Hot or cold, wet or dry, it was all the same to him; he kept to his business, and set us all a fine example. In the

whole five years he had never been heard to swear. His mother, who is now in heaven, sir, had set his mind against this. He had never drunk a drop of liquor, for there was the warning of his father and grandfather, before his eyes. Oh, sir, I have seen the blood fly to his cheeks, and his limbs tremble, when strangers have urged him to drink with them. We stage drivers knew better; yes, bad as some of us are, we never could think of insulting him. He took no part in our frolics, sir.

"Well, sir, now I come to the pith of the story. Jim was about 15 years old, as I was saying. At this time of life it is natural for people to think on love matters, but no one had thought about Jim, or joked him. He was polite to every body. Every girl on the road, or in the settlement, knew he thought well of her, and every girl thought well of him, but he did not run after any of them. He stuck to his business, as I said before, sir. But, sir, we soon had to confess that we had all been blind, while love was wide awake, as the song goes. Would you believe it, without turning out of his way at all, the prettiest girl in all Johnson's settlement was found to be in love with Jim—dead in love, over head and ears, as the folks say.

"This girl, sir, was Lucy Dunmore. My heart always beats quicker when I speak of her. You may have seen city beauties, but you never saw one like her, sir. She was the roundest, rosiest, brightest girl that ever blessed a whole neighborhood. Every body loved her, and praised her, and all the girls gave way to her, and yet she never seemed to care for her beauty, and was far more unsuspecting of it, than many others who were not worth one of her bright blue eyes. She had red cheeks, and the sweetest dimple, and seemed to be always laughing, till every body laughed with her. It was astonishing how she made her way into every body's heart, and yet no one could blame her. Every young man around was proud of her smile, and would have gone round the world on foot to marry her: but pshaw, she did not think of marrying, not she! she would have made a wife for the President, sir.

"But, sir, love, like murder, will come out. Lucy suddenly lost all her freeheartedness—she was in love with Jim, and she could not conceal it. She had no hypocrisy. Every thing she did to hide her feelings only showed them more and more. I don't know if this is the case with city ladies, sir?"

"Not exactly," said I.

"Well, Lucy was clearly enough in love, and of course, Jim could not help being so too. You would have been so yourself, if you had seen her. It was all very natural. Lucy had been the favorite of Jim's mother. Often had she taken little presents of eggs and butter to the sweet lady. And Jim and she had been to school together, romped together, philandered at parties, climbed the hills for huckleberries, and all these things have a mighty effect upon the sentimental feelings, you know, sir.

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"We youngsters soon saw the state of the case, and though we doubted as long as possible, yet in the end, we all backed out. It is hard to be beaten in love matters, sir, but in love, as in horse racing, it is better to pay forfeit, than to lose the whole stake. We saw it was of no use to run with Jim, so we all quit the course. And Lucy did love Jim dearly, and he loved her with all his heart, without making much fuss about it. Yet Lucy tried hard to keep away from him, and was often unhappy—for why, sir? I'll tell you the reason. Her father, farmer Dunmore, was a careful, thrifty, forehanded man, and a raal farmer. He valued Lucy as the apple of his eye. His was the cottage we have been speaking of. He built it himself, on the same spot where his old log cab in had stood. He was always for going ahead in the world. He early saw that Lucy had a notion for Jim, but he treated her as a mere child. He did not think her feelings deep seated, and if he did, he merely said, 'Pshaw, you silly girl, did not his father get drunk, and his granny too, and what can be expected from Jimmy Ayton? Play with him, child, but don't let him run away with you. You would not like to be poor Mrs. Ayton, would you?"

"These slants of her father cut poor Lucy to the quick, you see sir, but she saw that Jim was worthy, and in spite of every thing, she gave her heart up to him, and every body saw that they must be married. People in the country

very soon learn all about these love matters, sir."

"Indeed," said I, "and how do they learn so soon?"

"I hardly know," said the driver.

"There are some mighty shrewd women in the country. They see, deeper into young folks feelings, than young folks themselves. They know all the signs of love, and marry folks long before they have popped the question. They put 'abroad reports, sir, and everybody soon learn all about the love matters of the young people, sir."

"Go on," said I.

"Well, as I was saying, Lucy and Jim, were too dead in love to care much what any folks said. They loved each other better than all the world, and seemed to forget every one else, when they were together. And Lucy soon grew bold enough to take his part with her father, and the farmer soon saw how the case stood, and that it was of no use for him to make any opposition.

"Farmer Dunmore was a sensible man, sir; he married for love himself, and he knew very well that where such people as Lucy and Jim loved each other, they would have each other, if heaven & earth stood in the way. I rather think, however, that Lucy would have broken her heart rather than disobey her father, but be that as it might, she had no reason for doing this, for when farmer Dunmore saw that Jim behaved himself so well, and looked so smart, and kept clear of rum, and all bad company, he began to take him by the hand. Farmer Dunmore was a kind man, sir; he looked into people's feelings, and liked them for their honesty, and wasn't stuck up by his riches, like some folks. He saw that Jim was a fine fellow, and that nothing could turn him, so he welcomed him to his house, and took pleasure in seeing the comfort of Jim and his daughter. He even offered to take Jim on his farm and give him high wages, but how could Norbury part with his little stage-driver! This was the name all the strangers called him by, though at this time he was tall, straight, and manly, though rather delicate looking to be sure. Jim had agreed to stay with Norbury till he was twenty-one, and he wasn't the fellow to break a fair bargain!"

"So Jim continued to drive, sir, and passed Lucy's house every day and visited her when he could get a chance, and that I guess was pretty often. Lovers can make chances enough you know, sir. After a hard day's drive, many a night I have know Jim to saddle little gray and gallop off to see Lucy. To be sure he had to be back before daylight, but what of that?—People in love, you know, sir, don't care about regular rest."

"I believe not," said I.

"And as Jim every day drove the stage past Lucy's house, it would have been strange if she had not stood at the window to look for him, and it was very natural for her to be doing some out-of-door-work under that honey-suckle, and as Jim generally had some messages that were none of the passengers' business, it was not strange, sir, that she gave him honey-suckles and roses to put in his button hole. Oh, he was a happy man, sir; he was happier than a prince, for how can a man feel happier, than when he is loved by the prettiest girl in the country; yes, I say, by the prettiest girl in the whole world, for that matter. I wish you could have seen her. I have carried loads of passengers, sir, but never one like Lucy. Sometimes though, when Lucy did not come under the honey-suckle, he knew where she was standing, and as she flung a kiss to him, would rise upon the footboard and touch his cap to her just like a Spanish Don Caballero, as I once heard a lady say. I know nothing about Caballeros, sir, but this I know, that Jim touched his hat as gracefully and proudly as any of the flareups of Broadway. His mother had taught him manners, and the little stage driver was always the gentleman. But that touching his cap, sir, was the death of him."

(Here the stage driver delayed a moment to wipe his eyes, and proceeded.)

"Let me see—where was I—oh, I am just coming to a point."

"I am glad to hear it," said I.

"Well, I was saying, all things were going on so well and so smiling, and so happy Jim and Lucy were as good as married. Farmer Dunmore had given his consent and called him his son. He loved Jim better than he did his farm and all his horses. Lucy had recovered

her gaiety, and was more beautiful than ever. I, and all the young people of the place, were looking out for the wedding, when sir, a single slip of Jim's foot made the whole world dark for him. The saddest accident took place that ever was known in this settlement. Oh, it was awful, sir, most awful. I am all in a fever when I think of it—door Jim, poor Jim.

Large drops of perspiration stood upon the forehead of the driver. He wiped his face and proceeded.

"Poor Jim—it was a sharp, cold morning, when he set out from Norbury's on his last drive. He little thought it was his last drive, poor fellow. He was gay as a lark and merry as a cricket, and patted his horses, and laughed at every body. I remember it as well as if it was yesterday. I shook hands with him, and told him to give my love to Lucy, just to tease him like; but nothing could tease him, sir, he was so good natured. He mounted the box, and whistled to his horses, and off he went, while Norbury rubbed his hands and looked proud for he loved Jim for his steadiness. Norbury thought he had the credit of making so fine a fellow as Jim, but he took care of himself, sir, and all through the advice of his dear mother.

"How well I remember that morning, sir.—The winds whistled among the high trees of these hills, the icicles hung upon their boughs, and the frost was bitter sharp. Norbury had wrapped Jim up warm, and I offered him my coat, but the little fellow laughed at us all. He didn't care for the cold, not he! He was not the fellow to flinch at any thing. He had a warm heart, and warm jacket to boot, and as he put his fingers into his mittens, I saw his eye glisten, for Lucy had made them for him.—She was always doing him little kindnesses, and we youngsters always found it out. But he saw her last kindness that day, and died with his eyes fixed upon it.

"Go on," said I.

"The morning was cold as I said. Some snow had fallen during the night and the rain had glazed it over, so that the whole road was one glare of ice. Now Lucy had been thinking of Jim and his exposure to the cold, and secretly, with her own fingers, had knit for him a bright red muffler to go about his neck. She said nothing to him, sir, but meant to surprise him with it; so, as this morning was so bitter cold, she concluded to stand out upon the stoop, and give it to him as he passed. What little things may stop a man's life and prospects, sir. That muffler was Jim's coffin—but I am getting before my story.

"As Lucy had made the muffler with her own sweet fingers, and meant to give it to Jim, she stood ready at the door as the stage came up.—Jim was standing braced against the footboard, holding his horses as only a driver knows how to do. As he came near farmer Dunmore's the team had got under some headway, and he was just reining them in when his eye caught Lucy, holding up the bright red muffler.

"The horses were just past the portico, he turned towards her, and raised himself upon the foot board to touch his hat, or throw a kiss to her. The love of the dear girl probably made him tremble, or the foot board was icy, or something else, sir, for just then—oh, God, sir, his feet slipped from under him, and down he tumbled, head foremost, among the horses.

"When Jim fell, the shock started the horses and they plunged like madcaps down the hill, sir. It was a fiery team, the best on the road. They didn't go far however. The ground, as I said, was all of a glare of ice. Either Jim's body, or the slipperiness, or all together, made him tumble; and before they had gone far down, they all came heels over head together. The horses kicked and struggled and bit each other like perfect furies. The stage tumbled on top of them and they staved it all to oven wood. Two or three of the horses died, for it was an awful steep place where they fell. The passengers were flung out in every direction. Some had their heads stove in, others had their legs and arms broken, and none escaped without bruises. Two others were killed, besides Jim, sir.

"Oh! it was an awful bloody sight, as ever was heard of. And there was Lucy, poor Lucy—she saw Jim fall, she saw the horrid sight. Her screams roused the whole neighborhood.—Farmer Dunmore, and the rest of his people, hastened to the door, and then they saw all.—They saw the horses plunging and rolling down the hill—poor mangled people crawling along the road, and the shrieks and groans of those who were crushed up in the stage.

"Oh! sir, it was too shocking, it was terrible, sir, absolutely horrible. I grow sick at the thought of it. The neighbors all came together and took up the wounded people—and Jim—poor Jim!"

"How was he found," interrupted I.

"Hear, me out," said the driver.

"Oh, he was mashed into a perfect cake!—He was cut into pieces, sir. And how could it be otherwise? He was first dashed about the heels of the horses, then they rolled over him, and the stage fell upon him; he was as flat as the earth itself, sir. He was a mass, a perfect mass. There was no shape about him, and if it had not been for his clothes, no one could have told him for a human being. The folks could not make a shroud for him; so the doctors showed them the difference between his head and feet, and they put him decently in a coffin, and covered him with linen, and put the bright red muffer over the place where his heart should have been, and so they buried him."

"And where did they bury him?" I asked.

"Of course beside his mother," said the driver.

"Poor boy—and what became of Lucy?"

"She broke down, sir! I beg pardon. I meant to say, when she got through screaming she fainted. They put her on a bed, and there she lay, hour after hour, looking like a corpse, and groaning from the bottom of her heart.—She would not see the daylight, sir, but kept her hand clenched over her eyes. She was afraid of seeing poor Jim crushing to pieces in the midst of those terrible horses.

"She soon took a change, however, and then it was terrible to look upon her. She became as mild and gentle as a lamb, but still she was crazy-like. She thought Jim alive, and begged her father to bring him to her, in tones that almost broke the old man's heart. It was very trying for him, sir, for what could he say to her, and poor Jim lying all the while cold in his grave. It was a severe blow to Farmer Dunmore. It was like losing son and daughter both. But Lucy at last got up again, but it would not do to let her live here, so her people all went to Illinois, where she had a brother on a farm."

"And is she there still?"

"I heard so. Squire Barbage was out that way six months ago and saw Lucy. He says she is not the same girl; that she never laughs, and is grown so pale and thin, he could not gear to look at her. The Squire says she looks as shadow-like as poor Mrs. Ayton did. He thinks she is dying, and I think so too. Some folks say the climate is killing her, but she was quite thin when she went away from here. I know how it is, sir, and it is of no use to sham the matter. True love is true love all the world over! Lucy's heart is broken. Nobody has seen her smile since Jim's death. She is going to meet him in heaven, sir, as sure as there is a heaven above." Here the stage driver gave way for a moment to his emotions, and then said thoughtfully, as he "put on"—

"Such people as Jim and Lucy must meet in heaven, I know sir."

"I have no doubt of it" said I with fervor.

"Every body thinks so!" said the driver.

A LOST SISTER.

Remarkable History.—A correspondent of the North American, (of Philadelphia) has furnished a series of sketches from the classic valley of Wyoming, including an interesting account of the Indian Massacre during the Revolution. We are indebted to him for the following remarkable and romantic, though voracious narrative. The facts are corroborated by an other writer who, in the article which is annexed briefly traces the finger of Providence in the history.

At a little distance from the present Courthouse at Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Slocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indians' cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an instant the house was surrounded by Indians. There was in it, the mother, a daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man and a boy, by the name of Kingsley were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did was to shoot

down the young man, and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the back door to get to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright, and having a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Slocum lame, at the earnest entreaties of the mother, they set him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears.—She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand towards her mother, she called for her aid. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances.

As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know the fate of their little fair haired sister. They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journeys through all the west and into the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn any thing respecting her fate. Four of three long journeys were made in vain. A silence deep as the deepest forest through which they wandered, hung over her fate, and that sixty years.

My reader will now pass over 58 years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness in the furthest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the United States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stopped at an Indian wigwam for the night. He can speak the Indian language. The family are rich for Indians, have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening, he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin under her dress, is also white. This led to a conversation. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small girl.

She could only remember that her name was Slocum, that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehannah, and how many there were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home; the agent mentioned the story to his mother. She urged him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote it and sent it to Lancaster in this State, requesting that it might be published. By some, to me, unaccountable blunder, it lay in the office two years before it was printed. But last summer it was published. In a few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two and a half year old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister, taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who aided him to escape) and writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sisters are now (1838) on their way to seek little Frances, just sixty years after her captivity. After travelling more than 300 miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. "I shall know my sister," said the civilized sister, "because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." They go into the cabin, and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like an Indian in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin would indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, with the order of her father's family. "How came your nail gone?" said the oldest sister. "My older brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop!" In a word, they were satisfied that this was Frances, their long lost sister! They asked her what her christian name was? She could not remember. Was it Frances?—She smiled and said "yes." It was the first time she had heard it pronounced for 60 years! Here, then they were met—two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied that they were brothers and sisters. But what a con-

trast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sister sat motionless and passionless, and indifferent as a spectator.—There was no throbbing, no fine cords in her bosom to be touched.

When Mr. Slocum was giving me this history, I said to him—"but could she not speak English?" "Not a word." "Did she know her age?" "No—had no idea of it." "But was she entirely ignorant?" "Sir, she didn't know when Sunday comes!" This was, indeed, the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delawares who carried her off, till grown up, and then married a Delaware. He either died or ran away, and she then married a Miami Indian, a chief as I believe. She has two daughters, both of whom are married, and who live in the glory of an Indian cabin, deer-skin clothes, and cow-skin head-dresses. No one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives, she whipped out, bridled her horse, and then, a *la Turk*, mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, lie down upon the floor, and at once be asleep.

The brothers and sisters tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it bring her children. They would transplant her again to the banks of the Susquehannah, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. She had always lived with the Indians—they had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death-bed that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though sprung from a pious race.

Mr. Editor: Your correspondent "Civis" in the North American of this morning, remarks that by some unaccountable blunder the letter (written by the Indian trader) was permitted to lie unnoticed for two years." It was the very unaccountable blunder which caused it to reach the object it was designed to effect. The whole train of circumstances as detailed by your correspondent, was narrated to the writer of this communication some months since by a near relative of one of the parties. The letter was addressed to the Postmaster in Lancaster, the trader not knowing of any more likely spot to which to direct it: it was regarded as a hoax, or at least having so little interest that it was carelessly thrown aside. After the lapse of two years it was thoughtlessly picked up by the wife of the Postmaster, and after reading it, she determined to send it to the editor of one of the Lancaster papers, in which it was inserted simultaneously with an address on Temperance, which it was thought desirable to disseminate as widely as possible. Extra copies were accordingly stricken off, and one of these sent to a clergyman, whose brother was a resident of the Wyoming Valley, and who had heard of the circumstances that a family in that valley had lost a sister during the Indian wars, for whose recovery they had always manifested a great anxiety. He accordingly enclosed the paper to one of the brothers, and the letter was thus carried to its proper destination. The mother had exacted from them a promise that they should never intermit their exertions to recover their sister, but all their efforts had been vain. The ultimate result which will flow from the transaction none can tell—but surely, it is impossible to resist the conviction that some superintending Ruler has drawn together the links of such a chain.

Philadelphia, Aug. 29, 1839.

Active and Passive Love.—There are two kinds of love, the *active* and the *passive*, and we'll give the Little Genius credit for finding it out. When a man stays out late at night, gets corned, strolls carelessly home, goes whistling up stairs and is met at the top by his "cara sposa" who combs his head and brandishes a broomstick and uses her voice actively, that is love in the active voice. When a pretty girl takes a kiss with perfect composure, and looks as if she wouldn't care if she took two or three more, that is passive love. We are not considered difficult to please, but when it comes to love we certainly prefer the passive to the active.—N. O. Picayune.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1880.

"Obligations of the World to the Bible."—In this age, (as in others, for aught we know,) a vast deal of labor has been expended to disprove what no one believes, and to substantiate what no one doubts. Others, again, trouble themselves amazingly to prove or disprove what can interest no one, what no one cares any thing about, and what can benefit none, either morally or physically, whether it be true or false. Free this work from some of these characteristics, and we should like it much better than we do; as it is, however, we should esteem it a valuable addition to any family library.

The first lecture is an attempt to prove that "oral and written languages are to be attributed to a supernatural revelation." We believe that most men admit this of oral language; but many doubt it of written language. Our author's proofs of the possibility that God revealed a system of written language to Moses at Mount Sinai, are quite conclusive; but we know not that the decision of the question can affect any one. The second lecture, treating of the "literary merit of the Scriptures" is one of deep interest; this alone is worth the price of the book. The successive lectures are mostly devoted to the influence of the Bible upon civil and religious liberty, morality, the social institutions, and science. While we must disagree with the author upon several points, we would still say that the whole work bears evidence of a highly cultivated and closely disciplined mind. We think the author rather wild in regard to the punishment of crimes; as, should the legitimate consequences of some of his positions prevail, our sheriffs would be called upon almost weekly, to execute criminals. Several pages are devoted more to the institution of slavery than to any other subject. This extra labor is the consequence, we suspect, of the false position, that Slavery is "the obligation to labor for the benefit of the master, without the contract or consent of the owner." Had the author started upon the premise, that "Slavery is the compulsion," &c., he would have had less difficulty in his task. Were his position correct, we should now justly be the slaving subjects of Great Britain. We don't like the idea in the least.

KENYON COLLEGE, OHIO.—The annual Commencement of this Institution was held in Rosse Chapel, on Wednesday, the 21st of August. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon ten young gentlemen, members of the graduating class, and the degree of A. M. in course upon Peter S. Ruth, Wm. A. M. Brooke, Richard L. Brown and Edwin N. Lightner, alumni of Kenyon College, and upon John M. Stevenson, an alumnus of Jefferson College, Pa., and Principal of the Grammar School of Kenyon College.

The following honorary degrees were conferred, viz: that of A. B. upon Sabin Hough, a former member of Kenyon College; that of LL. D. upon Horace Webster, Prof of Math. and Nat. Phil. in Geneva College; and that of D. D. upon Rev. John A. Vaughan, of N. Y., and upon Rev. Edward C. McGuire, of Virginia.

Addresses were delivered before the Literary Societies of the College, by Rev. Wm. H. McGuffey, D. D., President of the Ohio University; and by JOHN M. STEVENSON, A. M., of Gambier.

☞ *The American Phrenological Journal*, the first volume of which closed this month, will commence a new volume on the 1st of next month. This is the only periodical of the kind in the United States; and it is conducted with an ability that renders it worthy of the support of every phrenologist in the country. Its tone is manly and courteous, stooping to nothing low, and always treating honorable opponents with candor and respect. Its editor and contributors are men of distinguished ability and profound research. It is published, (for the proprietors) by A. Waldie, at Philadelphia, at \$2 00 a year.

"*First Lessons in Geometry*."—Mr. Davies has done at last, just what he should have done years ago. In his 'First Lessons in Geometry,' he has given the public a work which has long been wanted more than any other, and the want of which every teacher and student has long regretted. It is just such a work as might be expected from the author. Indeed we think Mr. D. has succeeded better in this, than in his elementary works upon arithmetic and algebra.

Published by A. S. BARNES & Co., Hartford; for sale at ALLING'S, No. 12, Exchange st.

"*Guide for Mothers and Nurses*."—PROF. C. TICKNOR has favored the public with a work of rare value, and one that should be in every family in the union. It is an attempt to bring mothers and nurses to an acquaintance with those physiological facts which are absolutely necessary for the proper rearing of the young. Let this book be read and studied by the whole community, and the vast amount of domestic quackery, now practiced by so many to the destruction of bodily and mental sanity, will be done away.

For sale at ALLING'S.

"*Child's Book of Devotion*."—The most we can say in its favor is that it is better than any thing of the kind we have seen. We must say, however, that, like most books for children, it contains too much baby-talk. It is rather strange that mankind cannot learn that children can understand without saying "oo eettle pooty ting." (For sale at ALLING'S.)

☞ Perhaps we might like this book better were it not that the copy sent us is much soiled and mutilated.

The Ladies Companion, continues to be what its title indicates. Every number is entirely filled with original matter by the first writers of our country. The September No. is at least equal with its predecessors. It is embellished with a beautiful engraving, called "The Reifer;"—also with the fall fashions.

☞ A girl in Albany, 14 years of age, was burnt in a shocking manner by her clothes taking fire on the 6th inst. Much misery might be prevented in such cases, if the simple direction to lie down and roll over would be practised by those whose clothes take fire.

The Metropolitan,—for August, contains some articles of unusual interest. Its previous character for talent and elegance is fully sustained.

Blackwood's Magazine,—The August No. is before us, filled with matter of a bold and an original character. Some of its political ideas are worthy of the consideration of legislators.

"Now, Sam, if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man." "By chalks—you tell the man, and I'll lick you and the 'lasses too."

Written for the Gem

PECULIAR ADVANTAGES OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS FOR THE CULTIVATION OF POETRY.

The ancient Greeks, undoubtedly, possessed advantages for the cultivation of Poetry, superior to any other nation that has existed. Their lovely country, abounding in the most romantic and delightful scenery—their climate, in winter mild and agreeable, in summer cool and salubrious—their habits, dwelling in light and airy habitations, and studying and observing the phenomena of nature as they occurred—their occupations, giving most of their time and attention to the pursuit of the fine arts—their splendid mythology, being the most elegant and fanciful personification of natural objects—their language, which was rich, melodious and flowing;—all combined to make them the most accurate copiers of nature—to perfect in them a fruitful and brilliant imagination—to soften and refine the passions—and to give copiousness of expression—things of the highest importance in those who would excel in poetry. The scenery was hill and dale placed in the most picturesque variety, and indented with seas of glassy smoothness, which seemed to rejoice to add their charms to heighten its beauties. Over every plain—along every valley—and upon every hill-side, the olive spread its shade of lovely green to beautify and adorn. The luxuriant vine, hung its clustering foliage, in gay festoons, on the side of every mountain, and added a richness to the verdure of every dale. Beautiful rills bubbled and sparkled in the sun, as they leaped from the mountains, or gently murmured, as they flowed through the plains, reflecting in their transparent mirrors, the wild flowers which grow in spontaneous abundance upon their banks. The climate was neither cold and piercing in winter, nor hot and scorching in summer, but mild, agreeable and well adapted to give elasticity to the mind, and health to the body. The sky was most lovely. The sun looked forth with a calm and subdued light from an atmosphere tinged with the mellowest hues, and shaded by ever varying clouds of the most magnificent coloring. The air was balmy breezes, borne by sporting Zephyrs from a sea of exquisite coolness, or spicy gales, wafted from serene Ionia over waves of the most delightful temperature. Their habits were such as might be expected from such a climate and scenery. The lovely scenes among which they dwelt, and the fragrant air which they inhaled, would tend to soften and refine the passions—to enlarge and enliven the imagination—and to produce a deep and tender vein of poetic effusion. The beauties of nature would, of course, lead them to spend much of their time in the open air, and thus perfect them in a knowledge of nature, and fit them to attain the grand and sublime in poetic composition. Their mythology was poetry itself—their gods and goddesses personifications of natural phenomena, passions or sciences. All nature was endued with life and moved, and felt, and spake. When morning arose, it was
'Aurora, rosy-fingered daughter of the dawn,
Who flung the diamond dew drops o'er the fertile lawn.'
When the sun ascended exulting in his splendor, it was Apollo "far-shooting king," who drove his chariot and scattered light and joy throughout the universe; and when he sunk behind the sea, it was Tethys "great mother," who received him to her embrace. When the moon, in her brightness, took her course among the constellations, it was Diana, "chaste goddess of the silver bow," who shed her glittering

beams upon the earth. Did the Greeks wander upon Parnassus? there the Muses lived; or upon Helicon? there the "daughters of Jupiter and Memory" sported and played around their own sacred fountain. Did they gaze upon the heaving sea glistening in the moon's soft beams? the Nereids and Oceanides, with diamonds in their hair, were dancing upon its surface. Did they roam among the lovely groves of their land? the Dryads and Oreads were sporting and gamboling around; or, did they look towards Olympus? its snowy summits were the "brazen floored domes" of the "ever-living gods." Every spot was consecrated to some muse or guardian divinity, and every breeze wafted the sweetest inspiration to poetic genius. Their language was smooth, dignified and flowing. Its peculiarities in contraction and composition—its different dialects—all of which were rich and melodious, gave it great advantages in producing harmony and softness in poetry. It was full and copious in expression, fitted to convey every shade of meaning from the most lofty and sublime, to the most pathetic and tender. Thus almost every thing conspired to produce, in the ancient Greeks a taste and a genius for poetry; and their numerous bards, like Homer, who remain and must ever remain unequalled, show how well they improved the advantages they possessed. R. A.

April, 1838.

The following from the Boston Times reminds us of another incident of which we have heard. "By their fruit ye shall know them."

Furr.—Oh! dear! oh-o-o-oh! said our worthy friend Jim, as we met him yesterday, holding with both hands to a place that is vulgarly called the belly. "Why, Jim, what's the matter?" "Oh! I don't know—but such a dreadful pain!" "What have you been eating?" "Nothing of any consequence—only a few blackberries and milk for breakfast yesterday morning, a quart of huckleberries for lunch in the forenoon, a dozen nice pears, and four or five fine apples, as I was running about town; some small currant tarts and a few grapes, and a watermelon after dinner, and two or three plates of raspberries, and ice-cream in the evening. Oh! o-o-oh!" And he gave such a scream as showed that gripes and misery were tearing him, as if a sea-serpent were cutting up didoes in his inner man. It was impossible to offer such a glutton consolation, so we laughed at his agony and walked off.

Smoking cigars in the street.—A man named William Barnes, not having the fear of the city ordinances before his eyes, was found smoking a three center in the street, and was fined \$2 and costs, for indulging in this unlawful gratification. *Boston paper.*

[What a luxury would be such a law in New York! What scores of loafers would be cleared out of the streets! What disgusting spectacles of men with quids projecting from their mouths and ladies at their sides, would be banished at once.]—*Express.*

"Straws do show which way the wind blows," as the lady said when the wind carried her Leghorn flat across the street.

"Music and drawing taught here," as the man said when he was pulling a wheelbarrow, through the street without any oil upon his axles.

"I had a fall, but I didn't see fit to settle" as the parson said when his creditor came to dun him.

"I feel as if I should fly," as the dove said when he saw a boy pick up a stone in the street.

"Oh, I'm undone!" as the lady said at the ball when her corset string broke from overstraining.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself, all that runs over will be yours.—*Lacon.*

A Husband at Sight.—Lord G. being one day in Kingston Gardens, went to shelter himself from a very heavy shower of rain, in a covered seat, to which two ladies had also repaired, one of whom was Miss V. A conversation ensued, during which his lordship asked them if they had a carriage in waiting; they replied in the negative; he then treated them to take a seat in his, and allow him to convey them home; the offer was accepted. On their way to town Miss V said she thought it was the easiest carriage she had ever been in. His lordship politely replied, "You may be mistress of it, madam whenever you please." Miss V. blushed her thanks, and they were man and wife before the expiration of the month.

Whipping a Wife.—In the Franklin Circuit Court, (Indiana,) Harvey Pease was fined five dollars and sentenced to four months imprisonment in the county jail. It appeared in evidence that Pease had been in the constant habit of whipping his wife, ever since the wedding night, and in conversation with his neighbors who reproved him for ill-treating her, contended that he had a right, which he could prove from the Holy Scriptures, to whip and rule his wife as he pleased.

The Administration party have altered the name of their favorite scheme, from Sub to Independent Treasury. The last name is certainly the most appropriate, for its advocates are the most independent beings in the world.—They cram their pockets with the gold and silver of the people and make tracts for Texas, saying "help yourselves if you can."—*Medina Sentinel.*

"The Spoils of Victory."—The Augusta Age newspaper has been reviewing the events of the illustrious Governor Fairfield's war against the "myrmidons." From this article we learn that not a single cubic foot of the lumber that was taken has been sold, and not a single cubic foot remains. Poor encouragement, this, for going to the death for the sawlogs.

Great Men—Their birth Places.—It is stated that the following gentlemen were all born in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. John C. Calhoun, Gen. Hamilton, Robert Fulton, John Bell, and Mr. Whiteside, of Tennessee, Gov. Brown, of Kentucky, Professor Eberle, and Rev. Dr. McCalla, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Hall, of North Carolina.—*Whig.*

The Test of Riches.—"My father is richer than yours," said a boy to his companion the other day. "How do you know?" was the reply. "Because my father says that your father pays for every thing when he buys it, while my father never pays any body, but keeps this money to shave notes with."—*Boston Post.*

An old bachelor in Windham village, Vermont, advertises that he will receive scaled proposals from old maids for entering into the marriage contract. None under 35 years of age need apply, as he wants nothing to do with giddy flighty young things.

Tall Windows.—A waggish neighbour of ours speaking of windows which he saw in Boston, said the squares of glass were so big that it took four men to look out of them. He saw three men trying and they couldn't do it.

Rub horses with smart weed, and the flies will not trouble them.—*Boston Times.*

If our friend of the Times will try the same experiment upon himself, he will find less trouble than he has heretofore from cock-roaches and bed bugs.—*Philad. Ledger.*

A Pertinent Question.—The Methuen Gazette propounds the following question: "If a man is too poor to pay for a newspaper, how many dogs can he afford to keep? An answer is requested.

The dog population of the United States is at about two millions, and the expense of keeping them at upwards of \$10,000,000 per annum.

"Johny," said an accomplished dame, "I wish you would bring me the Richard-tionary, vulgarly called the Dick-tionary."

Who can subdue his own anger is more than strong; who allay another's is more than wise—hold fast on him who can do both.

A Hot Temper.—Sir Walter Scott says, in his Diary, that he was exceedingly diverted with the following anecdote: "Col. Blair told us that at the commencement of the battle of Waterloo, there was some trouble to prevent the men from breaking their ranks. He expostulated with one man. 'Why, my good fellow, you cannot propose to beat the French alone! You had better keep your ranks.' The man, who was of the 71st, returned to his place, saying, 'I believe you are right, sir, but I am a man of a very hot temper!' There was much bon hommie in the reply."

A Gentle Hint.—"If I am not at home from the party to-night at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me."

"That I won't," replied the lady significantly, "won't wait, but I'll come for you."

The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely.

Solidified Gas.—Professor Webster of Harvard, has repeated the experiment abroad of reducing gasses to a solid state, by a pressure of two tons to a square inch. The substance, resembled lumps of magnesia, and had a temperature of 80 degrees below zero, immediately freezing the mercury in contact with it.

Fondness for children denotes not only a kind heart, but a guileless one. A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brow, speak daggers to him—he sees his own villainy reflected from their countenances, as from a mirror. Always mark the man or woman who avoids children.

Astonishing Memory.—Mrs. Hemans, on one occasion, to satisfy the incredulity of one of her brothers, learned by heart, having never before heard it, the whole of Heber's poem of Europe in one hour and twenty minutes, and repeated it without one mistake or a moment's hesitation. The length of this poem is 424 lines.

A Rebus.—"What is a rebus?" innocently asked a lovely miss of a black eyed lad. Imprinting a kiss on her breathing lips, he replied, "If you now will return the compliment that will be a rebus." She was satisfied with the information.

"Dick," you have got a hole in your trousers." "Weel! who cares? It will wear longer than a patch." "Yes," says Sam, "and wider too."

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The "Christian Union Association of the city of Rochester and Vicinity," will hold its first Quarterly Meeting at Chili, (10 miles southwest of Rochester,) on Tuesday the 21th of September instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

By order of the Executive Committee.

E. SHEPARD, Sec'y.

This Association is composed of different religious denominations, who are equally represented in the appointment of the Standing Committee. The 2nd article of the constitution is as follows:—"The object of this Association shall be to promote all that cordiality of feeling and fellowship amongst the disciples of Christ—all that agreement in matters of faith and practice, and all that consequent concert and harmonious action in religious effort amongst Christians, which the Gospel requires."

DIED.

On the 16th inst., Frances Caroline Dewey, aged 23 years, in full hope of the immortality of the gospel.

In this city, on the 17th inst., George Alexander, son of Asahei Pratt, aged one year.

In this city, on the 11th inst., Caroline Louisa Peirce, aged three years and nine months, eldest daughter of Josiah M. and Caroline Peirce.

In Auburn, on the 15th inst., Mr. John O'Harra, formerly of Scipio, aged about 65 years.

On the 22d Aug. of bilious fever, at Mishawakie, Indiana, Zelotus B. Barrett, aged 39 years, formerly of the firm of Parsons & Bancroft of this city.

In Brighton, on the 9th inst., Mr. Ebenezer Sargeant, formerly of Milford, N. H., in the 68th year of his age.

In Albion, on the 17th inst., Miss Lucy Ann Doty, only daughter of Mr. Franklin Doty, aged 17 years.

At Eagle Harbor, on the 14th instant, Mrs. Lyman, wife of Mr. Edson Lyman, aged 26 years.

The death of Mrs. L. was sudden and shocking in the extreme. She was drawing water from a well, with an old fashioned crotch and sweep, when the crotch suddenly broke, and the sweep falling upon Mrs. L. so much injured her as to cause her death in about two hours. Mrs. L. was a amiable and highly respected member of society, and of the Christian Church.

CONVERSATION WITH THE AFRICAN CAPTIVES.

An interpreter has been found for the captives at New Haven, in a negro of New York, who is a native of Goshen, which is about a day's journey south of Sierra Leone. He was kidnapped at 12 years old, was liberated in Columbia by Bolivar, and is now about 30. A letter from Mr. Lewis Tappan who took him to New Haven, dated the 8th, gives the interesting particulars of an interview the day previous.—The joy manifested by the Africans on hearing one of their own color address them in familiar and friendly terms, is said to have been truly affecting. His native dialect is that of Gallinao, which some of the captives speak, but he is able to converse a little in Mandingo, to which district of the Senegambia country most of the prisoners belong.

The Senegambia country stretches for 800 miles along the Atlantic coast, and is some 400 miles north of Liberia. It is inhabited by several tribes, the Foulahs, Mandingos, &c., all speaking different dialects of the same general language. The Mandingos are the most numerous of the tribes, and their dialect is said to be the commercial language of nearly the whole western coast. They are partly Mahomedans and partly Pagans, and the Government is a sort of Republicanism. The physician says the prisoners have nearly all been circumcised. It was ascertained on Saturday by Mr. T. and the Professors at New Haven, through the conversations of the interpreter and captives that the more general words, such as sun, moon, child, father, &c., were nearly the same as those given by Mungo Park, by Pitchard, and Moulhien. Information is solicited from linguists.

Mr. Tappan gives the following interesting report of the story of these people, with some other particulars concerning them:—

"The four children were apparently from 10 to 12 years of age. The boy and two of the girls (who appeared to be sisters) are Mandingos, and the other girl from Congo. They are robust, are full of hilarity, especially the Mandingos. The sheriff of the county took them to ride in a wagon on Friday. At first their eyes were filled with tears, and they seemed to be afraid, but soon they enjoyed themselves very well, and appeared to be greatly delighted.

"Two or three of the men, besides one of the little girls, are natives of Congo, which is on the coast just south of the equator. The man with some of his teeth like tusks, is from Gahula in Congo. The teeth are said to be thus sharpened and made thus prominent by artificial means. The whole company, although thin in flesh, and generally of slight forms, and limbs, especially, are as good looking and intelligent a body of men as we usually meet with. All are young, and several are quite striplings. The Mandingos are described in books as being a very gentle race, cheerful in their dispositions, inquisitive, credulous, simple hearted, and much given to trading propensities.

"The other African prisoners are not permitted to hold converse with their Chief. Before they and he were deprived of this privilege, and when he occasionally came among them, they gathered around him, all talking at once, and shaking hands as if they rejoiced to see him among them. They appeared to look up to him, I am told, with great respect. We found Cinquez stretched upon his bedding on the floor, wholly unclothed, with a single blanket partly wrapped around him. He arose at the call of the jailer, rather reluctantly, and came towards us with a good degree of gracefulness and native dignity. Afterwards we saw him well clothed; but he does not seem to like the tight dress of this country. At first he seemed adverse to answering the questions of the interpreter, and made the impression that he could not speak the Mandingo dialect. But after the interpreter had told him that he had conversed freely with his comrades, he conversed freely with much energy of expression and action. R. S. Baldwin, Esq., of counsel for the prisoners, and Professor Gibbs having accompanied the interpreter.

"Joseph Cinquez as the Spaniards have named him, but who pronounces his name in his own language, Shingua, says he is a native of the Mandingo country. His father is neither a king nor a chief, but one of the principal men. Shinguan was kidnapped and sent down to the town of Gendema or Gedema, in the Gallina country. The interpreter knows the place,

says it is from ten to fifteen miles from the ocean. It is a small town on an inconsiderable river. Here he was put into the hands of King Shark, and after staying a while was delivered by this king "to a great man" named Falekower, belonging to Manu, near the mouth of the river Gambia, who disposed of him to the Spaniards. By them he was sent on board a ship, where he met, for the first time, the persons who are now with him in prison.—From Shinguan and his comrades we gather the following statements, nearly in their very words, as translated by the interpreter:—They demanded of the slaves where they were going to take them, but got no satisfactory answer. In one and a half moons, they said, we arrived at Havana. Here they were put ashore and confined one moon in a house very close. Then they were put on board the schooner which brought them to this country, and continued on board of her about one moon or a month. After being on board the schooner sometime, they agreed to take the schooner and go back to their own country. *Previous to this the Capt. was very cruel and beat them severely.* They would not take it, to use their own expression, and therefore turned to and fought for it. After this they did not know which way to go. But at length they told the Spaniards to take them to Sierra Leone. "They made fools of us," said Shinguan, "and did not go to Sierra Leone." In the day time, they said they could tell very well which way to go by the sun, but at night the Spaniards deceived them, and put the vessel the other way. After this, said they, we got here, and did not know where we were.

"Captain Green, of Sag Harbor, who was one of the first men the prisoners met ashore, before their capture by Lieut. Gedney, of the U. S. brig Washington, and who has given me a circumstantial account, differing in many respects from what has been published, of all that took place, says that the Africans asked him by one of their number who speaks a little broken English, "What country is this? He replied, this is America. They immediately asked, "Is it a slave country?" Captain Green answered, it is free here and safe, and there are no Spanish laws here. Shinguan then gave a sort of a whistle, when they all sprang upon their feet and shouted. Captain Green and his associates sprang to their wagon for their guns, supposing the Africans were about to attack them. But Shinguan came up, delivered up his cutlasses and gun, and even offered his hat, &c., and the rest did the same, indicating that they would give all up, that Capt. G. might take charge of the schooner, and everything on board. They however begged of him to take them to Sierra Leone. Shinguan positively assured Capt. G. at the time, and he repeats it now, that they threw nothing overboard. The stories about his loosening his girdle, and letting three or four hundred doubloons drop into the sea, and keeping under water for forty minutes, are considered fabulous. The Africans assert that there was a quantity of doubloons in the trunks that were carried on shore on Long Island, and Captain Green says he heard the money rattle as the trunks were returned to the schooner by order of Lieut. Gedney. On examining the contents of the trunks afterwards, no gold was found. Some persons are supposed to have the money, but who, is a secret. While on shore, at Long Island, Shinguan and his companions, although hungry, and with arms in their hands, would not kill a single animal, or take an article, even to satisfy their hunger, without paying generously for it. They appeared, it is true, to know very little about the value of money, and gave a doubloon for a dog, and a small gold piece for some victuals.

"The African prisoners are orderly and peaceable among themselves. Some of them sing well, and appear to be in good spirits and grateful for the kindness shown them.

"I attempted to instruct the African prisoners, especially the children. They pronounced words in English very distinctly, and have already nearly the numerals. In showing them some books, containing pictures of tropical animals, birds, &c., they seemed much pleased to recognize those with whose appearance they were acquainted, endeavoring to imitate their voices and actions. With suitable instructions these intelligent and docile Africans would soon learn to read and speak our language. Towards evening we made a visit to Shinguan, and conversed with him a considerable time.

He drew his hand across his throat as his room mates said he had done frequently before, and asked whether the people intended to kill him. He was assured that probably no harm would happen to him—that we were his friends—and that he would be sent across the ocean towards the rising sun, home to his friends. His countenance immediately lost the anxious and distressed expression it had before, and beamed with joy. He says he was born about two days traveling from the ocean; that he purchased some goods, and being unable to pay for only two thirds of the amount, he was seized by the traders, his own countrymen, and sold to King Sharka for the remaining third. "I don't tell a bit of a lie about it," he said. He says he left in Africa both his parents, a wife and three children. Two of the children, he remarked, are a little larger than the African girls who are prisoners, and the other about as large. We endeavored to ascertain what his ideas were about a Supreme Being, if he had any. He said "God is good." His countrymen, he says, know nothing about reading or writing. Tomorrow we expect to have him taken out of his cell, and examined, through the interpreter, by Messrs. Staples and Baldwin." L. T.

It is stated that all the Presidents, except elder Adams, have decided against the surrender of fugitives charged with treason or murder where there exists no treaty stipulation, as there does not between the United States and Spain—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

Newspaper Readers.—How endless is the variety of newspaper readers, and how hard it is to satisfy their wants. Mr. A believes he shall discontinue his paper, because it contains no political news—and B is decidedly of opinion that the same same sheet dabbles too freely in the political movements of the day. C doesn't cause it is all on one side—and D, whose opinion it generally expresses, does not like it because it is not severe enough upon the opposition. E thinks it does not pay due attention to fashionable literature—and F cannot hear the flimsy notions of the idle writers. G will not suffer a paper to lie upon his table, which ventures an opinion against slavery—and H never patronizes one that lacks moral courage to expose the evils of the day. I declares he does not want a paper filled with the Hodge-podge proceedings and doings of Congress, and the Legislature—J considers that paper the best which gives the greatest quantity of such proceedings. K patronizes papers for the light and lively reading which they contain—and L wonders that the press does not publish Dewey's sermons, and such other solid matter. M will not even read a paper that does not oppose the evils of sectarianism—and N is decidedly of opinion, that the pulpit and not the press should meddle with religious dogmas. G likes to read police reports, and P, whose appetite is less morbid, would not have the paper, in which these silly reports are printed, in his house. Q likes anecdotes—and R won't take a paper that publishes them. R says that murders and dreadful accidents ought not to be put into the papers—and S complains that his miserable paper gave no account of that highway robbery last week. T says the type is too small—and U thinks it is too large. V stops his paper because it contains nothing but advertisements—and all that W wants of it is to see what is for sale. X will not take the paper unless it is left at his store before sunrise and Y declares he will not pay for it if left so early that it is stolen from his domicile before he is up. And, last of all, come the complaints of some of the ladies, who declare the paper is uninteresting, because it does not contain every day a list of marriages—just as if were possible for the poor printer to marry people, whether the parties are willing or not.—*Bedford Gaz.*

The colored jack-ketch of this city cleans boots when business is dull. After laying on a strong coat of Day & Martin on a pair for a dandy yesterday, he brought them into his room, saying, "Here's boots, Massa."

"Aw," drawled the dandy, "is that you, Cesaw?"

"Yes, Massa, dat ba me. Ya! ya! ya!"

"Cesaw, any news this morning?"

"O! no Massa; did notin in dat line fur a considerable time: not since dat dere yaller man went off."

"O, Cesaw," said the dandy, "go out and close the down; you're exquisitely vulgaw."—*N. O. Picayune.*

From the Southern (Miss.) Sun.

INCIDENT ON BOARD A STEAM BOAT.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, recently from the "crescent city," gave us the following particulars of an incident which occurred on board the steam boat Gen. Brown, on her last upward trip from New-Orleans:

Opposite Fort Adams the boat was hailed by a stranger on shore, who, by various signs and tokens, manifested an evident desire to become one of the inhabitants of the floating palace. The boat rounded to, and a young gentleman, of graceful person, and handsome, manly features, clad in blue cloth, but *without baggage*, stepped on board; and again the gallant boat was stemming the strong current of the Mississippi. The new comer strutted into the clerk's office with the stride of a high born, aristocratic spirit, and recorded upon the register the name of "William Henry Harrison." It was soon buzzed about through the boat that Gen'l Harrison was aboard, and there was a general rush amongst passengers, cooks, cabin boys and sailors, to gaze upon the venerable form of the hero of the Thames. The youthful appearance of the new passenger, however, by no means corresponded with the idea entertained of the person of the hero of North Bend, and it was generally acknowledged that a fraud had been practised by *borrowing* a name. These disreputable surmises reached our hero's ear, and with an air of infinite condescension and kindness, he remarked to the assembled passengers, "True, gentlemen, I am not GENERAL Harrison. Of course, my age would negative such an opinion. My name, however, is William Henry Harrison, and I have the honor of being Gen'l Harrison's son."

The sentence was concluded by placing the right hand upon the region of the heart and graciously saluting the assemblage with a most profound and obsequious bow.

Things went on swimmingly with Mr. William Henry Harrison. The servants were particularly attentive—every passenger was anxious to engage a portion of his attention—the ladies gazed with admiration upon the graceful scion of a noble stock—in short, he was the lion of the boat.

But, alas! how fickle is the blind goddess!—how transitory are earth's honors!—how uncertain are the plaudits of the crowd!! At Natchez several other passengers were added to the assemblage. They were soon made acquainted with the supposed fact that no less a personage than Mr. William Henry Harrison was on board.

"William Henry Harrison!" exclaimed one of the new comers, with evident surprise. "Impossible, sir. I knew that young gentleman. Where is the man who has dared to assume that name?"

The interrogator was forthwith conducted to where our hero sat, the admiration of a group of passengers, an excellent regalia in his mouth, and a gilt volume of Byron in his hand.

"Are you the individual who calls himself William Henry Harrison, the son of General Harrison of that name?" fiercely demanded the passenger.

"Aye, sir," responded our hero, "I have that honor."

"Sir, you are a liar!—an impostor. I was a school mate of young Harrison. He is dead. I saw him die. I bore his pall."

Up rose the indignant son at these reproachful words—fierce anger flashed from his dark eye—he drew himself up at full height—expanded his broad chest—clenched his agitated hand, and spake thus:

"You speak a foul lie, and I will kill the villain who denies my lineage."

A regular fight was about to "come off," but the captain interfered, and immediately two other passengers stepped forth, who certified that they knew the Harrison family—that our hero was *not* one of them—that the son of Gen. Harrison had been buffed for some years—and that of course, they were dealing with a rascal.

The tide was fairly against our hero. The mask was torn off—he was fairly flouted. The boat was near Warrenton, and suddenly the engine was stopped—a boat was lowered—four jolly sailors seized the oars—our hero was thrust aboard *sans ceremonie*. The signs were ominous indeed. The yawl made for an island; Mr. William Henry Harrison was set on terra firma, upon that desolate speck of land, the sole

denizen of his little world—the monarch of all he surveyed.

The sailor who deposited his highness upon his new residence, was a son of Erin, and gave a few words of consolation, as the yawl departed, after this form:

"Now, me honey! if the muskaters nip ye here, just tell 'em ye're General Harrison's son, and divil a baste o' them will suck the precious blood from ye're veins."

The boat proceeded on her voyage. Her decks were crowded with living beings, who gazed upon the form of the now *nameless* being, who, with folded arms, stood "solitary and alone" upon the island.

Who he is, or whence he came, is now, and perhaps ever will be, a mystery. Perhaps he is a Murrel man—perhaps an expelled gambler—perhaps a regular pickpocket—perhaps a professional loafer. All that is *certainly* known is, that he is *not* General Harrison's son.

THE WIDOW.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow was driven by the furious north wind. Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged widow, all alone, and yet not alone.

During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed, and none heeded her destination. She sat at evening by her small fire, half famished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep—preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she should be spared.

She prayed that morning, "Give me this day my daily bread," but the shadows of evening decended upon her, and her prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open and shut again, and found deposited in her entry, by an unknown hand a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food which had the sweetness Manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night God only knows! But they were such as rise up to him—the Great Deliverer and Provider—from ten thousand hearts every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learnt through what messenger God had sent that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home was led to express the generous wish that that poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion, and a servant was dispatched to her mean abode with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God! An angel, with noiseless wing, came down, stirred the peaceful breast of a child, and with no pomp or circumstances of the outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered.—*Watchtower*.

Settling Accounts.—When a minister was spending a few weeks in Edinburgh, there came on business to the house, a man of the world. He was introduced to the minister in the following manner:

"This is an acquaintance of mine, and I am sorry to add, though young and healthy he never attends public worship." "I am almost tempted to hope that you are bearing false witness against your neighbor," replied the minister. "By no means, (said the young man, for I always spend my Sundays in settling accounts!" The minister replied, "Ah! Sir! you will find that the day of Judgment will be spent in the same way."

A gentleman out South, reclining on his sofa one hot summer day, called his negro waiter to bring him a handkerchief. The order was instantly obeyed. "Now hold it to my nose." After holding it there a minute or two, the sprawling gentleman sprang to the floor, and gave the poor nigger a kick which sent him headlong, at the same time remarking, "You black rascal, you knew what I wanted—why didn't you blow?"

The late Aurora Borealis was visible at Quebec extending from East to West over the Northern part of the sky. At Houlton, (Me.) Latitude 46, "The Southern Quarter of the Heavens," says a correspondent of the Boston Courier, "was entirely illuminated with silver and rose flames, presenting the appearance of an immense fire, spread out from the zenith to the horizon. The gambols of the Aurora resembled, in rapidity and form of motion, the eddies produced by a wind storm upon snow or dust. The light was most brilliant at the zenith, and the colors danced with each other like the waters of a restless sea. The hues were pink, blood-red, seagreen, and white.

"The general movement was lateral, but we had also the undulating motion. At one time there was a broad belt of light arching from east to west. This belt was scalloped or festooned at the zenith, like unto some kinds of sea shells. In a few moments it was transformed into a double cape, which the ladies who were looking upon it called Pelerine. Immediately afterwards, it settled into the fan shape. The air was perfectly still, and the light was bright enough to read by during the continuance of the phenomenon."

This light was visible in Kentucky, but not in Richmond, Va.—*Express*.

Two brothers named Elm, were once subpoenaed on a trial. The first of them having been examined, the late Mr. Justice Park, from his venerable appearance, was induced to ask his age. "Eighty," he replied. And how do you live? Very regular. And pray what do you make use of as your beverage? Tea, and milk and water. His lordship in reply, addressed himself to the counsellors thus:—"There, gentlemen, there's a specimen for you of regularity." The other brother was called, and from his appearance, the counsellors in the cause were induced to ask him his age, and were told that he was eighty-three. And pray, Mr. Elm, how do you live. Very regular, your honor; I go to bed drunk every night of my life. There, my lord, there's a specimen of regularity; what do you think of that, my lord?—eighty-three!—"Ah! gentlemen, Elm, wet or dry, lasts a long time," said his lordship, gravely.—*London paper*.

NOT SLOW.—As a train of cars was passing along one of the railroads a few days since, under full headway, the engineer observed an old woman running towards the train from a house he was about passing, waving her hands and exhibiting great anxiety lest the train should go by without stopping. Supposing that her errand was important, he checked the locomotive, and moved slowly along until the old lady—who had run herself out of breath—gradually approached within hailing distance. "Well marm," cried the conductor, "what do you want?" "I want" replied the dame, screeching at the top of her voice, "I want to know if you want to buy any squashes?" The way the steam was put on the locomotive for the next five miles was a caution to land turtles.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Very Last.—A friend, who recently passed through the town of —, in New Hampshire, relates the following anecdote, as told to him whilst there. There was a very pious man—a deacon of his church—residing in the town by the name of Day—by trade a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys were playing in front of his house, and he went out to put a stop to their Sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance he said to them, "Boys, do you remember what day this is?" "Yes, sir," immediately replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper."—*Boston Transcript*.

"My dear, what shall we have for dinner to-day?" "One of your smiles," replied the husband, "I can dine on that any day;" "But I can't," said Mrs. —. "Then take this," said he, giving her a kiss as he departed for his office. He returned to dinner. "This steak is excellent," said he, "what did you pay for it?" "What you gave me this morning," said she.—"You did?" said he, "then you shall have market money the rest of the time."

A Kabbitch Head.—The Baltimore Sun, after examining his development, has come to the conclusion that a cabbage head is different from a head of cabbage, as the former has a pair of long ears.—*Phil. Led*.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE MARRIED MAN AND THE BACHELOR.

Happy and free are the married man's reveries,
 Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
 He knows not the Bachelor's revelries, develries,
 Cared for by and blessed by his children and wife:
 From lassitude free, too—a sweet home to flee to,
 A pet on his knee, too, his kindness to share;
 A fireside so cheery, the smiles of his deary—
 O this, boys, O this is the Married Man's Fare.

Wife, kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,
 Busy promoting his comfort around;
 Dispelling dejection with smiles of affection,
 Sympathising, advising, when fortune has frown'd;
 Old stories relating, droll tales ever stating.
 Little ones prattling, all strangers to care:
 Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some
 munching,
 Economy dealing the Married Man's Fare.

Thus is each jolly day, one lively holiday:—
 Not so the Bachelor's, lonely, depressed—
 No gentle one near him, no home to endear him;
 In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;
 No children to climb up—would fill all my rhyme up,
 And take too much time up—to tell his despair;
 Cross house keeper meeting him—cheating him, beat-
 ing him,
 Bills pouring, maids scouring, devouring his fare.

He has no one to put on a sleeve or a button—
 Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at knee:
 The cook, to his grief, too, spoils pudding and beef, too,
 With overdone, underdone, undone is he.
 No son, like a treasure, in business or leisure;
 No daughter, with pleasure new joys to prepare:
 But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush in dozens,
 Relieving him soon of his Bachelor's Fare.

He calls children apes, sir, (the fox and the grapes,
 sir.)
 And fain would he wed when his locks are like snow;
 But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn
 out;
 And maidens deriding, cry, "No, my love, no!"
 Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow,
 No hope in to-morrow—no one sympathy spares;
 And when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—
 None closes his eyes up—he dies—and who cares?

EXTRACT FROM POLLOCK.

They had the Bible—
 * * * The author God himself;
 The subject—God and man, salvation, life
 And death—eternal life, eternal death—
 Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds.
 Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
 Star of eternity—the only star
 By which the bark of man could navigate
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
 Securely * * * * *
 * * * This book—this holy book, on every line
 Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
 On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
 Divine—and with the eternal heraldry
 And signature of God Almighty stamp'd—
 From first to last this ray of sacred light,
 This lamp from off the everlasting throne.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

O sweet lovely bower, how oft in thy shade,
 Where no one can hinder, nor aught make afraid,
 Has my soul humbly bowed in devotion sincere,
 And met a kind Saviour in whispers of prayer.

The soft shades of evening encircled me around,
 While I waited for Jesus in stillness profound:
 What music so sweet as the soft breathing air,
 While I bowed to my Saviour in ardor of prayer.

How oft at the dawn, when all nature in bloom,
 Fill'd the cold breath of morn with the sweetest perfume,
 Have those joys which are sweeter than nature can
 wear,
 Filled my soul with delight in sweet answer to prayer.

And oft have I strayed from the sun's piercing heat,
 Where coolness invites to thy lovely retreat;
 But far more refreshing than breezes of air,
 Were the sweet consolations in answer to prayer.

But now lovely bower I bid thee adieu,
 And travel to climes that are distant and new;
 No more shall I breathe thy perfumes in the air,
 Nor be fanned by thy branches while kneeling in prayer.

But should I be severed from thy blissful seat,
 In spirit I'll often my visits repeat;
 And Jesus whose spirit is felt every where,
 Will answer in secret my whispers of prayer.
 Poughkeepsie, 5th mo. 7, 1836.

THE HAPPY DAY.

Oh! mem'ry brings us back again
 To many a green and lovely spot,
 And echoes many a soothing strain,
 Perchance by others long forgot;
 Some gentle link enchains the heart,
 Some thought reflects the pleasing ray;
 And thus while mearer things depart,
 We live again—the happy day.

Oh! is there one who hath not felt it,
 That e'en amid a life of pain,
 No scenes there were, where he hath dwelt,
 He would not wish to know again?
 Though dark adversity hath gloom'd
 The flowers that seem'd in youth so gay?
 He never can forget they bloom'd
 Once—once upon some happy day.

When first I met some valued friend,
 When first I breathed love's fervid vow—
 When first my spirit learn'd to blend
 With one who loves me dearly now;
 When first I saw my infant smile,
 Though time speeds on his rapid way,
 These memories shall my heart beguile,
 And call back many a happy day.

From the New York Whig.
 THE NICE LITTLE LASSIE THAT LIVES
 O'ER THE WAY.

The heart is a tyrant that none can control,
 When the whirlwind of passion sweeps swift o'er the
 soul;
 And all the stern mandate of Love must obey—
 Oh! the nice little lassie that lives o'er the way!

How oft in my slumbers I dream of the fair,
 They seem like the angles of light and of air;
 But O, there is one that disturbs me all day—
 'Tis the dear little lassie that lives o'er the way.

When'er at the window she happens to sit,
 My heart in my bosom goes pit-a-pat-pit;
 For there's nought in creation can o'er me bear sway,
 Like the nice little lassie that lives o'er the way.

She's lovely, she's pretty, bewitching, divine,
 And Hope re-assures me she yet shall be mine;
 I'll cherish it ever—it ne'er shall decay,
 Till I wed the dear lassie that lives o'er the way.

By heavens! she's winking at some one below!
 He's a top of a fellow—his name I don't know,
 And neither do care, for I have no more to say;
 So go to the dickens! you girl o'er the way!

OLEN.

SONG.

Farewell the enchantments of beauty,
 And friends of my bosom adieu;
 I'm called by the mandates of duty,
 And can no more linger with you.

A way o'er the tremulous billow,
 My little bark gaily shall leap—
 The next lullaby for my pillow
 Shall be the rough surge of the deep.

Yet lashed by the merciless ocean,
 And drenched by dark clouds from above—
 My heart with its deepest devotion,
 Shall prey for the beings I love.

And oh! may the one that has bound me
 With bonds that can never decay—
 Be blast, tho' the billows surround me,
 And bear me reluctant away.

F. S.

Dr. Johnson, to ridicule some fallacious rea-
 soning, wrote the following ludicrous lines:—

If a man who turnsip cries,
 Cry not when his father dies,
 'Tis a sign that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father.

EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO BEAT HER HUS-
 BAND.

Come hither Sir John, my picture is here;
 What think you, my love, don't it strike you?
 Can't say it does. just at present, my dear,
 But I think it soon will! it's so like you.

MARRIED.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman,
 Mr. Miles Chaddock, to Miss Maria Fuller, of Scotts-
 ville.

On the 10th instant, by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Joseph
 Guild, to Miss Susan Holmes, daughter of Reverend
 Benjamin Holmes, of Wethersfield, Vt.

In Lima, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Mr. Perry, Mr.
 JEREMIAH B. WITTEBECK, Merchant, of East
 Avon, to Miss AMANDA BENNETT, daughter of
 A. B. Bennett, Esq., of the former place.

In Chili, on the 3rd inst., by Moses Sperry, Esq. Mr.
 Richard I. Cheever, of Clarkson, to Miss Susan
 Brown, of the former place.

On Thursday morning, 5th inst., by the Rev. Mr.
 Goodwin, Mr. HIRAM BANKER, to Miss IPHELIA
 VALLEAU, all of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr.
 John Williams, to Mrs. Nancy Miller.

At Trenton, on the 15th inst., by Elder V. Z. Wal-
 ters, Mr. Silas Rockwell, of Rochester, to Miss Caroline
 R. Jones, of the former place.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM AND AMULET.

- ARTEMAS ENOS, Traveling Agent.
- Luke Wells, Amber, Onondago county, New York.
 - Z. Barney, Adams, Jefferson county, do do
 - S. P. Breck, Branchport, Yates county, do do
 - Cyrus P. Lee, Buffalo, (P. O.) Erie co., do do
 - R. B. Brown, Brownsville, Windsor co., Vermont.
 - Alonzo Bennett, Berrien, Berrien co., Michigan.
 - J. H. Blue, Chariton, Mo.
 - G. M. Copeland, Clarendon, Orleans co., New York
 - Miss F. A. Adams, Canandaigua, Ontario co., do do
 - E. Maxwell, Elmira, Chemung co., do do
 - A. Fowler, Fowlerville, Livingston co., do do
 - W. C. French, Gambier, Knox co., Ohio.
 - S. Hunt, Hunt's Hollow, Allegany co., New York.
 - E. B. Warner, Lima, Livingston co., do do
 - A. H. Eddy, Marion, Wayne Co., do do
 - Israel Pennington, Macon, Lenawa co., Michigan.
 - K. W. Townsend, Newark, Wayne co., New York.
 - P. S. Church, Onkfield, Genesee co., do do
 - Henry Henion, Rushville, Ontario co., do do
 - S. Reeve, Seneca Falls, Seneca co., do do
 - N. G. Shepard, South Avon, Liv. Co., do do
 - D. Cummings, South LeRoy, Gen. Co., do do
 - Sewal Brintnall, Watertown, Jeff. Co., do do
 - Post Master, Utica, Licking Co., Ohio.

OFFICE OF THE GEM
 CORNER OF BUFFALO AND STATE STS, ROCHESTER

CITY LIBRARY AND READING ROOMS.

Adjoining the City Bank,
 open every day (except Sunday) from 7 a. m. till 10 p. m.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Desirous that the means possessed by the "Rochester
 Athenæum and Young Men's Association" shall be
 efficiently employed in promoting the moral and intel-
 lectual welfare of the community, the Board of Direc-
 tors hereby give notice that—
 Strangers are admitted free of expense; and will be
 entitled to a free ticket for one month on having their
 names entered in the Register by any Member or Sub-
 scriber, or by the Landlord of any Hotel. Gentlemen
 from the neighboring towns and counties, who may be
 attending courts or otherwise temporarily engaged in
 business here, are invited to avail themselves of the
 above regulation.
 Ladies are respectfully informed that the afternoon
 and evening of THURSDAY in each week, (from 2 to 5,
 and from 6½ to 9½ p. m.) are especially appropriated for
 their convenience in examining the Library and select-
 ing books—though such books may be returned and
 exchanged also on Saturday evening.
 As Families are entitled to three volumes at a time, it
 is hoped that members and subscribers will encourage
 the different members of their households to avail them-
 selves of the opportunities here presented for mental
 improvement.
 Apprentices, and other Young Men who are not al-
 ready entitled to the advantages of the Institution, are
 invited to participate in the privileges of the City Li-
 brary, which they may do, free of expense, on having
 their names sent in by some member or subscriber, who
 will be responsible for the safe and regular return of
 the books and magazines—provided that no member or
 subscriber shall at any time have more than three vol-
 umes charged to his account for any purpose.
 The Library, though opened for the circulation of
 books only on Thursday and Saturday at certain hours,
 can be examined at any time by visitors who may wish
 to read or refer to any publications in the rooms, on
 applying to the young man in charge of the establish-
 ment. The Library, of which a Catalogue was lately
 printed, has now about twenty-four hundred volumes,
 and is steadily increasing:—and as care has been taken
 in selecting the late and comprehensive editions, when-
 ever practicable, it is probable that there is as much
 contained in it as in some older Libraries of double its
 size.

The Reading Rooms are furnished with the principal
 newspapers from the prominent cities—and with the
 principal Reviews and Magazines, about 30 in number,
 from Great Britain and the United States. The regular
 Lectures before the Institution are given on Thursday
 evenings between the months of October and June.

The Regulations of the Reading Rooms and Library,
 to which the attention of visitors is invited, will be
 found posted in the Rooms and in the Books. The
 Rules will be rigidly enforced—as punctuality in
 every respect is absolutely indispensable in accom-
 plishing the objects of the Institution.

As the Institution aims at rendering "the greatest
 good to the greatest number," to the utmost extent of
 its means, the Board of Directors take this opportunity
 to urge all members and subscribers to use their influ-
 ence in promoting that object by extending the useful-
 ness of the Library and Reading Rooms in their respec-
 tive circles of acquaintance. Persons desirous of be-
 coming members or subscribers, are requested to sig-
 nify their wishes to either of the undersigned Directors.

- George R. Clark, Henry O'Reilly,
 - Alexandr Kelsey, N. T. Rochester,
 - H. L. Stevens, Wm. Churchill,
 - E. S. Warner, Lewis Brooks,
 - C. T. Amsden, Amos Bronson,
 - E. Fessing Smith, Wm. S. Thayer,
 - F. S. Marsh, F. K. Blythe,
 - Hiram A. Tucker, N. R. Child,
 - J. Addison Eastman, Directors.
- Rochester, August 3, 1839

LADIES' SCHOOL.

MISS M. B. ALLEN, has taken the house known
 as the late residence of Dr. Ward, on North St. Paul
 street, where she proposes to open a School, the first
 Monday in October, for the instruction of young ladies
 in the various branches of a thorough English, Classi-
 cal, and Ornamental Education.

Those ladies from abroad wishing to board with the
 Teachers can be accommodated in the Institution.

Tuition will be received in advance, or before the
 middle of the term.

Rochester, Sept. 20, 1839. sep21 2wdctf

ROCHESTER MARKET.

ROCHESTER, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21.

FLOUR—Superfine	bb	55 50 a 0 00
do Fine	do	5 50 a 0 00
MEAL—Buckwheat	cwt	1 13 a 0 00
do Corn	bush	1 13 a 0 00
GRAIN—Wheat	do	1 06 a 1 08
do Barley	do	56 a 0 00
do Corn	do	1 00 a 0 00
do Oats	do	31 a 0 38
PROVISIONS—Pork, Mess.	bb	20 00 a 22 00
do Prime	do	16 00 a 0 00
do in hog	cwt	0 00 a 0 00
do Cheese, old	lb	12 a 0 14
do do new	do	7 a 0 09
do Butter	do	18 a 0 20
do Eggs	doz	10 a 0 12
do Turkeys,	lb	00 a 0 00
do Chickens,	do	10 a 0 12
do Lard	do	10 a 0 12
do Potatoes	bush	20 a 0 25
do Beans	do	1 00 a 1 25
HOPS—	lb	10 a 0 00
FLAX SEED—	bush	1 00 a 0 00
GRASS SEED—	do	1 00 a 1 55
HAY—	ton	8 00 a 11 00
WOOD—Hard—dry.	cord	2 25 a 2 75
do do green	do	2 00 a 2 50
do do Soft dry	do	2 00 a 2 20

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Erastus Shepard & Alvah Strong.

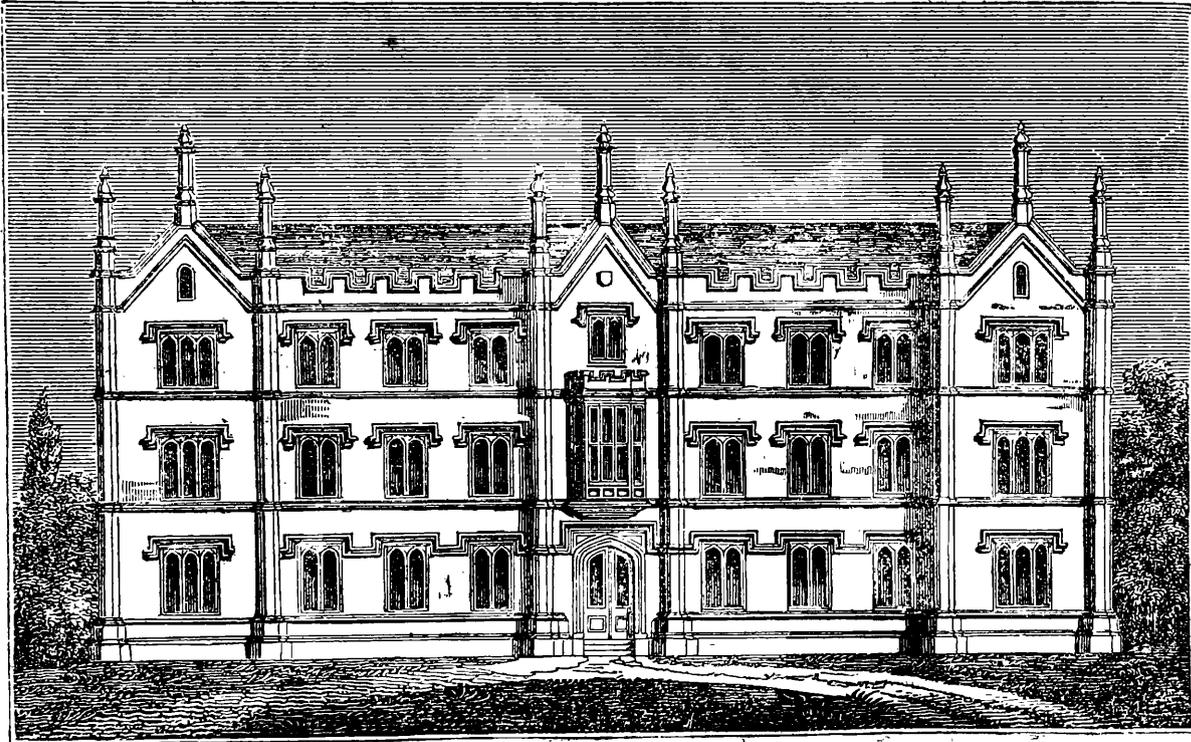
\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 5, 1839.

No. 26.



BEXLEY HALL, GAMBIER, OHIO.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE DIOCESE OF OHIO—KENYON COLLEGE KENYON PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.—The Institution known in its several departments by these titles, is situated upon a beautiful eminence in the centre of Ohio, about five miles from Mt. Vernon. It was founded in 1823, with funds obtained by Bishop CHASE from benevolent individuals in England and the United States, and numbers among its benefactors some of the most eminent names of both countries. We extract the following brief sketch from the annual Catalogue for 1838-9:

"This Institution was originally chartered as a Theological Seminary. Subsequently an additional charter was granted, conferring upon the Institution the name and all the privileges of a College. For the convenience of those intending to become members of the College, or of the Theological Seminary, as well as to prepare young men to engage in the active duties of life, without taking a full College course, a Grammar School has been established, divided into a Junior and Senior Preparatory Department. So that the Institution now consists of four distinct departments.

"The location of this Institution contributes much to the attainment of the ends for which it was established. It is situated nearly in the centre of Ohio, at a distance from any city or village, in an elevated and healthy position, and in a neighborhood peculiarly free from the temptations and dangers to which young men are often exposed. The authorities of the Institution have the exclusive control of the lands belonging to the Corporation, extending about a mile and a half in each direction from the College buildings. No portion of these lands can be sold; but are leased on such conditions and to such persons, that it is confidently believed

no influence of an injurious tendency will be exerted."

"Every student in the Collegiate and Preparatory Departments is required to sign a promise that while a member of the Institution, he will neither use profane language, nor gamble, nor drink ardent spirits."

The names of the Officers for the present year, are as follows:

Rt. Rev. CHARLES P. McILVAINE, D. D., President, *ex officio*.

Rev. WILLIAM SPARROW, D. D. Vice President, and Milnor Professor of Divinity and of Intellectual and Moral Science.

Rev. JOSEPH MUENSCHER, A. M., Professor of Biblical Literature.

Rev. M. T. C. WING, A. M., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Latin.

Rev. CHAUNCEY COLTON, D. D., Professor of Pastoral Divinity and Sacred Rhetoric.

JOHN KENDRICK, A. M., Professor of Greek, Greek Literature, and Rhetoric.

ROBERT P. SMITH, Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

JOHN UFFORD, A. B., Tutor in Mathematics.

JOHN SANDELS, Tutor in Languages.

JOHN M. STEVENSON, A. M., Principal of the Senior Preparatory Department.

STEPHEN G. GASSAWAY, A. B., Assistant.

Rev. HEMAN DYER, A. M., Principal of the Junior Preparatory Department.

H. RUSS, Assistant.

H. L. THRALL, M. D., Physician to the Institution.

The same Catalogue from which we have extracted the above, contains the names of two

hundred and three individuals, members of the Institution for that year.

LIBRARIES.	
Seminary and College Library,	4063 vols.
Juvenile Library, for the use of the students at Milnor Hall,	590 "
Libraries of the Philomathean & Nu Pi Kappa Societies,	2950 "
The Whitneian Library, consisting principally of text books,	350 "
Total,	7953 "

The engraving which we have placed at the head of this article, represents a front view of the building now erecting for the use of the Theological Students in this Institution. It is named in honor of a distinguished English nobleman, one of its patrons and founders.

We hope to be able to present the readers of the GEM, with a view of Kenyon College at some future day.

From the North American.

Mr. Editor.—I would inform the person who wished to know how Tomatoes are preserved, that the following is the way I learned from an old house-keeper. Take a half peck of small green Tomatoes, prick them with any sharp pointed thing, place them in an iron pot, then boil, them four hours, then place them in an earthen jar, and the next day they will be fit for use.

N. B. Preserve them whole, do not take the skins off.

"I've some urgent business on hand," as the fox said when the dogs were after him.

MISCELLANY.

THE YOUNG OUTLAW.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

One of my youthful playmates, whose brains were half turned by reading romances and old ballad lore, came to the resolution of leading the life of an outlaw, and living in the green-wood, like Robin Hood. From a child he prided himself on his archery, and spent every half-penny he could "rap and ring" together, in purchasing catgut for his bows, and iron heads for his arrows; and when he could muster no money he would take himself to the blacksmith's, and hammer out old nails to the best shape he could, to point his shafts. Not a sparrow could alight within reach of his woodland weapon, but an arrow was launched at him; and although he was never known in his whole life to hit one, yet, it must be confessed, he sometimes came "very near." One old gamecock, which had strutted for years in his father's barn-yard, was so accustomed to our hero's shafts, that he fairly set him at defiance, and would peck about within half a score yards of our archer, and only lift up his legs now and then, as if cock-sure he should never be hit. Sometimes, too, this courageous chanticleer would give a most provoking crow at the youth's departure; when, very un-Robin-Hood-like, the irritated archer would return and assail him with a volley of stones. A proud day was that for the youth, when, after about twenty shots, he struck the head of the old sow; and though she continued rooting up the earth, as if unconscious of the blow, yet it was a great feat to know that the arrow hit her; that very night, too, he lodged a shaft in the gate-post, while standing at least eight yards off. The next day, he dragged the green baize cloth from off his mother's dining table, bringing down by the sudden jerk the huge tea-caddy, and scattering the six-shilling hyson upon the floor; this he replaced as he best could, with no small addition of sand, with which the stone pavement was plentifully besprinkled. He threw the mantle over his shoulder, and hastened to show his companion Bob this new cloak of Lincoln green. Bob was a shrewd boy; and believing his old playmate to be half-cracked, had consented to play the part of Sanchio to our Don, and join him in his woodland life, as a second Little John.

Our young enthusiast now began to make all necessary preparations; he plundered his father's plantations of the young ashes for bows, and spent hours in the manufacturing of arrows, and was a constant attendant at the forge, much to the annoyance of the old blacksmith, who, however, after listening to his accounts of the exploits he boasted of achieving, only replied—"Thou art daft, Jacky—mad as a March hare." But Jacky continued to read the Garland and to brood over the exploits of the bold outlaw, in spite of the cold hopes held out by the man of iron, and the dry arguments of Bob. His dreams were now of the fallow-deer, bounding through green glades, and the loud laughter of "merry men," resting under some oak tree. The sound of bugle horns rung upon his slumbers; he shot sheriffs in his sleep, and rescued his followers even at the foot of the gallows tree. In a word, there was nothing of which he read that he did not think himself able to achieve.

He arose one morning and hastened to meet Bob; he was determined to linger no longer.—He found his companion weeding in a neighboring field; and throwing himself down on a grassy hillock, began "in a strain worthy of a hero of romance." "Bob," said he, "I take my departure to-morrow; my home in future shall be the wide woods, and my food the beasts of the chase. If thou wilt follow my fortunes, speak; if not, stay behind and remain my father's slave."

"You had better get up," replied Bob, "or else you'll happen to catch a precious cold with lying on the wet grass. You should have brought your great coat and gotten used to it by degrees. I'll be bound Robin Hood didn't go into this hard way of living all at once; I think we'd better stay till another summer."

"It becomes not the hardy forester to shrink from the cold," replied our hero, slightly coughing. "The brave outlaws bore all weathers, and were as warm before their forest fire, as the old baron in his hall. I shall soon kill dear snow to furnish us with skins to build a tent,

and at least erect you a shelter. As for myself, I would not crave a better bed than the fallen leaves, when I am weary of the chase."

"That's all very fine talking, my young master," answered Bob, still pulling up the weeds; "but I've never seen many deer, and I believe that Robin Hood shot most of them in his day; and as to your killing plenty of game, you must have got a deal better aim since you shot at one of the sheep, and missed it nine times hand-running. And about standing cold, I can take my share of that, any how; and if I go with you, we shall see who can stand the most. But I would advise you to wait till another summer; perhaps you'll be able to hit a sheep in less than nine shots before then."

"Not another day," added the archer, springing up indignantly. "To-morrow night I sleep beneath some broad oak tree; warton wood shall be my resting place; and this good cloak of Lincoln green," added he, displaying the table-cloth, "my covering."

"Isn't there a barn or hovel? or wouldn't it be better to steal a few sheaves of straw, to take with us?" inquired the ever cautious Bob. "If there's a barn, you know, we might as well get used to it by degrees, and lie a bit nearer the door every night, until we can stand the open air better. Besides, we shall want a pot to boil the turnips in, that we thieve; and a tinder box. You never see these gipsy chaps without a good big pot, and a frying pan, and a few blankets; and some of those are 'nation hard, I can't tell you—as hard as Robin Hood, or Little John or any of those fellows ever were."

"Thou art but an ignorant clod-hopper," replied the hero, indignantly, "to think of comparing the Outlaw of Sherwood Forest to a paltry race of thieves and fortune-tellers, when Robin Hood entertained kings. Were it in those days when there were no laws, I would draw my long bow and shoot thee through the ribs. But I pity thine ignorance, Bob," added he, with the scorn of a warrior; "thou hast never read Robin Hood's Garland."

"Well, and if I never did read the book you talk of," replied Bob, sulkily, "I know those who are none the wiser for all their reading; but fancy they can shoot stags like bold Robin, and knock down castles, like Oliver Cromwell. But if I don't know too much about such matters as these, I know what it is to stand the cold, for I've often been out with our shepherd all the lambing season; and you'll have enough of it before the first night's over, or I shall be nationally mistaken. But, however, if you go a Robin Hooding, why, I'll go with you—honor bright; but as your father says, you'll be the first to find it out."

"Thou art a noble fellow, Bob," replied our hero, seizing the red cold hand of his hardy companion; "and I will ere long make thee a gallant archer. We will live on pheasant, my boy, and have hares every day, if we like, while partridges shall be our commonest food. We shall be free as kings, and have no one to order us."

"Hares and such things, I dare say, are very good," replied Bob; "but I think it wouldn't be amiss to take a cut of cold bacon, a lump of cheese, and a loaf, in case you should happen to miss when you shoot, because you know they are not so big as the old sow. And you may do as you like; but I shall take the horse cloth out of the stable. Your father said I might go with you one day a Robin Hunting, but hoped you wouldn't pelt the old cock again with pebbles."

Our hero's father was a good natured farmer of the old school, and let his son follow the bent of his humour without thwarting him; but contented himself with saying, "the first day will bring him to his senses." There was also a perfect understanding between himself and Bob; so that he was fully apprised of his attention to start in the morning, and as the wood was only two fields distant, had no doubt of their finding the road home at night-fall.

The next day the two youths sallied forth, Bob carrying a good store of provender in his cotton handkerchief, and with the horse cloth over his shoulder, as he said "it might rain." Our hero was armed with a couple of bows and a huge bundle of arrows, and a heart as light as ever beat in the breast of the famous forester, whose deeds he was so ambitious to emulate.—They entered Warton wood, which extends nearly three miles in length.

"To day," said the young archer, leading the way, "I shall not perhaps kill much game; but

will look for a glade to build our tent in, and to-morrow you can fetch the iron pot which Betsy has promised us; but I never read that Robin Hood carried such things."

"Happen not," said Bob, "and as to killing much, I dare say Betty's words will prove true. I shall be able to carry it home in my eye. But see! there's a squirrel in that tree. Make haste! about a hundred squirrel skins stitched together would make a capital coverlid. Aim at his eye."

The hero bent his bow, took aim, and his arrow stuck in one of the huge branches of the tree while the squirrel, which was far beyond bow-shot, never changed his position. Arrow after arrow followed; but the highest which he shot, came not within ten feet of where the prey was perched. Bob looked out for a stone to pelt him down, but there was none at hand.

"We cannot eat squirrels," said the hero, picking up his arrows. "If one could but see a stag, that would be worth trying for."

"If we were near Nottingham," said Bob, we might climb over Lord Middleton's park wall. I remember seeing a few stags there, when I went to my uncle's."

They wandered along further into the wood and started a pheasant or two; but long before the archer could bend his bow, the lordly bird had shot out of sight, with a loud "whir." Bob showed his teeth, and remained silent for some time, until growing towards noon, he felt hungry; and seating himself by the stem of a huge oak, began to spread out his fare.

"I was afraid," said he, "we should not kill many pheasants, and Betty told me as hares were not in season, she would pack me up some bacon and bread, and a nice slice of ham for yourself. She also gave me a bottle of beer, which I thought would be better than the gurgling brook you used to talk about; because there's often dead leaves in them, and lots of newts, frogs, and toads. Here's a bit of new-milk-cheese, too. I dare say Robin Hood would have given his best bow for a mouthful of it sometimes."

Our hero fell to work with a true woodland appetite; and the handkerchief was much lighter when they had finished their repast; and, while eating the thought struck him, that had it not been for the foresight of his companion, Robin Hooding would have been hard work on an empty stomach.

They continued their rambles until night-fall. Bob, however, as their shadows began to lengthen, contriving by some circuitous manœuvre, that sunset should find them on that side of the wood nearest home."

"Well," said the attendant, "the crows have all gone to roost. We have had a whole day of it, and killed nothing; and the handkerchief's quite empty. Don't you think it's high time we went home?"

"No, Bob," replied the hero; "you can go if you like; but they shall never say that I gave up after so short a trial."

"Well," answered Bob, throwing himself down under a tree by the road side, "you'll perhaps think better on it after a while. Betty said she would leave the door on the latch; so, you know, nobody will be any the wiser about us coming back until to-morrow."

The Young Outlaw answered not; but throwing himself down on his green baize, lay gazing at the stars, as one by one they seemed to break through the blue curtaining of heaven.

"Bob," said he, after a long silence, "if I thought that my father wouldn't know, we might go home for a few hours, and then set out again to-morrow before he gets up. It's rather cold; and in a day or two we might build a tent."

But Bob heard him not, for he had covered himself over the head with the capacious horse-cloth, and was fast asleep.

"I must wake him," continued the hero, his teeth now chattering in his head. "He was right; he can stand the cold best; and I begin to want my supper. But I would sooner die than go home if we had a tent."

After many a hearty shake, Bob was roused. He listened to the proposed scheme without astonishment, took up the empty bottle and cover, and departed. They had only across two fields to travel. The grass was wet with the night dew, and the air very chilly, but these were trifles to the hardy rustic, and he walked through the darkness like a brave fellow, while the archer followed behind, very unlike Robin Hood, with his hands in his pockets, and his shoulder

up. He approached the farm house with the stealthy stride of a robber. Rob, however, gave more than once a loud henn, as if he had not so much to fear the discovery of his return. The latch was uplifted silently, and a blaze of light streamed from the open door-way. It was too late to retreat; there sat the good-humored farmer in his arm-chair, with his pipe and brown jug before him. He only said, "It's lucky the door was not bolted; and then pointed to an adjoining table, on which stood their suppers, and having finishing his pipe, retired to rest.

This hasty sketch was founded on fact; and only a sudden discovery, at the eleventh hour, prevented the author from sharing in the adventure. For several of us (all mere boys) had agreed to leave our homes and betake ourselves to the wood,—there to live like the outlaws of old. Nay, we had gone so far as to divulge our secret to some gipsies who were encamped near a neighboring wood; and they, of course, gave us encouragement; nor had we failed to observe the methods of cooking, &c. while hovering around the tents. Only two of our company, however, made the trial, and they returned on the first night. There were four beside the author; three of them have since become sailors, and made many long and perilous voyages; the other, who never entered heartily into the affair, settled down and led a steady industrious life; while the last left home before he was fourteen, and spent some time in rambling over England, unconsciously picking up those materials which he has since made use of in his different works. That "a rolling stone gathers no moss" is full exemplified with us all. But this banging about has rubbed off that rough crust which gathers around all stationary bodies, and brought out the nature of the people, which otherwise might have become overgrown or concealed, and that, too, without the world being either better or worse for the discovery.

Whoever has read the *Memoirs of SYLVIO PELLICO*, the Italian captive, will doubtless remember the eulogistic and affectionate mention he makes of the companion of his confinement and sufferings, *Signor PIETRO MARONCELLI*.—Subjoined will be found an article from the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, which will refresh the memory of our readers as to some interesting particulars of *MARONCELLI*'s confinement. Having lost, as it were, the best ten years of his life in an Austrian dungeon, and having been obliged to submit to the additional sacrifice of a limb—all the unjust consequence of liberal views entertained in an illiberal government—*MARONCELLI*, some five or six years since, and soon after his release, immigrated hither with his family; and having settled in New York, has devoted himself assiduously to music as a means of livelihood, in the absence of other resources in a strange land. In his education, conversation, feelings, and manners, he is a gentleman. He is not only a gentleman; he is a man of intellect, of talent, and of excellent character; and, as a musician, a distinguished professor, whether for felling or for science. The long confinement of a dungeon has destroyed a fine voice; but it has not deprived him of his instrumental skill. *MADAME MARONCELLI* is well known in New York for the high cultivation of her vocal powers, and her science as a singer, as well as for very respectable character. They thus present themselves to our citizens as meritorious of their patronage, and propose to give a concert on Monday evening at concert Hall. We trust that this brief notice will be of service in procuring them that liberal support which their talents, skill and deserts should command from all who respect intrinsic worth, or appreciate musical qualifications.

MARONCELLI.—It is well known to the intelligent reader, that in consequence of the prevalence of liberal opinions in Italy, the Austrian Government, a few years since undertook to repress them by means of death and imprisonment. Among the most distinguished of the sufferers was *Silvio Pellico*, whose history of

ten years imprisonment has filled Europe with pity and indignation. His fellow captive, not less distinguished, was *Pietro Maroncelli*, of Forli. In him, says *Silvio*, "I lamented a noble minded man, cut off in the splendor of his intellect and the vigor of his days, snatched from the common air, the earth, the sky."

During their confinement, the friends, by climbing up to the windows of their dungeons, were enabled to converse together, "*Maroncelli*," continues *Silvio*, "could not restrain his joy, but sang out my name with a hearty welcome." At a subsequent period the two friends were allowed to see each other, and the following is the affecting account preserved of their meeting: "My friend *Maroncelli* was conducted to my bed side. What a moment was that. Are you alive? each of us exclaimed. O my friend, my brother! what a happy day for us to see. God's name be blessed for it. But our joy was mingled with as deep compassion. *Maroncelli* was less surprised on seeing me, for he knew that I had been very ill; but though aware how he must have suffered, I could not have imagined he would be so extremely changed. He was hardly to be recognized, his once noble and handsome features were wholly consumed as it were by grief, by continual hunger, and the bad air of his dark subterranean dungeon. Nevertheless to see, to hear, and to be near each other was a great comfort. How much we had to communicate, to recollect, and to talk over. What delight in our mutual compassion, what sympathy in all our ideas. Then we were equally agreed upon subjects of religion, to hate only ignorance and barbarism; but not man, not individuals; and on the other hand, to commiserate the ignorant and the barbarous, and to pray for their improvement.

"While in his subterranean abode, *Maroncelli* composed a variety of poems of high merit.—He recited them and produced others." When *Silvio* learned that a sister of his had taken the veil, he was deeply affected at the news, and fell into a state of mind which was almost insupportable. *Maroncelli* was no less affected. "The next day," says our authority, "he composed a beautiful elegy upon the 'sister of the prisoner.'" How grateful was I for this proof of affection for me. What a field for pathetic and religious ideas was here. He filled his lyre with wild and pathetic tones which drew delicious tears from my heart. It was thus friendship sweetened all my woes."

It is well known that *Maroncelli* has lost a limb. *Silvio Pellico* relates, with some minuteness, the circumstances attending his loss. We quote a portion of his narrative.

"*Maroncelli* was ill with a bad tumor upon his knee. At first, the pain was not great, and he only limped as he walked. It then grew very irksome to him to bear his irons, and he rarely went out to walk. One autumnal morning he was desirous of breathing the fresh air—there was a fall of snow, and unfortunately in walking, his leg failed him and he came to the ground.

"He was carried to his bed, for he was no longer able to remain in an upright position.—When the physician came, he ordered his irons to be taken off, but the swelling increased to an enormous size, and became more painful every day. Leeches, baths, caustics and fomentations of every kind were found ineffectual, and seemed only to aggravate his torments. It soon became evident that his leg would never heal, he considered his death near at hand, and yet he lost nothing of his admirable calmness or courage. The sight of his sufferings at last was almost more than I could bear. Still in this deplorable condition, he continued to compose verses, he sang, and he conversed, and all this he did to encourage me by disguising from me a part of what he suffered. He lost his powers of digestion; he could not sleep, was reduced to a skeleton, and very frequently swooned away. Yet the moment he was restored, he rallied his spirits, and smiling, bade me not be afraid. It is indescribable what he suffered for many months."

It was made known to him that he must lose his limb, but even this required permission from Vienna. At length the permit arrived, and he was carried out from his dungeon to suffer amputation. He requested *Silvio* to attend him, that if he died, he might die in his arms. While awaiting the arrival of the surgeons, *Maroncelli* sung a hymn. At length the knife and the saw were in full play, and the blood flowed in torrents. "*Maroncelli* never uttered a cry.—

When he saw them carrying his leg away, he cast on it a melancholy look, then turning to the surgeon, said, you have freed me from an enemy, and I have no money to give you. He saw a rose in a glass placed in a window. I brought it to him. He offered it to the surgeon with an indistinguishable air of good nature: 'See, I have nothing else to give you in token of my gratitude.' He took it as it was meant, and even wiped away a tear."

This was not all. *Maroncelli* suffered a year before his wound healed, and was then attacked by a malignant fever which threatened his life. The captives were finally released after ten years of confinement, and travelling homeward together, parted at Mantua. *Silvio* describes the affecting scene of their separation with more than usual feeling. He then adds, "I had known several celebrated men, but not one more affectionately sociable than *Maroncelli*, not one better educated in all respects, more free from sudden passion or ill-humor, more deeply sensible that virtue consists in continued exercises of tolerance, generosity and good sense." Heaven bless you, (he concludes,) my dear companion in so many afflictions, and send you new friends who may equal me in my affection for you and surpass me in true goodness!"

This affecting prayer has been answered by the American people, who have received the poet prisoner with open arms. Here he has found and asylum and a home, and by the aid of his accomplishments, has maintained himself in dignified independence.

For the first time he visits Albany, and *Madame Maroncelli*, one of the loveliest and sweetest daughters of song appeals to our taste and friendship, at her approaching concert. We cannot for a moment believe, that the occasion will pass by, without a full and overflowing exhibition of our regard, for the Italian Patriot and Poet, and that charming woman who devotes herself to his happiness, and has won the warm regard and respect of all who know her.

Lecture to Bachelors.—Come, you poor, miserable, lonely, deserted, vulgar-fractional parts of animated nature, come up here and be talked to. Are you not ashamed of yourselves, every mother's son? Are you not sensible that the best of your duty is undone—that the purest bliss known on earth is untried by you—that you are wasting life away without knowing what life is—that you are voluntary tantalizers of yourselves—that, in short, you are all that is wretched, and poor and pitiable? Oh, you need not speak; it is enough that you hang your heads!—Moral prudence, and a laudable desire to "avoid every appearance of evil," should admonish every young man to get married. The term *Bachelor* supposes all sorts of enormities and breaches of the peace. Who smash champagne glasses, break windows, and convert the fragments of their crazy freaks into missiles to throw at the servants? Rowdy bachelors. Who keep their sisters in tears, and break their mother's hearts once a day on week days and twice on every Sabbath the year through? Who break tailors, and make their fathers desperate? Who deceive trusting women? Who defend suits for breach of promise? Who compound felony with the mothers of pretty daughters? Whose allowance is wasted in smart money, and whose wages is sin? In short; who are utterly gone astray and desperately wicked? Why, bachelors.—Mind, we do not say all bachelors; but let him who wishes not thus to be classed come out from among them. We were never in favor of too extensive credit—but some people, as the world is artificially constituted, find a certain amount of it necessary. It is the abuse and not the use of it that plays the mischief. If, then, you want credit, you must not be a bachelor. Who will trust them? Why, you might as well fasten your dollars for security under the wings of a bird of passage, trusting to the bird's return, and your encountering him, for the recovery of the property.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Colonel Pluck is deceased. He died suddenly, says the *Herald*, at Blockley Hospital, of a disease of the heart. The Colonel was for a long time an object of ridicule, until like *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, he finally fell beneath it.—The appointment of the Colonel to the command of the bloody 84th Regiment, P. M. helped to bring the system of general militia parades into contempt in this quarter, but failed to lessen the absurd and puerile assumption on all occasions of military titles by persons in civil life.—*Phila. Gazette*.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839.

The Religious Souvenir for MDCCCXI. Edited by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. New York: SCOFFIELD & VOORHIES, 110 Nassau Street.

This is the title of one of the most elegant specimens of book printing and book binding we have ever seen, either American or imported. The paper is of the purest white and finest texture; the type light and easy to the eye; while every thing about the work shows the state of perfection to which the arts have arrived in this country. There are eight engravings—the frontispiece, the HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSLAER, is very striking. Such a man for such a work—nothing could be more appropriate. It is easy to imagine what was intended to be illustrated by the pilgrim in the "VIGNETTE TITLE," as he struggles up the rugged way, with his eye fixed upon the faint representation of the heavenly glory which awaits him, and the angelic spirit by which he is beckoned forward. "ASKING A BLESSING," is no less expressive of the sweet influence of piety in rendering the toils of the peasant a blessing to his soul. "THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE LATE REV. G. T. BEDELL, D. D." is a good representation of rural life, where, in the midst of verdant beauty, the pious heart can "look through nature up to nature's God." "THE RUINED FAMILY," cannot be contemplated without having the eye affect the heart, and the arm will be nerved with new efforts in the cause of temperance. "TEACHING THE SCRIPTURES," must have been suggested by the pleasure and delight the mind, deeply imbued with love to God, feels in pointing the listening child to the book which speaks of "joys which are unspeakable and full of glory." "AUTUMN EVENING" is a lovely picture, and who that has ever gone "forth at eventide, in heart to walk with God," can view it without being carried back to that scene and filled with grateful remembrance?—"THE BLIND PASTOR," in the midst of lovely scenes to him invisible, surrounded by dutiful children and prattling innocents, is an affecting exemplification of the adaptation of Christianity to soothe and animate the soul in every situation and under the most distressing bereavement. But these embellishments to the eye, are only some of the attractions of the "Religious Souvenir for 1840." Its reading matter is just what might have been expected from Mrs. SIGOURNEY and the galaxy of able writers who have assisted her in preparing an Annual, worthy of being a "New Year's Offering" to the fair daughters of our land. We are gratified to see among the successful contributors, the names of Rev. TRYON EDWARDS, and Miss A. C. PRATT, of this city. On the whole, it is one of those ornaments for the drawing room, whose real worth cannot be overrated.

☞ The Religious Souvenir is for sale by WM. ALLING, No. 12, Exchange Street.

In Favor of Early Marriages.—The Richmond Enquirer, in noticing the death of Mrs. Pollard, consort of the late Robert Pollard, Esq. of that city, mentions the remarkable facts, that Mr. P. was but 18 and Mrs. P. 15 at the time of their marriage, and that they lived happily together for the long period of 65 years.

☞ The brilliant Aurora, on the 3d, at New Orleans was so brilliant that the bells were rung for fire. It was also very brilliant as seen from St Louis, and Burlington, Iowa Territory. In short, it was seen and admired in every part of the country.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, August 31, 1839.

FRIEND SHEPARD—According to my promise I send you some account of my steamtrip across the Atlantic, and first impressions of the great metropolis. If you think any part of it will interest your readers, it is at your service.

I engaged a passage to London in the new and splendid steamship British Queen, which, together with the Great Western, was advertised to leave New York Aug. 1st at noon.

The day was warm and fine and by the time appointed, crowds of spectators assembled on the wharfs and shipping, to see the departure. Several fine Steamboats with music playing and steamers flying, were filled with passengers waiting to accompany the ships to the Narrows. The two noble vessels lying side by side, with a cloud of dark smoke rising from their chimnies, looked like two huge sea monsters impatiently waiting for the command to start on a sportive race across the wide Atlantic.

To avoid all appearance of racing, and that no danger might be apprehended, it was agreed that the Western should start a little time before the Queen. Accordingly as soon after noon as the tide would permit, she bid us farewell, fired a gun and departed. About half an hour after "Her Majesty" took leave of her "great offspring" by promising to call again next month and make a longer stay. A parting salute was fired on deck which was answered by the cheers of the multitude on shore. The ponderous machinery was put in motion and we were sailing slowly and majestically onward amidst the firing of guns and the cheering of surrounding multitudes.

In passing the Battery and Castle Garden, the scene from the lofty deck of the Queen was beautiful and animating beyond description.—The shores on either side were lined with spectators as far as the eye could see, while numerous steamers, loaded with the gay and fashionable, sending forth sweet music, were playing around us.

We soon lost sight of the bright scene, however, and one by one our friendly escorts bid us farewell and returned. We had passed the Narrows, and one steamer alone kept alongside, the band on which played "Hail Columbia," then "God save the Queen," then commenced the plaintive, and, at such a time, most touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home," while playing which she turned, around and left us.

Having got fairly out to sea, we found something of a breeze; but, owing to the extreme length and immense size of the ship, we felt no unpleasant motion, and all on board began to feel quite sure that they were not going to be sea-sick. It was not many days, however, before we encountered, off the "Banks," a heavy rolling sea without much wind, which destroyed the self-confidence of nearly all on board, and the seats at the dinner table were many of them vacant. The voyage, on the whole, however, was extremely pleasant. None were long sea-sick, and the weather, nearly the whole way, was calm and delightful.

I send you with this a London paper, containing an abstract of Capt. Roberts' Log, by which you will see what was our latitude and longitude each day at noon, the course of the wind, and the distance run each 24 hours.—Thus you will see that whether the wind was fair or ahead or none at all, our gallant ship kept on her course, at the rate of about 250 miles a day. Her machinery never stopped from the time we dismissed the pilot at Sandy

Hook till we took one again at Portsmouth.

As soon as the ship had got out to sea, all the hands were engaged in putting things in order and cleaning the decks; for, owing to the great hurry at New York, all was confusion and coal-dust. Every thing was soon put in order, and the deck newly scoured, so that a fine promenade, ten or twelve rods in length, was afforded to the passengers. There was frequently music and dancing on deck in the evening.

The first night on board, I was alarmed about midnight by cries of murder! murder! proceeding from a state room on the opposite side of the saloon. Supposing that some dreadful tragedy was taking place, I hastened to the scene of action. I there found that an old Mulatto had, on first coming on board, locked himself up in his state room with too large a supply of 'sea-stores,' and become so fully possessed of evil spirits that he was now raving mad, and imagined that some demon was about to murder him. He was properly taken care of, and liquor being kept from him, he in a few days recovered.

One poor man, an assistant cook, was lost overboard in the night, unperceived by any one. He was missed in the morning, but was nowhere on board. It was said that he had a widowed mother in England, dependent on his earnings, and a purse of one hundred dollars was made up for her by the passengers.

The two Sabbaths that we were out we had Episcopal service and preaching on deck, by a clergyman returning from Canada. The weather was fine each day, and the scene, to me, was deeply interesting.

Our passengers numbered about 130, and appeared to consist of about an equal proportion of American, Texian, Canadian, English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, &c. Among the Americans were C. C. Cambrelling, a son of Daniel Webster, and a to be son-in-law of Mr. Webster, viz: a Mr. Appleton, of Boston, who, it is said, intends to marry Mr. Webster's daughter while in this country. I believe Mr. W. and family are now in Scotland.

The days at sea passed off like a dream and on Wednesday August 14th P. M. we saw land called the Lizards' in the British Channel. The next morning we stopped at Portsmouth and landed part of our passengers; then proceeded to Dover Straits and cast anchor for the night and the next morning entered the Thames and arrived at Gravesend at noon. The tide being low the Pilot said we should have to wait several hours before the ship could ascend the river. So the passengers engaged a small steam-boat to take them and their baggage immediately to the city. Accordingly we unkindly deserted the noble Queen, and giving her three hearty cheers, we spread our way to the Great City.

An American is invariably disappointed in the size of the Thames, as he approaches London, especially if it happens to be low tide. He is aware that more commerce is carried on it than any other river in the world, and that it is the Greatest Stream in England, consequently he expects to find a Hudson or a Delaware, instead of the narrow muddy stream before him.

The scenery of the Thames forcibly reminds an American that he is journeying in a strange land; he is pleased with the highly cultivated fields and gardens and novel scenery around him, but he looks in vain for that grand and natural beauty which in his own country is always associated with rivers and steamboats.

Passing Woolwich, Greenwich and Deptford, it appears like one continuous city long before reaching London. The river is lined with Ship-

ping and the large dockyards appear like forests of masts.

The narrowness of the Channel, and the immense number of skiffs and larger boats moving rapidly about in every direction, render it very difficult—and apparently dangerous for a steamboat to ascend as far as the bridge. After numerous stoppages however we at length reached the quay of the splendid custom house. A number of her Majesty's servants immediately appeared and politely took charge of our baggage, which was taken into a spacious room. While we were directed to an adjoining one to await our turns for admittance.

The utmost civility was shown us at the Custom House; and unless there was manifested some disposition to smuggle Yankee notions into Her Majesty's dominions, the examination of our trunks was by no means rigid, and many small articles, subject to duty, were allowed to pass free. From information which I had received, I expected to have something to pay on my books and packages, of which I had a considerable number; but they were all allowed to pass, with the single remark, that my sealed letters were liable to be taken from me and sent to the Post Office; still, as some of them were marked "introductory," I was allowed to keep them. The only articles on which I saw duty paid, were segars; and certain I am, that Her Majesty is quite correct in supposing that London is *smokey* enough without the use of them.

Having passed the ordeal, myself and two fellow passengers engaged a hack, a heavy clumsy vehicle, to take us to the London Coffee House, one of the principal hotels in the business part of London, and near St. Paul's Cathedral. And now, having fairly arrived in London, I suppose you will expect me to give some account of the wonders of this wonderful place. But how or where shall I begin? What can I write that has not been written a hundred times before by abler pens than mine. It is true, the place is filled with wonders; it is a wonder of itself. Its vast extent, covering about thirty-seven square miles, and containing, according to good authority, full two millions of inhabitants; its eight thousand streets and lanes, some crowded to excess with a never ceasing busy throng; others quiet and gloomy as the regions of death; its princely palaces and wretched crowded houses; its magnificent churches, cathedrals, spires, domes and monuments, standing in awful grandeur, blackened by the everlasting smoke of centuries. These, and a thousand other strange sights of London, must be seen in order to obtain any just conception of them. Nor is a hasty glance sufficient. One must enter such buildings as St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, walk and gaze beneath the high arched roofs, wonder, and meditate, and tire, amidst the innumerable pillars, statues, monuments and royal tombs which surround him. He must view them from above, below, and around, in order to give the mind time to expand, and grasp a full idea of these stupendous edifices.

Nothing excites more wonder in the stranger than the crowded state of the main thoroughfares of London. Let him enter Cheapside Fleet, on the Strand, during the business hours of the day, and the scene is wonderful and exciting beyond description. The streets are narrow and irregular; the carriage way is filled with omnibusses, coaches, cabs, carts and vehicles of every name and form, all apparently in the greatest hurry; so that the stranger expects every minute to see some dreadful accident or collision. I usually prefer a seat on the top of

an omnibus, where I can view the passing torrent; and often have I seen the skilful driver urge his horses at full speed between coaches coming the other way where there was not more than one or two inches wider space than the width of his wheels. At such times I have involuntarily grasped the iron railing by my side, expecting every moment some collision would precipitate me from my elevated seat; yet so dexterous are the drivers, that I have never seen the least accident of the kind. The side walks in these streets are, if possible, more crowded than the carriage way. On each side is a double stream of pedestrians, all hurrying on their respective way, apparently utterly unmindful of who or what is passing around them. No loitering, no conversation; indeed, such is the noise and rattle on the pavement, that conversation is almost out of the question. I was passing along Cheapside, a few evenings since, while the eight large bells in Baw Church were ringing a merry wedding peal, and although within five rods of the church, such was the deafening rattle in the street, that I could only occasionally catch for a moment, the sound of the bells.

I have spent a number of days in viewing the gardens in the vicinity of the metropolis, the number and extent of which, is almost incredible. It is estimated that about 10,000 acres of ground are occupied by vegetable gardens alone, the annual produce of which, amounts to about £645,000, or about \$3,220,000. The perfect manner in which the grounds are tilled, and the amount of produce obtained from an acre, is surprising to an American. The ground is mostly dug with the spade and annually enriched. Then it is so managed as usually to obtain two or three different crops from the same spot during the season.

The fruit and flower gardens, and nursery establishments in the vicinity of London, are also on a most magnificent scale, several of which I have examined with great pleasure, and to shall have an opportunity of seeing many more before I return. I meet with the utmost civility from all with whom I have to do, and from several gentlemen I have received kindness and favors which I had no right to expect. As far as my observation extends, nothing can be more erroneous than the idea which some people cherish, that the English are prejudiced against the Americans. If there is any prejudice in the matter I am certain it is *in favor* of them.

The Londoners are loud in their praises of the goodness and beauty of their Youthful Queen, and I must confess my curiosity was considerably excited to see her. Fortunately it was not long before an opportunity presented. I was passing Hyde Park Corner, and observed something of a crowd about the Gates, and on inquiry I found that her Majesty was expected to return from Windsor where she had gone the day before. I had not waited long before I perceived a company of elegant life guards coming through the Park followed by two carriages. "There She comes," uttered a number of voices at once, and I placed myself by the side of a number of others close by the Gateway where she must pass near and not rapidly. She rode in an open plain heavy carriage drawn by four horses with postilions dressed in rich, but not showy livery. As she passed close by us we of course 'doffed our beavers,' and in return she 'graciously' bowed and almost smiled! Her Majesty was plainly dressed and her appearance was pleasing, but still I must say I was disappointed. She looks quite young, is rather

short, and is of very fair complexion. She looks good natured and rather intelligent, but her features lack expression and dignity. I should say she might be called pretty, but she is not beautiful. I could point out a hundred handsomer young ladies in Rochester. I have since seen her riding on horseback in the Park. She rides elegantly, and in her riding dress and hat looks like a very pretty boy.

I send you with this some papers from which you will learn what is going on in the political and commercial world, so that I have nothing to write on those subjects. The fashionable season is just over in London, parliament is prorogued, the Lords and Ladies and Dukes &c. &c. &c., have all gone into the country to hunt and sport a while. The Queen and Royal family have gone to Windsor, and I have filled my sheet of paper—so farewell.

Yours, &c.

M. B. B.

Smoking.—The nuisance of smoking in the streets has much increased lately. The atmosphere of some parts of Broadway, of a fine evening, is almost as narcotic and sickening with tobacco smoke as the air of the traveller's room in a High Dutch tavern. Little boys make a parade of themselves on the sidewalks, smoking long nines almost as long as themselves. It is amusing to see the swagger with which a manikin of three feet high takes his segar between the fore and middle finger, removes it from his lips, and blows out a dense cloud of smoke from his distended cheeks. No doubt many of those persons who indulge in their favorite habit in the public streets, do it thoughtlessly, without thinking how offensive it is to others, and would be surprised at hearing that they are guilty of a blackguard practice.

The above just remarks of the Evening Post will apply with equal force to many other places besides New York. Even in the streets of London the "long nines" are smoked by beardless boys, and those of a larger growth, who mount their inch or inch and a-half mustachios. It is bad enough to come in contact with such a nuisance while passing the streets; but it is still worse to be compelled to endure the fumes of a segar in a stage coach, or to have a neighbor close to you on the out side of one, puffing away from his miserable "old soldier." we have often wished that we had Madam Trollope with us, to lash these offenders against decency.—*Com Ado.*

Singular firm.—We were yesterday shown a letter from Nancy, (France) signed "Huson and Seven Daughters, who, it appears, are all active partners in an embroidery establishment in that place. The father we understand, attends to the correspondence, and makes sales of the goods—one of the daughters keeps the books, and the others are engaged in the various departments of the establishment, each having a particular portion of duty assigned her. Some of the goods have been shipped to this market, and are said to be of superior quality.—*Charlestown Cour.*

We can't understand how some men suffer themselves to be hen pecked—walloped by their wives, chased under the bed with tongs!—*Vincennes Gaz.*

Get married, and you will find out.—*White Pigeon Rep.*

Mr. Arago, a distinguished philosopher of England professes to have discovered a mode of preventing the occurrence of hail and thunder storms. He proposes to discharge the electric fluid of clouds by means of a small balloon armed with metallic communication with the ground. This balloon is to be properly secured from injury, and is to be permanently stationed in the place to be protected from the tornado.—*Express.*

Dr. Johnson, to ridicule some fallacious reasoning, wrote the following ludicrous lines:—

If a man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a sign that he had rather
Have a turnip than his f.ther.

MISCELLANY.

From *Wilson's Tales of the Scottish Border.*

SABBATH WRECKS.

OR A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1577; a few small clouds, tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sun beams while on its bosom slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce; there, too, lay the Islands, glorying in their strength; the May, shrouded in light, appearing as a leviathan, sunning in its rays; and the Giant Bass covered with sea-fowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster, in the midst of the waters. A thousand boats lay along the shores of Dunbar. It was the herring season, and there were many boats from the south, and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland. Now tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shoal was on the coast, and regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and go out to set their nets. The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then Minister of Dunbar, and as he went forth to the kirk to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned and went amongst them, and reproved them sternly for their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate; the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher, yea, some of them said to him in the words of the children to the prophet, "Go up, thou bald head." He went from boat to boat, counselling and entreating, expostulating with and praying for them, "Surely," said he, "the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold you guiltless for this profanation of his holy day." But at that period vital religion was but little felt or understood upon the borders, and they regarded not his words. He went to one boat, which was the property of members of his congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging on the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and children, while he laughed at their idle fears.

Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group. "John Crawford," he exclaimed, addressing the husband, "you may profess to mock, to laugh, to scorn the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire, into your own bosom, when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath—the Creator of the sea as well as the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him before whom the mighty ocean is a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye then glory in insulting his ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth, ye have listened to the words of John Knox, the great Apostle of our country; ye have trembled beneath their power, and the convictions they carried with them; and when ye think of these convictions, and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word apostate burn in your heart? John Crawford, some of your blood have embraced the stake for the sake of truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified. The Scotsman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communion with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns, whose bringing up is a credit to their mother, and be not guilty of this gross sin. But while the fisherman regarded not the supplications of his wife, he became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an oar, and with his comrades, began to pull from the shore. The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford, and his wife followed him. That day he took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy;" and,

as he fearlessly and fervidly denounced the crime of Sabbath-breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled; but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her and wept also because she wept. But ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation, and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed at each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits, stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of the Omniscient. The loud voice of the psalm was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb, in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immoveable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent and every eye fixed. There was no voice save heaven's.

The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled, none moved. Pale, powerless, as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and as it bent, a knell untold by human hands, pealed on the ear of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun, lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind waved through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the sturdy oak whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was uplifted on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed thro' the air. The fierce hail was pouring down as clouds of ice. At the voice of the deep thunder, the lightning quailed and the rage of the tempest seemed spent. Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which, lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance, loud as the war cry of embattled worlds. The congregation still sat mute, horrified, and death-like, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines—

"When in thy wrath, rebuke me not,
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me,"

when the screams and howling of women and children rushed wildly along the streets rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted; all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children ran also in terror, with the multitude. The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifting among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and ever and anon an additional scream of grief arose as the lifeless bodies of one or other of such relations were found.

A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro; but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more. It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment. In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats, with their crews, were overwhelmed in the mighty deep; and dwelling on the mighty shore between Spital and North Berwick, two hundred and eighty widows wept their husbands lost. The spectators were busied in carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide marks. They had continued their melancholy task for nearly an hour, when a voice exclaimed—"See, see, one still lives, and struggles to make the shore!" All rushed to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet laboring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His heart panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death, and he strained with desperate eagerness towards the projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp; but in its stead he clutched the deceitful wave, that laughed at his deliverance. He was whirled around it, dashed on it with violence, and again

swept back by the relentless surge. He threw out his arms at random; his deep groan and panting breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock; he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A murmur moaned through the multitude. They gazed one upon another. His glazed eyes frowned darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his look. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak, to implore assistance. His strength gave way; the waters rushed around the rock as a whirlpool. He was again uplifted on the bosom of the foam, and tossed within a few rods of the wailing but unavailing crowd. It is John Crawford! exclaimed those who were able to recognize his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name. A female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford was seen floating on the wild seas. In an instant a hundred plunged to her rescue; but before the scream or horror and surprise raised by the spectators, when they beheld her devoted and desperate purpose had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death. Although no feminine amusement, Agnes had delighted in buffeting the waters from a child, as though she felt at home in their bosom; and now, the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She was hidden from the gaze of the marvelling spectators, and a deep groan crept along the shore. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the wounded man! A shout of wild joy ran back on the deserted town. Her father, who was among the multitude, fell on his knees. He clasped his hands together. Merciful heaven! he exclaimed, thou who stillest the tempest, and holdest the waters in the hollow of thy hand, protect—protect my child!

The waters rioted with redoubled fury. Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features, and her hand yet garnished her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenance of her friends. For a moment he disappeared amongst the waves; but the next, Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach with her arm resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where in a few minutes she recovered; but her husband manifested no signs of vitality. All the means within their power, and that they knew, were resorted to, in order to effect resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and at length, beneath her hand, his breast first began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

"He lives! he breathes!" she exclaimed, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended the bedside, where the unconscious fisherman lay, directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

As John Crawford began to recover, the film of death that had gathered over his eyes began to melt away, and he gazed around in bewilderment, unconscious of where he was, and he sank into a troubled sleep; and as he slept, and his strength returned, he cast forth his arms, in imagination, yet grappling with death. He dreamed, and in his dream he shouted for help. He prayed, and in the same breath he blasphemed, and reviled the troubled spectators that his fancy could picture on the beach.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed; he looked around wistfully. Agnes, who had recovered, and returned to the room, fell on his bosom. "My Agnes! my poor Agnes!" he cried as he gazed wistfully in her face, "but where, where am I? My bairns, where are they?"

"Here, father, here!" cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously around. A recollection of the past, and a consciousness of the present full on his mind. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, and burst into tears. And when his troubled soul and agitated bosom had found in them relief, he inquired eagerly, "but oh, tell me how was I saved!—was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel had grasped me when sinking and held me. But my head is confused; it is fearfully confused, and I remember nothing but as a dream, save the burst—

ing owre o' the dreadful storm, wi' the perishing o' hundreds in an instant, and the awful cry that run fra' boat to boat—a judgment has come owre us! and it was a judgment indeed! Oh Agnes! had I listened to yer words, and to the prayers o' my bit o' bairns, or the advice o' the minister I waed hae escaped the sin which I hae this day committed, and the horrors wi' which it has been visited. But tell me how or in what manner was I saved John, said the aged elder, the father of Agnes, ye was saved by the merciful and sustaining power o' that Providence which ye this morning set at naught. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, that the awful visitation—this judgment, as ye have weel described it, which this day has filled our coasts with widows and orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain; while ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is naething short of a miracle. We had beheld how long and how desperately ye struggled in the raging waves' when we knew not who you were, and it was na in the power o' any being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept around it; and when ye at last reached it, observed how ye clung to it wi' the grasp o' death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye were driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognized your countenance, and they cried out your name. A scream bust upon my ear—a woman rushed through the crowd—and then John! Oh then!—but here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud, and after a few moments added—“Tell him some o' ye.” Oh! tell me, said the fisherman; all that my father-in-law hath said, I kenned before. But how was I saved? or by whom?

The preacher took up the tale, hearken unto me John Crawford, said he, ye have reason this day to sorrow, and to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel, and set at naught my reproof.—True it was not the speaker, but the words spoken that ye ought to have regarded—for they were not my words, and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed so have ye reaped. But as your father-in-law hath told ye, when your face, was recognized from the shore, and your name mentioned, a woman screamed—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant, she was out of the reach of help!”

“Speak—speak on,” cried the fisherman eagerly, and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously, now towards the preacher, and again to his Agnes, who wept over his shoulder.

“The providence which had till then sustained you, while your fellow creatures perished around you,” added the clergyman, “supported her. She reached you—she grasped your arm. After long struggling, she brought you within a few yards of the shore, a wave overwhelmed you both, and cast you upon the beach with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom.”

Gracious heaven! exclaimed the fisherman pressing his wife to his bosom—my ain Agnes was it you?—was it you?—My wife! my savior?—and he wept aloud, and his children wept also. There is nae merit in what I hae done, replied she, for wha should have attempted to save ye had I not, ye are every thing to me, John, and to our bairns.

But the feelings of the wife and the mother are too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family, to whom the husband and father had been restored as from the dead. He found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning which echoed along the coast, like the peal of an alarm bell.

The dead were laid upon the beach, and on the following day, widows, orphans, parents and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast, to seek their dead amongst the drowned, that had been gathered together; or if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them, where the sea might have cast them forth. Such is the tale of the Sabbath wreck on the last drave of Dunbar.

¶ The N. York Gazette states that Parsons, the actor, who recently became “converted” under the preaching of John Maill, and declared his intention to turn preacher, has relapsed, and gone to the stage again.

Steam Navigation to England.—About eight years ago, the then editor of the Daily Advertiser playfully predicted, in an article anticipating the triumphs of steam, the arrival of a steamship in six and a half days from England! That prediction has almost come to pass, since the Atlantic has been crossed in less than twice that time. A steam packet recently ran from Detroit to Buffalo, making all her landings, in 18 or 19 hours, (we forget which) and this rate of speed is about equal to an Atlantic passage of six and a half days. We do not expect, however, that any such triumph of art will take place in our time or any other. We have already gone far beyond all former sober estimates, and with the swiftness of the present packets, we have every reason to be content.

When we look at the British Queen, we are filled with astonishment at the daring of the human mind, and the achievement of human skill. What is a voyage to Europe now? Comparatively nothing. You arrive at New York, drive to the East river, jump on board the steamer, and off you go. You are perfectly comfortable in a large and elegant saloon, fitted with every comfort and decorated with all good taste. You observe groups of ladies and gentlemen about you, perfectly at home, and all as happy as possible. You shortly find yourself at sea. You ride smoothly and quietly along. Seasickness is forgotten. The chess table and the piano make you think yourself at home. You sit down to table with a keen appetite, and relish the well-dressed viands and the bountiful fare. Pleasant society, agreeable acquaintances, and amusing books, cheat time of its minutes. You retire to rest and sleep soundly, and when you awake, you find yourself refreshed and comfortable.

In a few days more you are in another land. You disembark and find yourselves in England! How wonderful! The passage is over before you have become familiarised with the ocean, and you almost regret that you are leaving your pleasant domicile.

The British Queen is indeed a noble vessel and her construction is, in the highest degree, admirable.

Anecdote of Washington.—When the American troops were quartered at Newburgh, at the close of the Revolutionary war, the soldiers were stirred up to rebellion against the government by the famous anonymous letters, which it has since been ascertained were written by Gen. Armstrong, then a major in the army. Gen. Washington convened the officers, for the purpose of addressing them on this subject, and calming the tumult which was beginning to rage in their bosoms. He held a paper in his hand on which the remarks he intended to make were written—and then it was, that finding himself unable to read without assistance—as he was drawing his spectacles from his pocket that unpremeditated expression broke from him one of the most pathetic that ever fell from human lips—“Fellow citizens,” said he, “you perceive that I have not only grown grey—but blind in your service.” The effect of this remark was electrical. No bosom—no eye was proof against it.—*Bost. Mer. Jour.*

Knowledge is Power: Curious illustration.—At a meeting which took place the other evening for the purpose of forming a North London Mechanic Institution, Mr. Basil Montagu, as an illustration of the maxim that knowledge is power, related the following anecdote: He was walking a few months ago in Portland Place, when he observed a large crowd of people assembled, and found that it was in consequence of a large mastiff dog having a lesser one in his gripe. Several persons tried, by splitting the mastiff's ears, and by biting and pinching his tail, to make it let go its hold but in vain. At last a delicate and dandified young gentleman came up, and making his way through the crowd into the circle requested to be allowed to separate the dogs; assent was given and amid jeers and laughter, when the dandy slowly drew from his pocket a large snuff-box, and having taken a pinch himself inserted his fingers again into the box, and deliberately applied it to the mastiff's nose. The snuff operated so powerfully on the animal's olfactory nerves, that it not only immediately let go its hold, but made its escape as fast as possible. The dandy was loudly cheered, upon which he stopped for a moment, and said, “Gentlemen, I have merely given you a proof that ‘Knowledge is Power.’”

The Twenty Thousand Dollar Necklace.—which a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Swaim, of Philadelphia, recently “sporting” at Saratoga, and which the editors took so many notes of, is said to have been a present from a crowned head of Europe to Dr. S. for curing one of his family of scrofula. He went to Europe for the express purpose at the royal request. The cure which had been essayed in vain by European physicians, was effected by Dr. S., and he was requested to name his reward. Mr. Swaim, however, declined receiving any other compensation than simply the royal autograph attached to a brief instrument acknowledging the cure. As there is a delicacy about such matters with imperial families, implying as it does an infirmity of nature at variance with the omnipotence of kings, this was declined, and Mr. S. subsequently consented to consider the business a confidential one, known only to himself and a few members of the household who were privy to it. The result, however, was, that previous to Mr. S's departure from Europe, a string of diamonds was presented to him in behalf of the sovereign, the centre one of which is valued at \$30,000. The whole is said to comprise about twenty five brilliants, the smallest of which, as they are of the first water, cannot be worth less than \$10,000 each.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Tough Story.—The following story of Joseph Nauhaught, a very pious and worthy Indian Deacon of this town, is related in Barber's Historical Collections. The deacon was a member of the church which whilom worshipped in the Indian meeting house, situated near the northern border of Swan's pond, in this town.—*Yarmouth Register.*

“Deacon Nauhaught was once attacked by a large number of black snakes. Being at a distance from any inhabitants, he was, to be sure, in a very precarious situation; for unfortunately, he had not even a knife about him for his defence. To outrun them, he found utterly impossible; to keep them off, without any weapon was equally so. He therefore came to the determination to stand firm on his feet. They began winding themselves about him; in a little time, one of them had made his way up to the Indian's neck, and was trying to put his black head into his mouth, Nauhaught opened it immediately. The black serpent thrust in its head, and Nauhaught, putting his jaws together, bit it off in a moment! As soon as the blood, streaming from the beheaded, was discovered by the rest of the snakes, they left their intended prey with great precipitation, and Nauhaught was liberated from the jaws of impending death.”

Lineal Descendant of William Wallace.—At Baltimore I met and conversed with an elderly gentleman of the name of Wallace. In early life he had attended the classes at Edinburgh, and studied under Dr. Black and others. He boasts of being the only remaining lineal descendant of William Wallace, and still use the arms and motto of that hero. He mentioned to me that he was once in an engraver's shop in Edinburgh, giving the requisite instructions for cutting his seal, when the Earl of Buchan, who was accidentally present, examined the arms and motto, and said: “Sir, there is only one family remaining entitled to these, and that family is in Virginia.” This confirmation of his innocent and praiseworthy claim from the lips of a stranger, must have given him great satisfaction. He is a very cheerful, communicative old gentleman, and I was really pleased to interchange a friendly grasp with a hand, the veins of which might be enriched even with a drop of the Wallace blood.—*Murray's Travels.*

Singular.—The New Orleans Bee tells a curious story of a woman and a slave, in whom the process of absorption of the coloring matter which tinges the skin of the African black, has been going on for several years. The removal of the coloring matter is however imperfect, and irregular; it takes place in patches, giving to portions of her arms and legs a pure white appearance, which contrast unnaturally and disagreeably with the jetty hue of the surrounding surface. She will never become entirely white—but the case is curious as being illustrative of the mode in which nature performs this singular freak—viz: by absorption of the black pigment from which the skin of the negro derives its color.—*Express.*

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1840.

THE WISDOM FROM ABOVE.

BY MISS A. C. PRATT.

"The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits."

How beautiful that streamlet, as it winds
Through yonder valley! No rude breath disturbs
Its mirror-like repose. Silent and calm
It moves along, leaving the mountain's base,
And adding richness to the verdant plain:
Its crystal surface heaven's bright image bears;
That lovely azure, and those sunlit clouds
Which seem the very breath of purity;
While here and there, like diamonds scattered o'er,
Refulgent rays in all their glory shine.

How soft the breeze that comes at summer eve!
We see—we hear it not, yet o'er the cheek
Is felt its grateful touch. The languid blood
Starts up afresh, and the whole frame revives.
And dews in silent night! how they distill
Upon the earth! no murmur—not a sound
Tells of their coming; yet, when morning dawns,
Field, hill, and slope, and lawn are cover'd o'er,
Flowers that had wither'd in the noonday sun,
Waken anew, all fresh and beautiful,
As if just issued from the Artist's hand!
While every leaf and blade seem offering up
Their humble meed, for renovated life.

Thus gentle is all influence divine!
The mighty God appear'd not in that blast!
Which rent the mountain-top, and gave to dust
The adamant rock; nor in the fire,
Or earthquake's hollow roar; but 'twas a voice,
A "still, small voice" that made the seer bow down,
And, trembling, hid himself within the cave.
In that calm hour his spirit was subdued
By sweet communion with the Holy One.
And so the heart by heavenly wisdom sway'd,
Is ever peaceful; tuned to harmony
Mid earthly discord; breathing out pure love
And holy feeling—yea, its joy is love—
Its blissful song—"Glory to God on high!
Peace and good-will to all who dwell on earth."
Rivers of life flow from a fount thus pure,
Such as make glad the city of our God;
And fruits abound, like those in Paradise.
Hail, hallow'd gift! descending from above
To still the tempest, calm the troubled sea,
And scatter all the dismal clouds of sin;
Purchase of Jesus' blood! all hail to thee!
And hallelujahs to His name be given,
Who paid the wondrous price. Let seraphs join
The ransom'd throng, to swell a note of praise,
Resounding onward through eternity.
Rochester, N. Y.

Examinations in Grammar, at a fashionable Seminary for Young Ladies.—Pray, Miss, what part of speech is the parson of the parish?

I suppose he is a conjunction, madam.

A conjunction, Miss! what kind of a conjunction?

A copulative conjunction, madam.

Why a copulative conjunction?

Because he "connects like cases and like moods and tenses."

How does he connect "like cases?"

He unites parties, both of whom are in love, which I take to be, that both are in the same case.

Very well. How does he connect "like moods?"

The parties to be united are, I suppose, both in a mood to be married, and thus are in "like moods."

But how does he connect "like tenses?"

If both are desirous, at the time of the ceremony, of being immediately united, as I presume is always the case, then both are, at that time, in the present tense; and thus he "connects like tenses."

Does such a copulative conjunction connect "like genders?"

No, that is not according to the rules of Cupid's grammar. His rule is, that "copulative conjunctions can only connect unlike genders," or rather contrary genders, that is, masculine and feminine, never the neuter.

Very well, indeed, Miss—your examination does you much credit—you may pass. You are entitled to the degree of Bacheloretess of Arts.—

You shall have a husband when you are married.

Thank you, madam.

Horse Collars.—An English paper states that a great improvement has recently been made on this part of a horse's harness the collar being inflated. The success of this improvement has been established by experiment, and has proved a wonderful relief to that valuable animal, the horse.

"Mammy, who's going to sleep in that are bed with Jim and John, Joe and Kate, and Bet, and Moll, and Jane, Su and Dick, and that ar strange man what's here to-night?" "Why, me and daddy and eal, to be sure."

BREAKERS AHEAD.

When we see a young man going boldly into business, engaging twice the number of clerks necessary for his pursuit, buying a fast trotting horse, and boarding at a hotel where he dines at 4 and rises from the table at 7—we are disposed to cry out—"breakers ahead."

When we see a business man going in the afternoon, no one knows where—for, no one knows what; dodging into the theatre in the evening, and dodging out again for no imaginable reasons that is creditable—we begin to suspect that he has expensive vices as pensioners, and we say to ourselves "he will go to the breakers."

When we see a man whose days and nights should be devoted to his business, lounging about hour after hour—now dropping into an oyster cellar and anon calling at a tavern—we feel inclined to hail the poor victim thus hurried on to destruction, and tell him that the breakers are foaming and roaring before him, and that his destruction is inevitable, unless he changes his course at once and forever.

When we see a young man who has a living to make, engaging in the affairs of the nation instead of his own—thinking more of Clay or Van Buren, than he does of his wife and children, and devoting the cream of his mind to politics and giving the skimmed milk to his business—we exclaim "Ho! Ho! Are you sailing there? You'll find the breakers close ahead!"

But there are many good men and true, whom adverse winds drive into danger. For these we heave the heaviest sighs, for their coming troubles are unmerited. Let such men, when they are in trouble, steer for the clear sea of truth, and, of all things avoid the brokers or the breakers. Let the honest business man, when he finds he cannot make both ends meet, remember that from the cradle to the grave our best friend is truth. Let him collect his creditors and say "I have been imprudent, but I will not be dishonest—I will not pay the per cent a month to the broker, to defer my failure. My property is yours; it is better that I should at once surrender it than give it to the shavers." Our life on it, if he pursues this policy his creditors will credit him again to-morrow.—Am Cit.

Isaac Kidder.—The Boston Courier mentions a pretty fair anecdote of the individual whose name is at the head of this article. He was a graduate of Harvard. Isaac stuttered quite badly, but he was a chap of considerable humor.—One day while crossing a meadow he came to a ditch; so said he to himself, I I Isaac, I I I'll bet yo-ou a ha ha half pint, yo o-ou. can't j jump over. Done, said he, done. So going well back, he started, and running smart, he gave a leap and went over. Now, said he I I I. Isaac, yo o-o owe me a half pint. Yes, but I I. I'll bet yo-o-ou another ha half pint, you can't j jump back again. Done, said he, and not using the same exertion, he struck his toes against the opposite bank, and fell sprawling in to the ditch. When he had got himself out as well as he could, he shook himself and said, now, I I Isaac, yo-o ou and I are sq square.

Curious Definition of Ice.—When a boy, a native of the East Indies, (where, be it remembered, there is no ice,) was on a visit at the house of a friend in Edinburgh, he was shown water in a basin that had been frozen in the night. On being asked what it was, said, "It is water fallen asleep."

We once heard an old lady remark that industrious people always eat fast. So that as it may, we have lately discovered that it is better to be a lit le lazy in this particular. No time will be lost by it, for you will absurdly live the longer for it.—Bellows Falls paper.

We have lately come to the conclusion that people must do one of three things, viz: use a great deal of exercise, be very temperate, or be sick. There's no mistake—choose ye of the three.—Bellows Falls paper.

Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush? 'Dye give it up? Because every one should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's.—Bost. Mercantile Jour.

A cotemporary wonders how two usurers can look each other in the face. We wonder how a usurer can look an honest man in the face.

THE ABLEST MEN WERE MECHANICS.

BY M. M. NOAH.

There never was a doctrine more untrue than the now, we trust, almost obsolete one, derived from the false distinctions of monarchies, that mechanic professions are menial, and beneath the station of a true gentleman. The truth is, they are the only professions that have substance and reality and practical utility. All else seems, on reflection, to be mere speculation—ideality—dreaming—"leather and prunella." The greatest men in the annals of the world—the men that have done most to enlighten it, and advance the prosperity and the liberties of the human race, have been mechanics. It is the directness of mind—the plain good sense their pursuits inculcate, which had led to those immortal discoveries that have enriched and ameliorated the condition of the whole human race. Name but an Arkwright, a Fulton, a Watt, a Franklin, a Whitney, &c, &c., and where among the closet men, the academicians, the doctrinaires, do you find their equal. True, Newton, Laplace, Gay, Lussac, Davy, &c., have discovered great principles, but nothing that compares with the comprehensive usefulness that has come from the inventions of mechanic minds. Let the sickly races of a pampered nobility, turn up their noses at mechanics as they do at merchants. It is to the working men only that the "rod of empire" has been given; and the revolutions on the globe from mechanic invention, of steam and the press, and which are hourly advancing with a pace that excites astonishment, prove incontestably that the progress of mind, of human liberty and civilization, and of mechanic labor are indissolubly wedded.

New Beginning in the West.—Some years since it was fashionable for a string of movers from the east to put "OHIO" conspicuously on their wagons. An old man of 80 years was noticed in the rear wagon of one of these trains, and to the inquiry why one so aged was taken to the west, the waggish driver replied "to begin a burying ground with!"

To keep a Congregation Awake.—They tell a new way of paying off a drowsy congregation. It was this: The clergyman, after having nearly finished his sermon observed a great part of his congregation asleep, and said he thought he had better go over the whole sermon again, which he did. The next Sunday the people kept awake "on the first reading."

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 1st instant, by the Rev. E. Tucker, H. A. TUCKER, Esq., to Miss JANE C., daughter of Doct. O. E. Gibbs, all of this city.

In this city, on the 29th inst., by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. John Sheffer, to Miss Charlotte Brown.

In Fredonia, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Langdon, Mr. MONROE GAY, of Jamestown, to Miss CORNELIA CO. K. of Fredonia.

In this city, on the 25th instant, by the Rev. T. Edwards, Robert Crangle, Merchant, Wheeling, Virginia, to Miss Elizabeth, only daughter of Robert and Sally Duzell, of this city.

In Mendon, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Horace Silsby, of Seneca Falls, to Miss Phebe M. Burt, of the former place.

In Shelby, on the 19th inst., by Rev. G. P. Prudden, Mr. Erasmus Emerson, of Riga, to Miss Cyrene Thoms of Shelby.

In Palmyra, on the 8th inst., by F. Smith, Esq., Mr. Ambrose Camp to Miss Phebe Jane Mills, both of Macedon.

In Zion Church, Palmyra, on the 19th Sept. instant, by the Rev. C. M. Butler, Samuel C. Breck, of Branch Port, Yates Co., to Miss Mary R. Baldwin, of the above place.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 19, 1859.

No. 21.

THE NOVICE—A True Story.

BY AMELIA ORIE.

"I, in probation of a Sisterhood."—*Shakespeare.*

The events which I am about to relate, took place in Paris, in the reign of Louis XV.; all, excepting the first names, are those which actually belonged to the actors of the drama, being literally true.

The Count de Villeroi, a noble of high descent and great feudal possessions, had an only daughter, Henriette, who, almost in her childhood, evinced so decided a vocation for a conventual life, that before attaining the age of sixteen, she entered upon her noviciate in the convent in which she had been educated. Returning home, in consequence of a severe illness, a few months after, she met, at her father's, Adrien, Viscount de Mornay, a young man, her equal in birth, fortune and endowments; a mutual attachment ensued, and they were on the point of marriage, when M. de Villeroi died, leaving his daughter under the guardianship of his only sister, the Marquise de Chamillart.

This lady, still young enough for coquetry, had, unfortunately, imbibed an attachment for de Mornay, and, in revenge for his neglect of her charms, resolved to separate the lovers; an opportunity for which purpose unluckily offered itself, in his being appointed to an embassy at the court of St. Petersburg.

The Marquise immediately placed her niece at the royal abbey of Panthemont rue de Grenville, in Paris; the abbess of which convent was nearly connected with her family, and joined her heartily in endeavoring to induce the fair novice to increase the already large number of illustrious ladies of the house of Villevo, who had attained the highest honors of the church.

The Marquise adopted the further precaution of sending to the Abbey of Panthemont, partly as companion, partly as attendant upon her niece, a tenant's daughter, Eugenie Latour, whose vocation for a religious life she well knew, promising that if she succeeded inducing Henriette to take the veil, she would herself furnish the money required for her entering the same convent. In addition to this, anonymous letters were dropped, by unknown hands, into the apartment of the fair maiden, announcing that Adrien was on the point of marriage to a Russian princess; and the Marquise showed communications addressed to herself to the same effect; so that poor Henriette, hearing nothing from her false lover, and assailed on every side by persuasions and arguments in favor of a religious life, was at last driven to resume the dress and duties of a novice, and to announce her intention of becoming a nun as soon as the requisite form could be undergone.

Although, however, the Marquise had, to a certain point, succeeded in her end, one of the means which she had employed, failed her.—Eugenie Latour, an affectionate, honest hearted girl, had, with the quick sympathy of youth towards youth, become unfeignedly attached to her young lady, and seeing at once, and the more strongly from her own deep seated religious feelings, that poor Henriette's was the result more of disappointed love than of devotion, and mistrusting, most justly, the good faith of the Marquise, who seemed, to her sense of simplicity, taking too much pains to establish that which, if true needed not such reiterated proofs, suddenly demanded her dismissal and wages, and set forth from the rue de Grenville, determined, if possible, to get to the speech of the Viscount de Mornay.

Whether her pilgrimage might not have conducted her to St. Petersburg, there is no saying; had she not, luckily bethought, herself of repairing to the nobleman in whose suit Adrien had revisited the court of the Czar, where she immediately ascertained that the Secretary of

the embassy had been unable to encounter the severity of the climate, and had been sent, under medical advice, to his chateau, near Lyons.

Hither the faithful girl repaired, husbanding, as best she could, by her own small means and performing, partly on foot, and partly by the aid of good natured travelers, a journey, whose duration and difficulty can hardly be adequately estimated in these days of steamboats and railways. She found the Viscount de Mornay, as she expected sick, rather of grief than of disease. A similar system of deceit had been practised with him; and he when Eugenie made her appearance in his apartment, fully believed that Mademoiselle without receiving any answer, (letters which the Marquise took good care should never reach the convent,) had already taken the evil.

The tidings which his unexpected visitor had to tell him, gave him fresh life. He immediately dispatched her to the Princess Potocka, the Russian wife of a Polish nobleman, and the friend in Paris upon whose aid he most confidently relied, and proposed following himself as speedily as his health would permit.

Eugenie arrived at the Hotel Potocko, on the very eve of the profession. The fourteenth of March was the fatal time, and this was late in the evening—evening, do I say? before the necessary explanations had taken place, it was deep in the night of the thirteenth; and the princess, as her only chance, resolved to set forth at once on her search for the archbishop.

The archbishop was, however, no where to be found. All that she could learn from the drowsy Swiss porters of the place was, that he was either in retirement at the seminary of St. Maglorise, or he was gone to pass the late of St. Bruno with the fathers of the *Chartreux*, in the *ue d'Enfer*, or he was resting himself at his country house at *Confairs our Seine!*

Baffled and disappointed, the princess drove back to her hotel. She retired to rest, after giving Eugenie to the care of her attendant. But, as her love of justice, her hate to perfdy, and her affectionate piety for its admirable and innocent victims made it impossible for her to sleep, while any means to prevent the meditated injury was as yet untried, at seven o'clock Eugenie was summoned to the carriage, and they drove to the abbey. "Let me see the abbess as soon as possible," was the message sent. The answer, as might be expected, was a positive refusal.

The abbess was obliged to be in office at that hour in the church. She then asked if she might not be permitted to enter the convent, to reveal something to her of the greatest importance—The reply was, "By no means, except by permission of the archbishop of Paris." And now, almost in despair, the princess re-entered the carriage, and established herself at the door of the church, there to await the arrival of the prelate.

The clock had struck eleven, when one of the servants of the princess forced his way to the carriage. "Madame," said he, hastily, "the archbishop entered by the cloister door; he is already at the altar, and the ceremony is going to begin.

The princess and Eugenie shuddered, when they heard this intelligence; but, recovering her presence of mind, the princess wrote a few lines on her tablets, and then ordered her valet to make way for them through the crowd, and conduct her to the sacristy, without losing a moment; giving Eugenie, meanwhile, to the care of another servant, desiring him to see her safely seated in the church.

Never had a more brilliant assembly of royalty, nobility, and persons of varied claims to distinction, been gathered together on such an occasion. The pride of her aunt had led her to make the ceremony of her niece's profession, as imposing and dignified as possible.

Ill did her sparkling dress however, accord with the deadly whiteness of her cheek, and the languor of her countenance, as she awaited, with the firmness of despair, the opening of the gates of the choir.

As she rose from her knees, a sort of loud-murmuring was heard at the bottom of the church, amongst the servants in livery. "Turn those footmen out!" cried a nobleman, in a very loud voice; but they were already departing unbidden; for they were bearing out a young man who had fainted, but was recovering, and struggling to remain where he was. This circumstance drew Henriette's attention to the spot, just as her aunt was leading her to kneel before the observant prelate. She saw she recognized her lover in the now passive youth, whom they were bearing away, and who uttered an "Oh dieu!" which thrilled to her very soul; but the angry pressure of her arm by the enraged and alarmed relation, recalled her to herself. What an expression of interest, love, anxiety, and agony, beamed from her glistening eye, as she turned to kneel at the feet of the archbishop! But when there, when the awful moment was really come, she felt that the ceremony must go on, though she would be a wretch for life. Neither that look of agony, nor that of humble resignation which succeeded, was lost on the benevolent prelate, who was holding in his hands tablets enamelled in gold.

"Sister, said he, in the kindest tone, "what is your age?"

"She is nineteen," cried her aunt.

"You will have to answer me, madame, by and by," replied the archbishop; and put the same question to Henriette again.

"I am just turned seventeen," she faltered out.

"In what diocese did you ever receive the veil?"

"In the diocese of Toul."

"How! in the diocese of Toul?" exclaimed the archbishop, in a very loud voice. "The seat of Toul is void; the Bishop of Toul has been dead this fifteen months, and no one there could be authorized to receive novices." Your noviciate is null and void, young lady! and we refuse to receive your profession."

He then rose from his seat, assumed his mitre, took his crosier from the hands of an acolyte, and said, addressing the assembly—"My very dear brethren, there is no necessity for us to examine and interrogate this young lady on the sincerity of her religious vocation.—There is, at present, a canonical obstacle to her profession. As to any future impediments, we reserve to ourselves the means to ascertain whether any such exist. In the meanwhile, I forbid any other ecclesiastic whatever to assume the power of accepting her vows; on pain of interdiction, suspension and nullity, and this is in virtue of our metropolitan rights according to the bull *cum proximis*."

When he had pronounced these words, a sound as of approbation was heard, as from many parts of the building, but the prelate instantly sung in a grave and solemn voice, *Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini*; and turning to the altar, he proceeded to give the holy benediction of the sacrament, while Henriette, scarcely able to support herself, was led to the nearest seat, where she hid her face in her hands, to conceal her varied emotions, among which thankfulness was predominant.

Meanwhile, though the considerate prelate, in order to avoid a public exposure of the nefarious proceedings of the Marquise, that he might not disgrace a noble family, had taken advantage of a violation of forms to annul the ceremony that lady found herself so despised and avoided in the circles in which she had hitherto moved, that she was forced to quit Paris; and on pretence of illness, she set out to travel in a foreign land. And in a happy marriage terminated this romance of real life.

From the *Augusta Mirror*.

MY FIRST AND LAST FIRE HUNT.

Sam Sikes was forever at me to go with him upon what he called a "Fire Hunt." I could never meet him but he was sure to have a long tale to tell me of some of his exploits in that way; and such were the glowing pictures he presented that I had often promised to go with him "some of these times."

Sam was one of the most inveterate hunters I ever knew. He delighted in no other pursuit or pastime, and though he pretended to cultivate a small spot of ground, yet so large a portion of his time was spent in the pursuits of game, that his agricultural interests suffered much for the want of attention. He lived a few miles from town, as you passed his house, which stood a little distance from the main road, though a few acres of corn and a small patch of potatoes might probably attract your attention as standing greatly in need of the hoe, yet the most prominent objects about Sam's domicile pertained to his favorite amusement.—A huge pair of antlers—trophy of one of his proudest achievements—occupied a conspicuous place on the gable-end; some ten or a dozen lofty fishing poles, which, though modestly stowed behind the chimney, projected far above the roof of the little cabin; and upon its unchinked walls many a coon and deerskin was undergoing the process of drying. If all these did not convince you that the proprietor was a sportsman, the varied and clamorous music of a score of hungry looking hounds, as they issued forth in full cry at every passer-by, could not fail to force the conviction.

Sam Sikes had early found a companion to share his good or ill luck, and though he was yet on the green side of thirty, he was obliged to provide for six or seven little tallow-faced responsibilities; so he not only followed the chase from choice, but his wife, who hated "fisherman's luck," worse than Sam a miss or a nibble, took him to account for spending so many broken days, Saturday afternoons and rainy days and odd hours, to say nothing of *whole nights* in the woods, without bringing home so much as a cat-squirrel, or "horney head," his ready reply was, that he was "bleeg-ed" to do the best he could to get meat for her and the children.

The "fire hunt" was his favorite hobby, and though the legislature of Florida had forbidden that mode of hunting, yet Sam, considering, as he did, the law to be "no account," continued to indulge as freely as ever in his favorite sport.

I was sitting one evening, after tea, upon the steps of the porch, enjoying the cool breeze of an autumnal evening, when who should make his appearance but my friend Sam Sikes.

He had come for me to go with him on a fire hunt. He was mounted on his mule Blaze, with his pan upon one shoulder, and his musket on the other. Determined to have every thing in readiness before calling upon me, he had gone to the kitchen, and lit a few lightwood splinters, which were now blazing in the pan, and which served the double purpose of lighting him through the enclosure, and of demonstrating to me the manner of hunting by night. As he approached the house the light discovered me where I was sitting.

"Good evenin', squire—I've come out to see if you're a mind to take a little hunt to night."

"I believe not, Mr. Sikes," I replied, feeling entirely too well satisfied with my pleasant seat in the cool breeze, to desire to change it for a ramble through the woods at night. "Not to night, it looks like rain."

"Oh shaw, 'aint gwain to rain, depend upon it—and I'm all fixed; come—come along."

As he spoke, he rode close to the porch, and his mule made several efforts to crop the shrubbery that grew by the door which Sam promptly opposed.

"How far are you going, Mr. Sikes," I enquired, endeavoring to shake off the lazy fit, which inclined me to keep my seat.

"Only jest up the branch a little bit—not be-yant a mile from your fence at the outside.—Look at him!" and he gave the reins a jerk.—"Thar's deer a plenty up at the forks, and we'll have r'al sport. Come, you better go, and—why, look at him!"—and he gave the reins a jerk, at the same time that he sent a kick to his mule's ribs that might have been heard a hundred yards; "and I'll show you how to shine their eyes!"

As he sat in his saddle persuading me to go,

his mule kept frisking and twisting in such a manner as to annoy him exceedingly. Upon his left shoulder he bore his blazing pan, and upon his right he held his musket, holding the reins also in his right hand, so that any effort on his part to restrain the movements of his animal was attended with much difficulty. I had about made up my mind to go, when the mule became more and more troublesome.

"Woe!—woe, now!—blast your heart!—look at him!" then might be heard a few good lusty kicks. "Come, get your gun, and—will you hold up your head?"

"As I only go to satisfy my curiosity, I'll leave all the shooting to you."

"Well, any way you mind, squire."

We were about to start when suddenly the mule gave a loud bray, and when I turned to look, his heels were high in the air, and Sam clinging to his neck, while the fire flew in every direction. The mule wheeled, reared and kicked, and still Sam hung to his neck, shouting "Look at him! woe! will you mind!—woe now!" but all to no purpose, until at length the infuriated animal backed to the low paling fence, which enclosed a small flower garden; over which he tumbled; Sam, mule and altogether. So soon as Sam could disengage himself, he discovered that his saddle blanket was all on fire, which had been the cause of all the difficulty.

"Cuss the luck," said Sam, "that's what comes o'jerking your drotted head about that a way. Blast your heart, you've spilt all my fixens—and here's my pan jest as crooked as a fish hook; then there was a kick or two and a blow with the frying pan—take that you infernal fool, and hold your head still next time. And you've skinned my leg, odd blast your infernal picter—take that under your short ribs now; I've a great mind to blow your infernal brains out this very night. And you've broke the squire's palens down, you unnatural cuss. Woe! step over now; if you are satisfied."

By this time Sam had got the mule out of the enclosure, and had gathered up the most of his plunder. The whole scene after the upsetting of the pan, had taken place in the dark, and from the moment I saw the mule's heels flying, and Sam clinging to his neck, it was with much difficulty I restrained my mirth; and during his solo in the enclosure, I was compelled to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth to prevent his hearing my laughter.

"Did you ever see the likes o' that, squire?"

"I'm very sorry it happened," I replied, "as it will prevent us from taking our hunt."

"No, I'll be dad burn'd if it does tho'; I an't to be backed out that a way, squire. You know a bad beginning endin', as the old woman said. He is'n't done such a great sight o' harm no how, only bent the handle of my pan a little, and scratched a little skin off my shin—but that's nothing no how. So if you'll hold Blaze till I go and get a torch, we'll have a shot at a pair of eyes yet to night."

I took the bridle while Sam procured a torch, and after he had gathered up the faggots, which he had brought to burn in his pan, we sat off for the branch; Sam mounted his mule with a torch in one hand, while I walked by his side.

It was only necessary for us to go a short distance before we were at the designated spot.

"Thar," said Sam, "here's as good a place as any; so I'll jest hitch Blaze here, and light our pan."

Accordingly Blaze was hitched to a stout sapling, and Sam proceeded to light the fire in his pan.

"Now, squire," said Sam, "you must keep close to me, and you musn't make a racket in the bushes. You see the way we do to shine the deer's eyes is this: we holds the pan so, on the left shoulder, and carries the gun at a trail in the right hand. Well, when I wants to look, I turns round, keeping my eyes on the corner of my snadow, and if thar's a deer in range of the light, his eyes look 'zactly like two balls of fire."

This explanation was perfectly satisfactory, so we moved on a few paces, and Sam made a circuit, but saw no eyes.

"Never mind," said he, "we'll find 'em, you see."

We moved on cautiously and Sam made his observation as before, but with no better effect. Thus we travelled on from place to place, until I began to get weary of the sport.

"Well, Mr. Sikes," I remarked, "I dont see that your bad beginning is going to insure any better ending."

"Patience, squire, you'll see."

We moved on again. I had become quite weary, and fell some ways behind. Sam stopped, and when I came up he said in a low voice: "You better keep close, squire, 'case if I should happen to shine your eyes, you see I would'nt know 'em from a deer, and old Betsy here toats fifteen buckshot and a ball, and slings 'em to kill."

I fell behind no more.

We had wandered about for several hours, and the sky, which had not been the clearest on the commencement, now began to assume the appearance of rain. I had more than once suggested the propriety of going home. But Sam was not to be won from his purpose, he was ambitious of showing me how to shine the eyes of a buck. We searched on as before, for another half hour, and I was about to express my determination to go home, when Sam suddenly paused.

"Stop, stop," said he, "there's eyes, and whoppers they is too: now, hold still. I raised on tiptoe with eager anticipation—I heard the clink of the lock. Sam stood for a moment in portentous silence; the next moment the old musket blazed forth with a thundering report, and in the same instant was heard a loud squeal and a noise like the snapping of the reins of a bridle.

"Thunder and lightnin'!" exclaimed Sam, as he dropped his gun, pan and all, and ran to the spot, "I've shot old Blaze!"

So soon as he had recovered from the shock, we hastened to the spot where the luckless animal was still floundering in the agonies of death, and sure enough there lay the mule:—"past all surgery." Sam stood by him until he breathed his last, in breathless agony; he uttered not a word until after the signs of life were extinct, then with a heavy sigh he muttered:

"Well, I reckon I've done for you now; that's what I call a pretty night's work, any how."

"A bad beginning does'nt always make a good ending, Mr. Sikes."

"Luck will run so sometimes," said Sam, in a sullen tone, as he commenced taking the saddle off his deceased donkey. "I'm blamed if I see how I got so turned around."

By this time it had commenced to rain, and and we were anxious to get home, as the awful truth rushed upon him that he had killed the only mule he possessed in the world, and we now found it difficult to recover them. After searching about for near an hour in the drizzling rain, Sam chanced to come upon the spot, and having regained his gun and pan, we endeavored to strike a fire: an effort, however to produce a light proved ineffectual, and we commenced to grope our way through the darkness.

"Hello, squire, whar are you?"

"Here."

"Whar you gwain?"

"Home."

"Well, that's not the way."

"Why, we came this way."

"No, I reckon not."

"I'm sure we did'nt come that way."

"Whar does the branch run? If I could only see the branch I could soon find the way."

"I swear I'm completely deluded; if I had'nt been turned round like, I'd never a' killed Blaze."

Sam came tearing through the briars with his stirrup irons dangling about him, and his gun in one hand, and fryingpan in the other.—I volunteered to carry his gun, but he was in an awful humor; he was still harping on his mule, and grumbling to himself; "What," he muttered, "will Polly say now? I'll never hear the last o' that critter; that's worse than 'choppin' the coon tree across the settin' hen's nest, and I liked never to hear the end o' that."

After groping through the brush and briars, which seemed to grow thicker the farther we proceeded, Sam stopped.

"I swear, squire, this ain't the way."

"Well, lead the way and I'll follow you," I replied, beginning myself to think I was wrong.

Changing our direction, we plodded on, occasionally tumbling over logs and brush, until Sam concluded that all our efforts to find the way were useless.

"O thunder!" he exclaimed, as he tore away from a thick jungle of briars in which he had been rearing and pitching for several minutes. "It an't no use to try to find the way, no squire."

So let's find a big tree, and stop under it till morning."

I saw no alternative, so readily consented to his proposal.

Accordingly we nestled down under the shelter of a live oak.

For a time neither spoke, and all was still, save the buzz of an endless swarm of mosquitoes, who relieved their drowsy concert by an occasional nip. At length I broke silence by remarking—

"I think this will be my last fire-hunt."

"I wouldn't keer a cent," replied Sam, "if I hadn't killed Blaze. That's all I minds."

"I should think a few such exploits as this would cure your fire-hunting propensity.—Your never had such luck as this before I presume."

"No, not 'zactly, tho' I've had some bad luck in my time too. I reckon you never hearn about the time the planters played sick a trick on me?"

"No—what trick?"

"Why, it was last fall about this time. Dudley and I went out and camped near lake Jackson. Well, he took his pan and went out one way, and I went another. I hadn't been gone from the camp long, afore I seed eyes. I foteh'd old Betsey to my face, and cut loose, and I heerd the deer drap; but some how I drapt my pan jist like I did to-night, when I heerd old Blaze squeel.

"While I was trying to kindle up a light, what should I see but more eyes, shinin' way down in the hollar. I draped the fire, and loded up old Betsey as quick as I could, to be ready for the varmint, whatever it was. The eyes kept coming closer and closer, and gittin brighter and brighter, and bime-by, I seed a whole grist o' eyes follerin' rite arter the fust, all dodging up and down, like they were dancing devils. I began to get skeered, so I raised old Betsey and pulled at the nearest eyes, but she snapped; I primed, and she flashed, and when I flashed, sich another squallin' and growlin', you never heard, and up the trees went the eyes all around me.

"Thinks I, them must be somethin' unnatural, bein' as my gun wouldn't shoot at'em. So I dapped old Betsey and put out for the camp with all my might.

"Well we went back next mornin', and what do you think? them infernal critters had eat the deer up as clean as a whistle, all but his bones and horns, and a litte ways off layed old Betsey, with four fingers of buck-shot and bullets, but no powder in her. Then I know'd they was hunters."

"Why, they might have eaten you too; you were lucky to escape them."

"That's a fact; Dudley said he wondered they didn't take hold o' me."

The drizzling shower which had already nearly wet us to the skin, now turned to a drenching storm, which continued for more than an hour without intermission. When the storm abated, we discovered the dawn approaching, and shortly after were enabled to ascertain our whereabouts. We were not three hundred yards from the enclosure, which we had left in the evening, and, probably, had not been during the night more than a mile from the house.

As we stepped from the wood into the open road, I could not restrain a hearty laugh at the ludicrous appearance of my companion. There he stood, with the saddle and bridle girded about his neck, his musket in one hand, and pan in the other; and drenched with rain, his clothes torn, with a countenance that told the painful conflict within, he stood an object of sympathy more than ridicule.

"Well," said he, with a heavy sigh, and without looking me in the face, 'good mornin', squire.'

'Good morning,' I replied, touched with sympathy for my unfortunate comrade, and reproaching myself for the mirth I had enjoyed at his expense. 'Good morning, Mr. Sikes, I am very sorry for your misfortune, and hope you will have better luck in future.'

'Oh, squire, it an't the valley of the mule, tho' old Blaze was a mighty fine critter. But that's my wife—what'll she say when she sees me comin' home in this here fix? Howsomever, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' as the feller said when the monkey bit him. But she had better not,' said he with a stern look as he spoke, 'come a cavartin' about me this mornin', for I ain't in no humor no how,' and he shook his head, as much as to say he'd make the far fly if she did.

We parted at the gate, Sam for his home, and I for my bed; he sorely convinced that a bad beginning did not always make a good ending; and I quite resolved that it should be my first and last Fire Hunt.

Anecdote of Napoleon.—After having gained the battle of Wagram, the Emperor Napoleon established his head quarters for a time at Schoenbrun, and there occupied himself, pending the negotiations for his Austrian alliance, with reviewing his troops and distributing among them rewards and honors. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually, under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns, Napoleon entered among the ranks and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent in this occupation; and at length when he had satisfied himself that no man's claims had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the Colonel—'Now present to me the bravest soldier in your whole regiment.' In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The Colonel, indeed, hesitated for a moment; but the question was caught by the soldiers, and one universal answer came from the ranks: "Morio; Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The Colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was a man still young, but embrowned by service; and already he wore on his person three badges of merit, and the cross of the Legion of Honor. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah, you have seen service!" "Fifteen years, my Emperor," replied Morio; "sixteen campaigns and ten wounds, not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the Emperor. "Sire, I was at your heels at the bridge of Arcola; I was the first man who entered Alexandria; it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm, when forty thousand Austrians capitulated; I took five prisoners with my own hands on the day of Austerlitz. It was I who served you" — "Hold! it is well, very well! Morio, I name you Baron of the Empire; and to that title I add a hereditary gift of five thousand francs a year." Acclamations arose anew from the soldiery. "Ah, my Emperor," said Morio, "that is too great a reward for me.—But I will not play the usurper with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want for food or clothing."

Norio still lives. He only quitted the service when his master fell; and in spite of that change, Morio still enjoys the Emperor's gift. He has kept his word to his companions. "No soldier in the department to which he has retired wants the wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.—*French paper.*

There appears to be no end to emigration and colonization schemes in Great Britain, from which we may infer that the number of Englishmen now seeking homes for themselves and families, far from the land of their birth, must be continually augmenting. Among the new schemes of the day, we observe there is a proposal to establish a "British colony in one of the Western states of the United States of America," between the 37th and 43d degrees of North latitude. Each member is to purchase a section of land at least, and to take possession of his property within one year after the purchase has been concluded with the United States, otherwise it will be confiscated and applied to the general purposes of education for the benefit of the colonists. It is intended that this British colony shall occupy at least one entire county, consisting of 750 sections of one square mile each; but the association shall be considered formed provided 200 members agree to purchase that quantity. The price of a section of land, consisting of 640 acres, at a dollar and a quarter per acre, will amount to £173 6s. 8d. sterling, or about £130,000 sterling for the whole county.—*Montreal Herald.*

We recently overheard the following short dialogue between two loafers: "I say, Bill, ain't this weather most extensively warm? My eyes! I feel just as an old wet dish rag looks; I'll go home, I b'lieve, and get rung out and hung up to dry." "Guess you'd better, Sam; you've been soaking it for more than a month, and I rather think if you don't do so, you'll get mildewed afore long."

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE ART OF PRINTING,

A discovery of much importance is alluded to in our late English papers.

The Messrs. Dupont, of Paris, have invented a new process, by which copies of old or new books, engravings, &c. can be multiplied to any number. This is effected by spreading a secret composition over the page or engraving of which copies are wanted, which is then laid face downwards, on the lithographic stone, and by a powerful pressure, the stone retains "with scrupulous precision," the printed characters of the original page or engraving. "It is then covered," says the account, "with the same preparation, and it may then print thousands of copies, by the ordinary processes of every sort lithography. Five minutes suffice for both operations. The original engraving may be restored to the portfolio which supplied it, for it has not been the slightest degree injured; the book, thus wholly reprinted, may undergo another binding, and honorably resume its place in the library."

The page of a book, newspaper, or an engraving, while the oily ink is still wet, but only then, can be transferred to stone, and by this means reproduced to any number. This is practised in many places by lithographers; but hitherto it has been found impracticable to transfer prints after the ink or oily substance has evaporated.

The Dumfries Courier, on the other hand, attributes the discovery to Mr. Ambrose Blacklock, a surgeon of that place, who, in a letter alluding to the matter says:

"I believe—but my specimens must speak for themselves—that I have already brought this novel and important art to perfection; and it is quite impossible to foresee its effects upon literature and the fine arts. Foreign works and engravings may, in this manner, be reprinted on their arrival here, without the expense of setting up types or engraving plates. In the same way our own books, the copyright of which has expired, may be re-issued at a rate which the cheapest of our reprints would compete with.—Bibles, &c. in the Indian languages, and in others whose characters are so *outré* as to defy the art of the type-cutter, might, when once printed by the ordinary process of lithography, be reproduced so readily as to make the want of type a matter of little moment. Considerable benefit will, in all probability, accrue to our posterities. At present the number of designs which ornament the wares is very limited, as the engraved plates from which the recent impressions are transferred to the biscuit are so high priced that a great variety of them cannot be kept by the china manufacturer. But, desirable as it may be when applied as above-mentioned, I think it will be found of still greater importance in reprinting logarithmic tables, and other sets of calculations, on the accuracy of which, when applied to navigation, thousands of lives, and the security of much valuable property, constantly depend."

Singular Phenomenon.—Capt. Thomas, of the brig Edward, of Alexandria, (D. C.) states that in passing South of Sicily, he sailed over the spot which was occupied by the volcanic island in 1833. After sailing about 25 miles on a due east course, he suddenly perceived the water all around him to be white, as if the bottom had been chalk or coral. It was so white that every thing appeared bright with the reflected light, so that one might see to pick up a pin on deck, although it was then a quarter before 12 o'clock at night. Its extent was about 250 feet square. He was struck with surprise, and sprang to seize the lead, but before he could sound, he had passed the illuminated surface.—*Boston Merc. Jour.*

"Hone's last!"—One of the very best things we have met with, in the way of a "Toast" in the following, given at a dinner in honor of the completion of the Harlem Rail Road:—

By PHILIP HONE—Locomotive—The only good motive for riding a man upon a rail

The Editor of the New York Gazette keeps the ball rolling by the remark that but for his "instinctive aversion to punning" he should say that the toast was in the true spirit of railway.—*Alb. Jour.*

MISCELLANY.

From the *Lady's Book*.

CHIVALRY OF HORSES

BY MISS CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

Lady Readers of the Lady's Book,

Did you ever ride on horseback? If so, then I fancy you know what a fuss it makes—this rummaging for old side-saddles and new—this begging and borrowing of horses—this disputing as to who shall ride the plough horse—and who shall have the pony, and who shall ride 'Squire Jones's charger—this fixing of snaffles, and curbs, and girths, and saddle-cloths—this rigging up in old and young, long and short riding-dresses—this tucking, and pinning and pulling and fixing of skirts—this groaning and fretting of those who are pounding up and down on the plough horse—this sympathy of those who skim ahead on the easy nags—this breaking of girths, and lengthening of stirrups, and changing of saddles and horses by the gallant and pitying beaux.

All these things you wot of, but I wish to tell you of some of the benefits which arise from cultivating a high respect for the chivalry of horses. "*Chivalry of horses*," say you—what does that mean? Does not *chivalry* come from *cheval*, the French word for horse? What sense is there in the expression! Now, suppose I could not tell you? Do you suppose that people ever know what they talk about *chivalry*? Look at the young rowdy, breathing through his whiskers, and flirting his rattle—he swears like a pirate, drinks like a sailor, breaks wine glasses, kicks over tables, and sticks a dirk into his best friend, if he even intimates that such conduct is not perfectly that of a gentleman.—Ask him, and he will tell you that he is the very pink and mirror of chivalry.

I have not exactly the same meaning for the term chivalry, which this interesting youth has. When I speak of the chivalry of horses, it is a much more respectable affair, and though I cannot tell precisely what it is, I am about to show some of the benefits which accompany or flow from cultivating a high relish and a due respect thereof.

I always had a strong feeling of this kind.—I never was afraid of a horse, and though some of my early friends can testify to a sort of Gilpin like race of mine, when at the age of ten, I first mounted the animal, whereby the whole village was thrown into consternation; yet, as no injury befel me, I never lost my loving and trusting spirit toward every individual of the race. But after the aforesaid flourish in my first adventure on horseback, my friends even seemed to have a singular aversion to any farther developements of the kind, and it was not till many years after some few practising lessons, in obedience to the suggestion of my physician, I began to talk again of morning rides on horseback. "But," exclaimed my various friends, "what will you do? no proper horses here for ladies—no beau to escort you in an early morning ride."

"Find me a horse," said I, "let us trust to the chivalry of the race, and we shall see."

Sister Nelly was not quite so full in the faith as myself, but after some urging she consented to join me in my morning ride.

"What is the name of this horse, Ramsay?" said I, as he placed me on the saddle. "*Music maam*," was the reply.

"And what is the name of Nelly's?" "*Dancing*, ma'am—and they are a span for any hack."

"*Music and Dancing*—good! we shall have a merry time, I fancy."

We sallied forth, *groomless* and *beardless*.

"Is your horse an easy one," said I to Nelly.

"I don't know," said she; and each particular word came forth as if knocked out in spite of her—volition having very little to do with the matter. For myself, I must say that I have several times in the course of my life, sat more easily and quietly than I did on that horse.

After about fifteen minutes of speechless attempts to accommodate the pace of our steeds more to our convenience, we began to gain a little in the matter of comfortable sitting, when suddenly I beheld Nelly on a long trot towards a stable yard.

"Where are you going?" called I.

"To Jericho!" said she, half in terror and half in merriment. In two minutes *Music* was eating oats in a barn-yard, and shortly *Dancing* came up to join the repast.

I was provided with a whip, and trusting to the chivalry of the race, I made such use of it, that after a little prancing and curvetting we careered out of the barn-yard, and proceeded on our ride.

We succeeded in gaining a tolerably decent quiet gait, during about half an hour, when suddenly *Dancing* quickened his pace, and to my amazement I saw him mounting an ascent on the right hand of the road. When on the summit he wheeled about. There sat Nelly and *Dancing* up, while *Music* and I were down.

"What are you sitting up there for, like St. George on horseback?" quoth I.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, help me, what shall I do?"

"Make him come down," said I.

"I can't," said she.

"Whip him," said I.

"I am afraid to do it," said she.

Just then a young beau of hers came in sight, one Daniel, who resembled his great namesake more in goodness than in courage—"Oh! Daniel," said I, help that maiden!"

Then Daniel made essay. First, he mounted the bank, then he advised Nelly to ride down, then he walked a circuit around the horse, keeping at a most respectful distance, then he turned his face to me, and looked most woe-begone.

"Daniel," said I, "come and hold my horse." He obeyed, and in a trice I was by the side of Nelly, holding my trailing riding-dress in one hand and my whip in the other.

"Put your hand on my shoulder and dismount," said I. She was off in a twinkling.

I then took the frisky gentleman by the bridle and we danced a sort of hornpipe down the side of the hill.

"Mount my horse, Nelly," said I, "and let me see what sort of a figure this fellow will dance next!"

My whip had a stinging snapper, and I had great faith in the chivalry of the animal, so when fairly seated on the saddle, I applied my whip so cheerily, that the dancing gentleman, instead of using four feet in taking his steps, restricted himself to two.

Whereupon I heard the mowers in a neighboring field begin to call out, "Take care of that gal! Young man, hold that horse, or the gal will be killed—sartin!"

But Daniel stood aghast, and I had no thought of being killed, and shortly *Sir Dancing* returned to his quadruped habits, and we then returned home in peace and safety.

After this, we tried in succession all the various Rosinantes which the obsequious livery-stable keeper brought to experiment upon, each one of which he declared was "exactly the creature for a lady."

There was Rover, who would trot like a fulling-mill; and Prince, who snorted and kicked without rhyme or reason; and Pirate, who would run like a streak; and Charley, who would turn and make for home whenever the notion seized him, in spite of whip or rein; and lastly came Peter, who would take to trotting in such a style, that it was a special interposition on whenever the rider happen to hit the saddle.

These were "hard times" in the way of riding. But halcyon days came on when my gallant Rollo appeared. Oh, my beautiful Rollo! if there is a land where the spirits of thy race depart, thou art coursing its bright fields—the fleetest, the noblest, and the best. His form was that of the true Arabian, and his eye had that bright and gentle, yet spirited look, so peculiar to his race. He was white as snow, and his long tail and mane, when duly washed and combed, glittered in the sun like threads of silver. Trained in the circus, he was complete in all the graces of an accomplished education, could kneel for his mistress to mount, to skim over a fence like a bird.

Poor Rollo! he had but *one fault*. When he attempted to exceed a certain speed, he would breathe like a steamboat—not those smooth oily creatures that plough the eastern waters, but like those asthmatic creatures that toil up the Ohio, groaning and gruffing as if their larynx, trachea, bronchia, and all their breathing apparatus were brass, and the atmosphere cast steel. I bought him of my riding master, who set him off in the circus to great advantage. But when I took him to try him abroad, I perceived that his owner was very particular that I should not exceed a certain pace. As he placed his anxiety on the benevolent ground of interest for my genteel and proper appearance in public, declaring it very ungenteeled for a lady to canter in

the streets of a city; and as my ride was not prolonged into the country, I never discovered this infirmity till the bargain was completed.

In spite of his beauty, grace, and goodness, poor Rollo became somewhat of a but in the community. So great were his spirits, and so fond was he of quick movement, that with the strongest double curb I often found difficulty in concealing his infirmities. Indeed, I did so love his graceful and fleet canter, that when fairly out of the city, I often indulged in his favorite speed, until all the children in the vicinity made merry at his approach.

"There comes Rollo!" says one. "Hollo, Old Wheezer!" says another. "Better take some cough drops!" says a third. "What is the matter of your horse?"

He was a most loving and faithful servant, and for three years, never failed in duty. True he did occasionally play a few pranks, but they were all harmless. For example, one morning he made his mistress, who had dismounted for some flowers, follow behind him for nearly two miles—every now and then stopping with a most demure and roguish look, till when within reach of his bridle, he would skim off like a frolicsome kitten, and then turn about to see the effect produced.

Another time, while waiting for some bars to be removed, after the top one was taken off, without leave or license, he sailed over the rest taking good care, however, to keep his mistress well seated, and then paced along as if nothing special had occurred.

Poor little Bessy! she will never forget her first ride with Rollo. She had long been pleading to be allowed a ride on horseback. But here I must stop to do justice to the chivalry of another of his race. Little Red Tinker was a prancing spirited animal, and would run like wild fire, if mounted by any of the lords of creation. But put a timid woman or a little child on his back, and he was as gentle as a lamb, and as steady as a clock. For three years he was the daily companion of Rollo, carrying safely and surely all the young noviciates in the art of horsemanship.

I was a calm summer evening, when sister Nelly and myself accompanied little Bessy in her long promised ride. We were pacing along the river banks in one of those broad meadows, sprinkled with trees and cornfields, and undivided by fences.

"Take my hat, a moment," said I, "while I fix my hair."

As she took it, the hat slipped from her hand, the veil caught in her saddle, and there it swung dangling between the horse's legs. Red Tinker started a few steps, this made the case worse, and it became a matter too strange even for his high chivalry. In a twinkling, I saw little Bessy careering off among the trees and cornfields, with my hat and veil stirring up her steed to renewed exertions. Without thinking of Rollo's infirmity, I gave him the reins, and sister Nelly knew not what else to do but follow; and such a rig as we run! Bessy flying over the meadow—now here and now there—my hat and veil flopping around her—I coursing after her, my hair flying, and Rollo piping in his loudest key, while Nelly was toiling on behind. But after careering about in this style for some five or ten minutes, the hat was disengaged. Tinker slackened his pace, and Bessy slid off into the long grass, where we found her unharmed.

With the most amusing naivete, she began to apologise for riding so fast, declaring that she held the horse with all her might and could not stop him—congratulated herself that her habit was not torn at all—indeed, she seemed disposed to represent the whole matter as a very fortunate occurrence in every point of view, lest her probabilities of future rides might be diminished. But where was Red Tinker? Far off, nibbling the grass. So Nelly and I set off to recover him, which proved not so easy a matter. For half an hour, we trotted, and paced, and galloped, and cantered, all in vain. Then we tried a foot passage, but all to no purpose. At length, a countryman and his boy came in sight, and after hearing all the particulars of our adventure, with a good natured laugh they secured our stray animal, and we returned to town.

Thus for years have I been a daily observer of the generous chivalry of horses, and though they have sometimes played us various pranks, it was always in a suitable time and place while life and limb was ever preserved with faithful care. Poor Rollo! he is gone! but his grateful mistress will record at least this one memorial of his generous and faithful services.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

"The Poets of America Illustrated by one of her Painters.—This is the title of one of the prettiest Presentation Books we have seen, and is "something new" in the history of American literature. It is edited by JOHN KEESE, and is published by S. COLMAN, New York. The selections are, generally, entire new pieces, from the best authors;—there are 36 pages of illustrations, strictly original, and etched on steel, by CHAPMAN, in the best style of the art. The paper is of the finest quality, and the binding corresponds with the whole. The pictorial ornaments are not isolated plates, but are worked in and around the text, so as to carry along to the eye, and help to fix on the mind, some of the peculiar interest of the poetry. The imagination of the artist has been fired by the utterance of the poet, and fanciful figures, with appropriate appliances and descriptions, enrich the page to an extraordinary degree. These illustrations are printed in black, blue, red, gold, &c.

☐ The work is for sale by MR. ALLING, No. 12, Exchange Street.

"Morton's Hope, or Memoirs of a Provincial.—This is the title of a new and very interesting work, published and for sale by NICHOLS & WILSON, No. 6 Exchange street, Rochester.

From the perusal of a few chapters, we find its character to be one which cannot fail to please most readers. Its scene is laid on both sides of the Atlantic. It gives a graphic account of the events which led to our Declaration of Independence, and the commencement and close of the Revolutionary war; portrays admirably the character of the German people, which is gathered from a residence of several years in Germany. It is, in our opinion, a well got up work—vivacious and exciting—without long prosing chapters, which mar the beauty of the majority of such works. To the lover of light reading, it is a rich treat.

☐ Ladies Companion.—We have the number for October. It is neat in execution, and rich in embellishments, as usual, and filled with the original contributions of talented writers; but in these piping political days, we have not been able to command time to read its articles, and speak of their character.

Thanksgiving.—Gov. SEWARD has recommended "Thursday the 28th day of November next, to be observed throughout the State as a day of public worship, thanksgiving and prayer."

☐ Mr. RUSSELL is giving Concerts in New York, having recently arrived there from the south.

☐ Whoever knew an Irishman that was ungrateful? This inquiry is suggested by seeing it stated that a beautiful silver pitcher has been presented, as a tribute of respect from numerous Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen in Philadelphia, to Gov. SEWARD, of New York.

☐ We have been favored with a copy of Mr. BARNARD'S Address before the Rochester Young Men's Association. Some extracts will be made from it, when our columns are less crowded, in justice to the author, who was misapprehended by some of his hearers, and made the subject of several rather severe remarks in our columns at the time.

From the Literary Geminae.

AN APPRENTICE'S WAY OF ACQUIRING A LIBRARY.

'Why, Frank Wilson! How—where on earth did you get all these books? Here!—what? the Knickerbocker too! and the North American! Now Frank, where did you get the money to buy all these? Why, I have ten dollars more a year than you; yet I have to send down to father for money, almost every month. You take the Knickerbocker indeed! Why, there are none but Squires Waters and Doctor Marvin, in the whole town who think themselves able to have such a costly work, which is only meant for a few rich people to read. Pretty well, eh? for a poor apprentice to a soap boiler! Where did you get that book-case, and all those books that you have got stuck up there? Let's see, *Plutarch's Lives!* Who's he? what's that about? *Rollin's Ancient History!* why didn't he write it all in one small book as well as to have a dozen about it? *Gibbon's Rome!* there's no such place in the United States. Why, my dear fellow, what a long list of outlandish names you've got here! Let me see—Milton, Shakespeare, Young, Pope, Dryden, Cowper, Bacon, Locke, Goldsmith, and all the other Smiths in creation, as well as those in America! Now, come; I will light my Havana, and sit down here, and give you a chance to explain how you, an apprentice, with only forty dollars a year, contrive to scrape together a library half as large as Parson Dayton's.'

Francis Wilson did not interrupt this interrogatory and exclamatory medley of words from his comrade, by any explanation, until he had exhausted all his incoherent inquiries. Setting down in the proffered chair, and lighting his long pipe, Edward Saunders placed his feet upon his friend's clean desk, and seemed really to be waiting for a detailed account of the *modus operandi*, by which an apprentice could acquire honestly such a collection of books. Nor did Francis hesitate to gratify his curiosity. Both of the young men were in the middle of their apprenticeship; and the most cordial intimacy had subsisted between them from their youth.—Edward was deficient in nothing so much as in expending his small annuity; and Francis hit upon a very successful method of administering to his young friend a salutary lesson upon this subject, while he explained how an apprentice could acquire a taste and the means for the cultivation of his intellect.

'Edward,' said he, taking up his pencil, 'I will explain to you in figures, what seems to have excited your wonder, if you will permit me, by the way, to ask you a few questions in order to solve the problem. I see you are very fond of smoking, how many cigars do you buy a week?'

'O none of any account,' replied Edward, anticipating some unpleasant strictures upon his favorite practice; 'after working all day, it is really a comfort to smoke one genuine Havana; it does not amount to anything; I only smoke six in the course of the whole week.'

'Six Havanas a week,' repeated Francis, putting it down upon paper, with as much formality as if he was registering the data of a problem; 'six a week, at two cents a piece, amount to the very trifling sum of six dollars and twenty four cents per annum. I suppose you spend a trifle at the fruit shops,' continued Francis. 'Nothing worth mentioning,' replied Edward, rather startled at the aggregate of such little items; 'all that I buy—apples, nuts, raisins, figs, oranges, &c. do not amount to ninepence a week; why, that is not half as much, as Tom Williams, the goldsmith's apprentice besides, Francis, you know I never taste a drop of any kind of liquor—not even wine. You certainly can't think that I lack economy, Frank?'

'Ninepence a week for nuts, raisins, oranges and figs, repeated Francis, in a low serious tone, pronouncing the items, one by one, as he wrote them down, with all the precision and gravity of a clerk in a country store, —'Ninepence a week amount to six dollars and fifty cents per annum; which add to six dollars and twenty four cents spent for cigars, make the trifling sum of twelve dollars and seventy four cents for one year. Now, Edward, see what I have obtained for just this sum.' 'Here,' said he, taking down several neatly bound volumes of the North American Review, and a handful of those of the Knickerbocker, 'I have bought all these, for a less sum than you have paid for cigars, nuts, &c., during the last year.'

And as for these other books which you see here in my case, I will tell you how I have obtained them, and how any other apprentice can do the same, with only thirty six dollars a year too. You know our masters are very industrious steady men, and are attentive to their business, and like to see their workmen so.—They prefer also to see them with a book in their hands, when they have done their work, rather than to be lounging about at the taverns or in vicious company. So when my master saw that I liked to read every chance I could get, and spend all the money I could spare for books, he offered to give me ninepence an hour for all the time I would work from twelve o'clock till one p. m. And this is the way, Edward, that I have bought all these books, which you thought I had borrowed, begged or stolen. I work every noon-time a half an hour, and earn enough every fortnight to buy one of these books—Milton's Paradise Lost, for instance.—To be sure, they are not bound in calf, nor are they gilt-edged; but they contain the same matter as if they were, and that is enough for me.'

When Edward Saunders had listened to this very interesting and simple explanation of his uncle's apprentice, and had passed his eye over all the fine books in his little library, he arose suddenly at the very last words of Francis, and opening his little chamber window, took out of his hat the half dozen cigars which were to constitute his week's stock of comfort, and without saying a word, tossed them into the garden.—A new fire of animation lit up his eye, as he darted out of the room, turning only at the door to say, 'I'll try it, Frank.'

Edward Saunders, Esq. and the Hon. Francis Wilson, never forgot in their intimate intercourse in after life, their mutual computation of the cost of nuts and cigars, in the garret of the latter.

John Randolph's Opinion of Florida.—'Florida, Mr. Speaker, is land covered with water, abounding in alligators, tadpoles, serpents, and all manner of noxious things; a land, sir, of disease and death; a land to which a man would not emigrate from purgatory—no sir not even from hell itself.'

The Rev. J. B. Mahan, and others, were recently convicted at Georgetown, Ohio, upon an indictment charging them with the forcible rescue of a negro from Kentucky, who had been taken up as a runaway. Mahan was sentenced to a fine of \$300, and thirty days imprisonment.

At Montgomery, Ala. a meeting was held on the 21st. of Sept. to devise means for mitigating the distresses caused by the sickness at Mobile; the fruit of which meeting was a collection of \$550.

Query.—What would the ladies, do if they were born with such a camel's hump upon their backs, as some of them now make with the fashionable pad, called a *bustle* alias *bishop*? They would consider it a great calamity, and indeed if one of them was afflicted with a tumor of the same size and shape, she would have it removed by the surgeon's knife. How some people will deform themselves for fashion's sake.—*Hartford Courier.*

'What is the reason of your intolerable thirst, Brougham?' asked the candid Basil Montague, the other day, of the Ex-Chancellor. 'Upon my word,' answered his ready lordship, 'I can't tell, except that I must have been brought up by a dry nurse.'

What was the color of the wind and the waves last storm? The winds *blew* and the waves *rose*.

'The sweets of Liberty,' as the fellow said when he leaped from the jail window into a hoghead of molasses.

☐ Three men were brought to N. Orleans, in irons, by Capt. Stevens of the barque Irad Ferry from Baltimore, for mutiny.

☐ Mr. RUSSELL gave his last concert in New York on Thursday evening.

A Mississippi Toast.—'The Banks of the Mississippi—like the Mississippi banks—always caving in.'

MECHANICS AND PEDAGOGUES.

The Hon. John Bowan, of Kentucky, who is a native of Pennsylvania, and the Hon. S. S. Prentiss, now of Mississippi, but originally of New England, were both engaged in behalf of Judge Wilkinson, his brother Dr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Mordough, all of Mississippi, who, it will be recollected, were indicted in the Galt House of Louisville. The Hon. Benjamin Hardin, who acted in behalf of the Commonwealth, had alleged that the people of "Mississippi were aristocratic, and looked down upon mechanics," such as the friends of the murdered Meeks and Rothwell, to which Judge Bowan thus replied. Nothing could certainly be happier than the tone and manner of the report.—*Atlas*.

"The gentleman says, they look down upon poor mechanics—it is true they do so, but it is to discern their merit, and if they possess it, to lift them up—to elevate, support, and sustain them in their exaltation. But the other day they looked down upon Mr. Henderson, a shoemaker, saw his merit, and elevated him to a seat in the Senate of the United States. But this is not the only instance; they looked down upon Mr. Prentiss, who had travelled from the far East, and was engaged in teaching a school among them—an obscure pedagogue—no, I cannot say he was obscure. He could not be obscure any where; the eruptive flashes of his great mind, like those of *Ætna*, threw a blaze of light around him, which attracted or rather exacted their gaze and admiration. They sent him as their representative to the Congress of the United States. Mr. Prentiss must pardon me for thus going into his private history—I was myself an humble pedagogue. The difference in our condition is, that in my case the people of Kentucky honored me; in his the people of Mississippi honored themselves."

Education.—There is something so exquisitely beautiful in the following extract from an Illinois paper addressed to the principal mistress of a female academy in Quincy, that we could wish to see it copied in every paper throughout the Union:

"Imagine for a moment, that the beautiful diamond is placed in our hands, on which you are required to engrave a sentiment, which must be read at the great day of account, in the presence of listening angels and assembled worlds! What care would you exercise, what industry would you use, to select from the vast commonwealth of letters, a sentence, pure, chaste, refined, and holy! No cost—no pains—no efforts—would be lacking!

"Permit me then to say to you, that this is your present situation. Precious innocent hearts, in all the purity of childhood's delightful bloom, are placed in your keeping; and the duty of engraving principles there, which will outlive the sun, and live—and still live—and live on forever, devolves on you. Yes, these diamonds more precious than orient pearls—more costly than that sweet little star that smiles the dying day to sleep, will soon be removed from your hands and locked up in the archives of eternity. And when all nations shall be assembled to hear their final doom, they will be unfolded, and some swift winged angel, as he bends his loftiest flight around the tree of life, will catch the echo of your present instructions, and with his silver trumpet, pour them into the ears of unnumbered millions!"

It is stated, in the Irish Gardner's Magazine, not only that a decoction of the leaves of the common chamomile will destroy insects—but that nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No green house or hot-house should ever be without chamomile in a green or dried state; either the stalks or the flowers will answer. It is a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover, if you place a chamomile plant near it.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney has recently been associated with Mrs. Hale in the management of the *Lady's Book*. The popularity of the work cannot but be enhanced by the arrangement.—*Star*.

They have got the African Cinquez awfully photographed in the papers away out west.

RECEIPTS, &c.

Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime-water and saltpetre, and dry them. The flame is clearer, and the tallow will not "run."

Brittania ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil; then washed in warm suds and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be very gradually heated a first, after it has become inured to the heat, it is not as likely to crack.

It is a good plan to put new earthen ware into cold water, and let it heat gradually until it boils—then cool again. Brown earthen ware, particularly, may be toughened in the way. A handful of rye or wheat brand thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

Woollens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke warm water will shrink them.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woollens.—Wrap them in good strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woollens.

Suet keeps good all the year round, if chopped and packed down in a stone jar, covered with molasses.

Barley straw is the best for beds; dry corn husks slit into shreds are better than straw.

Brass andirons should be cleaned, done up in papers, and put in a dry place during the summer.

When molasses is used in cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste and makes it almost as good a sugar.—Where molasses is used much for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

Never allow ashes to be taken up in wood, or put into wood. Always have your tinderbox and lamp ready for use in case of sudden alarm. Have important papers all together, where you can lay your hands upon them at once, in case of fire.

Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

War Steamer.—The 'Sea Steamer' now building at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is entirely in 'frame,' and presents a model combining the qualities requisite for being advantageously propelled by wind or steam. Her construction is to be in all respects that of combining speed, strength and durability, and no pains are spared to accomplish the object. She is to have two powerful engines, on the inclined principle, and purely American.

Her general dimensions are as follows:

	Feet.	In.
Length of keel	25	9
" between perpendicular	220	0
" extreme, including cutwater	240	0
Breadth of beam (moulded,)	39	0
" outside of planking	40	0
" outside of guards	68	0
Depth of hold	23	6
Draught of water. (load line)	18	3
Height above lead line	13	9
Measurement in tons	1988	

New mode of Resuscitation.—A new method of resuscitation from drowning has been adopted in France, with success, namely, by closing the mouth with the finger, sucking off the foul air from the lungs through the nostrils, and promoting respiration by pressing on the abdominal muscles on the sides. The usual method is, to inflate the lungs; but it is very seldom that persons are recovered by this method, if they have been longer than a few minutes under water.—*N. Y. Whig*.

A Safe Business.—Many amusing anecdotes are recorded of Sir S. Garth. On one occasion, when he met the members of the celebrated Kitcat Club, he declared that he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but on some excellent wine being placed on the table, and the conversation becoming interesting and animated, the doctor soon forgot his professional engagements. His friend Sir. Richard Steele, however, thought it his duty to remind the doctor of his poor patients. Garth immediately pulled out his list, upon which were fifteen names. "It is no great matter whether I see them to-night or not," said he, "for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."—*Physic and Physicians*.

A Governor caught.—Lt. Gov. Morehead, of Kentucky, went to Columbus, Ohio, to negotiate an arrangement relative to runaway slaves. His excellency has himself been enchained in the silken hymenial tresses of some air-haired Buckeye girl. It was literally a slave expedition for him, and he no doubt rejoices in his thralldom to female loveliness. The Governor had more-head when he went, but has more-heart now.—*Star*.

A New England Woman.—An old lady 76 years of age, who resides in West Newton, near Boston, one day last week started from her place of residence, and walked the whole distance to this city, nine miles, between 9 and 1 o'clock, being only four hours upon the road, and walking at the rate of more than two miles an hour.

What will you bet she isn't a Grahamsite

Public Opinion.—How fickle are the opinions of the world! A few years since Samuel Houston, then occupying a high station in the state, was literally driven from Tennessee, with general scorn. He has figured as a military chieftain in Texas, and is now on a visit to his native state, and is received with tenders of public dinners, and the highest demonstrations of respect.—*N. Y. Whig*.

"Why, Mr. B." said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with a half dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before."

"Very likely," replied the little gentleman, "I am like a sixpence among six pennies, not readily perceived but worth the whole of them."

Best of Women.—Is she who makes her husband and children happy—who reclaims the one from vice and wins the other to virtue.—She is a much greater heroine than those described in romances, whose occupation is to murder the other sex with shafts from their eyes.

A convict in the Sing Sing Prison lately attempted to commit suicide, by tearing his blanket in strips and fastening one end to the grates and himself at the other. He was discovered before life was extinct. This is another evidence of the brutal treatment the unfortunate convicts receive.—*Saratoga Whig*.

When molasses is used for cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before using it. It takes away the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar. Where molasses is much used for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gallons in this way at a time.

Large Pumpkin.—Mr. J. B. Randolph, of this village, informs us that he saw this fall, a pumpkin which grew on a farm of Judge Burt, of Warwick, Orange co. N. Y. that measured 7 feet 10 inches in circumference, 2½ feet in diameter, and weighing 239lbs.—*Elmira Rep*.

One thousand delegates, it is believed, will attend the National Silk Convention at Washington, Nov 10th. Great competition is expected in the products offered for premiums.—*N. Y. Star*.

From the *Maysville (Ky.) Eagle*.

A HUNTING STORY.

Mr. Editor—Yesterday morning Mr. JOSHUA BARTER, of Winconsin Territory, who, for a few weeks past, has been taking the benefit of a residence at the White Sulphur Springs, in Lewis county, Ky., for the improvement of his health, made an excursion into the hilly regions of these Springs, to amuse himself in his favorite sport of hunting. During his ramble he chanced, while meandering through a deep rich valley, to arrive at a small, almost impenetrable canebrake which grows on a fertile spot, deep embosomed between two towering ridges.—Mr. B. made his way for some time along the border of the thicket, not intending to penetrate further than its suburbs, when his ear caught an unusual sound, which came from its interior. At first he paid no particular attention to the strange noise, supposing it proceeded from a nest of young birds of some sort or other, but passed along, cautiously glancing his eye on every side in search of game. As he proceeded the noise became louder and more distinct—yet, from all his acquaintance with fowls, and beasts of the forest, his keen sagacity in this instance was not able to recognize the present author. Curiosity at length became interested, and Mr. B. concluded to trace it up, and learn the unknown object. Accordingly, he entered the cane slowly, and with difficulty found his way through the netted cloud, whose thick clustering foliage overhead excluded every ray of the sun, and prevented him from seeing more than ten or twelve feet in either direction. After penetrating a few rods, he was startled by two or three sudden blows, like the sound of a heavy club upon the ground just before him. He halted, and through the intricacies of the leaves surveyed everything within the little space his eye was partially able to command, but saw no living creature, and again proceeded. A minute, and the bearing was renewed. He paced again—gazed everywhere—but still nothing appeared in sight. In this manner he continued to make his way some distance farther; when he stopped the beating ceased—when he advanced it began, and louder at every step he made. If he walked backward or sideways, all was quiet, but to go forward, put the unknown spirit in motion.

Mr. B. not being one of those persons who believe in wizards, witches or goss, or of being frightened by any thing he might chance to hear or see in the woods, determined now to push forward and know what or who it was that attempted thus to dispute his way. He inspected the priming and flint of his rifle, took from his pocket a knife, opened it for ready use, and once more commenced his march. The thickness of the cane prevented him from carrying his gun in any other mode than that of a presented position close to his body, or of poking its muzzle forward between the stalks to make way for himself to pass, which would have rendered it quite a useless weapon had an enemy approached him suddenly from any other direction than in front. A few steps, however, revealed the whole mystery; for, on reaching the butt of a large fallen tree, his eye glanced along the pathway, occasioned through the thicket by its prostrated trunk, discovered towards its top a copious pile of leaves and fine brush, in the middle of which wallowed a couple of young black animals, whose constant howling it was that had first drawn his attention.

He was now certain that to proceed further on his journey in a direct course towards its object could not be accomplished without some fighting. The creature which had been pounding the earth so long before him was warning him not, and threatening him if he did, continue, had now taken his post a little at his side.—The young animals in the nest were young bears; and to have gone one step further towards them, seemed sure of bringing down upon him with terrible fury the huge monster whose jaws he could now hear smacking together—anon, like the percussion of rock against rock; and whose paw, as she angrily raised it and struck on the earth sounded like the stamp of a war-horse, eager for battle. As he discovered the cubs, Mr. B., fearful of an immediate attack, sprang upon the butt of the fallen tree, to give himself thereby a little space, should it be necessary, in wheeling and whirling himself about with his arms to better advantage.

From this position he tried in vain to discover the shape of her body through the leaves,

which only gave him a mere glimpse of her form, to enable him to direct a sure and deadly fire. Being well aware of his imminent danger should he fire and only inflict a wound, he did not think proper to run any risk by mere guess work; nor was he willing to retreat without making sure of both old and young as his own game. He next tried to get a little nearer, but as he cautiously advanced, she gave way keeping at the same distance, hid in the thicket, and allowing him to go in any direction peaceably, except towards the cubs. Finding his endeavors ineffectual, he returned and again mounted the log at the place he had first occupied; and from which he had a fair prospect of the cubs. Then adding an additional ball to the charge in his rifle, took off his frock coat, buttoned it up nicely before, stuffed it full of leaves and twigs which he could handily reach on either side without leaving his place, fixed on the end of the budget his hat, and threw it towards the young bears. This stratagem had the desired effect. No sooner had it landed on the nest, than the old bear plunged forward with the utmost fury, sweeping every thing in her way, and leaped upon her deceptive prey. This manœuvre brought her body in plain view of her enemy, who, while her attention was thus employed, poured the contents of his rifle through her heart, and she fell dead.

By the assistance of several gentlemen and a team, all three were brought to the Springs last evening, to the great wonder and curiosity of the numerous gentlemen and ladies now residing here. The old bear is one of the largest ever taken in this country; and it is supposed by good judges that had she been in fine order, she would have weighed seven hundred pounds. The cubs are still alive, and will be kept for the amusement of those who may visit the Springs during the season.

Very respectfully yours,

A. H. G. FLETCHER.

April 20th, 1839.

The subjoined is the system of "Internal Improvement" recommended by the Iowa Sun, and a very good system it is:—

"Internal Improvement."—The system we plead for, though attended by much toil and expense, will not require a State tax of a single cent, not much, if any, legislation. It is pre-eminently a "democratic" system; it is to be begun by the people, and will be for the exclusive benefit of the people.

It is only for every farmer to mend up his fences, till his ground well, have it well prepared for planting his crops in seasonably, tend them well, keep down the weeds, see that his cattle and horses are fed and treated so as to make them thrive, keep his implements in order and in their places; for every father to rule his family well, govern his children, from their minds and manners by good instruction, train them up in the habits of industry, honesty and sobriety, provide them with comfortable clothing, send them to school and pay for their tuition, and have a care to the company they keep; for every husband to treat his wife as a bosom companion; for every woman to love her husband, and try to prove a helpmeet for him, to keep from gossiping, to spin more stocking than street yarn, to keep the house tidy, and the family clothing clean and well mended; for every damsel to keep all grease spots from her clothes, darn the heels of her stockings, remove beau-catchers from her head, and novels from her library, to do much with needles, and store her head with useful ideas; for every young man to go decent, but to buy no better clothes than he can honestly pay for, work hard, to guard against self-importance, and insolence, if much in company with the ladies, to black his shoes, trim his hair, throw away his cigar and quid, attend preaching regularly, hold his tongue if he cannot talk sensibly, and to get married when he is twenty-five years of age if he can find any one to have him; for magistrates to execute the laws; for tavern keepers to keep better bread than brandy; for towns to have clean streets and good side walks, to remove every nuisance, and every thing injurious to health; favor good morals; for every district to support good schools. In fine, for it is impossible to enumerate all the objects embraced in one scheme, for every body to cease to do evil, learn to do well, attend church on the the Sabbath, mind his own business, and take a newspaper.

From the *Journal of Commerce*.

Riding with Ladies.—We are glad to see that the important question of which side gentlemen should take when riding on horseback with ladies, is engaging the attention of the learned, and of the press. It is of more importance than many a dispute, which has brought the parties to blows. It is a question which evidently has taken two sides to it, and ought to be discussed with zeal by those who never change sides.

Comments by the *Commercial Advertiser*.

We have seen no part of the discussion referred to, but it is a question of some importance in equestrian accomplishments. We know not the reason, but it is true that New York gentlemen are generally in the wrong in this matter. So we said two or three years ago, to no purpose—the gentlemen, with scarcely an exception, still persisting in riding upon the right side of the lady, which is wrong. We believe the reason assigned is, that should their horses crowd, if the gentleman rides upon the left, there will be danger of crushing the lady's feet. But this is no good reason. Unless a gentleman understands managing his horse, he has no business to ride with a lady. Should her horse become too restive, or attempt to run, he must be prepared to seize the bridle. And this he cannot do when riding upon the lady's right unless with his bridle arm, which he needs for his own steed. And besides, how difficult and awkward is it for a lady to twist her neck round so to be able to converse with her knight, while he is upon her right. Her face is necessarily in the opposite direction, and there should ride the knight, that he may bask in the sunbeams of her beauty, while his sword-arm is ever disengaged and ready for her protection. As we ride much ourselves, we are compelled to encounter the daily annoyance of the awkward riding of our masculine gallants, who compel their ladies to converse with turned heads over their shoulders.

☞ The following pathetic scene occurred recently at Perth, Upper Canada. The prisoner was indicted for the murder of his son-in-law.

Perhaps we should notice that during the investigation, the widow of the deceased, who was at the same time the daughter of the prisoner, was, on the part of the defence, brought into Court to be sworn. She appeared in mourning—pale, thin, and greatly discomposed; and it was only with exertion on her part, that she could keep composed enough to speak; however, nothing very material was elicited from her.—Her feelings frequently overcame her, and she would burst out into loud sobs, at one of which times she cast her eyes upon the prisoner, and screamed "father, father!" The Court, of course, ordered her removal; she had to pass her father, to whom she extended her hand in the midst of her sobs and shrieks of "father, father!" The old man, in tears, reached out his hand to his widowed daughter; the hand which, at the instigation of his heart, had been the means alike of their misery and his own—she received it, and was taken away. The scene was tragical, and though between these humble individuals, brought the tears to many an eye.—*Brockville Rec.*

Exploring Expedition.—The departure of the Exploring Expedition from Callao for the Sandwich Islands, about the middle of July, has already been mentioned in our columns. From the Sandwich Islands it was said they would proceed to the North West Coast. The store ship Relief, after landing stores at the Sandwich Islands, was to proceed to Sidney, New South Wales, and thence homeward by way of St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, expecting to arrive here in the month of March, or April next. Nothing had been heard of the schr. Sea Gull, (Passed Midshipmen Riel and Bacon,) for three months, and it was greatly feared she was lost. The vessels that sailed for the Sandwich Islands, were the ships Peacock and Vincennes, the brig Consort, schr. Flying Fish, and store ship Relief.

Grog Stopping.—A bill has passed the British Parliament, forbidding the sale of spirit in Ireland, by the grocers.—*N. Y. Whig.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

THE LAST HOUR OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.
 Why crowd those weeping friends around you couch?
 And why this stillness which betokens grief?
 Is it not the solemn hour, when youth must leave
 All earthly joys, all hopes of happiness
 And fame? Is beauty lying there, to wait
 The touch of Death, that leaves it tenantless?
 Are childhood's hours to be cut short so soon,
 Even sorrow and remorse have dimmed their joy,
 Or human passions withered up the heart?
 Is infancy to be recalled, unstained
 By earth's polluting dross, back to its home,
 While its frail bark is scarcely on the deep?
 Not so: nor youth, nor beauty lingers there,
 But one who has already passed the bounds
 Assigned to man; who, like a shock of corn,
 Fully ripened for the reaper—Death.
 One who for eighty years has travelled through
 The mazes of this world, and found no place
 In all his wanderings, to rest upon;
 No spot to call a home; who, from his youth,
 Was taught to worship and obey his God;
 Whose earliest accents were employed in prayer;
 And who, endowed with many gifts, gave all
 To him who made him; one whose only hope
 Was in the cleansing of his Saviour's blood;
 Whose actions, feelings, savored all of heaven.
 Why weep ye, then, to see the spirit go,
 Why grieve the dying man with tears? Is Earth
 So bright and beautiful, that heaven affords
 A poor exchange? Is man's society
 More charming than the fellowship of Saints?
 The strifes and bickerings which assail us here,
 More pleasing than the notes from golden harps,
 Or swelling cadence of an angels song?
 Cease, then, these sinful wailings. Let not these sighs
 Break on the stillness of the dying hour,
 But since the aged Christian has passed through
 So many scenes of suffering heretofore,
 Let his last moments now be spent in peace;
 And only pray, that when your end shall come,
 Your death may be as calm, your sleep as sweet,
 Your hopes of heaven as firmly fixed as his.

ESTOLA.

Written for the Gem.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY

Breathe forth a strain—a mournful strain!
 A cherish'd one hath fled;
 The beautiful, the bright of earth
 Lies silent with the dead.
 That eye oft sparkling with delight,
 The cheek of fairest hue;
 The smile, the voice, all, all are gone,
 And hushed the last adieu.
 Those glowing charms may never more
 Wake fond, paternal love;
 And friendships gather'd round that heart,
 Have ceased the lyre to move.
 Oh, come with tears—deep sorrow's tears,
 Thus fresh, green turf to lave;
 Ay, gather flowers—choice, fragrant flowers,
 To strew o'er Fanny's grave.
 And let the heartfelt sigh be heard,
 The plaintive song arise;
 Mourn for the living, from whose sight
 Hath vanish'd such a prize.
 Breathe forth a strain—a joyous strain!
 Let notes of praise be given;
 Our loss is her eternal gain,
 For Fanny lives in heaven:
 Behold in yon celestial sky,
 Where gems unnumber'd shine;
 This cherish'd one, a radiant star,
 Reflecting light divine.
 And there more lustre still to gain
 Through everlasting days;
 Without a single shade to dim—
 Oh, then for her give praise.
 Yea, weep and smile—such is the lot
 Of mortals here below;
 Sorrow is found in all our joys,
 Balm in each cup of woe.

A. C. P.

Sincerity.—To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

MODERN FRIENDS.

When fortune smiles and looks serene;
 'Tis—"Sir, how do you do?
 Your family is well I hope;
 Can I serve them or you?"
 But turn the scale—let fortune frown,
 And ill and woes fly 'ye;
 'Tis then, "I'm sorry for your loss,
 But times are hard—good bye 'ye."

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
 Governor of the State of New-York.
 A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Executive authority of this State has been accustomed, with the consent of the People, to designate a day for the annual offerings of public Thanksgiving and Prayer:
 AND WHEREAS Almighty God hath not withdrawn from us the protection and beneficence extended to our forefathers, but hath remembered us in mercy during the passing year; hath sent us abundant harvests to reward the labors of the husbandmen and supply the wants of the poor; hath averted from us the calamities of war and pestilence; hath suffered us to maintain and more firmly establish republican institutions securing a larger measure of civil and religious liberty, social tranquility and domestic happiness than has ever before been enjoyed by any people; hath crowned with good success the means which have been employed by the State, by associations and by individuals, for the development of the abounding resources of our country, the relief of the unfortunate, the reformation of the vicious, the improvement of education, the cultivation of science, the perfection of the arts, and the maintenance of the Christian religion:
 Now, therefore, in pursuance of said custom, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the 28th day of November next, to be observed throughout the State, as a day of PUBLIC WORSHIP, THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER. I recommend to my fellow citizens that they abstain on that day from all secular employments inconsistent with a right and acceptable discharge of those solemn services; that they assemble in their usual places of public worship, and there, in the forms and manner approved by their consciences, offer their humble and grateful acknowledgments to the God of the Universe, celebrate his praise, invoke his continued protection and favor, and implore his guidance in the ways of wisdom and virtue. Well knowing that his Providence is as impartial as it is beneficent, let us also beseech Him to deliver the oppressed throughout the world, and vouchsafe to all mankind the privileges of civil and religious liberty, and the knowledge, influences and blessed hopes of the Gospel of His Son our Saviour.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the privy seal of the State to be hereunto affixed, at the city of Albany, on the twenty-second day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty nine, and of American Independence the sixty fourth.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

By the Governor,
 SAMUEL BLATCHEFORD, Private Secretary.

A copy of the "Ladies' Companion," in rich dress, has been sent by the publisher to Queen Victoria. The Queen has acknowledged the receipt of the periodical.

An Irishman, named Robt. Miller, has been sentenced to be hung on first Monday of December, at Utica for the murder of Barney Leddy.

A young European, it is said has carried off the most beautiful women in the harem of the sultan of Esme. She took jewels from her mistress, worth a million francs.

A Ducking.—Mr. Paulin, and the lady who accompanied him in his balloon excursion LANDED in the middle of the Delaware—the queerest place to land on that we ever heard of.

The Lafayette (Indiana) Free Press of Oct. 10th, says: "There are more fat hogs in that section of Indiana, than have before been fed in one season."

A celebrated brandy drinker being admonished for his weakness, a countryman present, who had supped the article also, declared it was the strongest weakness he had ever heard of before.

Pleasant is the joy of grief! it is like a shower of spring when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head.

Startling Facts.—The late three years War with England, the most powerful Nation in the World, cost the United States about \$90,000,000.

The three years War in Florida, with a remnant tribe of Seminole Indians and a few runaway Negroes, has cost us \$40,000,000, or nearly half of the whole expense of our War with England!!!

In the War with England, our Navy and Army, after covering themselves with glory, achieved an honorable Peace.

The War against the miserable Indians and Negroes, was wickedly commenced, has been ingloriously conducted, and threatens to be interminable!

There is not, in the history of Wars among civilized Nations, a parallel for the wantonness, imbecility and corruption which distinguishes this humiliating, dishonorable, infamous crusade.—*Alb. Jour.*

The Detroit Free Press of Oct. 21, says:—It is reported that the schooner Free Trader, belonging to David Paige & Co., fishing on lake Huron, was lost, with all on board, in the late storm.

A Buck-eye Jury.—At a Court of Common Pleas, held last week at Prrysburgh, O., the Jury in a case of slander, after being out till midnight, agreed eleven against one, to 'disagree'—sealed their verdict, and brought it into court next morning. After reading it, the Judge reprimanded them for the contempt, and sentenced them to two hours' confinement in the county jail.—*Buf. Adv.*

MARRIED.

In Detroit, on the 19th instant, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCroskey, Mr. Henry D. Stringham, of Green Bay, Wis., to Sarah J., daughter of John W. Strong, Esq.
 Last evening, by the Rev. Mr. Whiting, of Bethany, Mr. Hiram Smith, of Wheatland, to Miss Emily Chapman, of Batavia.
 At Pittsford, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. A. P. Prevost, SIMON TRAVER, Esq. to FRANCIS D., daughter of J. K. Gurnsey, Esq.
 In this city, on the 13th instant, by Rev. Richard De Forest, Rev. ROYAL MANN, recently of New York, to Miss SARAH P. LEE, of the former place.
 On the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Jarvis, Mr. ALEXANDER BROWN, to Miss HARRIET, daughter of Jonathan Doty, Esq. all of this city.
 In Wheatland, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Silas Pratt, Caleb Allen, Esq. to Miss Esther Shafer, all of Wheatland.
 On the 26th ult., by Rev. Mr. Church of this city, Mr. Cyrus P. Durham, to Miss Eliza B. Wood, both of Durhamville, Oneida county, N. Y.
 Also—on the 14th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. THOMAS COWLES, of Albion, to Miss AMANDA LYNN, of this city.
 In New York, on 6th instant, by the Rev. J. W. McLane, SIMON P. W. HOWE, of Rochester, to MARY JANE, daughter of the late William Gerard, of this city.
 At Madison, N. J., on the 9th inst., by Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. A. P. JONES, of this city, to ELIZABETH N., only daughter of John N. Conklin, Esq., of Newark, N. J.
 On Wednesday, the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. CALVIN DOOLITTLE to Mrs. ELIZABETH BEARDSLEE, widow of LESTER BEARDSLEE, late of this city.
 On the 10th instant, at the Episcopal Church, by Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. Horace F. Norton, to Miss Sarah D. Snooke, both of this city.
 In this city, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. M. J. Ellis, to Miss Ellen M. Smith, daughter of the late Gilbert Smith, Esq. of this city.
 On the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Wm. Crane, to Miss Mary Louisa Vandyna, both of Greece.
 On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Alonzo Wheelock, ELIAS P. PELLER, Editor of the Chenango Telegraph, to ELIZABETH B., daughter of James Packer, all of Norwich.
 At Bushnell's Basin, on the 20th instant, by Sqr. Lee, Mr. James S. Hawkins, to Miss Sarah Morgan, all of this city.
 In Norwich, on the 8th instant, by Rev. A. Wheelock, Mr. Bela Hibbard, of Pittsford, Monroe county, to Miss Lucy R. Brown, of Norwich.
 On the 24th instant, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. GIDEON C. BAKER, to Miss ELIZABETH C. BERTHONG, all of this city.
 In Mendon, on the 16th instant, by Rev. A. N. Fillmore, Mr. Isaac M. Beeman, of Linton, to Miss Luza Melinda Shuart, of the former place.

THE



GEM.

By Erastus Shepard & Alvah Stro ng

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 2, 1839.

No. 22.

MISCELLANY.

JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.



To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut :

DEAR PAR—I arrived here safe and sound, arter a long and tedious voyage down the river and along shore to this place. The captain left me to navigate the sloop purty much alone.—I'll be whipped if he warnt more than half corned the hull time. Now its my opinion that the best thing you can do with that chap is to send him eend foremost about his business jest as quick as he gits back. He don't arn salt to his porage, nor never did. The first thing that I did arter the sloop was hauled up to the wharf at Peck Slip, was to go down to the stores about FultonMarket, and peddle off the cider brandy and garden sauce. Captain Doolittle wanted to go with me, but you sent me down as a sort of a supercargo, and I warnt likely to let him stick his nose into my bisness. I know the critter like a book, and I'm sartin that he'd a gone home and told all about, that I wasn't capable of doimg my own bisness here in York.

By gracious, if it didn't make me stare to see the purty gals and the handsome married women a walking up and down the market among the heaps of beets and cabbages. They looked around mighty knowing, and I rather guess I got my share of attention, but somehow it made me feel kinder streaked to have them a looking at me so steady, for I hadn't nothing on but my every day clothes; besides the stoek that marm made me out of her old bombasine petticoat, propped up my chin so that I couldn't a looked into a woman's face if I'd wanted to ever so much. I do believe marm and Judy White must a put more than a peck of tatur starch into the lining. It's allfired stiff, that's a fact.

Wal, I sold out the lading to purty good advantage, considering the times. Then I went down to the sloop, and slicked up in my Sunday clothes, and started off full chisel to go and see cousin John Bebee. They told me that he kept store away down Pearl street, een-a most to the Battery; so I went on as fast as I could get along through the boxes and barrels that lay in the street, till I came to a great high brick

store that had cousin John's name over the door. It seems that John has gone into partnership with a Mr. Co, for that fellers name is on the sign arter hisen as large as life. I knew that he and John Wheeler went into company together, but I suppose they wanted more chink than either on em could raise, and so engaged this Mr. Co to help em along.

I swan if it warnt enough to make a feller dry to see the hogsheds of rum and molasses, and the heaps of tea boxes and sugar barrels, piled up inside the store; it looked like living, I can tell you. I went through clear to the other epd of the store, fur they told me that cousin John was in the counting room away back there. Wal, I got to the counting room at last, and a handsome little room it was. all carpeted and fixed out like some of our best rooms in Connecticut. I haint seen so purty a store scarce ever. John wasn't there, but I could see that he hadn't got over all his old tricks, for a lot of chesnut shells was trod down round the stove, and there wasn't a few empty bottles standing round under the table and back of the desks. It was enough to turn one's stomach to look at the spit box, it was more than half filled up with pieces of cigars, and ends of tobacco, that looked as if they had been chawed over a dozen times or more. I don't see where cousin John got that trick of smoking and chewing, I defy any body to say he learned it in old Connecticut. They needn't talk to us about the Yankces, for these Yorkers beat us all hollar in them things; I haint forgot the time when John would a turned up his nose at a long nine, as if it had been pison, but now he's sot himself up for a gentleman there is no knowing what he haint taken to.

There was a chap standing by one of the desks, with the edge of his dicky turned over his stoek, like an old-fashioned baby's bib, put on wrong side before,—and with his hair curled and frizzled up like a gals. I knew in a minute that this couldn't be cousin John, so I went up to him and sez I.

"Friend, can you tell when Mr. Bebee'll be in?" The chap took a watch out of his vest pocket about as big as a ninepence, and says he,

"I dont know positively, but I spose in the course of half an hour or so. Its about time for the banks to close."

"Wal," sez I, "I spose I may as well wait for him, as I aint in much of a hurry jest now."—So I sot down in a chair and arter histing my sole leather ontor the top of the stove, I begun to scrape acquaintance with the cinap as I went along.

"Tough times with you marchants, now aint they?" sez I, looking over the top of the paper.

"Very," sez he, mending his pen. "Its as much as we can do to make both ends meet afore the banks shut up days. Mr. Bebee's out a shinning now."

"A what?" sez I.

"A shinning," says he,—"borrowing money to take up his notes with, and if he don't git it, I dont know what we shall do."

Oh, sez I to myself, this is the new partner, Mr. Co, he must have a good chance of money in the concern, or he would't feel so oneasy.

"We was doing a beautiful bisness," sez he, a shaking his head, "till the Philadelphia banks stopped specie payments. I wish they'd a been sunk."

"No," sez I, "that aint fair, but its human natur, I spose, to give banks as well as people, a helping kick when they're going down hill.—I dont understand much of these things, Mr. Co—"

"My name isn't Co," sez he, a staring, "its Smith"

"What?" sez I, "have they got another in th e' company."

"No," sez he, kinder coloring up, "I'm the assistant book-keeper."

I couldn't but jist keep from giving a long whistle right out. The stuck up varmint! "Wal," sez I, arter a minit, "Mr. Smith, let me give you one piece of advise, don't be so ready to say we, and to talk over your employ-er's bisness with strangers next time. Sich things do no good any way, but they may do a good deal of harm. It's the duty of a clerk among us, to attend to that he's paid for, and if he attends to much else, we purty generally find out that he aint good for much in the long run."

You never saw a feller look so mean as he did when I sed this, he turned all manner of colors, and acted mad enough to eat me. I didn't seem to mind him, but took up a newspaper and begun to read, jist as if he wasn't in the room, and by and by I got so deep in the paper, that I forgot all about him or cousin Bebee either.

Look-a here, Par, if you haint seen the New-York Evening Express, jist stretch your puse-strings a leetle and subscribe for it. It's a peeler of a paper I can tell you. You needn't take my word for it though, for I've made this letter so tarnal long; that it'd cost more than the price of a paper a hull year to pay the postage, so I've a notion to git the editors to print this for me in their primest evening paper, and so you'll git my letters and a paper too, all for five cents. I'll jist give you a little notion how they make the Express, for I read it cenamost through, afore cousin John came. The Editors git all the papers in the country together, jist as we pick out our apples in cider time, and they go to work and git all that's worth reading out on 'em and put it all in one great paper, which they sell for three cents; so that a feller can know what's said by every editor north and south on one side and tother, without the trouble of reading but one paper; jist as we can git the juice of a bushel of apples all in a pint of cider, arter it's once been through the mill. I raly think it's one of the best plans I ever heard on, and I'm so sartin that every body will take it by and by, that I've a notion that if you'd jist as lives let me throw up the onion trade, I'll try and git in to write for it; but we'll talk all that over by and by, arter I've seen the editors. Major Jack Downing is writing for them al-ready and perhaps—but I haint made up my mind about it yit, though I kept a thinking it over all the while I was a reading in the counting room.

Wal, I was jist taking a dive inter the advertisements, when cousin John come in. I raly believe you wouldn't know the critter, he's altered so. He's grown as fat and pussy as old Lawyer Sikes in our parts, but I raly think he looks better for it. I tell you what, his clothes must cost him a few. He had on a superfine broadcloth coat, that didn't cost a whit less than ten dollars a yard, I wouldn't be afraid to bet a cookey. You could a seen your face in his boots, and his hair was parted on the top of his head, and hung down on the sides of his face and all over his coat collar, till he looked more like a woman in men's clothes than any thing else. I thought I should a haw-hawed out a larfin, all I could do, though it made me kinder wrathly to see a feller make such an eternal coot of himself. I thought I'd see if he'd know me agin, so I ony jest crossed one foot over t'other on the top of the stove, and tipt my chair back on its hind legs, and kept on reading as independent as a corkscrew, jest ter see how he'd act.

Wal, he cum right up to the stove, and took his coat tail under his arms, and begun to whistle as if there warnt nobody in the room. Once in a while, as I took a peek over the top of the

paper, I could see that he was a larfin at me kinder sideways, as if he couldn't exactly make up his mind whether he knew me or not. I felt my heart kinder rising up in my throat, for it put me in mind of old times, when we used to weed onions and slide down hill together. At last I couldn't stand it no longer, so I jumped up and flung down the paper, and, says I, "Cousin White, how do you do?"

He stared like a stuck pig at fust, but I raly believe the feller was glad to see me when he found out who I was, for he shook my hand like all natur. Sez he, "Mr. Slick," sez he, "I'm glad to see you down in the city; how's the deacon, and aunt Eunice, and the Mills gals? you see I han't forgot old times." With that we sot into a stream o' talk about Weathersfield people, and so on, that lasted a good two hours by the town clock. Arter a while, Cousin John took out his watch, all gold inside and out, and, sez he, "Come, Mr. Slick, it's about four o'clock—go up and take a family dinner with us." I ruther guess I stared a few, to think of being axed to eat dinner at that time o' day; but as I hadn't eat any thing but a cold bite aboard the sloop since morning, the thoughts of a good warm dinner warnt by no means to be sneezed at.

"Better late than never," sez I to myself, arter I had put on my hat and stuck my hands in my pantaloons pockets ready for a start. But jest as we wur a going out, there come a feller in to talk over the meetin that the merchants had jest had at the City Hotel; and so sez Cousin Bebee, sez he—

"Here, Mr. Slick, is the number of our house—supposing you go along and tell Mrs. Bebee that I'll be home as soon as I can git through a little business—she won't make a stranger of you."

"I ruther guess she won't," sez I, a taking the little piece of paper which he'd ben a writin on; "if she does, there must a ben an almighty change in her since we use to go to singing school and apple-bees together."

John looked kind a skeery toward the stranger, and begun to fidget about; so I told him I could find the way, and made myself scarce in less than no time—for I thought as like as not the feller cum to git him to put his name to a note, or something of that sort; so I thought I'd give him a chance to say no, if he wanted to.

By gracious! Par I'd give a quart of soap if you and marm could a ben with me in Broadway as I went along: I couldn't help from stopping een-a-most every other min'ute to look into the winders.

Some of them was chuck full of watches and earrings, and silver spoons spread all out like a fan, and lots on lots of finger rings all stuck over a piece of black cloth to make em shine. I'll be darned if it didn't make my eyes ache as if I'd ben snow blind a week only jist to look at 'em, as I went along! I stopped into one store jist by the Park, and bought a silver thimble for marm, and it was as much as I could do to keep from going into one of the stores where I saw such a heap of calicos, to git her a new gown too. But I can't begin to write more than a priming of what a feller may see as he goes up Broadway. It fairly made me ashamed of our horses, old Polly in particlar, when I saw the handsome critters that the neggers drive about their coaches with here. I tell you what, they make a glistening and shining when they go through the streets chuck full of gale all in their feathers and hurbalows! That Broadway is a little lengthy, and no mistake! I believe I footed it more than two miles on them tarnal hard stun walks, and afore I got to Bleecker street, where cousin B-bee lives, I thought my feet would a blistered.

Wal, arter all, I thought I never should a got into the house when I did git to it. It was a alfred high, and a heap of stun steps went up to the door, with a kind of picket fence made out of iron, all *curleued* over on the sides. I looked all over the door for a knocker but couldn't find nothing in the shape of one, only a square chunk of silver, with cousin Bebee's name writ on it. I rapped with my first till the skin eenamost peeled off my knuckles, but nobody seemed to hear, and I begun to think the folks warnt to home, and that I should lose my dinner arter all. I was jist beginning to think it best to make tracks for Peck Slip agin, when a feller come by and kinder slacked tackle, and looked as if he was a going to speak.

"Look a here, you sir," sez I, "can you tell

me whether the folks that live here are at home or not? I can't make nobody hear.

"Why don't you ring the bell?" sez he, a looking at me as if he never see a man afore.

I went down the steps and looked up to the ruff of the house, but it was so darned high that I couldn't a seen anything in the shape of a bell'ry if there'd ben a dozen on em.

"I'll be darned, if I can see any bell," sez I to the man, and then he kinder puckered up his mouth, and looked as if he was a going to larf right out.

"You seem to be a stranger in this city," sez he, a trying to be bite in, for I spose he see that my dander was a gitting up.

"Yes," sez I, "I am, and what of that?"

"Oh, nothing," sez he, a hauling in his horns quite a considerable. "Jist pull that silver knob there, and I rather think you can make them hear." With that I went up the steps a in, and give the knob as he called it an almighty jerk, for I felt a little riled about being larfed at. It warnt half a jiffy afore the door was opened and a great strapping nigger stood inside a staring at me as if he meant to swaller me hull without sars.

"Wal," sez I, "you snow ball you, what are you staring at?" Why dont you git out of the way and let me come in?"

"Who do you want," sez he, without so much as moving an inch—the impudent vermint.

Whats that to you, you darned lump of charcoal," sez I, "jist you mind your own business and git out of the door." With that I giv him a shove and went into the entry way. When the nigger had picked himself up agin, I told him to go and tell Miss Bebee that her cousin Jonathan Slick, from Weathersfield, Connecticut, wanted to see her.

I wish you could a seen how the feller showed the whites of his eyes when I said this, I couldn't keep from larfin to see him a bowing and a scraping to me. "Jist step into the drawing room," sez he, a opening a door, "I will tell Miss Bebee that you are here."

By the living hokey, I never stepped my foot in such a room as that in all my born 'ays. I raly thought my boot was a sinking into the floor, the carpet was so thick and soft. It seemed jist like walking over the onion patches, when they've jist been raked and planted in the spring time. The winder curtains were all yaller silk, with a great heap of blue tassels hanging around the edges, and there was no eend to the little square benches about as big as marm's milking stool, all covered over with lambs and rabbits a sleeping among lots of flowers as natral as life. The backs of the chairs were solid mahogany or cherry tree wood, or something like it, and they were kinder rounded off and curled in like a butter scoop turned handle downward. Then there were two chairs, all stuffed and covered with shiney black cloth, with a great long rocker a poking out behind, and on the mantle shelf was something that I couldn't make out the use on—it was a heap of stuff that looked like gold, with a woman all cover'd over with something that made her shine like a gilt button lying on the top. I wanted to finger it awfully, but there was a glass hing put over it, and I couldn't; but I hadn't peaked about long afore I found out that it was one of these new fashioned clocks that we've heard about; but it's no more like them clocks that our Samuel poddles, than chalk is like cheese. There were two other things kinder like the clock on both eends of the mantle shelf, but they warnt nigh so big, and they hadn't no pointers nor no wo man on the top, and instead of the glass kiver, there was long chunks o' glass hanging down all round them like icicles round the nose of our pump in the winter time. I give one on 'em a little lift jist to find out what it was, but the glasses begun to jingle so that it scared me out of a year's growth, and I sot it down agin mighty quick I can tell you.

Wal, arter a while I begun to grow fidgety, so I sot down on a setee all covered over with shiney cloth like the chairs, but I guess I hopped up agin spry enough. I never saw any thing giv as the seat did. I thought at first that I was a sinking clear through to the floor, clothes and all. It makes me fidgety to be shut up in a room alone, so I begun to fix a jittle, but all I could do, them new cassamere pantaloons that Judy White made for me, would keep a slipping up eenamost to the top of my boots. I dont see how on arth the chaps in New York keep their trousers legs down so sleek one would think they had ben dipped into 'em as marm makes

her taller candles, they fit so. Wal, arter I'd worked long enough on the tarnel things, I went up to a whapper of a looking glass that reached eenamost from the top to the bottom o' the room, and jist took a peep at a chap about my size on t'ogther side. I tell you what it is, the feller warnt to be sneezed at on a rainy day, if he did come from the country, tho' for a sixfooter he looked mighty small in that big looking glass. I guess you'd a laughed to a seen him trying to coax his dickey to curl over she edge of that plaguey stiff bombazine stock that marm made, and to a seen him a pulling down them narrer shirt risbonds so as to make them stick out under his cuff, and a slicking down his hair on each side of his face with both hands; but it wouldn't stay though. Nothing on arth but a hog is so contrary as a fellers hair when it once gets to sticking up, I do think. I'd fixed up pretty smart, considering, and was jist sticking my breast pin a little more in sight, when the door opened and cousin Mary come in. If I hadn't known it was her, I'm sartin I shouldn't a known her no more than nothing, she was so puckered up. She had a silk frock ruffled round the bottom, and her hair hung in great long black curls down her neck, eenamost to her bosom, and she had a gold chain wound all round her head, besides one a hanging about her neck, and her waist warnt bigger round than a pint cup. I never was so struck up in my life, as I was to see her. Instead of coming up and giving me a good shake o' the hand or a buss—there wouldn't a bin any harm in't as we were cousins—she put one foot fored a little, and drew t'other back kind o' catercornering, and then she sort o' wiggled her shoulders, and bent fored and made a curchy, city fashion. Sez I to myself, "If that's what you're up to, I'll jist show you that we've had a dancing school in Weathersfield since you left it, Miss Bebee."—So I put out my right foot and drew it up into the holler of the other foot, and let my arms drop down a sort a perpendicular, and bent fored—jest as a feller shuts a jack knife when he's afraid of cutting his fingers—and keeping my eyes fixed on her face, though I had to roll 'em up a little, I reckon I give her a purty respectable sample of a Wethersfield bow to match her York curches.

"Pray be seated Mr. Slick," sez she, a screwing her mouth up into a sort of smile; but I want agoing to be behind hand with her, so I puckered up my mouth too, though it was awful hard work, and "sez I," arter you is manners for me, Miss Bebee. With that she sot down in one of the rocking chairs and stuck her elbow on her arm and let her head drop into her hand as if she warnt more than half alive, and sez she,—

"Take an ottoman Mr. Slick"

I guess I turned red enough for I had'n't no ide what she ment, but I sot down on one of the footstools at a venter, and then she said.

"How do Mr. and Mrs. Slick do? I hope they are well."

I felt my ebenezzer a getting up to hear her call her husband's own uncle and aunt such stuck up names, and sez I,—

"Your uncle and aunt are perty smart so as to be jogging about, thank you Miss Bebee."—I had'n't but jist got the words out of my mouth when there was a bell ringing so to make me jump up, and in a minute, arter cousin John came in.

[The dinner to Mr. Slick.]

"Wal, I see you've found the way cousin Slick," sez he. "Mary, my dear, is dinner ready?" She had'n't time to speak before two great doors slid into the partition, and there was another room jist as much like the one we was in, as two peas in a pod. A table was sot in the middle of the room, all covered with rale china dishes, and first rate glass tumblers, and a silver thing to set the pepper box in—you haint no ide how stilish it was. But as true as you live, there stood that etarnal nigger close by the table as large as life. I didn't know what to make on it, but sez I to myself, if cousin John's got to be an abolitionist and expects me to eat with a nigger, he'll find himself mistaken, I'll be darned to darnation if he dont!—But I need'n't a got so wrathy, the critter did'n't offer to set down he only stood there to get anything that we wanted.

"Do you take verminsilly, Mr. Slick?" say Miss Bebee, biting off her words as if she was afraid they'd burn her. With that she took t' kiver off one of the dishes, and begua to ladle

out some soup with a great silver dipper as bright as a new fifty cent piece.

"No thank you," says I, "but I'll take some of that are soup instead, if you've no objection." The critter was just beginning to pucker up her mouth again as if she'd frond out something to poke fun at, but cousin John looked at her so eternal cross that she was glad to choke in. I suppose cousin John see that I felt dreadful uneasy, so he said, kind a coaxing, she meant verminisilly soup, cousin Slick. Let her help you to some, I'm sure you'll like it.

"Wal," says I, "I don't care if I do." So I took up a queer looking spoon that lay by my plate, and tried to eat, but all I could do would keep a runing through the spoon into the dish again. I tried and tried to get one good mouthful, but I might jist as well have determined to dip up the Connecticut river in a sieve, and the most I could git was two or three sprangles of little white that I stired up from the bottom of the plate, that did't taste bad, but to save my life I couldn't make out what they were made out of. Arter I'd been a fishing and diving ever so long, a trying to git one good spoonful, so that I could tell what it was, I looked up, and there was the nigger showing his teeth, and rolling about his eyes like a black cat in the dark. It made me wrathy, for I surmized that he was larfing to see me a working so to git a mouthful of something to eat. I couldn't hold in any longer, so I jumped up and flung down the spoon upon the floor, as spiteful as could be, and sez I to the nigger, "What do you stand a grining at there woolly head, go and git me a spoon that haint got no slits in it, I'd as lief eat with a rake as that are thing?"

"Ha ha haw," larfed out the eternal black varmint, "I thought you would not make the fork hold."

With that Miss Bobce giggled right out, and cousin John looked as if he would a burst to keep from larfing to.

"Stop your noise, sir," says he to the nigger, "pick up the fork, and give Mr. Slick a spoon."

I begun to feel awful streaked, I can tell you, but I sot down agin, and took up the realspoon, which lay on a kind of towel folded up by my plate, and I begun to eat, without saying a word, though I'd a given a silver dollar if they would a let me got up and licked the nigger.

Wal, arter I'd got a good mouthful of the soup, I couldn't make out what it was made of, for I couldn't remember of ever seeing the name Miss Bobce called it by, in the dictionary.—Maybe it's Latin, says I to myself, and then I tried to think over what it could mean, and if nobody had told me what the definition was in the Latin school which you sent me to there in Weathersfield. Verminisilly! Verminisilly! Verminisilly! kept a running through my head all the time. I knew what silly meant well enuf, and then it popped into my head, all at once, that *vermin* comes from the Latin *vermis*, which means worms. Worm soup! my gracious, the very idea of it made me feel awful bad at the stomach. But I might have known it by the looks, and I should it I'd ever heard of such a thing, for the little slim critters swimming round in the liquor, looked as much like angle worms boiled down white, as could be. Alter I found out what it was made of I rather guess they didn't catch me a eatin' any more of their verminisilly soup—so I pushed it away half a across the table, and wiped my mouth purty considerably with my pocket handkerchief.—The nigger took the whole on't away, and I declare I was glad enough to git rid of it.

"What on earth have they put this towel here for?" says I to myself, and then I stole a sly look over to cousin Bebee, to see if he'd got one, or if they only gave towels to company. Cousin John had one jist like mine, but he'd spread it out on his lap so I jist took up mine and covered over my carsiners with it too.

Considering there was no onions on the table, I made out a purty fair dinner. I was a begining to think about moving when the nigger brought a lot of blue glass bowls about half full of water, and sot one down by each of us. What these could be for, I kept a bright look out to see what cousin John did, and when I saw him dip his fingers into his bowl and wipe em on a sort of red towel which the nigger brought along with the bowls, I jist went over the same manoeuvre as natural as life.

Wal, while we were talking about the banks and general Jackson's dying off so that coot of nigger cleared the table right off as slick as a whistle and afore I hardly knew what the sel-

low was up to he come along and set down a set of decanters, and two cider bottles with the necks all covered over with sheet lead and then he brought two baskets made out of silver, one on'em was filled chuck full of oranges and tother was heaped up with great purple grapes. I declare it 'enamost made my mouth water to see the great bunches hanging over the edge of the basket. I'd jist put a whopper on the little china plate which the feller set for me and was considering whether it would be gen'el to cut the grapes into with the cunning little siver knife which was put by the plate when all at once, pop went something 'enamost as loud as a pistol close by me. I jumped up about the quickest I can tell you, but it was only a Nigger a opening one of the cider bottles; he poured some out for me in a great long glass with a spindle neck and I drunk it all at a couple of swallows without stopping to breathe. By jin-go! but it was capital cider; arter I'd drunk one glass I begun to feel as spry as a cricket.—Here, snowball "says I" give us another; these glasses are awful small now, I like to drink cider out of a pint mug.

"Take care," says cousin Bebee, "I'm afeard you'll find the cider, as you call it, rather apt to get into your head."

"Not a bit of it," says I, "I can stand a quart any day. Here, cousin Mary, take another glass, you haint forgot old times have you? though I spose they don't have applecuts and quiltings here in York do they?"

I don't remember what she said, but I know this, my eyes begun to grow all-fired bright, and afore I got up to go home, that nigger must have put more than twenty baskets of grapes on the table, and the oranges seemed to grow bigger and bigger every minit, and I know there wur more than three times as many glasses and decanters on the table, as there was at first. I ruther think it was purty nigh tea time when I got up to go back to the sloop agin. I insisted on giving cousin Mary a buss afore I went; and I won't be sartin, but I kinder seem to remember shaking hands with the nigger, conarn him, jist afore I went down the steps.

I don't feel very bright this morning, and I begin to think that maybe I shall come back to Weathersfield arter all. The York cider don't seem to agree with me. I shall send this letter to the new Express, that I was a telling of, and if the editors don't think I can make a living out of writing letters, I shall come home agin in the sloop.

Your loving son,
JONATHAN SLICK.

The Aurora Islands.—The re-discovery of the Aurora Islands by the New York Exploring Expedition creates considerable interest here, and it appears incredible that six islands in the longitude of Rio Janeiro, and latitude 53 deg. 21 min., should have remained to this period, when so many navigators have cruised expressly for them, without being known.

They were originally discovered in 1679, since when, months have been spent in searching for them, in vain, and they have been excluded from the latest charts.

Com. Sullivan, the English naval commander on this station, applied to S. E. Burrows, Esq. of New York, the proprietor of the expedition, for the particulars of the discovery, which were furnished and forwarded to the British Government, with a high compliment to the American spirit of enterprise.

Com. Sullivan has despatched a Government vessel to the Faulkland Islands, to proceed to the Auroras as soon as the season will permit; and hereafter the voyager will not be exposed to being wrecked without knowing his danger, where death is certain, and where many have doubtless perished.—*Glasgow paper.*

Hon. Joseph M. White.—The death of this distinguished and gifted individual is an event of no ordinary import; few men of his age filled so wide a space by his industry, his attainments and his usefulness; and his death will leave a void that will be most sensibly felt, not only in this country but Europe. We are not prepared to record a history of his life, or to pronounce on his death an eulogy. Knowing him as we did, and knowing how well and extensively he was known by a wide circle, in both hemispheres, we leave to abler and more competent pens the record of his many virtues. All we feelable to say at present is, that "a shining star has gone out," that *Joseph M. White of Florida, is dead!*—*Star.*

ANECDOTE OF EMMET.

Some years ago, a journeyman saddler in New York, by his industry and economy, had accumulated a few hundred dollars in money, he resolved to establish himself in business, in an adjacent village. After securing a situation for a shop, he returned to the city with \$200 to buy his stock. He put up at one of the public houses, kept by N—W—, and confiding in the integrity of the landlord, put the money into his hands for safekeeping, till he should call for it. He then traversed the city in search of a favorable chance to purchase his stock, and after finding that which suited him, he returned to his quarters, and called for his money. "Your money!" said the landlord, "you put no money in my hands." He had no evidence of the fact, and finding all his efforts to induce his host to give up the money were fruitless, the desponding and indigent saddler repaired to Mr. Emmet for counsel. After hearing a statement of the facts, and taking such measures as satisfied him that the saddler was a man of the strictest integrity, he rebuked him for putting his money into such hands, without evidence; "but," said he, "if you will do as I tell you, I will obtain your money for you." The saddler very readily promised a strict obedience to his directions. "Well," said Emmet, "go back to the landlord and tell him, when no one is present, that you owe him an apology—that you have found your money, and was mistaken in supposing that you put it into his hands; you will then return to me." The saddler did so, and the landlord expressed great satisfaction, that the saddler had discovered his mistake.

Mr. Emmet then gave the saddler \$200 and told him to go and deposit it in the hands of the landlord, but before you enter the house, procure some gentleman of respectability, to go in and call for a glass of beer, and request him then to take his seat and carelessly pass away the time in reading the news till you arrive.—You will then enter the room, and, in his presence, tell the landlord you now wish him to take the \$200 for safekeeping till you call for it. This done, the saddler again returned to Mr. Emmet, who directed him to continue his lodging at the house for two days, and be regular at his meals; and then when no one is present, tell the landlord you will take your money. This the saddler did, and the unsuspecting landlord without hesitation refunded the money, which the saddler restored to Mr. Emmet, who directed him to take a good witness with him, and go and demand the \$200—which you delivered in his hands for safekeeping in the presence of the gentleman who called for the beer.

The saddler accordingly proceeded to the house in company with another gentleman, and demanded his money. "Your money," said the astonished landlord, "I have just handed it to you." "No sir," replied the saddler, "I have not received my money, and if you refuse to deliver it to me, I shall take measures to obtain it." The landlord dared him "to do his best," and Mr. Emmet, instituted a suit against him in favor of the saddler. The landlord finding himself outwitted, paid the two hundred dollars.

Mankind at the beginning of the fifteenth century had neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into the land nor the sea, as they have done since; they had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without instruments, geometry without scales, astronomy without demonstration; they made war without powder, shot, cannon, mortars—nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers; they went to sea without the compass, and sailed without the needle; they viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers; learning had no printing presses, writing no paper, no ink; the lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a letter, and a billet-doux might be the size of an ordinary trencher; they were clothed without manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters; they carried on their trade without books, and their correspondence without posts; their merchants kept no accounts, their shop-keepers no cash-books; they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without materia medica; they gave emetics without ipecacuanha, and cured agues without bark.

The end of the World.—The Philadelphia "World" has stopped.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

Thanksgiving.—The 28th inst. is to be observed as a day of public thanksgiving in N. Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, and, we believe, Rhode Island. Dec. 5th, in Vermont and New Hampshire. In Wisconsin the 24th Oct. was observed.

☞ Capt. Ross has sailed from London in command of another Antarctic Exploring Expedition. Preparation has been made for a three years voyage.

☞ H. B. M. brig *Serpent*, Capt. Robt. Gore arrived at New York, on Sunday, from Port Royal 1st ult., and Havana 16th, with his Excellency Sir Lionel Smith, late Governor of Jamaica.

Capital.—Two able bodied fellows attempting to steal corn, in New Hampshire, were set upon by the farmer, and, under threat of exposure, made to do a day's husking gratis!

☞ The New Haven Herald states that the Rev. Wm. A. Larned was elected Professor of Rhetoric in Yale College a few days since.

☞ Mr. Washburn, at Suffield, Connecticut, has raised 600 pounds of squashes from one seed!

Scene in a School Room.—"Young Gentlemen, I will now explain to you the distinction between the active and passive verbs. An active verb expresses action, as, John struck Asa. A passive verb, the receiving of an action, as, Asa was struck. You perceive the distinction—the nominative being in one case active and in the other passive; John struck Asa; Asa was struck. Now will you tell me the passive verb?—John struck Asa. What did Asa do?" "Dunno." "Next." "I dunno, sir." "Why, can't any of you tell?" "E'es I can tell." "That's right; you are an honor to your class, and a source of pride to your respectable parents. Well, what is it? What's the passive verb?—John struck Asa—what did Asa do?" "I guess he gin him a tarual flogging. I should."

The Jews in Russia.—Hitherto the title of citizens of the first class could not be held by the Jews in Russia. The Emperor has just issued an order to the Minister of the interior, by which this title may be held for any eminent service rendered to the State, either in art, science manufactures, trade, or otherwise.—*Express*.

Queer Fixins.—The Sheriff of Attala county, Mississippi, in order to postpone the administration of justice, when called on by the court to open the same by crying "O yes! O yes!" said "O no! O no!" and handed a bit of paper resigning his office. Yet he is a candidate for re-election!—*Star*.

A Queer Codger.—A remarkable birth took place recently at Marietta. The wife of James Codger gave birth to a male infant without a head; and what is more strange, it was born alive and survived its birth over two hours.—*Louisville Jour*.

Pedestrianism.—A woman in Ohio won about ten dollars, by walking fifty miles in nine hours, the other day. Her gauding might be made profitable to her husband, and reverse the usual course of such things.

In Limbo.—Win. Moore was this morning arrested in the 4th Ward for attempting to vote a second time, and is now in prison. The police officers are in chase of several others.—*Com. Adv.*

The Governor of New Jersey has appointed Thursday the 28th day of November, instant, as a day of public Thanksgiving and Praise, in that State.

A good 'un.—Why is an ext avagant wife like the Sub-Treasury Bill?
Because she has the 'specie-claps'.—*Her*.

THE LYING SERVANT.

There lived in Swabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise, to whose lot it fell to have a servant-man, a great rogue, and above all, addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which were no where to be found on the map, and seen things which mortal eye never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock—for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was a cunning and virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the varlet's mouth, so that he was often caught—hung as it were, in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless he persisted still the more in his lies, and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the —, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household, quick and handy; therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in Spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox. "Look!" exclaimed the master of the knave, "look, what a huge beast! Never before have I seen a reynard so large!" "Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?" replied straight the serving groom, casting his eye slightly on the animal, as he fled for fear away into the cover of the brakes; "by *stone and bone*, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are as big as the bulls in this!" Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, "In that kingdom, there must be excellent lining for cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!"

And so they rode on—the lord in silence, but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirits, and his sigh grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord, what sudden affliction or cause of sorrow, had happened. "Alas!" replied the wily master, "I trust in heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath today, by any forwardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not; for, assuredly, he that hath so done must this day perish." The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word or syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

"Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord, to the earnestness of his servant, "since thou must needs know, hearken! and may no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our way is a vast and heavy rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep; to it hath heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then the knave thought, long, indeed, must the journey be for some who are here; and as he soured, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him, who now went gaily on; nor ceased he to cry, "Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet nevertheless, the groom began to tremble, and falteringly asked, "Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This, oh no!" replied the lord: "this is but a brook, no liar need tremble here." Yet was the knave not wholly assured, and stammering, he said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge; that of which he spake was verily not so large as an ox, but, *stone and bone*, as big as a good sized roe!"

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, for to-day our journey must be long."

Long, indeed, still thought the serving-groom, and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then they came to a stream running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud, "Another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore?" "No," replied the lord, "not of this." And more he said not: yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "It is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a calf!" "Large or small, let me not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth not me at all."

As they quitted the wood, they perceived a river in the way, which gave signs of having been swollen by the rains, and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave, and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord, that reynard was not larger than a fat wedder sheep!" The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment one with this fox? Rather spur our horses, for we have far to go." "*Stone and bone*," said the knave to himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the face of the knave.—And as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern; so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord. But the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or boat to be seen near. "Alas! alas!" cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. "Ah! miserable me! this then is the river in which liars must perish!" "Even so," said the lord; "this is the stream of which I spake; but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

"My life is dear to me," said the troubling servant man; "and thou knowest that were it lost, my wife would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare that the fox which I saw in the distant country was not larger than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!"

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wert thou afraid of thy life? and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other, nor hath it power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed; but who shall pass thee over the shame of this day, in it thou must needs sink unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven's grace." And as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave by "*stone and bone*," that from that time forward he would duly measure his words, and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant and the merry lord, by which let the reader profit.—*London Magazine*.

Oil.—Pure sperm oil, whether summer, fall, or winter strained, invariably burns well if the temperature is not colder than at the time it was pressed. There are no poor sperm whales. All the oil procured from them burns well, and without fouling the wick. When people, therefore, find the wicks of their lamps "gummed up," as the phrase is, they may be sure they have been imposed upon by black fish oil, which is not worth more than fifty cents per gallon.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Earl Durham is to be sent ambassador extraordinary to Turkey.

THE THREE STORY HOUSE.

A very amusing and instructive sketch under this title, by Miss A. M. F. BUCHANAN, appears in a late number of the *Lady's Book*. It opens with a colloquy between Doctor Harris, a young physician, established in good practice in a small country town, and his pretty little wife, whom he had married and brought from a distant city, a few weeks before. They are preparing to choose between a snug, pretty cottage, and a huge three story house, to which the bride has taken a fancy. The husband urges that it is altogether too large; that it is badly built, and of poor materials; that it has been occupied as a public house, and was then much abused; and that it is terribly out of repair. The wife answers that they need not use the whole; that the owner has agreed to put it in repair; and that she ought to have her own way. Of course the husband yields, and now for the sequel.

Agreeably to the lady's decision, the three story house was taken, and the necessary repairs were made. Mrs. Harris' handsome new furniture arrived, and was duly moved into it. The rooms were well planned, and showed every thing to the best advantage. The fresh paper and paint were so skilfully put on, that no one would have suspected the walls to have been cracked, and the wood worm eaten under them. The young couple received a great many visits, and a number of complimentary remarks were made as to the fine style in which they had set up. Things went on so well for a while, that the doctor began to feel quite satisfied with his bargain.

"My head aches terribly through want of sleep," said Louisa, one morning, after they had been at housekeeping a month or two; "the winds in this part of the world must be particularly violent; did you ever hear such a noise as they kept up before the rain came on?"

"Or rather the windows in this house must be particularly loose," answered her husband; "no wonder their rattling kept you awake. I expected every one on this range to fall in. I must have wedges put into them all. I can't risk my knife and pocket comb again. Upon my word, I stuck the wrong comb into this one by mistake, and here is your brother Frank's parting present, broken into twenty pieces.—The ivory could not bear such incessant jarring, and the gold plate with his motto has fallen into the street, I suppose. Poor Frank! I would not have had it happened for the price of two windows!"

"It is a pity, indeed, but accidents will happen," returned Mrs. Harris, going out of the room. A loud exclamation from her, brought the doctor after her to the stairs. "My carpet! my beautiful Venetian!—it is utterly ruined!" cried she. The night's rain had driven in under the door, and the handsome hall carpet so much admired for the fineness and thickness of its texture, and the beauty and excellent contrasts of its colors, was indeed ruined. The water had been soaking in for hours, and the colors had run one into another, till there was not a distinct hue left.

The doctor examined the door. "There is no dasher on it," said he; there are marks of one, but it must have been broken off long ago. It is strange I did not think of it before. When I looked at the White Cottage, I noticed particularly that every outside door was furnished with a good one. I must have one made for this."

"Yes! now when the carpet is spoiled," said Louisa; "I am so vexed I could almost cry."

"Spare your tears, my love," returned her husband; "if we get through this year in this house without further mishaps than these of the comb and carpet, I shall be perfectly content."

Louisa's acquaintance condoled with her very kindly on the misfortune of her carpet, and she had begun to feel reconciled to it, when a family of her city friends arrived in the village, to whom it was necessary that she should show particular attention. They were very fashionable people, and she determined on doing all that was to be done in the best manner possible. By way of beginning, she projected a dinner party.

"There is some satisfaction in entertaining here," said she to the doctor; "every thing is so cheap that it can be done handsomely, without danger of exceeding a very moderate income."

The dinner was to be a very large one, and as

it was to be the first of the kind Louisa had ever undertaken, she considered her credit very much concerned in its success. Contrary to the usual experience of housekeepers, when they aim at something extraordinary, her preparations were got over without a single mistake or disappointment. She executed the dessert entirely herself, and was eminently successful. The custards were every thing they should have been, the pastry beyond praise, and the jellies a *chef d'œuvre*. At last it was time for her to go and dress, but before she went, she gave minute directions for laying the table.

"The dinner-set is desperate dusty," said Susan, her right hand woman. "I guess it'll have to be brought into the kitchen to be cleaned."

"The dining room closers certainly do draw in a deal of dust," said Louisa; "but don't take the things out. Wipe them off, and pile them on the second and third shelves till you need them, and when you have done that, set the dessert in also. If it is left on the sideboard it will attract the flies into the room."

The guests assembled fast, and Louisa was watching for an opportunity to go out and give her last orders to Susan, when a sudden crash that shook the house and caused half the company to start from their seats, sounded from the direction of the dining room. In an instant, the doctor's boy appeared at the back parlor door, ejaculating "Mrs. Harris! oh! Mrs. Harris!" with his lips as bloodless as his teeth, and Louisa escaped after him. When she had reached the dining room, she saw the former contents of the cupboard lying on the floor, literally a heap of ruins. Her beautiful dinner-set which had caused her so many an anxious search over the city, her rich cut glass, Aunt Jane's elegant present, and her admirable dessert all crashed into one mass!

"The second shelf gave away first, and the weight of that broke down the other!" cried Susan, wringing her hands; "I never did see such rotten boards in all my life!"

Dr. Harris, who had come out and was trying to comfort his wife, went forward to examine: "I am amazed they could have held up so long," said he; "the stays are absolutely eaten into dust, except merely on the surface. No wonder they could not support such a quantity of ware, particularly that of heavy cut glass."

But there was no time now for lamentations. The doctor was obliged to go to the stores and send home such dishes as he could find—a medley of dingy reds, greens, and browns, the ugliest, vulgarst looking things imaginable; and Louisa had to smooth her face and try to relate the history of the disaster creditably to the company, and to give zest to her dessert of preserved raspberries and cream by administering them with an extra degree of grace and amiability.

Shortly after this, Susan came to Mrs. Harris one morning, with looks of great trouble and perplexity, and said, "I'll have to move my bed out of the third story, ma'am; I can't stand it any longer."

"Just as you please, Susan; you know it was your own choice to go there; you preferred it to sleeping over the kitchen. But what's the matter that you are tired of it?"

"Why, indeed, Mrs. Harris, as sure as the world, the house is haunted."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Susan"

"It must be, indeed, madam; I've heard such queer noises. For several nights past there seemed to be somebody walking up and down the balcony, and the window of the room back of mine would raise, and I could here some shuffling over the floor, and every now and then there would be a moan enough to make any one's hair stand on end."

Louisa laughed at Susan, and knowing the superstition common among people of her class, she thought no more about the matter.

One evening of the same week, the doctor was called away to visit a patient at such a distance that he could not be expected to return home before morning. Louisa felt some tremors at the idea of spending the night with so many empty rooms around her, but pride would not allow her to exhibit any timidity, and though Susan offered to sleep near her, she declined, and resolutely locking the door of the chamber, she retired to bed. She was almost in a doze, when, just at the witching time of night, she was startled by a succession of noises, which must have been the very same that had frightened Susan. First, there were steps on the third story balcony, then a window was

raised, and then she plainly heard some one move almost over-head. The sounds were too distinct—she could not be mistaken. Her first impulse was to alarm the servants, but they were at such a distance off, and to run the risk of being attacked in the passage, it was not to be thought of. She lay still and listened. Every story she had ever heard of robbery and murder, came into her head. For two or three hours, at irregular intervals, she heard movements on the floor above, and sounds that Susan would have called groaning, and yet there was no approach to the tenanted parts of the house. If the intruder was human, robbery certainly could not be his object; but what then could it be? In spite of established convictions, she began to question whether it might not be something supernatural. Towards dawn, she heard the window again raise, and the sound of steps on the balcony, but she was too much weakened with terror to rise, and when her husband came home, not long after, she was really ill. He went at her request to examine the premises, but finding no indications of the rooms having had an occupant, he attributed the whole affair to her imagination, and was vexed that she had allowed herself to be so overcome by it.

Louisa, however, insisted on its reality, and the doctor consented to her entreaties that he would watch the next night. Much to his surprise, immediately after he had fixed himself on guard, she directed his attention to the very sounds that had caused her alarm. When all was again hushed, he took a lamp in one hand and his pistols in the other, to mount to the third story; and Louisa, like a good wife, ready to share the dangers of her husband, stole after him. He softly pushed open the door of the balcony room, and attempting to enter, he stumbled across the body of a man lying close to it. "Who is here?—who are you?—what do you want?" asked the doctor, among other significant queries, common on such occasions.

"Let me be!" returned a weak, squealing voice; "Git out w'you!—it's my room—I'll let you know it is!"

"Upon my word, it is old Billy Snikes!" exclaimed the doctor, at first looking surprised, and then bursting into a laugh; "the mystery about his lodgings is solved at last!"

And Billy Snikes it really was—a poor old lunatic who for years had wandered about the village during the day, but whose repository at night had always been a matter of doubt. He had been in the regular habit of climbing up the balconies and sleeping where he was found, ever since the last tenant had vacated, until within a few months, when he had been visiting in the country—a circumstance which had delayed the discovery.

"If we had been living in a house of more proper size, my dear, you might have been spared this fright," said the doctor; "I wonder what disaster will come next."

His curiosity was soon gratified. Within a few weeks a brick fell down the kitchen chimney, and after grazing Susan's head, mashed her foot so badly that she was laid up for nearly a month, and as no servant could be obtained in her place, Louisa was obliged during all the time to do the work of the house herself.

Then the time for making fires came on, and it was discovered that every chimney in the house smoked. Coal was not used in that section of the country, and the doctor had a constitutional horror of close stoves. Their rooms from the smoke, and constantly keeping the doors open to make the fires draw, were so uncomfortable, that their acquaintances ceased in a great measure, to visit them. Louisa was of a social turn, and for want of company began to grow quite melancholly.

"Well, here is March at last," said she to her husband; "I suppose it will be warmer weather now, and that we will have a chance to see some one occasionally."

"There is no dependence to be placed in March, my dear," returned the doctor.

That very night the wind rose almost to a tornado, and swept the roof entirely off the house, and a good portion of the wall, and the tops of the chimneys with it. The smoke of course, was now beyond endurance, and there was no resource but to lock up their effects and go out to board.

"I have heard," said Mrs. Harris, when this had been concluded upon, "that Mrs. Joans intends to break up house keeping, now since her daughter is married. In that case, the White cottage will be let again. Suppose we apply for it?"

Monroe County Common Schools.

The Superintendent of Common Schools has appointed the following gentlemen a BOARD OF VISITERS of Common Schools for the County of Monroe:

Rochester—Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, Wm. S. Bishop, Henry O'Reilly, Isaac R. Elwood, Samuel G. Andrews and Walter S. Griffith.

Gates—Henry E. Rochester.

Chili—George Brown.

Wheatland—Ira Carpenter.

Riga—Jesse S. Church.

Ogden—Austin Spencer.

Greece—Henry Clement.

Parma—Chauncey Knox.

Clarkson—Henry R. Selden.

Sweden—Daniel Burroughs -Jr. and Henry P. Norton.

Rush—Alfred Jones and John P. Stull.

Mendon—Dr. Allen.

Henrietta—James Sperry.

Pittsford—Alpheus Crocker.

Perinton—Lorenzo D. Ely.

Penfield—Leonard Adams.

Irondequoit—Myron Holley.

Brighton—Samuel D. Gould.

The following are the instructions of the Superintendent to the Visitors, a copy of which is furnished each member of the Board, accompanying his Commission:

Office of Superintendent of Com. Schools, }
ALBANY, Aug. 24, 1839. }

TO THE VISITERS OF COMMON SCHOOLS FOR THE COUNTY OF MONROE:

GENTLEMEN—A commission similar to that annexed has been issued to each of the gentlemen selected as VISITERS of Common Schools for your county. This appointment is made under the authority of the 8th Section of Chap. 330 of the Laws of 1839, relating to Common Schools, which is as follows:

"§ 8. The Superintendent of Common Schools may appoint such and so many persons as he shall from time to time, deem necessary, to visit and examine into the condition of the Common Schools in the county where such persons may reside, and report to the Superintendent on all such matters relating to the condition of such schools, and the means of improving them, as he shall prescribe: but no allowance or compensation shall be made to the said visitors for such service."

The selections have been made from among those gentlemen in each county, most distinguished for their devotion to the subject of Education, after consultation with the Members of Assembly from such County. From your known character as citizens, and the belief of your disposition to promote by all the means in your power, the success of our Common Schools, no doubt is entertained of your readiness to undertake this task. The provision that no compensation shall be allowed, will give to your labors that character of disinterested patriotism, which will render them most effectual, and inspire the greatest confidence in their results.—The consequences which may be expected to flow from gentlemen of your character personally visiting the schools, enquiring into their condition, combining your views and information, and promulgating the results, will be most salutary, not only in the improvement of the system, and in stimulating teachers, trustees and other officers connected with its administration, to further and better efforts, but principally and chiefly in exciting a general interest throughout the community, in favor of an object of such transcendent importance. In our country, no object of common interest can be attained without the aid of a strong and decided public sentiment.

In the present condition of our schools, the points that require particular attention, to insure their complete success, are, first, to secure the services of qualified teachers; second, to insure the attendance of all the children; and third, to elevate the standard of instruction.—These objects can be attained only by awakening public attention to their importance, and inducing parents to devote a small portion of their time and their money to promoting them. Parents must be convinced that cheap teachers, cannot be good teachers, until the maxims of the world undergo an entire change, and talents and capacity cease to insure large rewards.—When good teachers are obtained, the other results will naturally follow; for they will be inclined by every motive to impart the highest degree of instruction in their power, and thus the

necessity of having select schools (the antagonists of Common Schools,) will be obviated: and the children of the republic will mingle in their primary instruction, and learn practically the great lessons of equality, for the security of which, our political institutions are established. The agency which is to accomplish these purposes, is, therefore, the hearty co-operation of those who have children under their charge. If those who have assumed the deep responsibilities of parents, who love their children, and desire to promote their happiness here and hereafter, will but make the education of their offspring, the subject of their own personal care, and will devote to it their attention, and a very small proportion of their wealth—infinitely small, when the object is compared with others for which money is expended—we shall have schools worthy of being the nurseries of the generation of freemen who are soon to control the destinies of their country. To impress upon parents the proper views of the subject, much may be done by personal explanation, and much by the manifestation of a lively and general interest by the intelligent and the wise, who have realized and can appreciate the blessings of education. To this point, therefore, I would invite your particular attention, as being worthy of all our efforts. By making the schools the subject of attention, visitation and public discussion, we shall elevate their importance in the estimate of all, and thus arouse that individual care and exertion upon which their success wholly depends.

If it be practicable, it is very desirable, that all the visitors of a county should meet together before commencing their visitations, and arrange the mode of proceeding, and particularly to allot themselves among different divisions of their county, so that a certain number may visit the schools in two, three, or more towns, according to circumstances. To facilitate such a meeting, the person who will be designated on this circular, is requested to call a meeting of the visitors of his county, at such time and place as he may deem proper. If he should be absent, or unable to attend to the duty, the person secondly named in such designation is requested to call such meeting. But these gentlemen will judge for themselves whether such a preliminary meeting is expedient, having reference to the extent of their country, and the difficulty of communication. Should no such meeting be had, and no arrangement be made allotting given towns to specified visitors, then the visitors in each town will consider themselves particularly charged with the schools of their town; and if they would unite with the visitors of the adjoining town most convenient to them, and the whole number visit the schools of both towns, it would have a most happy effect on the schools, and materially promote the object of the whole arrangement.

During your visitations, your attention is particularly requested to the subjects specified in the inclosed sheet, containing "Heads of Enquiries by Visitors of Common Schools." They are arranged in a tabular form, so that the visitors can easily note the results under the appropriate head, and afterwards sum up the totals.—A column may be appropriated to each district, and the items arranged in the column opposite the proper head of inquiry. Thus, under the first head, relating to the school house, description of it, the visitors will insert whether it is a framed building of wood, a log house, or built of brick or stone; whether one or two stories; and its dimensions, as 18 by 20 feet &c. Under this head it is desirable to ascertain whether there is a privy for each sex, and its condition. The only items, under the other heads which seem to require explanation, are the following: Under the second head, as to the arrangement of the seats and desks, whether they are conveniently placed or not, for the accommodation of the children, and to promote their health; whether the room is well ventilated; whether a pail and cups for drinking water are supplied; and whether from the location of the house, or from any other cause, the health of the children is exposed to hazard.—Under the third head, whether the teachers appear to be competent or not. It is supposed this can be ascertained from hearing the recitation of the pupils, and the corrections of the teacher. It is a delicate subject, and enquiries should be made with proper regard to the feelings of the teacher. Yet it is a point of great importance, and on which information is particularly desired. If the compensation is in

any other form than the monthly stipend, the visitors are desired to estimate it as such as nearly as practicable. Under the fourth head, the proficiency of the pupils can only be stated generally, whether they appear to be proficient or not. Under the fifth head, the number of families having any children not sent to school during the current year, and the number of such children under 16 years of age, is deemed a very important subject of inquiry. In country districts there will be little difficulty in obtaining the necessary information from the teachers and trustees. In cities and populous places it will be more difficult, and yet it is believed that with proper exertion, it may be accomplished. All public officers, such as assessors, constables, &c. would undoubtedly render any aid in their power. Even an approximation to the true number, would be desirable. Under this head, the number of select schools in a district, that is, such as are not subject to the administration of the Common School system, and are not incorporated as Academies, Seminaries or High Schools, is to be inserted, with the probable number of pupils attending each. These are more detrimental to Common Schools than any other known cause; and it becomes exceedingly important to know their number, and the extent of the support they withdraw from those schools. While upon this subject, you are requested to investigate the causes which led to the establishment of these select schools, and to report fully upon them. Under the sixth head, the general character of the books is presumed to be good, unless you discover some that are objectionable. In such case you will please note the fact, in the general statement, and make a separate memorandum of the name of the books, and the district, to be communicated to this department.

Whenever in the course of your visitation, you discover any defects or omissions in the arrangements of the school, in the manner of conducting it, or in any thing connected with it, you are requested to communicate your observations privately, to the teacher and to the trustees; and if there be any thing requiring immediate attention, which the teacher and trustees refuse to perform, you are requested to communicate it directly to this department.

Any other subjects of enquiry besides these enumerated, that suggest themselves to the visitors, they will please to pursue in such manner, and to such an extent as they think proper.

It is hoped that the visitors assigned to a town, or to a district composed of two or more towns, will visit all the schools allotted to them, at least twice before the first day of January next.

It is respectfully requested that all the visitors appointed in a county, will assemble at the Court House of their county on the first day of January next, at 12 o'clock at noon, and then organize by the choice of a chairman and secretary. At this meeting the respective visitors will make their individual reports, and if it be not too much labor, the chairman and secretary with a committee of the board will greatly facilitate my labors, by condensing into one statement, in a tabular form, all the reports thus made, and forward the same to this office. But if this should be deemed too onerous, they can forward to me the original reports of the visitors, which will be condensed here. At this, and at any subsequent meeting, the board are requested to consider and communicate to this department the means of improving common school education in our state, the defects they have discovered in the system itself, or in its administration, and the remedies proper to be applied. The board will consider itself a permanent body, at least so far as the action of this department can render it so, and will make arrangements for meeting in the ensuing year, and conducting their subsequent visitations.—Indeed it is desirable that the visitors should organize themselves into a County Society for the promotion of Common School Education, and recommend the establishment of local societies in each town. It is probable that a State Society will be formed, or that one already formed will be made use of, to convene in the capital in the course of the winter, consisting of delegates from all the county societies.

I am confident that it is not necessary to say a word, to impress you, gentlemen, with the happy results that may be expected to flow from such an organization; by which the zeal, talent and information existing on this great subject may be combined and concentrated, and brought

to bear directly upon the intelligence of the committee, and upon the legislation of the state.

Very respectfully,
Your obt. servt.,
JOHN C. SPENCER,
Superintendent of Common Schools.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Office of Superintendent of Common Schools. }
By virtue of the authority conferred on the Superintendent of Common Schools, by the Eighth Section of Chapter 330 of the Laws of 1839, entitled "An Act to amend Title Second of Chapter Fifteen of the First Part of the Revised Statutes, relating to Common Schools," passed May 3, 1839, I do hereby appoint the Rev. HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE, of the county of Monroe, a VISITER of the Common Schools of the said county, with full power and authority to visit and examine into the condition of the said schools, and to report to the Superintendent on the matters particularly specified in the annexed instructions: and pursuant to the general authority vested in me by law, all teachers of such schools, and trustees of school districts, are required to submit their schools, school houses, and the appurtenances, to the inspection and examination of the said visitor, and of other visitors appointed by me, and to render to them all the information and assistance which they may require in the execution of their duties.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of the office of Secretary of State, at the city of Albany, this twenty fourth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty nine.

JOHN C. SPENCER,
Superintendent of Common Schools.

The Board of Visitors of Common Schools of the County of Monroe, met at Rochester, Wednesday, Oct. 23, 1839.

Present—Messrs. Whitehouse, Burroughs, Brown, Jones, Adams, Norton, Spencer, Clement, Church, Gould, Allen, Andrews, Rochester, O'Reilly, Elwood, Bishop, Griffith.

The Board organized by appointing the Rev. HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE Chairman, and WALTER S. GRIFFITH Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Andrews, a committee of three was appointed to district the county, and designate visitors for the districts. Committee—Messrs. Andrews, Burroughs and Bishop.

Mr. Andrews reported an arrangement of districts, and the names of visitors, which was amended and adopted, as follows:

Rochester—Messrs. Whitehouse, O'Reilly, Elwood, Andrews, Bishop and Griffith.

Gates—Messrs. Rochester and Bishop.

Greece—Messrs. Clement and Andrews.

Clarkson and Parma—Messrs. Burroughs, Selden and Knox.

Sweden, Ogden and Riga—Messrs. Norton, Church, Spencer and Burroughs.

Wheatland and Chili—Messrs. Brown, Carpenter and Griffith.

Brighton and Irondequoit—Messrs. Gould, Holley and Elwood.

Penfield and Perinton—Messrs. Adams, Ely and O'Reilly.

Mendon and Pittsford—Messrs. Allen and Crocker.

Henrietta and Rush—Messrs. Jones, Sperry and Stull.

On motion of Mr. Bishop,

Resolved, That a committee of eight be appointed to recommend to this Board, at our next meeting, such school books as they may consider most appropriate for general use, in the schools in this county. Committee—Messrs. Whitehouse, Burroughs, O'Reilly, Elwood, Norton, Brown, Allen and Adams.

On motion of Mr. Rochester,

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to procure the delivery of addresses during the ensuing winter, on the subject of common school education, at such places in the county as they shall deem expedient. Committee—Messrs. O'Reilly, Andrews and Bishop.

On motion of Mr. Brown,

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to recommend to this Board, suitable books for school district libraries. Committee—Messrs. Clement, Holley and Griffith.

On motion of Mr. Burroughs,

Resolved, That this Board concur with the views expressed in the following resolution,

which was submitted to the citizens of Rochester, in 1838, at a public meeting, held with reference to the interests of the common schools of that city, viz: "Resolved, That this meeting cordially recommend the series of books selected for the school districts, by the American Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge."

On motion of Mr. Norton,

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting, together with the instructions of the Superintendent of Common Schools, and the Commission under which we act, be published in all the newspapers in this county, in which they can be published without charge.

On motion of Mr. Andrews,

Resolved, That the first annual meeting of this Board be held on the first Wednesday of January next, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in this city; and that the Secretary be instructed to give suitable notice of such meeting.

Adjourned.

WALTER S. GRIFFITH, Sec'y.

THE NEW WORLD.

A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to Home and Foreign Intelligence, Literature and the Arts. Edited by PARK BENJAMIN, ROBUS W. GRISWOLD, late Editors of the Brother Jonathan.

On Saturday, the 19th of October, 1839, was issued a specimen number of a new weekly sheet entitled "THE NEW WORLD," and on the 26th of the same month, commenced the regular publication, under that title, of the largest, cheapest, and most elegant periodical in America. Its Editors were the originators, and, until the commencement of the present publication, the conductors of the "Brother Jonathan," and they bring to their aid the experience acquired in that popular journal, and greatly increased facilities, of every kind, derived from new opened foreign and home correspondence, agencies, &c. In addition to all the popular periodicals of this continent, they will receive regularly from London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and other European capitals, the most celebrated literary journals, such as the Monthly Chronicle, the Monthly, the New Monthly, the Gentleman's, the Fraser's, Blackwood's, the United Service, the Asiatic, Tait's, and the University Magazines, Bentley's Miscellany, The Court Journal, The Court Gazette, La Belle Assemblee, The Era, The Satirist, The Age, The Examiner, the Writings of Dickens, the Quarterly, the Foreign Quarterly, the London, the Edinburgh, and the Dublin Reviews, &c. &c. &c.

From all these, and from every other new work of merit, the best selections will be given immediately after their reception, and thus the spirit of contemporary literature, in the Old World and the New, placed in the reach of the poorest and most humble.

While the Editors will make the most early and copious selections from literary productions, they will not be forgetful of the necessity of presenting all the news of the time, in a perfect and faithful digest. They will especially aim to make The New World worthy of its name from its perfect compilation of Domestic News as well as intelligence from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Our newspapers, in general, contain full accounts of all that happens in the Old World, even to the most trivial occurrences, which can be of little or no interest to our people; while they omit or neglect much that is of consequence from the various countries of the New.

The editorial articles of The New World, while they will be rigidly free from all political or sectional bias, will generally be upon topics of immediate interest, and have direct reference to passing events—to the times and the country.

The Editors will carefully avoid the profligate tone which characterizes most of the journals in speaking of the returns of crime and wretchedness, which fall under the eye of the municipal police. They can see nothing humorous or witty in such pictures of sinfulness and degradation. No ludicrous accompaniment or incident of language can make them smile at the frantic vagaries of intemperance, the dreadful examples of female prostitution, suffering and despair, or the penal violations of social order by the ignorant and the imbecile. They can only see in such "counterfeit presentments" the defaced and defiled ruins of what was made in the image of the Most High—the perverted and bruted soul of man—its divine

properties lost, its energies degraded and its celestial essence polluted with bestial slime.

With the most ample assistance in every department; with resources more than sufficient, and friends numerous and true; with a thousand incentives to exertion, and every evidence and assurance of the most triumphant success before it, The New World starts into life, and will long gladden and enliven the firesides of every portion of our great country.

Price of "The New World" \$3 per annum, payable in advance. Two copies will be sent for \$5 to any part of the city or country.

All letters relating to the editorial department of the New World, to be addressed to BENJAMIN & GRISWOLD; those intended for the publisher, to

J. WINCHESTER,
No. 23 Ann Street, New York.

Mister Hogden with an O.—Some years since there lived in New York a lawyer of considerable distinction, named Ogden; who, having one morning hired an Irish servant, sent him to the Post Office to enquire if there were any letters. Says Pat to the clerk, "is there any letters for Mither Hogden?" The clerk looked over the H's, and finding none, sent the servant away; and this was repeated two or three mornings in succession, till the master, surprised, as he was in the daily custom of receiving a considerable number of letters, went to the post office himself, where he found on hand a large bundle of letters which had been waiting two or three days for him. On returning home, he called his servant, and gave him a severe rattling for thus neglecting his business. "An sure," says Pat, "dinn't I hask for letters for Mither Hogden, and didn't he tell me to go about my business, for there warn't any?—Sure enough, your honor's name is Mither Hogden." "Pooh, pooh," exclaimed the master, "not Hogden but Ogden—not Hogden with an H, but Ogden with an O. Now see if you can do better next time." The servant went next morning, saying, "is there any letters for Mither Hogden?" The clerk looking over the H's again, answered, "No." "Sure now," says Pat, "it's not Mither Hogden with a Huitch, but Mr. Hogden with a Ho." This explained the matter, and Pat got his letters, and highly delighted, took them to his home.

Pretty good, whether true or not.—The following vouched for by the Baltimore Clipper

A Dutchman from the West were to pay his Excellency the President of the United States, a visit. He happened to call just as the President and four others were sitting down to dine. The President asked him to be seated, at the same time inquiring if there was any thing new or strange in his country.

"No, I thinks not, except dat one of my cows hash five calves."

"Ah! indeed—and do they all suck at onc time?"

"No sar," replied the Dutchman; "four on'em sucks while de tudder looksh on, shusht as I tush."

The hint was so significant that a clean plate was immediately ordered, and the Dutchman seated at the table where he partook of a comfortable dinner with his Excellency the President.

A Marriage at first sight.—The Milledgeville Journal states that a marriage took place recently in that city under the following circumstances:

A lady from an adjoining county made her appearance in the morning in our city, for the purpose of selling chickens, butter and eggs, when she was accosted by a 'jolly swain,' brim full of love, with the pleasing interrogatory—'Dear madam, will you marry me?' Astonished, but not displeased, the fair lady blushing answered in the affirmative. A license was immediately procured, a parson or justice was employed, and the happy couple were buckled to each other for life.

Throw in the Boss.—Among the Hoosiers they call cotton thread *Boss*, a term which few Yankees understand. A fair, fat brunette one day stepped in the store of a young merchant, and bought a dress of the clerk. After it was cut off, she addressed herself to him—"Well I reck on you'll throw in the boss." "Certainly," replied the clerk with his mouth stretched in laughter; "we'll throw in the boss—there he is—you're very welcome to him!"

"What, Louisa! give up your three story house, with all its manifold advantages?" returned the doctor, affecting amazement.

"Come, now, don't jest about it dear Charles! You know I have been tired of it long ago. I shall always call it my Folly, after this. Pray, remind me of it whenever you see me giving up comfort for ostentation."

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Fredonia Censor.

AUTUMN.—BY MISS S. J. C.

Thou com'st to me with aspect drear,
The yellow falling leaf
And fading turf tell thou art here;
And oh, sad thoughts of grief
And lonely musings, thy chill wind
Awaken'st, Autumn, in the mind.

I mourn sweet Summer hastened by;
To far-off climes hath flown,
Her beauty and her melody.
The wild bird's morning tone,
And murmur of the waving grass,
Waked by the zephyrs as they pass.

The gushing of the mountain stream
Through hidden rocky caves,
The glancing of the bright sunbeam
Upon the silvery waves,
The winds that softly kissed my brow—
Whence are they flown? where are they now?

The flowers, the fragile flowers,
Have shrunk away and died;
They've vanished from the garden bowers,
And every hillock's side;
And Flora, mournful, droops her head,
And sad and lone weeps o'er her dead.

Unlike, oh Autumn! is thy breath
To summer's gentle breeze;
It cometh like the blast of death,
And maketh giant trees
In supplicance bend, as it in wrath
Sweeps onward in its stormy path.

It seeketh out each woodland dell,
And every verdant nook,
Where nymphs and fairies loved to dwell
And sport beside the brook;
And shady walk where lover paid
His changeless vows to list'ning maid.

Yet to the husbandman thy reign
Most welcome eye shall be,
For bending bough and nodding grain
Are heralded by thee;
And garnered stores thy bounty tell—
And now brown Autumn, fare thee well!

Fredonia, Oct. 16, 1839.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

BY ANN STEPHENS.

"Dearest, I'm dying—bend thee down
One little moment by my bed,
And let the shadow of thy hair
Fall gently o'er my aching head.

O, raise me up, and let me feel:
Once more the beating of thy heart,
And press thy lips again to mine,
Before in midnight death we part.

Nay, tremble not; but fold me close.
Pillow'd upon thine own dear breast,
I fain would let my struggling soul
Pass forth to its eternal rest."

She stoops, and on her bursting heart,
His drooping head is resting now,
When white and trembling fingers part
The damp hair from his pallid brow.

And there, upon its cold white front,
With quivering lips the kiss was given;
And press'd as if 'twould draw him back—
Back from the very gates of heaven.

There, like a dying bird, his soul
Lay panting out its quivering life;
And still his almost lifeless arms
Clung fondly to his pale young wife.

One look he gave her, and it seemed
An angel had from heaven above
Shaded with wings of tenderness
The troubled fountain of his love.

A holy smile came o'er his face,
As moonlight gleaming over snow,
One struggling breath—one faint embrace,
And lifeless he is laying now.

The setting sun, with golden light
Was flooding all the room and bed,
Enfolding with his pinion bright
The fainting wife, the marble dead.

BUFFALO.—BY THE REV. J. C. LORD.

Queen of the Lakes, whose tributary seas
Stretch from the frozen regions of the North
To Southern climes, where the wanton breeze
O'er field and forest goes rejoicing forth.

As Venice to the Adriatic sea
Was wedded in her brief, but glorious day;
So broader, purer waters are to thee,
To whom a thousand streams a dowry pay.

What tho' the wild winds o'er thy waters sweep
While lingering Winter howls along thy shore,
And solemnly 'deep calleth unto deep,'
While storm and cataract responsive roar?"

'Tis music fitting for the brave and free,
Where Enterprise and Commerce vex the waves;
The soft, voluptuous airs of Italy
Breathe among ruins, and are woo'd by slaves.

Thou art the Sovereign city of the Lakes,
Crowned and acknowledged: may thy fortunes be
Vast as the domain which thine empire takes,
And onward, as thy waters to the sea.
Buffalo, Oct. 19, 1839.

* The roar of the great cataract of Niagara is frequently heard at Buffalo.

Another of the Africans of the Amistad, died yesterday at Hew Haven; making five who have died since their arrival amongst us.—*Journal Com.*

THE LITTLE HAND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

We wandered sadly round the room.—
We miss'd the voice's play,
That warbled through our hours of gloom,
And charmed the cloud away,—

We missed the footstep, loved and light,—
The tiny twining hand.—
The quick arch smile so wildly bright,—
The brow with beauty bland!

We wandered sadly round the room,—
No relic could we find,
No toy of hers, to sooth our gloom,
She left not one behind!

But look! there is a misty trace,
Faint undefined and broken,
Of fingers, on the mirror's face.
A dear, though simple token!

A cherub hand!—the child we loved
Had left its impress there,
When first, by young Ambition moved,
She climbed the easy chair;—

She saw her own sweet self, and tried
To touch what seemed to be
So near, so beautiful! and cried,—
Why! there's another me!

Dear hand! though from the mirror's face
Thy form did soon depart,
I wore its welcome, tender trace,
Long after in my heart!

[For the New York American.]
THOUGHTS.

How often I am called to weep,
The tear to friendship due,
When low in death's unending sleep,
Are laid the tried and true;
And oft their narrow beds I steep,
With sorrow's holy dew.

Kind friends with whom both loved and blest,
I march'd from childhood up,
Have sunk to their eternal rest,—
Their lips have press'd the cup,—
And I am left the last lone guest,
To drink my portion up.

A heart thro' which life once flow'd sweet,
And eyes that glistened clear,
That heart has long since ceased to beat,
Those eyes shed not a tear,
And when in dreams that form I meet,
I sigh that I am here.

I care not when shall burst the storm,
That lays to rest my head:
Nor who shall lay my lifeless form,
Upon its dusty bed,—
Companion to the poor earth-worm,
That banquets on the dead.

And why should I regret to bow,
To storms that set me free?
The band of Age is on my brow,
Through his shrunk eyes I see;—
I'd rather die, than live as now,
A weed upon life's sea!

New York Oct. 31, '39.

C.

"SEVENTY-FIVE"

It broke on the hush of morn,
It startled the dull midnight,
Like the stirring peal of a battle-horn,
It summoned them forth to fight;
It rose o'er the swelling hill,
By the meadows green it was heard,
Calling out for the strength of the freeman's
will,
And the might of a freeman's sword!

The rivers heard the noise,
The valleys rung it out;
And every heart leaped high at the voice
Of that thrilling battle-shout!
They sprang from the bridal bed,
From the pallet of labor's rest;
And they hurried away to the field of the
dead,
Like a fardy-marriage guest.

They left the plough in the corn,
They left the steer in the yoke;
And away from mother and child, that morn,
And the maiden's first kiss they broke!
In the showers of the deadly shot,
In the lurid van of the war,
Sternly they stood but they answered not
To the hireling's wild hurra.

But still as the brooding storm,
Ere it lashes the ocean to foam,
The strength of the free was in every arm,
And every heart on its home.
Of their pleasant homes they thought,—
They prayed to their father's God,—
And forward they went till their dear blood
bought,
The broad free land they trod!

MARRIED.

In Penn Yan, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. F. G. Hibbard, HENRY M. STEWART, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss MARY JANE POWELL, all of the above place.

In this city, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. JAMES H. WILD, of Columbiaville, to Miss ELLEN ANN MEDBERRY, of this city.

In this city, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. C. W. WARREN, to Miss ALMIRA ADAMS, both of this city.

In Gates, on the 16th ult., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq. Mr. Thomas Reed, of Phelps, Ontario county, to Miss Maria Parish, of Rochester.

In this city, on the 30th inst., by Rev. N. F. Bruce, Mr. ABEL M. SHERWOOD, of Scarborough, Tompkins county, N. Y., to Miss CATHARINE A. ROBERTS, daughter of the Rev. Henry Roberts, of this city.

On the 27th inst., by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. EDWARD S. COFFRAIN, to Miss EMELINE TALLMADGE, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 26th inst., of pulmonary consumption, ISAAC LYON, late of Alabama, and formerly a merchant in this city.

On the 21st inst., at Pittsford, SARAH, relict of J. H. Steer, of Heathfield, Sussex, Eng., aged 52 years. At East Bloomfield, on the 16th inst., Caroline A. wife of Rev. W. W. Hicox, in the 30th year of her age.

In this city, on the 1st inst., William Henry, Son of Norman Jewell, aged 10 years and 3 months.

In this city, on the 19th inst., GEORGE P., son of Walter S. Griffith, aged 2 years and 6 months.

In this city, on the 22d inst., HARRIET DESBROW, daughter of the widow Desbrow.

On the 23d inst., of Scarlet Fever, ANNE H., only child of George H. Mumford, Esq., aged 2 years and 8 months.

In this city, on the 5th inst., Oliver, only son of Ja's and Mary Jones, aged 8 years.

At East Bloomfield, on the 16th ult., Caroline A. wife of Rev. W. W. Hicox, in the 30th year of her age. Very suddenly, in Ogden, on the 21st ult., Hiram Young, aged 38 years.

Plain and Pithy Remarks of old Humphrey and Fits—Though no doctor, I have by me some most excellent prescriptions, and as I shall ask you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subjected to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also. Now for my prescriptions:

For a fit of Idleness.—Count the tick of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be glad to throw your coat off and work like a negro.

For a fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse or jail and you'll be convinced:

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to be forlorn.

For a fit of Ambition.—Go into the church-yard and read the gravestones. They will point out the end of ambition. The grave must soon be your bed chamber, and the earth your resting place; corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

Tight Lacing.—"I think this practice is a great public benefit," said a gentleman.

"A great public benefit," exclaimed a friend, "why how can that be; do you not see that a great many of our young ladies are ruining their healths and losing their lives by it?"

"Yes, yes," returned the other, "but my dear fellow, do you not see that it kills off only the fools, and we shall have all wise ones by and by!"

Col. STEPHEN K. GRASVENOR, of Buffalo, died on the 13th inst., aged 46 years, 7 months.

THE



GEM.

By Erastus Shepard & Alvah S.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 2, 1839.

No. 22.

MISCELLANY.

LUTHER, AND HIS TIMES.

This is the title of a handsome duodecimo volume, just published by Hilliard, Gray & Co. of Boston. It is by the gifted author of the "Three Experiments," &c.—a sufficient guarantee that it is executed with judgment and good taste. We have read this volume with much pleasure, (says the editor of the *Mercantile Journal*) and can recommend it to our readers as a work of great merit—presenting, under the guise of a pleasing narrative, an authentic biography of the celebrated reformer, with notices of Melancthon and others who flourished at that period. We extract from this volume three passages—which relate to the birth and boyhood, the marriage, and the death of the distinguished Martin Luther:

BIRTH OF LUTHER.

A poor miner, who wrought in the mines of Mansfeld, and lived at Eisenach, took a journey to Eisleben, to attend the annual fair. His wife was too desirous to accompany him to be denied; and, on the night they arrived, she gave birth to a son. He was born on the 10th of November, in the year 1483, on the eve of St. Martin's day; from which circumstance his parents named him Martin. The father strove to educate his son in virtuous habits; and, according to the spirit of the age, considered strict discipline a powerful aid to good conduct; to this the young Martin was early subjected. As he grew older, he was placed in an institution at Eisenach, where he had access to the learning there taught; but was unprovided with funds, and had not money to procure food. In company with several other students, as poor as himself, he endeavored to procure bread by singing at the doors of wealthy houses. On these occasions he sometimes sang his own compositions—at others, the favorite ditties of the day—and sometimes he chanted forth the sufferings of the martyrs. All this he called *bread music*. It does not seem to have had the power to "soothe the savage beast," for he was often taunted and reproached—accused of idleness and evil designs—and driven away by menials, though the only reward asked for his exertions was a piece of bread. On one of those days, when his very soul was filled with shame and indignation for the hard language he received, he wandered to the humble dwelling of Conrad Cotta; and throwing himself on a seat before it, overshadowed by ancient trees, he relieved his overburdened heart by low, plaintive music. Whether moved by the melody of song, or the tenderness of a woman's soul, Luise Cotta, the wife of Conrad, hastened to the door, and invited him to enter. She then placed before him the simple fare her humble habitation afforded—bread and honey, with milk from the mountain goat. The honest, ardent gratitude of the youth, with his simple story, won not only her confidence, but her affection. She invited him to come every day and get his meals. He soon equally interested the husband, and they both continued their friendship to him. Many years after, when all Europe rung with the name of the reformer, they remembered that the poor hungry boy they fed was Martin Luther!

In the year 1501, a thin pale youth stood at the gate of the University of Erfurt, and petitioned for entrance. When asked if he was qualified to make such a request, he replied:—"He who prays as he ought, has already finished half his labors and half his studies."—This, too, was Martin Luther; but he did not now come unprovided with credentials; he brought undoubted testimonials of his morals and good conduct, and was received with cordiality.

MARRIAGE OF LUTHER.

Some time after, Luther came to Melancthon's house, and requested to see Catharine alone.

Margaret hastened to her and gave her the message. She entreated her friend to return with her.

"That would not do," replied Margaret; "he said expressly *alone*; he undoubtedly has something very particular to say. Now, Catharine, take courage and open your heart."

Poor Catharine went with trembling steps to the presence of Luther.

"I have sent for you, my child," said he, "to converse on the subject of matrimony; I hope you are convinced it is a holy state."

"Yes, sir," said Catharine.

"Are you prepared to embrace it?"

"No sir," she replied.

"Perhaps you have scruples on the score of monastic vows; if so, I will mark some passages I have written on that subject, that may set your mind at rest."

Catharine was silent.

"I perceive that I do not make much progress in my purpose. I am little used to these matters, and I had better be direct. Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry, like a rational woman?"

This direct appeal seemed to arouse her courage.

"Even Doctor Martin Luther has no right," said she, "to ask that question, without explaining his motive."

"Well said, Kate," replied he, laughing; "I must tell you, then. There is a person who would gladly take you for better and for worse."

Catharine's color rose, and her eyes sparkled with additional brightness.

"Now say, has he any chance?"

"You have not told me who he is," said she resolutely.

"And you have not told me whether you have any scruples of conscience on the subject; if you have, God forbid that I should urge you."

"When I left the convent," said she in a low voice, "it was because it would have been hypocrisy in me to have remained there. I took the vows ignorantly, and almost by compulsion; I embraced the reformed religion with an inquiring and willing faith. God forgive me that I so long offered him the worship of my lips, while my heart was far from him."

"And now?" said Luther, after waiting for her to finish her sentence.

"Now," she replied, "I need not ask his forgiveness for worshipping him in spirit and in truth. I am no longer a nun."

"Well," said Luther, "I suppose this is as direct an answer as I must expect. So, to my purpose."

But even Luther stopped short, surprised at Catharine's emotion.

"Perhaps, my dear," said he kindly, "I do wrong in speaking to you myself; I had better commission Margaret. I suppose women converse on these matters better together, and yet, as I have begun, I will finish. The other day, Bodenstein, the nephew of Carolstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with marrying. He is a clever young man, and I see no objection. He is very unlike his fanatic uncle."

He might have talked an hour without receiving a reply. Catharine's manner had changed; there was no longer the emotion or the blush.

"What shall I tell him?"

"Any thing you please," said she, "so that I never see him again."

"Why, this is strange," said Luther; you did not seem to have scruples of conscience just now. My dear Catharine, you must not forget that you have no natural relations here, and this young man can be a protector to you."

"I wish you would not speak of him," replied she.

"Is there any one else that you like better?" asked Luther.

She made no reply.

"Nay, speak; I have every disposition to serve you. Has any other person made the same proposal to you?"

"Yes," said Catharine, with a little womanly pride; "Counsellor Baumgartner has made the same proposals."

"Do you prefer him?"

"Yes," she replied rising; "but I am as happy as I ever expect to be. My friends assure me that I am no burden, but a help to them; and so I wish you good morning."

Poor Catharine hastened to her room. Her dream was over. Luther, the austere, the insensible reformer had awakened her from it. Margaret entered while her eyes were yet red with weeping. She tenderly approached and embraced her; but neither exchanged a word.

"There is no hope for Bodenstein," thought Luther; "it is evident Baumgartner, is the object. Catharine is a child; if the Elector dies, she is without a support, except by the labor of her hands, and they do not look as if they were made for labor. I will write to Jerome Baumgartner; he is well known as a young counsellor at Nuremberg." Accordingly he wrote.

1524, October 12th.

"If you would obtain Catharine Von Borne, hasten here before she is given to another who proposes for her. She has not yet conquered her love for you. I shall rejoice to see you united."

LUTHER.

The young counsellor received this letter with surprise and incredulity. The positive refusal of Catharine, some months before, had left no doubt on his mind; and he thought the wisest plan was to enclose the letter to her, and to enquire whether it was written with her sanction. In the mean time Luther's friends began to urge him to marry, particularly Melancthon. "You preach," said he, "what you do not practice."

He protested, however, that he would not be caught in the snare; that his time was now fully occupied.

When Catharine received the letter from her former lover, she was filled with astonishment; and requested Margaret to speak to Luther on the subject. He said he had done what he thought was right and would be agreeable to all parties; but he found there was one science he did not understand—the heart of a woman.

"That is true," said Margaret, "or you would long since have perceived that Catharine's was yours, and now the mystery is out."

It required all her eloquence to convince Luther of the truth of this assertion; he was forty, Catharine but little more than half that number of years; that she should prefer him to her young suitors, seemed to him incredible.—Margaret, however, had said it, and a new life opened to Luther, in the affection of a young and beautiful woman.

When he spoke to Catharine again on the subject of matrimony, he was more successful than before. He learned the history of her long attachment, which had become so much the reverie of her silent hours. The betrothment took place, and very soon the marriage followed.

DEATH OF LUTHER.

On the 17th of February he grew so ill, that his friends requested him not to go out. In the evening he spoke much of his approaching death. Some one asked him if he thought we should know one another in the future world; he replied with energy, "I truly believe so."—When he entered his chamber with his friends

and sons, he remained a long time in prayer.—Afterwards he said to the physician who arrived, "I am very weak, and my sufferings increase."

They gave him drops and tried to restore heat by friction. He spoke affectionately to Count Albert, who was near him, and said, "I will lie down and try to sleep half an hour. I think I shall feel relieved." He composed himself, and soon fell asleep, and did not awake for an hour and a half. When he opened his eyes he said, "Are you still sitting here? Why do you not go to your repose?" It was eleven at night.—He then began to pray most fervently in Latin. "In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, Domine, Deus veritatis. Pray all of you, my friends, that the reign of our Lord may be extended, for the Council of Trent and the Pope are full of threatenings." Again he closed his eyes and slept a short time; when he awoke, he requested to rise, and went to the window, and looked out upon the winter landscape—the clear heavens, the shining stars, the light of the pale moon glittering on the frosty hill tops. "My dear Jonas," said he, "I was born in Eisleben, and here I believe I shall rest." He then prayed most devoutly. There was an evident change in his countenance, which induced his friends to summon the physicians. Count and Countess Albert also hastened to his room. He turned to them, and said, "Beloved friends, I die here." He begged them all to bear testimony that he died in the faith he had taught. His prayers continued fervent, till suddenly his eyes closed; clasping his hands together, and without a struggle, he breathed his last.

ANNUAL REPORT

Of the Board of Managers of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, for 1839.

LADIES OF THE ASSOCIATION:

The present month brings us to the termination of another year; and as a Board of Managers, the duty devolves upon us of presenting you a Report of the domestic and financial concerns of this Asylum. Before entering upon a statement of facts, we feel bound both from a sense of duty and gratitude, to acknowledge the favors of that gracious Being who is in a special manner the Orphan's friend and the Father of the fatherless. He has watched over and blessed the little flock; has crowned the unwearied and self-denying efforts of its officers with success, and disposed the hearts of many to contribute liberally towards its support.

We will not dwell on its peculiar advantages; they have been often laid before you, and are too apparent to all, to make it necessary to repeat them. The lively interest generally manifested by the public in the success of its operations, and the very liberal donations made, are a sufficient evidence that its claims are well understood by our generous and enlightened citizens, and that it will be sustained.

During the past year, 20 children have been received into the Asylum, all of them under 7 years of age; 11 have been placed in families where it is believed they will be trained to usefulness, and receive moral and religious instruction; 4 have been returned to their parents, and 1 has been removed by death; 44 children remain in the institution, 33 of whom are under 6 years; 10 of these are supposed to be orphaned; the rest have each one parent. 5 of these parents pay the board of their children, and the board of 12 is paid by the city and county. The number received the past year has been much less than any previous one, owing to the very limited accommodations which the present building affords. Many applicants for admission, (10 during the present month,) have been refused, who otherwise would have been received.

The domestic arrangements, order and discipline of the family, are such as to give very general satisfaction to its patrons. In making provision for its wants, the most strict economy is observed that is consistent with the health and comfort of its inmates. Perfect order and neatness are visible in every part of the establishment. The only discipline necessary, has been that of a mild parental nature, which has been administered in a faithful, discreet and kind manner. The cleanly and healthful appearance of the children, their joyous faces, beaming forth expressions of the most perfect cheerfulness and content, speak more plainly than language can convey to the mind, the fact that this heavenly charity has not failed in one of its benevolent designs; and that in the co-op-

eration of its excellent superintendent, the officers of this institution have found an efficient, untiring assistant. Too much praise cannot be awarded to one whose task must of necessity be that of unceasing labor, and in the prosecution of which there is so much of the firmness, patience and affection which is rarely to be found but in the maternal bosom.

The system of instruction is well adapted to the capacities and peculiar situation of the children, and their improvement has been commensurate with the wishes of their friends. A public exhibition of their attainments, was made in June last, at the Methodist Chapel, before a large and interested audience, which was highly gratifying; and we doubt not produced in the minds of all present, a lively compassion and sympathy for the little orphan assemblage, and a deeper interest in their future support and instruction, which shall render them useful members of society, and prepare them for a happy eternity.

We have been much favored in being able to retain the services of our first and well qualified teacher, but owing to her feeble state of health, she is frequently obliged to exchange occupations with her sister, who is likewise in the institution, and equally capable of performing the allotted task. The children are kept at their books 6 hours a day, generally, except on Saturday, when the afternoon is given to other duties. One day in the week is wholly given to instructing them in sewing, knitting, cutting carpet rags, &c., and part of each day is improved by those who sew well. Some of the children are daily employed in domestic duties, when out of school.

Exclusive of all other help, there have been made by the family, (but principally by the teacher and children,) over one hundred and fifty garments, such as dresses, boys' clothes, aprons, shirts, drawers, skirts, night gowns, besides nine pairs of sheets, ten pairs of pillow cases, and ten towels. They have also pieced six bed quilts, with their linings, which are now ready for quilting, and have assisted in repairing their clothing. This, with the assistance of the ladies from the different religious societies of the city, has made the expense for sewing, a mere trifle.

For their Sabbath School privileges, we are greatly indebted to the zealous efforts and faithful instruction of several gentlemen. We trust that their labors of love will not be given in vain, but that the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, and yet dwelleth with the humble in heart, will bless this heavenly employment with the fullest, the richest success. May they here be rewarded by witnessing the salutary and restraining influence of divine truth upon the mind and conduct of their pupils, and by their early acceptance of Him for their guide, who is the way, the truth and the life.

For the year past, the children have been blessed with an unusual degree of health. Five months in succession, very little or no medical attendance was necessary, and as a striking evidence of this fact, but one death has occurred within the twelve months, among 44 children, and in that instance the subject was greatly diseased when brought to the Asylum. Their uniform health may in some measure be attributed to regular habits of taking their food, sleep and exercise, with frequent bathing in warm or cold water (as the constitution of the child requires,) and early rising, which is invariable. As formerly, Dr. REID has kindly administered to the sick of the institution, and in his absence his partner, Dr. BASTOL, has attended.

The necessity of more extensive buildings has long been felt, and it is generally known that a lot with an unfinished house upon it, was purchased for the use of the family, when the very generous donation of Mr. GREGG of Canandaigua, of 1½ acres of ground, extending from Grieg to Exchange sts. on Cornhill, presented a more eligible situation for an Asylum; and the purchased lot was sold at auction by the trustees, the avails of which are to be expended in the erection of the contemplated building. Many other acts of munificence towards this institution might be recorded, but as the limits of a report will not allow it, to all the liberal donors we tender our sincere thanks, trusting that the promise will be abundantly fulfilled to them, that He who is a witness of their every act, will for these reward them openly.

By a recent vote of the Supervisors, all young children sent to the poor house, will by them be placed in this Asylum, and their board paid.—

Unless suitable buildings are soon erected, we shall be compelled to refuse them admission.— There are now 30 whom they would be glad to send, could we receive them: If sufficient funds can be obtained, the foundation of a building will be laid this fall.

That this benevolent design shall not fail, but meet with all the encouragement and liberality which its object demands, we cannot for one moment doubt. To the sympathies and generosity of its friends, we now submit its interests, humbly looking to Him who is the fountain of all wisdom, so to guide and counsel us in this good work, as will most redound to His honor and glory.

M. E. TALMAN, Sec'y.

Rochester, Oct. 29, 1839.

A Curiosity.—A gentleman informed us a few days since, that a short time previous, while in pursuit of wild turkeys, in Hart county, Kentucky, in company with a friend, they discovered on the summit of a knoll or elevation a large hole, that would admit a man's body without much difficulty. Curiosity led them to make preparations, and by an accession, they entered this mysterious place. At the length of about 6 feet they found themselves in a subterraneous cave or room apparently cut out of solid rock, through which they had passed many feet, which appeared to be 16 to 18 feet square. Our informant was the first that entered the room, and he was not a little surprised that the first object which met his eyes was a human skull with all the teeth entire. Upon further examination, it was found that the whole place was filled with skeletons of men, women and children.

Under the small aperture through which they descended, the place was perfectly dry, and the bones in a state of preservation. An entire skeleton of the human body was obtained. They concluded to examine how deep the bones were laid, and penetrated through them in one place between four and seven feet, but found them equally plentiful as on the top, but there seemed to rise an offensive effluvia as they approached where it was a little damp. There was no outlet to the room, and a large snake which they found there, and which appeared to be perfectly docile, passed round the room several times while they were in it. The discovery is a subject for the speculation of philosophers with regard to the period and circumstances attending this ancient charnel house.—*Central Watchtower.*

A Joyous Meeting.—Near Easton, Pa., I met two young farmers in a cart, and from their answer to my salutation, perceived at once that they were from Europe. I asked one where he came from, and he told me that he was from the neighborhood of Eisenach. When he learned that I had been there, and I began to talk to him about his native hills, and Fulda, and the room where Luther threw his inkstand at his Satanic majesty's head, the poor fellow laughed and cried with pleasure. Six years had passed since either of us had been at that spot; but they were for the time as six hours, and we talked of it with fresh and lively recollections: then grasping each other's hands till the knuckles cracked, we parted, probably never to meet again in the world! I like the Germans; they have more feeling and less vanity, in their nationality, than any nation upon earth.—*Murray's Travels.*

A Splendid Meteor.—The Village Record says:—"Wednesday night was most brilliant; a thousand stars shone in unwonted lustre, from a bright and cloudless sky. About 9 o'clock, the soft and balmy atmosphere was illuminated for an instant, by a meteor off to the southeast. It darted through the air a short distance, and then exploded, producing a noonday brightness, like a flash of gunpowder. After the explosion, the light extended like a flake of fire, for near a minute in the firmament, resembling a dragon—which gradually disappeared. The explosion was quick as the lightning's flash, but had none of its terrific vividness; it was soft and bland. Superstition might consider such a brilliant display of celestial glory, as an omen denoting dire calamities to the nation and people."

A man who was "how come you so," fell down last evening. Another pronounced it the failure of steam navigation.

THE INVALID.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

Nothing can be more common than for persons of a naturally robust and healthy temperament of mind and body, who feel not those "infirmities flesh is heir to,"—nothing, I repeat, is more common than for such persons to ridicule the want of that greatest of all earthly blessings in others, HEALTH; and to attribute the ailments of those around them to the effect of temper, or what is called "nervous irritability." Instead, therefore, of benefitting more largely by the mercies extended to themselves, and feeling a thankful gratitude for the boon bestowed by their munificent Creator, blessings to them become curses to others, by causing a callousness to the sufferings of their fellow creatures; and like Pharaoh of old, they "harden their hearts" against conviction and against belief.

Such, at least, was the effect produced upon Walter Beverly, the hero, if I may so designate him, of the brief yet faithful page in whose life I am about to record; and should there be one among my readers who is conscious of lacking the "milk of human kindness" in his own bosom, may the catastrophe of this little narrative produce that change "devoutly to be wished."

Walter Beverly was a young man possessed of fine animal spirits, flowing from a constitution which (saving in the maladies incident to childhood) had never known a day's wear, either from sickness or sorrow; he seemed, indeed, the favorite of fortune, in person, wealth, and manners. Generous and manly, gifted with many good and noble qualities, his detestation of every thing approaching to cowardice or effeminacy in his own sex, was little short of hatred—even the gentler part of the creation, woman, pleased Walter more when the extreme delicacy of her sex was discarded, and none of those pretty yet misplaced graces of timidity which beauty is apt to assume, were put in practice or attract admirers.

A young man moving in the circle Beverly *did* move, was not likely to be long in finding a wife. Julia St. Pierre, the only daughter of a French refugee, drew her first breath in England, whither her parents had flown with what wealth they could hastily collect, at the breaking out of the revolution. Educated as an English woman, (for she had known no other country,) young, lovely and accomplished, Julia soon attracted the eyes, and fixed the roving heart of Walter, in those circles where they met; and though he was very opposite in character, for her's was "the mild lustre of the early morn—and his the radiance of the risen day," he soon became a lover—woed and won—and they were united.

There was a hectic streak on the face of the fair bride, that to all eyes, save those of her delighted husband, seemed the herald of an early grave. That direful disease, the simoom of our climate, deadly as that of the eastern desert—since with a like remorselessness it sweeps away all who come within its influence—consumption, had already sown its baneful seeds in her bosom, to spring up ere long, and desolate the soil.

I pass over the early period of their married life—like an English April, it had its showers and its sunshine, but no cloud of any magnitude rested upon it; Walter was justly proud of his beautiful wife, and delighted to instruct her in the more robust accomplishment of her sex, under his tuition, though naturally timid, she became an expert horsewoman, and the husband was never more in his element (to use a nautical phrase) than when attending in the double capacity of equire and tutor, at the bridlerein of his graceful Julia.

Time rolled on, and olive branches sprang around their table, but, alas! they did not bring increase of happiness; the wife's duties were now to become subservient to those of the mother—nature demanded it, and Julia was obliged to relinquish many of those pleasures, innocent in themselves, which became otherwise when they drew away her attention from her offspring. Those little sacrifices on her part were made without a sigh, for a mother *can* know to happiness like that of which she is the centre at home. But with men it is different; he does not feel the ties of those dear ones to bind him so closely. Walter was not naturally fond of children, and the scenes of domestic life were too tame for his ardent temperament; he loved to mount the wave rather than glide down the calm smooth stream; excited by constant activity. This was the hour of his trial—*now* was to be put to the test the oath, "to love and to

cherish," which he had sworn to her who had consented to share his destiny at the altar of his God.

The health of Mr. Beverly gradually gave way under the many anxieties from which a mother, let her situation in life be ever exalted, cannot be exempt. How little in after life do any of us appreciate that unceasing fatigue, that unvarying tenderness which anticipates the steps of time, and furrows the cheek of gentle woman with wrinkles not of years. When Julia became no longer able, with pleasure to herself, to accompany her husband to those scenes of gaiety, or endure the late hours of the fashionable society in which she had hitherto been his partner, Walter bore the bereavement in sullen silence, or if when increasing disease forced a gentle complaint from the lips of his suffering wife, a word of recognition that he heard her *did* break from him, it was such as blistered, rather than soothed the wound it fell upon. Soon, however, this gloomy calm, like the silence of Nature before the tempest, burst forth in anger and ridicule, and audible wishes "that he had not married a woman to fill his house with doctors, and exhaust his purse for fees!," were common salutations on the lips of Beverly. "Julia was only nervous," he would say to her friend—"only nervous and wanted rousing; and under this impression the poor sinking invalid was often forced into gaiety, under the pretended search after that health which for her was only to be obtained in the quiet shades of retirement, or the only calm of domestic peace. Often when the unpitied Julia returned from such scenes, and was conscious that the tide of health would never again flow through her wasting veins, would she gaze with tearful eyes on the little flock bounding to meet her, and mentally offer a prayer for their protection, when her maternal arms could not longer be their shield; often, too, while resting on her harp, whose tuneful chords her fingers had ceased to make obedient to their touch, would she weep over her youngest born, and blue-eyed cherub, who like the personification of Pity's dove, flew to nestle and repose in her wounded bosom.

Gently, as the falling light of the melting rainbow, tint after tint did her beauty pass almost unperceived, away. She had long ceased to breathe a murmur, for it was sure to call up a cloud on the brow, or an unmanly sneer on the lip of the heartless Beverly, who now that his wife's accomplishments and beauty could no longer minister to his vanity, shewed himself the selfish being his own passion had made him. Despite his better reason, he would not be convinced that the hectic flush and bright blue eye of Julia could betoken aught but health; and to conciliate his wayward temper, that fevered cheek and wildly illumined eye often were clothed in smiles, when the worm was gnawing at her aching heart.

"There, now you look something like yourself, Julia," said the selfish Walter one evening, when, in obedience to his wishes, she had placed herself at the harp, which stood beside the sofa, on which her weakness obliged her to recline.—"Come, you only want rousing, as I told Dr. Berkley yesterday, when he shook his head and pulled a long professional face; illness is all an idea—a fancy—making women a trouble to themselves, and a burden to every one about them. It only wants courage and nerve to throw it off, as one changes a dress, and really, Julia, yours is become quite a worn out garment—I'm tired of seeing it." A melancholy smile was the only answer to this ill-timed pleasantry. "Come," he continued, "play some of those lively airs you had used to be so fond of before we were plagued with those cursed brats, who have worn your very life out. "Be off, sir, out of the way!" said the unnatural father to the trembling boy who sat at his mother's knee; and suiting the action to the word, hurled him with his foot to the other side of the apartment, with a violence that made the floor echo beneath his fall.

The spirit of the mother, could not brook this neglect—reviling, showered upon herself, she had long borne calmly and without a murmur; but if ever the most timid animal will turn and defend her young when attacked, how much more will not woman dare in defence of her offspring! So it was with the wife of Beverly—every feeling, the dearest, the most sacred in her bosom's shrine, had been outraged—outraged by him, too, who of all others should have respected and upheld them! And for the first time words of bitter and reproaching import escaped her lips—remonstrance only produced the

opposite effect intended, on an obdurate heart—and Walter Beverly, the husband and father of those he had wronged, quitted his home, to spend elsewhere a gay evening than he might now anticipate within its wall.

Late was the hour when he returned, under the twofold influence of wine and passion, those demons ever ready to join compact together and make common cause against erring man. Stupified and weary with the orgies of the club, whither he had flown, to stifle in noise and riot the upbraids of the "still small voice" that will be heard within us, it was not till the beams of the noon day sun shone into their chamber, that Beverly awoke to consciousness—and to look on the inanimate form beside his pillow—Mrs. Beverly was dead! Exhausted by the vexation of the evening, heart-sick and heart broken, she had softly kissed her children as they slept, and retired some hours before her husband's return! and alone, in the silence and deep hush of midnight—that awful power who bids "the weary be at rest," had visited her sorrows, and her pure spirit had flown to Him who gave it,

Some moments elapsed ere the horror-struck Walter could fully arouse his bewildered senses to comprehend the fatal truth! He bent his ear to listen—no gentle breathing answered to his hopes, and told him life was yet an inmate of that fragile tenement;—he touched the pale cheek over which the long eye-lash hung like a jetty fringe, with a tear still moist upon it.—His head recoiled from the icy thrill which that touch sent through his veins; there is no mistaking the touch of death! To summon the servants and medical aid was now but the work of a moment, but in vain, the vital spark was quenched forever. In all the stupor of grief, too agonized, 'too deep for tears,' the wretched man stood gazing on the form before him. Yes, there she lay—the bride of his choice, the wife of his bosom—the mother of his children—the shadow of beauty yet throwing its twilight loveliness over her features, even as the lunar rainbow retains the outline of the brighter arch of day, but gleams colder and paler beneath the chilly midnight. At that awful moment what would the husband and the father have given to recall but the last twelve hours of his existence—to have caused the dial of time to go back as it did of yore? How did every unkind word he had uttered, every offensive look of which he had been guilty, set themselves in battle array against him, and rise from the cells of his own heart, like specters of terror to upbraid him.—The wolf that fed on the life stream of the Spartan thief, the tooth of the viper, or the three-fanged sting of the scorpion, are nothing contrasted with the agonies of an accusing conscience. Yet the lesson did not lose its effect on the heart of Beverly, a revolution which years could not have accomplished, was now the work of one little hour. Prostrate beside his desolate couch, with his children gathered around him, the first prayer Beverly had uttered since he knelt in boyhood at his mother's knee, broke from his humiliated soul, for forgiveness for the past and direction for the future; and there too, on that solemn shrine, with the weeping pledges of love before him, did he vow to consecrate his future life to their welfare, and to be henceforth a father in affection as in name. The spirit of her he had injured bent down and hallowed the prayer, and the recording angel, who rejoices over the sinner that repenteth, registered the oath in heaven.

Years have floated by, since the period when this history commenced, and in the fondly attached father, watching and guiding the expanding minds of his affectionate children, no traces can be recognized of the early failings of Walter Beverly.

Mothers and Daughters.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become like her—wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society." Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless, dressy slattern. "It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for any thing, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example."

From the Exeter News Letter.

A TERRIBLE STORY.

It was just before the storming of Callao when we were cruising off the coast of Peru, one clear afternoon we saw just in with the land a beautiful Spanish sloop of war lying to, under cover of a small fort, but at a long distance from the rest of the fleet. Our commodore marked it out at once for a prize; the boats were manned and held in readiness, but how they were to act with effect was a mystery to all, until, about seven bells of the afternoon watch, there came up so dense a fog that you could not see the length of the ship; we knew the bearings of the enemy, and, as soon as the fog came on, pulled quietly toward them with muffled oars. It was a fearful enterprise, and many mysterious and dreadful forebodings passed through my mind as we approached the bark, which was the theatre of one of the bloodiest butcheries ever witnessed in the Peruvian waters. I knew well what the valor of their men would do when driven to desperation; I knew that every inch of deck would be disputed, hilt to hilt, by the despairing Spaniards; till there was not one left to lift a cutlass or a boarding pike. And under such circumstances I would have given very little for my life. I thought of all the battles I had been in, and was yet alive; but that thought could not protect me now: my heart began to fail me, and for the first time I thought seriously of dying. Of a sudden there was a slight murmuring among our men, and looking upwards the masts and yards of the vessel could be distinctly seen looming up through the fog, seemingly to an enormous height.

In an instant every misgiving left me, in the dreadful excitement which carries man away from his reason, and makes him thirst for the blood of his brother, worse than ever did the most ferocious tiger of the East for the prey which nature gives him. And I who but a few moments before, would have given worlds to be any where else, was now eager to rush upon the decks of strangers, and bathe my sword in the life-blood of those men who had never done me the least injury. At that moment not a sound was heard, except the shortened breathings of our men, who were seen with their lips compressed, intently watching the foe examining their weapons, tightening their belts, and preparing for the desperate encounter, which was to be the struggle of so many brave men. The enemy had not yet perceived us, and, under cover of the fog, we dropped quietly under the ship's stern, and were upon her quarters before the alarm was given. The surprise was complete—and such a scene of uproar and confusion followed upon her decks as would defy all efforts of description. Most of the men were at that time unprovided with arms, and in the rush from all quarters to get at them, all order and discipline was lost. No one heard the voice of the commander in the terror of the moment our men were now fast leaping upon the decks, and all commencing the slaughter. Order, however, was soon restored among them—they made a desperate stand, and fairly drove back the first boat's crew, but they were continually crowding upon them from all quarters, and the attempt to repel them was in vain—many of the men who were unarmed now began to see the hopelessness of their condition, and leaped into the sea by shores, to avoid falling into our hands.

But a voluntary death is no trifling matter, and these ill-fated men found too late that drowning is not so very pleasant after all. It was heart-rending to hear the shrieks and howlings as they caught hold of their boats to save themselves, and had their hands cut off in the attempt. Poor fellows! it was a hard thing for me, but we were under the necessity of doing it, or else from the numbers, we had all been buried in the ocean together.

You may form some idea of the number of men who perished in this way, from the fact that after the engagement was over, from the single boat to which I belonged I took up my tarpaulin hat five times full of human fingers; and threw them into the sea. Our boat was prevented for a while from coming alongside by the others, which occupied every accessible point in the honor of capturing the prize.—However we soon crowded up under the main chains, and began to climb the side; the third lieutenant, who was in our boat, had nearly reached the top of the nettings, and I was

standing on the forward thwart of the boat, when one of our men, who in the act of throwing a hangrenade, was horribly mutilated by its explosion; he gave a leap into the air, and fell heavily into the boat a torn and mangled corpse. I looked for a moment at the disgusting remains of my comrade till my blood froze in my veins, and crept with icy coldness to the extremities of my fingers, then leaping upward I caught the lanyard of a backstay.

By this time our lieutenant stood on the summit of the hammock nettings; he raised himself proudly to his utmost height, stood in an attitude that would have done honor to any celebrated actor of tragedy, and flourishing his sword over his head, was on the point of springing down on the foe, shouting with all his might. "Now, my brave fellows, now"—when half a dozen boarding pikes were thrust at him, with a will and precision of aim that must have proved fatal, had he not avoided the bristly danger by springing backward into the rigging; but, instead of catching, as he intended, in the shrouds, he came lumbering down the ship's side, bringing three or four men with him, and taking me in the course; all went pell-mell in the boat together. It was in this break-neck tumble that I received the wound in my breast which left this scar.—Though I did not perceive it at the time, it must have been done by a back-handed blow from the lieutenant's sword.

"For the love of mercy, get off my head," cried I, as loud as I could articulate, with my mouth and throat filled with blood. "Oh! you are alive, then," said the lubberly officer, and he raised his foot. "I expect I am, sir, though all the same as dead here." You may judge what were my feelings on rising, to find I had been literally trodden into the mangled body of our dead shipmate, and was dripping from head to foot with the blood of my friend. I know not how, to describe the complexity of my feeling at that moment; I was fairly beside myself; and washing my face hastily in the sea, with the fury of a maniac I dashed up the side of the ship, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. By this time, our men had made a most terrible slaughter there; dead bodies were lying in heaps, in all directions; and these, with the blood which was pouring from the scuppers like water in a heavy shower of rain, rendered it extremely difficult to walk about or even to stand on the shippery decks; still these desperate men maintained their ground with a firmness that was truly astonishing considering their numbers. Every man seemed resolved not to be taken alive, and fought with a determination to sell his life as dearly as possible. Such was the stage of the battle when I rushed into the midst. I made the most extraordinary exertions for a few minutes, but soon found my maniac rage began to cool, and thought of acting on the defensive. To retreat was impossible, for such is the strict order and discipline of a sea-fight, that you will meet the same fate from your friend if you attempt to turn and fly alone, that you are likely to meet from the enemy by facing them manfully.

The Spaniards were soon so much reduced that they were fairly surrounded and overpowered by numbers. I had just parried a most scientific thrust made at me by a long-limbed skeleton of a Portuguese, and gave him his own with interest, when they drew down their arms for quarter. I now loaded my pistol, which I had discharged but once during the engagement, and was about returning it to my belt, when a Spanish boy, a mere stripling, sprang toward me with a bound, clapped the muzzle of his pistol to my breast, and I came within an ace of losing my life, when I thought the fighting all over. Making a sweep with the butt-end of my long boarding-pistol, I laid him on the deck just in time to avoid the messenger of death. I was a little startled at the moment, and discharged the contents of my weapon into his prostrate body. Shipmates, if ever I was sorry for any thing in my life, it was for that deed; the poor boy raised his head, and gave me such a look! Oh, heaven! I can see it now! So innocent and wistful—so full of expressive helplessness, it seemed to implore me to spare him, at the same time that it upbraided me for my cruelty; it was like the last look of a wounded pigeon, fluttering and expiring at your feet. I took him up in my arms, in the hope that the wound was not mortal, and that he might yet recover; but it was too late—the death-rattle was in his throat—and I carried him aft to the captain

and laid him down with as much care as if he had been my own son, in a spot where he would not be trodden upon by the crowd. I watched there beside him, gazing upon his sweet face, and mourning that I had deprived so bright a being of existence, until I was ordered aloft to shift the main topmast staysail hallards over to leeward, for they were making sail on the ship to get her out of the reach of the fort on shore, before the fog could clear away.

When I came down to the top, in looking for a piece of canvass to sew up my murdered boy, I happened to find a Spanish ensign neatly rolled up, which had probably belonged to one of the main-top men. Out of this I made a shroud for that fair child. While I was employed in this sacred office, a muster of the prisoners was made, and it was found that out of six hundred men who had composed the crew in the morning, but sixty now remained uninjured. Still, when I looked upon the work of my own hand, I did not notice the vast quantity of blood spilled by others; and when, enveloped in the flag of his native land, I raised the remains of that once bright being in my arms, and consigned them to the keeping of the friendly ocean, I could not, nor can I now, persuade myself from the idea that I had been a murderer.

JONATHAN SLICK'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Jonathan Slick have had a run almost unparalleled in newspaper writing.—We printed over 15,000 copies of the first Letter, and could have sold 30,000 copies, if we had had them. The newspapers every where are reprinting it. We have no hesitation in saying, that the mine which Jonathan has struck into, is richer than that of Boz, and the Letters to come, we also know, from the great ability of the writer, and his genuine Yankee education, will be first rate. Yankee life is the richest of life in incidents. Neither England, Ireland, France nor Germany, presents such a curious, amusing and extraordinary combination of character as is every day seen in the interior of New England, among its farming, coasting, speculating, and every-thing-doing population. Jonathan abandons political life, the reader will see, to Major Jack Downing, and walks into high life anon.—*Express*.

American Officers Abroad.—Among the distinguished foreigners now in France, are three cavalry Lieutenants of our army, who have gone to Europe to study their profession. The Paris correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer* says they were introduced to Louis Philippe by Gen. Cass—were courteously and kindly received—were invited to the palace, and dined with the king, queen and royal family; and were moreover during their stay, accommodated with horses from the royal stables, which enabled them to witness all the inspections, manoeuvres and reviews. They are at present at the cavalry school of Saumur, prosecuting their inquiries.—*Troy Mail*.

Espy's Prediction.—We recently published a prediction of Mr. Espy, that while the citizens of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 21st inst. were enjoying agreeable weather, there was a storm prevailing in the region south of the Virginia Capes. It was mentioned at the same time, that on Friday the 18th at Charleston, there was a great fall of rain. The *Chronicle*, of Wilmington, North Carolina, says, that it rained very hard at that place, from Thursday the 17th to Saturday the 19th inst. According to this, if we suppose the storm to have moved from Charleston to Wilmington, in a north east direction, as far as the Virginia Capes, it would have reached Hatteras at the time foretold by Professor Espy. The *Baltimore Patriot* of Saturday says—"In confirmation of the statement of Professor Espy, we may mention that the schooner *Mohawk*, which arrived at this port this morning, reports having experienced very heavy weather on the coast; she was twice blown off, and has been ten days on soundings."—*Even. Post*.

Old, but not bad.—There is a school-house, on the window-sill of which is painted, (it having been a grocer's store) "Powder and Shot." "What the deuce have powder and shot to do with education?" "A great deal," replied a wag; "is it not the schoolmaster's calling to teach the young idea how to shoot!"

THE FUGITIVE OF MOSCOW.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

"O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things
Are but as lavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassailed."

During the reign of Czar Peter, there resided in the city of Moscow a gentleman of birth and education, named Prieur, a native of France, who left his country in disgust with the political and religious excitements which agitated it, and which had been the means of depriving him of a large portion of his fortune. He had but one child, a daughter, named Eloisa, whose mother died in child-bed. In addition to the natural cords of affection which binds the parent to his offspring, this child was endeared to Prieur by a thousand adventitious associations, and he lavished upon her all that wealth could procure.

Prieur was received with every mark of respect by the Czar, and his daughter immediately became the idol of the Russian Court; with descriptions of her accomplishments, her gentleness, her symmetry of form, and particularly of the pleasing expression of her eyes, the Russian legendary ballads are filled.

"Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful her eyes,
That blent the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!"

To charms such as Eloisa possessed, the Czar was not insensible; and neglecting his estimable wife, the Lady Catharine, the noblest woman, if history may be believed that ever shared the regal honors of the Russian throne, he sought to win the love of the fair Gallic maiden by unwelcome importunities, and even by unmanly threatenings.

Alarmed beyond measure at his threats, and her meditated degradation; aware also of his despotic power and ability to accomplish, by the aid of his ready slaves, almost whatever he might desire, Eloisa fled in terror secretly from the metropolis, without informing even her father of her intended destination.

Three leagues beyond the walls of Moscow, lay a marsh of many miles in extent, covered with wild briars and brambles; in the middle of that swamp was a mound, or island, as it were, on which was a ruined hut, once, it was said, inhabited by an anchorite, concerning whom many fearful legends were told by nurses to frighten and subdue wayward children; but whether the legends are true or false, it matters not to our tale; there was the swamp.

"And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single island rose
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs."

A knowledge of that island, and of the tales connected with it, Eloisa had gathered from a vassal who lived upon the borders of the morass, and who for several years had supplied her father with game. Disguised, she sought his solitary hut, and besought him with ready rewards of gold, and promises of whatever he might ask, to lead her through the swamp to that secluded and desolate retreat. The honest fowler, on hearing of her distress, refused her gold, and cheerfully conducted her to the little island, promising to supply her daily with such food as he could procure. Eloisa took possession of her new habitation with a sense of devout thankfulness, and there she lived for two years, a saintly anchoress, alike contented amid the snows of winter and the flowers and fruits of summer.

During this time, no one in Moscow knew any thing of her fate; all supposed her lost, and many believed through the Czar. Her father mourned her as dead, and the Lady Catharine (who was not ignorant of her husband's passion) shared with him his grief.

Upon the rude walls of her cabin, the fair fugitive had hung a picture, in accordance with Russian usage, of the *Mater Dolorosa*, with which she communed every morn and eve. Even there, in deepest solitude, she dreamed away her time in pleasant fancies and gentle occupations; she cultivated wild flowers, and made companions of them and the birds that lived around the forest home; and when the early winter came, and she saw the white swans passing southward, she followed them in fancy on their flight to the vine clad fields of her native France, and memory dwelt for hours, in

delight, on the recollections of childhood; the Kremlin and Czar were forgotten, the past became the present, and the future was disregarded.

As Eloisa was indulging in a reverie, such as is here poorly shadowed forth to the reader, a wounded deer came bounding through the forest, and sunk down exhausted at her feet; he was followed by a Russian nobleman named Inrak, who, led on by excitement of the chase, had pursued his noble game through the morass, encountering dangers, of which to think of made him tremble. Led by his dogs, he came boldly up to the stag, and blew a "death-proclaiming blast."

Eloisa, relying upon the strength which ever accompanies a virtuous mind, now came from a thicket, where, on Inrak's approach she had taken shelter.

Inrak, starting back with astonishment, could only, with difficulty, find words to ask whether she was the divinity of the place, or a mortal mind, suffering cruel confinement there under the power of some demon master, or wizard's charm.

"Noble stranger, as your address and appearance bespeak you," said Eloisa, calmly, "you behold in me, as in this object of your pursuit, a stricken deer. I might have lain in my covert unobserved, but from your department, sir, I judged that a suffering woman would find in you a friend. I am not terrified—I shed no tears—but I beseech you, when you return to Moscow, not to explain the mystery which has thus accidentally been revealed to you to-day. I ask no more; for the honor of manhood do not deny a maiden in distress this reasonable boon."

"Is it possible," said Inrak, in amazement, "that you are the maiden whose sudden disappearance from Moscow, two years since, was the theme of every tongue—whose virtue withstood the Emperor's assailments—whose mysterious fate has drawn unnumbered tears from the eyes of all those who were too happy in the enjoyment of your acquaintance?"

"My name is Eloisa Prieur," replied the fair fugitive—"do you know if my father lives? I have never informed him of my concealment, for fear, O wicked heart of mine! that he would resign me to the Czar."

"He lives," answered Inrak, "in inconsolable grief for your loss."

In a moment was kindled in the breast of Inrak a passion strong as if it had been of years duration. He already looked upon the gentle Eloisa as his own, and besought her to trust to him her deliverance. "The Czar," said he, "has repented in deepest grief his violent suit, as I have learned from his own lips, and from the lips of the Lady Catharine; he has also sought, in a thousand ways, to make reparation to your father. Therefore, gentle maiden! if you will give sanction to my enterprise, I will make haste to Moscow, and return to you with the strongest pledges a sovereign can give, that you may return to your father and live inviolate.

Eloisa smiled a faint consent, and hope grew bold in the breast of Inrak, who, taking respectful leave, proceeded in all haste to Moscow, and returned, on the third day after his departure, to the lonely island in the morass, and bore away his prize to her father's arms. The old man clasped Eloisa to his heart, and the tears of joy which fell from his eyes, "did make the meeting seem most like a dear farewell."

Love succeeded gratitude in the breast of Eloisa; the bridal day was appointed, the bridal day arrived, and the deliverer and delivered were united.

"Meek Catharine had her own reward;
The Czar bestowed a dowry;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour."

The Mastodon in Nova Scotia.—The following seems to indicate that this antediluvian quadruped existed as high north here as in Russia:

The St. John's Courier mentions that Capt. Ruel of that city, lately purchased some cord wood, and on cutting it up, discovered that one log of considerable size was of animal, not vegetable substance—being *bone*. It was sixteen inches in circumference, and about four and a half feet long, and belonged to an animal of the Mammalia class. It is thought that in the unexplored part of the country, where the relic of some gigantic creature was found, skeletons of whole animals may yet be discovered.

OBITUARY

WILLIAM HILDRETH, Senr. died at his residence in the town of Phelps, on the morning of the 4th instant, in the 56th year of his age.

We are seldom called upon to record the death of a more useful and estimable citizen, or one whose loss will be more severely felt and universally lamented. The life of Mr. Hildreth furnishes a beautiful and encouraging illustration of the success which under our free institutions, rewards unaided industry, probity and enterprise, and demands more than the tribute of a passing notice. A little less than forty years since, he emigrated from one of the New England States, to this village, a poor boy, and was employed for several years as a wood-chopper. During this time he established a reputation for frugality and integrity, that enabled him to purchase, chiefly upon credit, a lot of land in the town of Phelps, which he soon brought to a condition of a cultivated farm, and upon which he resided until his death. From this period his career was that of increasing prosperity, usefulness and honor. For more than twenty years past, he was extensively engaged in agricultural, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, to which he was ardently devoted: but from which he was often called by the voice of his fellow citizens, to serve in places of honor and trust. Among these we recollect that he was a member of the Electoral College in 1824; a candidate for the State Senate at a latter period; a member of the house of Assembly in 1835, and, frequently we believe, the representative of his town in the Board of Supervisors. On public stations he was distinguished by the same sound judgment, and patient, yet quiet and unostentatious, toil, that characterized his course in private life. Cold, precise and punctual in business affairs, he was kind and affectionate in all domestic and social relations, and gave to the poor and necessitous with a warm hearted, yet discriminating benevolence. With the leading business interests of his town, his name has been long and intimately connected; and he contributed liberally of time and money to such works of public improvement as were calculated to promote its prosperity. His active usefulness will be greatly missed in a community by whom he was respected and honored, whilst his death has left a void in the family circle that will be long felt and deplored.—*Ontario Repository.*

Thanksgiving.—The Baltimore American recommends the adoption, in that State, of a day of annual Thanksgiving! It is a custom, say the editors, of solemn beauty.

A whole people kneeling in reverence—the united voices of multitudes uplifted in supplication—the cares of life suspended in an anxious looking towards the eternal world as though the course of time had paused for a moment—these are considerations which come not without some feeling of a grand and elevating kind, impressing the soul with remembrance of its destiny, and giving intimations of its immortal nature. The thoughts which such observance suggests are likely to remind us of the insignificance of those things which are permitted hourly to trouble and engross the mind to the exclusion of graver and more important matters—and cause us to feel with renewed assurance our entire dependence upon an overruling Providence, which, if it inspire humility, will not be without much profit. We should be glad to see a day of Thanksgiving set apart by the Executive of Maryland. If it has not been usual before, a good practice cannot be too soon begun.

A new way of spinning street yarn.—A lady passing up "Bank lawn" a few days since, with her knitting work done up in her white pocket handkerchief, unconsciously dropped her ball of yarn, which began to roll down the hill, she walking on at a slow pace and by the time she was at the top of the hill, the ball was at the foot. She did not discover her loss until she arrived at her own door, when it was handed her by a young gentleman who had followed her and gallantly rolled it up in good order, he being determined not to encourage any such fashion.—*Prov. Journal.*

Getting Ready.—An Italian in Cincinnati is straightening up all his accounts, to be prepared for the great universal conflagration, which, from the great recent prevalence of fires, he is convinced will occur in 1840.—*Whig.*

From the National Intelligencer.

Messrs. Editors—You will oblige a subscriber by giving place to an article found in the Southern Churchman of the 23d of August, headed "The Road to Ruin." Alas! how many like the unhappy young man described by the divine, are now travelling, *unconsciously*, perhaps, the very same road which leads to inevitable destruction! If the eye of some wanderer should chance to fall upon this article, perhaps he may be induced to *pause*, to *think*, and retrace his steps in the "Road to Ruin."

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Not long since I called upon a young man, a parishioner of mine, the husband of a good wife, and the father of two interesting children. Finding him in the field at work, for he was a farmer, I walked out into the corn, and entered into discourse with him. In the course of conversation, he remarked, "Why, yes, sir, I have every thing pleasant around me here. I have a good wife, healthy and interesting children, a very fine farm, and I do not owe a dollar in the world; but," he continued, and his lips trembled, and he struck his hoe spasmodically in the earth, "I am becoming a drunkard."

Said he, as we continued the conversation, "I have gradually and incessantly acquired so strong an appetite for ardent spirits, that when temptation comes, as it does every time that I go to market, I am utterly unable to withstand it." Said he, "I see perfectly to what this habit is leading me, and I am as wretched as a man can be; I shall probably come home a staggering drunkard, and break the heart, and perhaps personally abuse my poor wife—beggary children, become a disgrace to myself and all my friends, till we finally all become the miserable inmates of the poor house. I foresee it all," said he, "and yet, whenever I go to the store and see others drink, and am invited and urged by them to partake, I have no power to resist," and he covered his face with his hands and wept like a sobbing child.

I endeavored to lead him to look to God for strength, and to make it his daily prayer, at the family altar, and in secret, that God would aid him to overcome temptation. "Come," said he, "go to the house and pray for me." We went to the house. He called his wife and his little ones and the mother of his wife, who lived with them, and was dependent on them, together, and we knelt around the kitchen hearth in prayer for that mental strength so fearfully needed.

A month or two passed away, I occasionally hearing that he was continuing the downward path, till I was unexpectedly called to his house to attend the funeral of his wife, who had died of a sudden fever, probably aggravated by the apprehension of the woes before them. As I observed in his flushed countenance the evidences of entire self abandonment and despair, I could not refrain from feeling that it would have been a mercy if his children had also been lying in the coffin with their mother.

A day or two after the funeral I visited him, and we conversed freely upon what he called his approaching and inevitable ruin. And as I spoke of his motherless babes, and the new responsibilities now devolving upon him, he said: "Sometimes I am able for a week, or a fortnight, to abstain altogether. I do not allow myself to keep a drop in my house. But I am compelled occasionally to go to market, and there the very breath of those I meet fans into a flame the appetite which consumes me; the very sight maddens me; the persuasion of those who are drinking finishes the temptation, and I am gone." * * *

A few months since, as I took up a newspaper, I saw the record of his death, at the age, I believe, of thirty-two.

Comparison of Speed.—A French scientific journal states, the ordinary rate is, per second: of a man walking, 4 feet; of a good horse, in harness, 12; of a reindeer, in a sledge on the ice, 26; of an English race horse, 43; of a hare, 88; of a good sailing ship, 14; of the wind, 82; of sound, 1,033; of a 24 pounder cannon ball, 1,300; of the air, which so divided, returns into space, 1,300.

Western "Help."—The author of "A New Home" says she once had a damsel living with her, who used to put her head in at a door, with—"Miss Clavers, did you holler? I thought I heard a yell."

From the Claremount (N. H.) Eagle.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An old fellow, whose name we veil under that of Hunks, died in the adjacent town of Charles-town, last week, would have been a capital subject for Dickens, and might have set to Scott, for his inimitable character of Trapbois in the Eortunes of Nigul. He was a miserly, close fist old hunk, a real skinflint, who, it was supposed by his neighbors, had scraped together, as such characters will, in one way and another, a considerable amount of money. This was not known however, some said he had money concealed in the earth—others, judging from the slovenly manner in which he lived and dressed, that he had nothing but the few acres which he cultivated. He lived like the poorest, shutting his door upon every intruder—till at last Death knocked, and he was obliged to open. During his sickness he was wont to send daily for a small purse of silver and gold, hid in the wall of his cellar, which he would count over with that feeling of painful delight, which inhabits the bosom of the miser alone. Disease, however, wore down his frame rapidly, and at last he was unequal to the task of going through his daily custom of counting the pieces in his purse, and could only, as they were displayed before him, pat them softly with his hands, as a lady pats her favorite dog on the back. One day during the last stages of his disease, he sent for a neighbor, and expressed a wish to impart a secret to him. "Go" down cellar and in the further corner you will find a tub. Raise it, and you will see a shingle, beneath which is a box." The individual followed the directions, and found a box of specie. "Now go to another corner"—said the miser, describing the place. Another box was found embedded in the earth.

A day or two after, when he found he must soon leave all his earthly treasures, he desired to be raised up in his bed. His request was granted, when he immediately reached out his skinny hand beneath his pillow, and lo—another box was found cunningly concealed, containing about five hundred dollars in French gold pieces, which it is understood he took from one of the banks about the time of the suspension of specie payments. All these buried treasures were given to the keeping of his neighbors for the benefit of others. He said there was one other box, but that he didn't like to tell where it was, as he might want it himself. He however consented to write the place of interment on a piece of paper, so that the secret might not perish with him. He died soon after, and his hidden treasures—no inconsiderable sum—were counted over at the close of the funeral ceremonies.

Thus died, at an advanced age, one whose only aspiration, through a long life, seems to have been the hoarding of specie and burying it, where it could be of no earthly benefit to any one—a perfect miser—a lover of money, not for the blessings which it might impart and diffuse around him, but for its own sake—not for the name of possessing it—for he feigned and was thought to be poor—but because the mere habit of acquisition had become a passion, and the bare consciousness of possession was a pleasure—a phantom of delight, which he could hug with rapture to his bosom. Well will it be for such, if they have laid up treasures in heaven, as well as on earth. But we will not sermonize—the lesson conveyed by the sketch, is left with the reader.

Righteous Judgment.—A case was tried at Cincinnati on the 6th instant, the result of which should operate as a loud caution against fast driving in the streets. It was an action of trespass, by the father of a child, against a drayman for driving over it, when going at a rapid rate through the street. Judge Este decided, that, in a populous city like Cincinnati, it is unlawful for a drayman to drive his horse faster than a brisk walk upon the streets, alleys or commons. For injuries inflicted, by driving more rapidly than on a walk, the Judge held that the driver was responsible. In the case before him he adjudged the defendant to pay two hundred and fifty dollars.—*N. Y. Whig.*

Technical Remark.—A printer observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, "that it was a new edition of 'The pursuits of Literature,' unbound but hot pressed."

GENERAL MAXIMS FOR HEALTH.

Rise early, eat simple food. Take plenty of exercise. Never fear a little fatigue. Let not children be dressed in tight clothes; it is necessary their limbs and muscles should have full play, if you wish for either health or beauty.

Avoid the necessity of a physician, if you can, by careful attention to your diet. Eat what best agrees with your system, and absolutely abstain from what hurts you, however well you may like it. A few days abstinence, and cold water for a beverage, has driven off many an approaching disease.

If you find yourself really ill, send for a good physician. Have nothing to do with quacks, and do not tamper with quack medicines. You do not know what they are; and what security have you that they know what they are?

Wear shoes that are large enough; the contrary not only produces corns, but makes the feet misshapen and cramps them.

Wash very often, and rub the skin thoroughly with a hard brush. Let those who love to be invalids, drink strong green tea; eat pickles, preserves, and rich pastry. As far as possible, eat and sleep at regular hours.

Wash the eyes thoroughly in cold water every morning. Do not read or sew at twilight, or by too dazzling a light. If far sighted, read with rather less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye than you desire. If near sighted, read with a book as far off as possible. Both these imperfections may be diminished in this way.

Clean your teeth in pure water two or three times a day; but, above all, be sure you have them clean before you go to bed.

Have your bed chamber well aired; and have fresh bed linen every week. Never have the wind blowing directly upon you through open windows during the night. It is not healthy to sleep in heated rooms.

Let children have bread and milk before they have been long up. Cold water and a run in the fresh air before breakfast.

Too frequent use of an ivory comb injures the hair. Thorough combing, washing in suds or rum, and thorough brushing, will keep it in order; and the washing does not injure the hair, as is generally supposed. Keep children's hair cut close until ten or twelve years old; it is better for health and the beauty of the hair. Do not sleep with hair frizzled or braided. Do not make children cross eyed, by having hair hanging about their foreheads, where they see it continually.

Effects of Laughter on Health.—"Laughter," says Hufeland, "is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffons, was founded on true medical principles. In a word, endeavor to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals; what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good and light blood."—*Curtis on Health.*

Napoleon and Music.—When he was cross, he walked about, with his hands behind him, humming a tune as falsely as possible, then few dared to approach him. "If you have anything to ask of the General," said Junot to M. Arnould one day, "I advise you not to go near him just now for he is singing."

The first and most important female quality is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the female sex insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surely; it did not make them weak, in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice, in order to be employed in scolding; nor did it provide them with delicate features, in order to be disfigured with anger.

An old Member.—Bennett Low, member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, from Warwick, was a member of that body at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution; he voted in favor of the adoption.—*Alb. Adv.*

A Topographical Error.—A southern paper, speaking of the damages done by a tempest, says—"A heavy g^l raged furiously here on Wednesday last," &c.

There is a man in Vermont whose nose is so large that he can't blow but one half at a time.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

Ladies' Companion.—The number for Nov. has a beautiful view of "THE NARROWS," as seen from Fort Hamilton, Long Island. It has original contributions from Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Stephens, Professor Ingraham, Herbert, Neal, and other writers of established reputation and talent.

The Fellenberg Primer.—For Children who are beginning to learn to read. By CATHARINE E. BRECHER. Hartford, Brown & Parsons, New York, Robinson, Pratt & Co., and Collins, Keese & Co, 1839.

This is the title of the first of a series, designed to introduce a complete and systematic course of moral instruction into common schools, and it therefore takes the honored name of a most distinguished moral educator.—The author has written much to interest "children of a larger growth," and why should she not be successful in her attempts to benefit the young? We have looked it through, and think "it just the thing." Parents who wish their children to learn what is right, will find this neat little primer at STANWOOD'S corner Buffalo and State sts. Rochester.

Writing, Drawing and Painting.—Mr. HARLOW, agreeably to his advertisement published yesterday and the day before, commenced a course of lessons in the art of Writing last evening at the Court House. Twelve systematic lessons of two hours each, constitute a term, and additional lessons free of charge will be given if a style is not permanently established, combining beauty, legibility and expedition.—Mrs. HARLOW commences a course of lessons in Drawing, Chinese and Mezzotint Painting, to a class of ladies, this afternoon at half past 2 o'clock, at the same place. We have seen favorable specimens of the skill of both Mr. and Mrs. H. in these respective branches.

Transplanted Flowers.—This is a small work, the memoirs of Mrs. Rumpff, daughter of J. J. Astor, Esq., of New-York and also of the Duchess de Brouglie, two of the most distinguished females, for piety and usefulness, of the age. They were "flowers" beautiful in virtue, now "transplanted," by the hand of death, to a soil more congenial to their natures.

Their biographer has conformed to a chaste and concise style, which will not weary by redundancy nor offend by coarseness. We should think this book might be profitably perused by many females; and not with disadvantage by no inconsiderable number of the other sex. [For sale by Wm. Alling, 12 Exchange street.]

The second number of the present volume of the Phrenological Journal is before us, as rich in its exhibitions of intellect and philosophy as the preceding numbers. We are happy to learn that the patronage of this publication is upon an encouraging increase.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark; or like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

PRIMITIVE WELCH CONVERTS.

The Hartford Christian Reflector announces the publication of a history of the Baptists of Wales. The author is the Rev. Jonathan Davis of Wales, and the publisher the Rev. Matthew Phillips, formerly of that country, but now settled in Ohio. The author attempts to trace the history of the Welch Baptists back to the year A. D. 63. But as *Baptists*, we apprehend the task must be a failure, since the sect, under that designation, we apprehend, was unknown less than three hundred years ago. Still the work is spoken of as interesting and valuable. Our immediate object in noticing the book at this time, however, is to give a brief extract, in which the curious and interesting fact is disclosed, that the converts *Prudence* and *Claudia* of Paul, were Cambrians—Welch—who had visited Rome in the time of Cæsar:—[*N. Y. Com. Ado.*]

"About fifty years before the birth of our Saviour, the Romans invaded the British Isle, in the reign of the Welsh king, Cassibellan: but having failed in wars, to conquer the Welsh nation, made peace with them, and dwelt among them many years. During that period many of the Welsh soldiers joined the Roman army, and many families from Wales visited Rome; among whom there was a certain woman of the name of *Claudia*, who married to a man named *Prudence*. At the same time Paul was sent a prisoner to Rome, and preached there in his own hired house for the space of two years, about the year of our Lord 63. *Prudence* and *Claudia* his wife who belonged to Cæsar's household, under the blessings of God and Paul's preaching were brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and made a profession of the Christian religion. These together with other Welshmen among the Roman soldiers, who had tasted that the Lord was gracious, exerted themselves on behalf of their countrymen in Wales, who were at that time vile idolaters. Whether any of the apostles ever preached in Briton cannot be proved, and though it is generally believed that Joseph of Arimathea was the first that preached the gospel in that part of the world, we must confess that we are not positive on that subject. The fact, we believe, is this: the Welsh lady, *Claudia*, and others, who were converted under Paul's ministry in Rome, carried the precious seed with her, and scattered it on the hills and valleys of Wales; and since that time, many thousands have reaped a glorious harvest. They told their countrymen around, what a blessed Saviour they had found; they pointed to his redeeming blood, as the only way whereby they might come to God.

"The Welsh can truly say; if by the transgression of a woman sin came into the world, it was through the instrumentality of a woman, even *Paulina*, that the glorious news of the gospel reached their ears, and they felt it to be mighty through God, to pull down the strong holds of darkness.

"How rapidly did the mighty gospel of Christ fly abroad! The very year 63, when Paul, a prisoner, was preaching to a few individuals, in his own hired house in Rome, the seed sown there is growing in the isle of Britain. We have nothing of importance to communicate respecting the Welch Baptists, from this period to the year 190, when two ministers by the name of *Faganus* and *Damicanus*, who were born in Wales, but were born again in Rome, and there becoming eminent ministers of the gospel, were sent from Rome to assist their brethren in Wales.

"In the same year, *Lucius*, the Welch king, and the first king in the world who embraced the Christian religion, was baptized."

CORRECTION.—Through a blundering error, this Number of the Gem was dated the 2d Nov. instead of the 16th. The No., too, should be 23, and not 22 as it is printed.

Quite Handy.—There's a gentleman in New York whose face has become so wrinkled by his constant exposure that his wife uses it to grate nutmegs on.

The Merchant's Daughter.—A short story.—I the fashionable young ladies of the day would take example after a beautiful and amiable creature we are acquainted with, perchance many a merchant now in straitened circumstances might after the storm is over, bless the fate that has made him parent of such a considerate offspring.

"Father, I want twenty dollars for shopping to day," said Miss—, as she entered the counting office of her father.

"Really, my love," replied the good natured man, "I have not the money in the desk, and I would not like to draw a check."

"Can't you send and borrow it?" said she impatiently.

"No, child—I have borrowed and borrowed until I am tired; and I have heavy responsibilities to meet to day which will drive me to the fraction of a cent."

"La, pa! you never have told me of this before."

"Because I did not think that it was necessary, my child, to let you into all of the secrets of my business. What do you want with twenty dollars?"

"I want nothing—Miss— has just come to town, and invited me to go a shopping with her, and you know I would feel very awkward if I had no money to spend. But, if you are in need, it alters the case entirely."

"I am in need of every cent, my child."

"Then, Father, I shall never trouble you until you let me know that you have extricated yourself from your difficulties. I will stay at home, for I have laid in my fall and winter dresses—and shall need nothing until next spring."

—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Printing by the Yard.—We received yesterday a roll of printed paper seventy feet in length, from the printing and drying machine of Mr. Thomas French, now in operation at Hanover, N. J. This enormous sheet contains eight books of one hundred and sixty pages each.—The register is good and the impression clear. We learn that at the above mentioned establishment the rags are taken in at one door and stitched books delivered at another, at the rate of thousands of volumes per day. The sheet received is printed on both sides, with the Spelling Book. What promise for the rising generation.—*Phil. North American.*

PROSPECTUS

OF
VOLUME TWELVE
OF THE

GEM AND LADIES' AMULET,

One of the cheapest Semi-Monthly Publications in the U. States,

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literature,
Tales and Miscellany,

WITH PLATES.

THE Twelfth Volume of the GEM, will be commenced in the second week in January, 1840; and it is intended that it shall exceed the previous volumes in the points of utility, interest, quality of paper and mechanical execution. Tendering to our readers the thanks which their liberal patronage demands, we respectfully solicit a continuance and an increase of that support, under the assurance that we shall devote more time and exercise more zealous care, in selecting such matter as will be, not only interesting and amusing, but also of real and permanent usefulness. We shall aim to make the best selections, and original articles will not be published unless they combine talent and interest.

TERMS.—As heretofore; to city subscribers, who have the paper left at their doors \$1.50;—to those who call at the office \$1.25;—and to Mail subscribers, \$1.00 a year. **PAYMENT IN ADVANCE** will be required in every instance. Subscriptions will not be received for less than a year, and all subscribers must commence with the beginning of the volume.

AGENTS.—Any person who will remit us \$5.00, postage-free, shall receive six copies; for \$10.00, 13 copies.

SHEPARD & STRONG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Nov., 1839.

SELECTED POETRY.

I have often heard the question asked, if Webster ever wrote poetry. That he ever did I know not.—That he could, no one who has studied him can doubt. A lady once requested him to write his name in her Album, immediately under the signature of Lafayette. He instantly seized the pen and dashed off the following:—*N. Y. American.*

"Dear Lady! I a little fear
'Tis dangerous to be writing here!
His hand who bade our Eagle fly,
Trust his young wings and mount the sky,
Who bade across the Atlantic tide
New thunders, sweep, new navies ride,
Has traced in lines of trembling age,
His autograph upon this page,
Higher than that Eagle soars,
Louder than that thunders roars,
His fame shall through the earth be sounding,
And o'er the waves of time be bounding;
While thousands as absurd as I
Cling to his skirts, he still will fly
And spring to immortality.
If by his name I write my own
'Twill take me where I am not known—
The cold salute will meet my ear,
'Pray, Stranger, how did you come here?"

From the Fredonia Censor,
MY SIXTEENTH BIRTH DAY.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

"The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year."
BYRON.

My sixteenth birth-day, welcome! yet thou brings't
With thee a chastened joy;
For though to me the by-gone year
Brought scarce a sigh or single tear
Its pleasures to alloy,
Yet thoughts of earlier years o'er me thou fling'st,
Of friends in childhood loved;
And oh, those thoughts are full of gloom,
For some are moldering in the tomb,
And some unfaithful proved.

My sixteenth birth-day! say, canst thou reveal,
If I again behold
Another birth-day sun arise,
And smile through Autumn's mellow skies
And set in burnish'd gold?
Or canst thou being's destiny unseal,
And tell if 'tis my fate,
To see ere long each hope depart,
And feel this young, high throbbing heart,
Broken and desolate?

Perchance thou might'st unto my eye unfold
How ere this year hath flown,
Or half its fleeting month's gone by
My faded form shall mold'ring lie
Beneath the churchyard stone—
While Lethe's waters, rolling dark and cold,
Whelm deeply o'er my name,
And leave, save at one lonely hearth,
No memory on all the earth
A living thought to claim!

Thou dost not, canst not tell; yet is there One
Who dost unaided know
What months and years shall bring to me,
And if Life's future pathway be
In sunshine or in woe.
To him I turn: Thou, Father, Spirit Son!
Oh, spread my path with light;
Throw round me Heaven's protecting arm,
And shield and save from ev'ry harm,
And guide my steps aright!
October, 1839.

STANZAS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the May-day pastime shrieking,
He shares not the merry laugh.

But the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay;
And his gray head moving slow,
Keeps time to the air they play.

The elders around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff;
Oh, of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear,
'Tis not for his strength declining—
He sighs not to linger here.

There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day,
And the dear friends lost to him.

From the scene before him shrinking,
From the dance and the merry laugh,
Of their calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

BY DR. HAWKSWORTH.

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I've safely passed the night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.

New born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And soars, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.
A deeper shade, shall soon impend—
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress:
Yet then thy strength shall still defend;
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

From the New Yorker.

AUTUMN.

Thy presence, Autumn, in this Western land,
Is beautiful though sad; the breezes sigh
To nip the flowers they so long have fanned,
And weave Earth's shroud before her glories die.
Thy touch, though cold, is gentle and divine,
It kindles every leaf with gorgeous dyes,
And decks with garlands Nature's lonely shrine.
Brighter than hung beneath the summer skies,
With a new beauty burns the sunset fire
Behold it through the cool, transparent air,
O'er death resplendent like a funeral pyre,
Flushing the woodlands with a glory rare.
Autumn, thy sadness is not all of grief;
This is the land to watch the dying year,
Prolonged its coming and its prime how brief!
But rich the pomp that gathers round its bier!
Boston, Sept. 1839. H. T. T.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1840.

A MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Dear mother, when I was a child,
(Alas, how many years ago!)
When I was sportive, gay and wild,
And all the world around me smiled,
And all the world around me smiled,
And I had never dreamed of wo—
The fountain sparkled in the light,
The moon was beautiful at night,
As if no heat could parch the one,
Nor vapor hide the other;
I was thy darling little son,
And thou my darling mother!
It seemed to me, that all the love
The earth could hold was less than mine;
Fair as an angel from above
My mother seemed, and more divine.
The fountain now gleams not so bright,
The moon is oftener veiled from sight;
For I have learned the sad, sad truth,
That nothing in the earth or sky
Can wear, to manhood's clouded eye,
The hues it wore in youth!

And art thou, too, less dear to me?
Have years consumed my love for thee?
Ah, no! the flame is burning still;
Though from thy side I'm far away,
Within my heart the fervent ray
Has never known a chill.

How I remember well the time—
It seems but yesterday!—when thou
Would'st put with a mild, unruffled brow,
Bid me put by my childish rhyme,
And listen to the words of God!

'Twas solemn and yet sweet to hear
Thy voice impressive, calm and clear,
Read of the land our parents trod,
My Eden was with mother, there;

But still I longed the place to view,
Where, in the midst, surpassing fair,
The fatal tree of knowledge grew.
I've tasted of the fruit since then,
And heard the glittering serpent hiss;
O! more than all I've dreamed of bliss
I'd give to be a boy again!

A simple child—like one of those
Of whom my mother said to me,
The Savior took them on his knee
And bade them in his arms repose.
Alas! I'd yield the greenest crown
That ever decked a poet's brow,
And dash the loftiest laurels down,
To have the same sweet feelings now!

Dear mother! I may not restore
My guilelessness and goodness more,
But I can read the sacred page
With reverence in my ripened age;
And, calling all my words to mind
This truth about my mem'ry bind.

Let good or ill betide,
The light a mother's soul imparts
Will radiate in her children's hearts,
Till all is dark beside!

BOSTON SCHOOL BOY'S SONG.

I remember—I remember,
The days when I was young,
And those who tried to teach me then,
To speak my mother tongue;
The ancient, smoky, rafters'd room,

Where gathered girls and boys—
I think our parents sent us there,
To rid them of our noise.

I remember the old Mistress,
Who taught me A. B. C.,
And when I couldn't say it right,
Who took me o'er her knee—
The boys who were my mates at school,
And all our little plays:
And what a length of time it seemed
Between the holidays.

I remember Sawney Bigelow,
Who tried to make me speak
A little broken Latin—and
A smattering of Greek;
It would have puzzled any one,
In learned lore more rich,
When we recited either tongue,
To tell you which was which.

I remember Master Snelling—
I never can forget—
He made me write and cypher too
That man is living yet.
I remember the old Cowskin well,
Which filled us with fear—
I never liked the thing—and hope
He has not brought it here.

I remember how impatient
We boys were of the rules—
We longed to grow to man's estate,
And shake off all the schools—
I since have found those wishes vain:
And, oh! 'tis little joy
To find I know less Latin now.
Than when I was a boy.

MY HENRIETTA.

My heart is sad—I know not why—
The universe looks dreary;
The little birds sing not for me,
For I have lost my deary;
She heeds me not, her looks are cold—
O, would I might forget her,
But fancy keeps before my view
My lovely Henrietta!

Where'er I am—where'er I roam,
Her form is still before me;
And when I think of former times,
A gleam of hope comes o'er me;
But hopes are vain, for well I know
'Tis not my fate to get her;
For ah! another lover claims
My charming Henrietta!

O dear! O dear! I feel so queer!
There's something awful ails me!
I wish I had—O no I don't—
All inclination fails me.
I'll go straightway and drown myself,
Unless I soon feel better;
And you will have to answer for't,
My cruel Henrietta! CHARLEY.

The following lay for the ladies must be read
by lines in this manner—first, third, second
and fourth. If any gentlemen, whose address-
es have been rejected, wish to rail against mar-
riage, they must read as written.

MATRIMONY.

That man must lead a happy life,
Who's free from matrimonial chains,
Who is directed by a wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate,
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appears
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
Ne'er known in woman to reside,

What tongue is able to unfold,
The falsehoods that in women dwell
The worth in women we behold,
Is almost imperceptible.

Down with the foolish man I say,
Who changes from his singleness,
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

THE



GEM.

By Erastus Shepard & Alvah Strong.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

Vol. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 30, 1839.

No. 24.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING.

Sing a loud and joyful anthem,
Wake earth's purest minstrelsy!
Let it sound from hill to valley,
And be echoed through the sky;
Loud thanksgiving
To the God who rules on high.

Praises for the radiant sunshine,
For the dew, and genial shower,
For the soft and cooling zephyr
Brought in summer's golden hour;
Richly freighted,
When the storm bath spent its power.

Praise for health, that priceless treasure,
Health of body, and of mind;
For the free, unbounded pleasure,
Joys exalted and refined
Lavished on us,
By a God supremely kind.

For the choice, unnumbered blessings
Sent from heaven day by day;
Food and raiment—peace and friendship—
Cheering us in all our way,
Let us praise him,
In our humble, fervent lay.

More than all for Hope unfading,
Plant of high, celestial birth;
That hath shed its fragrant blossoms
O'er this wilderness of earth;
Life imparting,
Where sin brought its fearful dearth.

Sing ye praises—sing ye praises
To the God of truth and love;
Let earth's jubilee resounding,
Mingle with the one above:
In thanksgiving,
Let each heart with rapture move.

A. C. P.

THE MARINER'S CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MISS LONDON.

Oh, weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh, weep no more to night;
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear,
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away the tear.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep;
And I know your grief sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come mother,
In safety o'er the main;
When the grapes are dyed with purple,
He will be back again.

The vines were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow,
And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea weed,
And birds of shining wing;
But what are these, dear mother?
It is himself he'll bring.

Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.

She will guide the stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and dreary,
Another week of sunshine—
My father will be here.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother
But the stars fade from my sight;
Come, come and sleep, dear mother,
Oh, weep no more to night.

MISCELLANY.

JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.



To Mr. ZEPHENIAH SLICK, Esq., Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, Connecticut.

DEAR PAR:—

Wal, you see I'm as good as my word. I had'n't hardly read t'other letter through afore I sot right down and begun another right off the reel. By the living jingo! how it makes the blood bile and tingle in a fellow's heart to see his writing printed, and to hear people talking about it. I wish you could a seen my office the morning arter that fust letter cum out. I thought my neck wold've got the cramp, I had to bow so much to the folks that cum in to give me advice about my letters. One feller got awful wrathful about what I writ about politics, but I jst told him to mind his own business, for I guessed my eye teeth was cut, if I did cum from the country. He begun to git a lee tle imperdent, so I got up and showed him the door: and when he wouldn't go peaceably, I jst git him a specimen of Weathersfield sole-leather, but its no use writing about such varmint.

Now you know who I be, you wont think it very odd when I tell you how awful womble-cropt I felt to think what a chance the old folks give Samuel to see the world, while they kept me nud down to the onion beds as tight as marm Jones used to be to that leetle squallen youngen of hern, that was so cross that its teeth could'nt cut straight, but stuck out catecornering ail around its gums. It made me choke awfully to see Samuel drive off with his wagon chuck full of wooden clocks, all painted and varnished up as neat and shinning as one of your New York gal's faces on a Sunday.—I could bite a tenpenny nail right into, without feeling it a morsel; but it was of no use quarreling. The old man said I had'nt got my growth yet, which was true enough, for it kinder stunted me to be always bending over the darnation onion patches. It was awful hard, I can tell you. I do believe, if it had'nt been for the resting spells I got in the winter, I should a been as bow backed as an ox yoke.

I'll be darned, if it did'nt take me from fall to planting time to git the kinks out of my back.

Wal, I grinned and bore it purty well, considering; and, to own the truth, it wasn't so terrible hard while Judy White lived with marm. For a hired gal, Judy was a tarnal smort critter; there wasn't a gal in all Weathersfield could pull even yoke with her a stringin' onions. Nothin on arth puts a feller to his stumps like pulling in the same team with a purty gal—and between us, it aint no ways disagreeable to set down in the midst of a patch of onions all runnin' to seed, to work with a gal like Judy. I say nothin, but, by gracious! if my heart hasn't beat like a patridge on a dry log, sometimes when I've caught her a lookin at me from under her great sun-bonnet; but as for courtin, or any thing of that sort, she kept a feller at a distance, I can tell you. I ruther guess my ears catched it once, but I guess I wont tell of that, though. I don't mean to say that Judy had anything agin sparking in a regular way, on Sunday nights in the east room, when the paper curtains were all down and the old folks had gone to bed. It cum kinder nateral to set till 2 or 3 o'clock; and Judy want by no means old madish. But by-am-by the old woman begun to make a fuss cause we burnt out so many of her candles. She needn't make such a rout, for they want made of nothin but soap grease with tow wicks; and I'm sartin it wasn't my fault if we burnt so many. I'd a ben glad enough to have sot in the dark but Judy wouldn't hear a word to it. The old woman got into a tantum one Monday morning afore breakfast. She called Judy all sorts of things but a good gal and a lady, and twitted her about being poor and setting her cap for me. At first Judy got her grit up, and I ruther guess she finished off the old woman in fine style. I suffered a few between them, I can tell you. The old woman begun to brag about Samuel, for she's felt mighty crank about him ever since he had that great dinner give to him down on the Canada line there,—and says she to Judy, sez she—

"I don't see how on arth you aim to think of sich mperdence as setting up with my Jonathan. Why, anit my son Samuel one of the biggest authors in the country, aint he hand and glove with all the judges and lawyers, and the New York editors, and all the big buge fur and near? I'd have you to know my boys aint men of the common chop, and I guess any on'them will look a plaguey eight higher than to take up with a hired gal. Why, who knows but Jonathan will be as illustrated a man as his brother, one of these days!"

I couldn't begin to give the least idea of the stream o'talk the old woman let out on the poor gal. But by gracious I ruther guess she missed it a few. I wish you would a seen Judy White's face, for by the living hokey, if it did'nt turn five hundred colors in a nimit. I raly thought the critter would a jumped out of her skin she was so awful mad.

"I don't care that for your son, Miss Jones," sez she, "a snapping her fingers in the old woman's face, I can marry his betters any day. I wouldn't have him, not if every hair in his head was shining with dimonds; no not if he'd go down on his kees to me; you make a terrible fuss cause Sam's gone sneaking about among decent people, but, after all, what is he but a wooden clock pedler, and as for you, you hold vinegar-faced, good for nothing—"

She was a going on to give poor marm an awful drubbing, but I always think a feller must be a mean shote that 'ill stand mum and her any body call his mother names, whether she deserves them or not. So I stepped up and stood

right afore Judy, ant I looked her right in the face, and, sez I, "Miss Judy," sez I, "I don't want to hear no more of this ere; come now, you and marm jest hush up, and don't let me hear another darned word for I won't stand it."

With that marm put her linsey wooley apron up to her face, and begun to boo hoo right out, and, sez she "It comes awful tough to be trod on in one's own house. I went bear it, so there now!"

"Now Judy," sez I, kinder coaxing, just go and make up, marm's a good-hearted critter, and you know its kinder natural for woman folks to git a little crabbed once in a while."

By gracious, if I would'nt rather break a yoke of steers any day, than try to make up a quarrel between two women when they once git their dander up, and of all horned cattle Judy White did take the rag off the bush when she once got a going.

"Git out of my way, you mean sneaking critter you," sez she, hitting me a slap over the chops that made my teeth rattle; "I wont make up, nor touch ter. I only feel sorry that I ever demaned myself to set up with you; I'll leave the house this minit." So out of the room she went like a she-hurricane, and after she had picked up her duds she made tracks for home, without as much as bidding one of us good by.

Its curious how men will git used to enamoost any thing; now I don't purtend to say that I hadn't a kind of a sneaking notion after Judy White, and somehow when I seen the tears come into the old woman's eyes, dimming her old steel bowed spectacles, the water always would start into my own eyes, spite of all I could do to keep it, so it wasn't to be expected that I should feel disagreeable when they two got their dander up, and went into such a tantrum with each other. But there sat the old man a chawing an apple, and kinder larfing inside of him, all the time, jest as he'd a looked on to see two cats scratch and spit at one another. I axed him how he could do so, and he tossed the apple core out of the winder, and puckered up his mouth and said, "I hadn't got used to the women folks yit; the best way with them kind o' things was to let 'em alone."

Now it wouldn't a bin much of a chore to have gone over to old Mr. White's two or three times a week, and if Judy had done the clean thing toward the old woman, I dont know but I should a gone to see her over there, but somehow a gal kicks over the milk pail when she lets her ebenezzer git up before a feller, just as he's beginning to hanker arter her. I couldn't make up my mind to tackle in with a critter that had shown such an all-fired spiteful temper, so the next Sunday night I let her go home from singing-school alone. I saw her look back kinder anxious two or three times, and just for a minit my hear t'ris up in my thro'at till it eenamost choked me. But I kept a stiff upper lip, and went on without seeming to mind her; and then she ossed up her head and begun to sing as if she wanted to show me that she didn't care a cent for all I could do. I felt awful bad for a day or two, but a feller must be a sap-head if he can't make up his mind to give a girl the mitten when he thinks she deserves it. Now if Judy a had the small pox, and had been pitted all over like a honey comb, I'd stood by her to the last minit, but somehow I couldn't git over the awful basteing she gave marm. I do like to see old folks treated well, let em do what they will, and a gal can't be fit to bring up a family if she doesn't know how to keep her own temper.— Besides she hasn't much true genuine love for a chap, when she wont try to put up with the fault of his relations for his sake.

Wal, the long and the short of it was, I gave Judy White the sack right off the reel, without stopping to chew the matter a bit.

Wal, arter this working alone grew awful tedious and I begun to hanker to see the world.— So as farther was loading up a sloop to send down to New York, I came a little of Samuel's soft sodder over the old man, and told him how much better I could sell off the onions and red cabbages, than eenamost any body else, and at last he said I might come down as a sort of supercargo. So he filled up the hold with potatoes, real blue noses I can tell you, and piled up a whole crop of garden sarce on the deck, and we set sail down the river. Now I'd made up my mind to stay in the city when I once got clear of the homestead, but you may guess I didn't let out a word to the old folks, for it always hurts my feelings to see marm take on, and I didn't like to make the old man rip out

too much, for he was a deacon of the presbyterian church. We was three days a coming down the river, and it made me awful wrathly to see that lazy old critter "the Cleopatra" go by us on her way to the city and back again before we got into the East river. We give her two cheers each time, but neither on 'em come from below the palate I can tell you. We got into Peck slip at last safe and sound, and if I didn't jump on'to the wharf as spry as a cricket, then there's no snakes on the green mountain, that's all.

I am your humble servant to command,
JONATHAN SLICK.

THE FAR WEST.

The Peoria (Illinois) Register of the 9th inst. contains the narrative of Obadiah Oakley, one of the company of 15 men organized in that place for the purpose of emigrating to Oregon Territory. Mr. Oakley arrived home on the 3d inst., having separated from his companions in the Rocky Mountains. His narrative, including extracts from his journal, occupies six columns in the paper above mentioned.

The company left Peoria about the 1st of May last, consisting of 15 men, as before stated. At Quincy, Ill., they were joined by another, and all reached Independence, Missouri, on the 20th of the same month. At Independence two more joined the company, one of whom, Mr. Shortess, had been once before to the Rocky Mountains, and offered to act as guide. The other was a man by the name of Pritchard, recently from one of the Eastern States. After supplying themselves with horses, pack mules, two kegs of gunpowder, 150 lbs. of flour, and other articles, they left Independence May 29th, 18 in number, taking the Santa Fe road. We annex several extracts from Mr. Oakley's narrative:—*Journal of Commerce.*

At the Osage river, about 100 miles from Independence, they were agreeably surprised at meeting a returning party who had passed along a few days before them to assist Capt. Kelley's Santa Fe company, bound to the latter place, over the worst part of the road. It consisted of seven wagons, with a proportionate number of men. They had assisted the company to Council Grove, 50 miles beyond, and were now on their return.

The Osage river is here about 30 yards wide, and about knee deep. It was consequently forded with ease and safety, and on returning Mr. Oakley found it nearly dry. The face of the country thus far was a rolling prairie, with no timber save a very few small groves at a distance from the road on the right and left. Two or three inconsiderable streams had been crossed, but they also were for the most part destitute of timber.

Parting with the Santa Fe escort the next day, the party continued on to Council Grove, 50 miles further, which they reached on the 9th of June, 10 days from Independence. The distance is 150 miles. They had consequently travelled, including stoppages, 15 miles a day. Here they rested a day to repair their pack saddles and other damages.

On the 12th, while pursuing their journey, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm, more awful than any thing they had ever before seen or read of. The thunder was petrifying, and the lightning appalling beyond description. How they escaped with their lives seemed a miracle. Mr. Oakley's gun, which he held in his hand, was struck from him, and he nearly thrown from his horse. The others were more or less affected by the subtle element. Mr. O. thinks more rain fell in fifteen minutes than he had ever known to fall here in the severest storm during a day. The effect of this deluge in swelling the streams which the party had to cross, will be seen hereafter.

The same evening they overtook Capt. Kelley's company, bound to Santa Fe, to which re-

ference has already been had. It numbered 14 wagons and 29 men. With them our adventurers were invited to camp for the night, an offer which they gladly accepted, as they had no wood, nor was a tree to be seen. The wagons, however, were plentifully supplied, having brought it with them. No water was to be had save that which had fallen a few hours before, and which they scooped up from pools in the prairie.

By this time the provisions obtained at Independence were nearly exhausted, and they had met with no game to shoot. It therefore became necessary that the party should divide, by choosing hunters to go ahead and procure a supply. Messrs. Oakley, Shortess, Jordan and Fletcher were chosen accordingly, and they sat out on the following morning. As this portion of the history most abounds in incident, we shall give in brief each day's progress.

June 13. The four hunters, leaving with the main party all the provisions, sat out, themselves destitute, in search of game. They soon saw some elk, two of which they wounded, but they afterwards escaped. At 4 in the afternoon, when within 8 miles of Little Arkansas river, they met a trading company, consisting of 30 odd men and 10 wagons, loaded with peltries from the Rocky Mountains, under the command of Mr. Bent, who resides at Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas river. With it were also 200 sheep, bound for a lower market. By this company the hunters were kindly treated and feasted for the night. Capt. Bent informed them that he had lost from his caravan, since he left home, 30 mules and 7 horses, which had strayed away, and requested, if they found them, to take them in charge and leave them at his fort as they passed it. He also said they would find plenty of buffalo meat the next day at Cow Creek. To-night another rain visited the company but little less severe than that already spoken of.

14. Separating from the company just mentioned, the hunters continued on, and in 8 miles reached the Little Arkansas. Though about such a stream as the Osage, between 30 and 40 yards wide, it was now prodigiously swollen, being at least 15 feet deep, and running with great velocity. As it was impracticable to cross it, the hunters planted themselves leisurely upon its bank, took out their fishing lines, and commenced fishing. In a little while they caught 12 catfish, "fat yellow fellows," who proved to be of excellent flavor. They made a fire on the spot, and proceeded to roast one on the coals, and though they had no seasoning, the meal was a very grateful one. While thus engaged, three men of Capt. Bent's company, who had been left behind to hunt for the stray mules and horses, appeared on the opposite side of the river after an unsuccessful search. As they were destitute of food, and the surest resource lay in overtaking the company they had left, the river was to them a feeble obstacle. Immediately on reaching it, they drove in their horses, who swam directly across, then stripped themselves and followed their example. One of them, a Spaniard, whom familiarity with the water had rendered half amphibious, took the saddle from his horse and held it in one hand, while he swam across with the other. They had eaten nothing for 3 days. Another fish was consequently laid on the coals and speedily devoured. After spending the night together, the hunters sent by the strangers some fish to Capt. Bent, and after leaving three of the largest in the water for their comrades, when they came up, and to which their attention was directed by a signal, they prepared to cross the river.

16. As a supply of meat became more and more desirable, the hunters determined to leave their baggage at the spot where they had camped, and go forth unencumbered in the pursuit of Buffalo. After riding seven miles and finding none, it was arranged that two should go back for the baggage, and take it on to a point named—Walnut creek grove—while the other two should sweep the country, and meet the others at sundown. Oakley and Jordan went back for the baggage, and Shortess and Fletcher continued the hunt. As the former, in prosecuting their journey, approached the grove about sundown, Jordan said he saw the glisten of a gun barrel and that there must be Indians.— They stopped to consult, when Jordan was for returning; but Oakley said that would be useless, as the Indians, if such, must have seen them first, and would speedily overtake them.— He was therefore for going boldly forward and

meeting the worst. As they advanced they saw oxen and soon discovered the party to be a company of traders. They were bound for Santa Fe, and numbered 93 men with 53 wagons.—Our adventurers met with a severe reprimand from them for travelling in the exposed manner they did, subject to be met almost hourly by Indians, who would prove hostile or friendly, just as their inclination or their wants at the moment might prompt them. After dark, Shortess and Fletcher arrived without having killed anything. The four had been three days with but one meal of catfish to eat. With the Santa Fe company, however, they once more fared sumptuously. They here discovered the reason why they had found no Buffalo on and around Big Cow creek, as Capt. Bent had told them they would. The Caw Indians, who hovered around and in front of this company, had driven them off, that they might enhance their value, and by killing them themselves, sell the meat at a good price to the traders.

18. The four hunters, being somewhat in advance of the company, saw seven Buffalo bulls and gave chase. They were seen by the company about the same time, and some of their best men started also in pursuit; but Jordon and Fletcher, having the best horses, kept ahead. The bulls, as the pursuit continued, separated and fled in different direction; but one was run down after a chase of two and a half miles by the two hunters named, and easily killed. He weighed about 900 lbs. After taking the *fleece*, i. e. the most fleshy part, weighing 300 lbs., and leaving the carcass, they loaded their horses and returned to the company. This was the first Buffalo they had killed, and they found the meat superior in flavor to any they had ever eaten. The bulls are far before our domestic cattle, and the cows, as they afterwards proved, as much excel them as the meat of a tame heifer exceeds that of the male in our markets. The flesh now obtained they "jerked," and it lasted 5 or 6 days.

19. Two of the hunters went back with a portion of the Buffalo to meet their comrades, from whom they had now been separated six days. They found them eight miles back, with nothing to eat, having in this interval, killed but one antelope. They had found the fish also, and had previously met Capt. Bent's company. They had also found his stray mules and horses, and now had them in company. (On leaving them afterwards at Bent's fort, Capt. B's brother generously presented the company with two of the mules and 200 lbs. of flour for their trouble.) The same day the Santa Feans who had proceeded but six miles from where the two hunters separated from them. All encamped that night at Pawnee fork. The Caw Indians, before spoken of, had killed 62 Buffaloes, so that provisions were most abundant; but their mode of jerking it was any thing but cleanly, and none of Capt. Farnham's party, as they had plenty of their own, partook of it.

20. Reached the Santa Fe crossings of the Arkansas river this afternoon. The distance is computed to be 450 miles from Independence, and one month had just been consumed in the journey. Here it became necessary that the two companies should separate, the larger to continue the plain beaten road to Mexico—the other to penetrate the trackless wilderness to the mouth of the Columbia. In view of the latter prospect, three of the company became discouraged and determined to join the Santa Fe party. They were Q. A. Jordan, Chauncey Wood, and young Pritchard. The others maintained stout hearts, and responded to the motto of their leader, "OREGON OR THE GRAVE."

The next prominent point, after leaving the Santa Fe crossings on Arkansas river, is Bent's fort, 160 miles further up that stream. The route is along a tolerable distinct wagon track, and they reached the fort on the 5th of July, six days after leaving the crossings. On the way, in consequence of the mutinous and diabolical spirit manifested by a few of the company, Capt. Farnham threw up the command, and thenceforward abjured all control. Thus they arrived at the fort without a leader. The fort is an inclosure of about one quarter of an acre, with several rooms attached to the walls, capable of accommodating 100 men. It contains 1000 stand of arms and one brass cannon, the force being intended to intimidate the surrounding Indians and keep the hostile in check.

The Arkansas river is about as wide as the Missouri, and the water of the same color, tho' far less deep and rapid.

After spending six days at the fort, the party prepared to leave, when it appeared that the spirit of disaffection, to which reference has been made, had resulted in a division of the company into two parties. One, and the largest, was composed of Shortess, Moore, Fletcher, Fash, Kilburn, Yates, Homer and Cook, with Shortess for their leader. The other was composed of Farnham, Oakley, Smith, Wood, Blair, Kelly and Osa, with Kelly for their leader and guide. He was a Kentuckian who had been in the mountains for eleven years, and who here joined the party. Blair had joined at the Santa Fe crossings, and Osa was a Spaniard, who had for some time resided at the fort or in the neighborhood.

Both parties left the fort on the 11th of July, with the design of reaching the Columbia river, —Shortess's for Bent & Sublette's fort on the south fork of Platte river, 220 miles distant, by a plain wagon road,—and Kelly's for Brown's Hole in the Rocky Mountains, a route estimated to be 200 miles nearer. The tent was left at Bent's, and such a division made of the other property held in common as could be agreed upon.

July 18. At 10 o'clock entered the Rocky Mountains by a ravine, and were soon saluted by a most tremendous hail storm. The heights around were covered with snow, and the atmosphere indicated a degree of cold about equal to freezing. For some nights past, whenever the weather was clear and still, there had been sharp frosts.

20. Killed a buffalo bull, an antelope, and a mountain hen, called by the hunters sage cock. While dressing the buffalo, a multitude of others came round, bellowing and pawing as if they would revenge the murder. The men sprung to their horses and guns, expecting the enraged animals would tear them to pieces. After a while, however, they retreated. The road to day was equally rugged with that of the two last, and the Mountains destitute of trees save here and there a hemlock, pine, balsam or willow.—The latter were generally seen on the banks of the streams.

21. Saw several fresh tracks in the sand, which their leader and guide (Kelly) pronounced to be those of Indians. As these were to have been expected, the event produced no other change than to cause the party to keep a better look out. Encamped to night in a beautiful valley, called Bayou Selard, 28 miles from the head of the south fork of Platte. It is a level prairie, 30 miles long and 3 wide, and was covered with a thick growth of flax, which every year springs up spontaneously.

22. Made between 18 and 20 miles, in the course of which they crossed a branch of the south fork of Platte.

23. Crossed the dividing ridge between the stream just mentioned and Grand river, the first western water, and emptying into the Gulf of California. They were consequently upon the back bone of the western continent, and descending towards the Pacific ocean.

26. Found to-day the clearest and best water they ever drank.

30. Swam the main branch of Grand river, a stream nearly as large as the Illinois, and very rapid.

31. Very rough travelling to-day, through and over fallen pine timber. Though constant diligence was used, the company were unable to overcome more than four miles.

August 1. Crossed the dividing ridge between Grand and Little Bear rivers, the latter emptying into Green river, one of the branches of the Columbia. Country exceedingly rough, approaching to precipitous.

2. Met three trappers belonging to a company of ten, who had with them their Indian wives and children. Their names were Charles Warfield, — Burrows, and — Ward, all from St. Louis.

7. First pleasant day since entering Mountains. For the last twenty-one, it had either rained, hailed or snowed, on each. The antelopes seemed inclined to improve it, and were grazing and sporting about in great numbers.—Continued down Bear river, along its untrod-den bank.

13. Arrived at Brown's Hole, the men nearly famished, having been without food for four days. This is a trapper's fort in the mountains, on the east branch of Green river, belonging to Craig & —, and affords shelter and accommodation for 30 men when all are present. All

were now out on a trapping excursion but two and these were without any provisions except dog meat, which they obtained from the Indians. Some Indians passing with dogs shortly after, a bargain was struck for three or four, the dogs being valued at \$15 apiece, and the articles given for them as follows: Powder \$4 a pint, vermilion \$1 a paper of 1½ ounce, tobacco \$5 a pound, and the lead and knives at corresponding prices. They found the dog meat excellent, much better than our domestic beef, and next to buffalo.

Here the party remained six days, when as they were preparing to resume their journey, a company of five persons appeared in sight, travelling from the west. They proved to be a party which had a few weeks previous escorted to Fort Hall, in the Nez Perces or Flat Head country, about 300 miles further, two missionaries, viz. Rev. Messrs. Monger and Griffith, with their wives. The party were Paul Richardson (leader), Dr. Wislizenus, Eugene —, Mr. Koontz, and Charles Kline. Capt. Richardson had spent two years in the Oregon country, had been to the mouth of the Columbia, was well acquainted at Fort Vancouver, and had visited the Methodist missionary station at Wilhamet. To meet and converse with him was therefore a matter of the deepest interest to our adventurers. The prosecution of the journey was deferred, and all gathered around the speaker to listen to his relation. With an air of truth that demanded implicit confidence, he represented the country as undesirable in all its aspects. In the richest portions, about Vancouver and Wilhamet, not more than 15 bushels of wheat could be raised to the acre. The rainy season continued five months and this was followed by about six months drought, in consequence of which neither corn nor potatoes ever came to maturity. The ears of the former sprouted from the stalk at the ground, and after a sickly growth were invariably cut off by the frost, and the latter seldom exceeded the size of a walnut. In point of health the picture was equally gloomy, the Indians laboring under fever and ague the year round.—These representations were without their effect upon the minds of two of the party, Oakley and Wood, who determined to abandon the enterprise and return.

Leaving Capt. Kelly with Farnham, Smith, Blair, and Osa, at Brown's Hole, where they were determined to remain till the arrival of some party bound to Oregon, with which they would unite, the homeward bound party set out on the 18th of August for the south fork of Platte. For the first five days they were without food. On the 6th day they killed an elk, and subsequently a buffalo, which supplied them till they reached the post spoken of. On their way they met with a remarkable adventure, which had nearly cost them their lives. This was their coming suddenly upon a Sioux village containing, as they were informed, 1500 lodges, each numbering 9 souls, giving a total population of 10,800. Finding it impossible to retreat, they yielded themselves prisoners, and were detained three days. A council was held to decide whether they should be killed or not; and during its progress, the young Indians, between 12 and 15 years old, would come up to them, and drawing their bows, would shoot the arrows into the ground, looking with savage grimaces into the faces of the captives, and crying *tabababo*, (white man), signifying thereby that their fathers were then deciding thus to shoot them. The appearance of 400 friendly Chians, who interposed in their favor, broke up the council and saved their lives. A Chian chief immediately came to them and advised their instant departure. As they were saddling their horses the young Sioux would come around them and endeavour to prevent it. To secure their guns they were compelled to stand firmly upon them, while three or four of the men would keep off the Indians while another was securing the saddle on the animal. The old Chians at length came to their aid, and when fairly mounted, they pushed on with all the speed in their power, outstripping, if pursued, their followers. No other adventure worth mentioning occurred on the way to the Platte, which they reached on the 3d of September. Here they found Shortess's party where they had been 42 days. All their horses had been stolen at night by the Indians some time previous, while out on a buffalo hunt, and they were unable consequently to continue their journey. They intended removing here till Mr. Craig went out to Brown's Hole, and would there winter.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

She laughs and runs a cherub thing,
And proud is the doating sire,
To see her pluck the buds of spring,
Or play by the winter fire.
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,
In many a wavy curl;
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek
Of the infant Yankee girl.

The years steal on, and day by day,
Her native charms expand,
Till her round face beams in the summer ray
Like the rose of her own blest land.
There's music in her laughing tone,
A darker shade on the curl,
And beauty makes her chosen throne
On the brow of the Yankee girl.

She is standing now a happy bride,
At the holy altar rail,
While the sacred blush of maiden pride
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
Her eye of light is the diamond bright,
Her innocence the pearl;
And these are ever the bridal gems,
Of a happy Yankee girl.

From the New-York Whig.

TAMING OF THE COQUETTE.

"Do you love me, Ellen?"
"Have you kept account of the number of times you have asked that question, Mr. Williams?"
"Do you love me, dear girl?"
Pray, do begin; I really have quite a curiosity to know the exact number. Won't you?"
"Do not trifle with me thus, dear Ellen. I pray you, put all doubts at rest by an answer. Do you love me?"
"Why, my dear Sir, you cannot conceive what a very delicate situation we are placed in. Pray, Sir, get off your knees."
"Not till you answer me."
"Mr. Williams! don't wring and squeeze my poor hand in this manner; do get up—how extremely ridiculous!"
"Is it possible! and can you trifle thus with my feelings, and ridicule an honest attachment of the heart that is yours?"
"Ha, ha!—Truly, a gallant knight and not less devoted. Ha, ha!"
"Ellen!"
"Let me inquire, Sir Knight of the Woful Face, how many heads your lance has broken for the sake of your mistress? how many unfortunate warriors thy doughty self has tumbled on our mother earth, vanquished by thy valorous arm?—Say."
"If you love me not, tell me at once that I may know my fate. I will not rise until—"
"Why, Mr. Williams! what a very bore you are. Your pertinacity astonishes me."
"You love me not?"
"Certainly not."
"Another then has—"
"The Count Bertoldi."
"Enough! You will, in future, be troubled no more with my presence. I am not wanted here—I see it—that careless yawn—that smile—'tis proof enough. Farewell!"
We pause. In the scene above, we have entirely forgotten to make our friends *au fait* with our couple, and other numerous et ceteras. One is very hopelessly in love—you know that, however. Whether the other is afflicted with this universal malady, deponent saith not. That Ellen Clarence is a coquette is certain, as a sad array of transfixed hearts will show. That she is beautiful as fickle, is another item among her good or bad qualities—whichever you choose. And that her heart is really engaged somewhere, we don't profess to know; that she is an heiress—that her eyes are blue, her lips very rosy, and so forth, ditto.
George seized his hat and advanced to the door. His hand was already on the knob. He turned to Ellen, who sat turning carelessly her handkerchief, while her bewitching lips were busy in framing a certain provoking air, that she often sung for the Count to the displeasure of George. He would speak, but the commotion within was too great. His voice choked, and he stood gazing painfully on her.
"We hope to be honored, sir, with the pleasure of your company at our soiree," said she, with a careless indifference and provoking smile; "the Count will be delighted to see you."
This was too much. It roused his spirit and quelled every motion. He grasped his hat convulsively. An ashy paleness overspread his face.
"Ellen, you could have spared this insult to my feelings. You may repent this harshness one day. I am going—but it is nothing to you. Once more, farewell!"

The door opened; she expected him to stop; it shut; she prang forward, tears in her eyes, and her whole demeanor totally altered.
"George, dear George! You will not leave me thus? Stay—come back!"
But he was gone. She flung herself upon the sofa and burst into tears.
"Fool, fool, to trifle with so noble a being, to wound his proud spirit. Fool, to think to bend and warp him to my wayward fancy, that he could admire such a hateful trait."
George gained the street and walked on—he knew not whither, with a velocity that seemed to proceed from the excited state of his feelings. A sudden and violent concussion against some object, equally obstinate as himself, brought him up "all standing."
"Diab!e!" cried the object in a petulant voice that proceeded from the capacious folds of a cloak.
"The devil!" growled George, passing on.
"Hillo!" said the man, clutching his coat tail.
"Aha! is it you, doctor? good day," and he would have resumed his headlong pace.
"Stop—stop! What's the matter—feverish?"
"She's cut me, doctor."
"Parbleu! Monsieur Williams, hold on!"
"It's all over with me—she don't love me, doctor."
"She! the minx! the jade!—she does."
"She don't!"
"Arretez-vous; I know the coquette better than she herself. Promise to abide by my directions and she shall say she loves you and all that."
"If you could, dear doctor—"
"That! promise."
"Here's my hand."
The next afternoon the servant announced Mr. Williams, and soon after the person bearing that name walked into the parlor where sat Miss Ellen Clarence, musing over the events of yesterday. The color rushed to her face and her eye sparkled with delight as she rose to receive him. He was very pale, very sad, and very mysterious. There was something inexpressibly solemn in his manner as he pronounced,
"Miss Ellen Clarence,"
Ellen, who saw him returned, could not resist the habit which had long grown upon her, and which now returned with redoubled force, of teasing her lover. There was no malicious twinkle in her roguish black eye as she copied his manner and said—
"Mr. George Williams, body guard to the knight Don Quixotte and heir to the title—who has battled manfully with a whole legion of blue devils for the past night—welcome to our castle."
"Ellen!" said he, without relaxing a muscle from the rigid and stern bearing he addressed her with, and without abating one jot from the coldness and hollowness of his voice—"Ellen, I am come."
"So I see, Sir; I thought you were going yesterday."
"I am going, Miss Ellen—"
"May I ask where?"
"I am going to—"
"Well, going to—well."
"To—to—commit—"
"By the bye, George, what a very tragic face nature has blessed you with; can't you give me a specimen of your powers in the stage line? Do George."
"Hark, Ellen!" and his eye fell on her and assumed a frightful stare. His hand drew the perspiration from his brow and then elevated a long, naked dagger; his other motioned her to look on it. He approached her, and his manner was impressively solemn and earnest "Ellen!"
"There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold."
"George, does any thing ail you? What is the matter? Tell me."
"Once I loved to court life; now life is a torment, and now—steel, steel! 'tis a very keen edge."
"Look on me, George? put that horrid thing away and point it not at your heart. What would you?"
"Die!"
"Ha! George, dear George, don't look on me so sternly—so frightfully: you surely do not intend aught of harm to yourself—let me take that knife—give it me."

"I am going to commit—"
"What? dear George."
"Suicide! Let go my hand; take off that arm. I would not strike my heart through that Away!" cried he vehemently, thrusting her from him, and brandishing aloft with a tragic air, the knife; at the same time he bared his breast and made evident preparations to slay himself. So, at least, thought the distracted Ellen, who implored him in piteous accents to desist.
"My heart thirsts for it. Come, come, friendly steel, and end my wo. Let me feel thee hissing here. I would open the pent-up flood-gates of my heart, and die a death too noble for any but a Roman."
"Help! help! he will kill himself."
"Ha! ha! ha! Girl, when all those thou thoughtest most of, desert thee, as with me, it will not frighten thee so much to point a naked dagger at thy breast."
"And have you no friend? Does none care for you?"
"None friend me but this. Hold off now! I would be better acquainted with him. I loved you once, Ellen—I thought I was loved in return—but no. Farewell forever! the shades beckon me on—I go—I hear ye and obey—I come!"
"Hold! hold, dear George. If you value my happiness, my peace, my life—hold."
"Dear George!"
"Dearest, beloved George!"
"What more, Ellen?"
"Put away that horrid thing—oh, do for my sake."
"Aha!"
"Oh! I will love you so much, only put it from you. I do love you; I ever did, I ever will; I live but for you, I adore you, and I will—"
"Marry me?"
"Yes, dear George—dearest George, any time you will; next week, to-morrow, now!"
There, Ellen, it is away. And now, sweet coz, hold up thy lips—there, you rogue—a kiss without even a scratch to win it. But I will try thee once more, my Ellen, for thou hast held thy sway of late so unlimited that I must have my revenge. If I tell thee that I did but threaten my life to try thy love, wilt thou take back all that thou hast said?"
"Oh, surely not."
"And you will love me just as much?"
"As much and more."
"Another kiss for that, dear girl. And wilt thou marry me as soon?"
"Can you doubt it, you suspicious one?"
"You will not tease me?"
"I won't say a word."
"Not even if I taste thy lips again? Plague it! but, my sweet tormentor, thy lips are tempting."
"Just as often as you please, dear George. I will show you that a wayward girl can become a faithful and submissive wife."
"Good! So, now for the wedding; and therefore, I believe I had better postpone my affair until some other time; what say you, coz?"
It is related of him that his postponement is still postponed, though twenty years have rolled their summers by; and of Ellen, it is said, that she is the meekest and best of wives: so well, and so thoroughly George tamed the proud coquette. S. P.

Take it Easy.—The editor of the Concord Mass. Gazette, who has but one paper a week to publish, announces that he shall publish no newspaper thanksgiving week. He says: "The truth of the matter is that the printer can hardly get a chance to eat roast turkey and plumb pudding on the great festival, without working very hard before and after he has thus gratified his palate." What a gormandizer!—Express.

It is stated that Lord Brougham designs visiting the United States the ensuing summer.—No stranger could come among us, who would be more cordially received. Every American delights to honor genius, and Lord B. may be considered one of the most splendid men of the present century.

A late English writer makes an arch boy ask, "As rivers have mouths, have they teeth too?" An American would have answered, "No! but we have some that have snags."

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

It was a bleak day in the month of November. The north wind howled mournfully through the leafless trees—the broken clouds flitted rapidly across the face of the heavens—and the whole face of nature assumed an aspect, cheerless and uncomfortable—well calculated to remind the moralist of the closing scenes in the great drama of life—as a traveller, with weary steps, wended his solitary way through one of those beautiful hamlets which abound in New-England—and which constitute the noble ornaments, emblems of freedom, peace and happiness, of which he is justly proud.

To judge from his costume, this traveller belonged to the humblest ranks of life—or had been singled out as a victim by misfortune. His coarse straw hat, his patched doublet, and his canvass trousers, soiled by tar in many places—while they proclaimed his occupation and his poverty, seemed but poorly calculated to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. His form was cast in a noble mould, denoting great activity and strength. His manly features, bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun, and partly concealed from view by his luxuriant locks of coal black hue, showed that he was still in the dawn of manhood. And his eyes seemed lighted up with an intelligent spirit—by a gleam of expectation and hope, which showed that his humble fortunes did not accord with his noble nature—and that however severely fate had dealt with him, his energies were still unbroken—and that maugre the chill northern blast, and the fatigues which it was evident he had recently undergone, he was resolved to push onward until the object which he had in view was accomplished.

"It is now three years," said he to himself, as he plodded along the road, "since I very foolishly left my happy home, urged by a silly pique, and a love for a life of adventure, to brave the hardships and perils of the ocean. Since then my life has been a constant series of misfortunes. I have met with storms on every tack. But thank Providence, although my canvas is sadly reduced and pretty well worn out—and my pockets are destitute of ballast—my hull is unimpaired and my spirits are as unbroken and buoyant as ever. I hope my parents are still living, and prosperous and happy—I was a fool to leave them. And my brothers and sisters—how happy we were together—and cousin Mary, that bright little fairy, whom I loved with a love surpassing that of cousins—and in whose company I passed so many rapturous hours! Oh, I was a great fool to leave such blissful scenes. And I believe, after all, that the little fairy loved me! I know she did—she all but told me so. But it is too late now to retrace my steps—I can only regret my folly. I dare say the bright and joyous young thing has forgotten Ned Willis, and was married to some worthier fellow than I am long since. For her rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, and sweet disposition, to say nothing of the property she was to inherit when she came of age, attracted many admirers—and made sad havoc among the hearts of the youths of the village. Well, if she is married, there is no more to be said—I have no right to complain. But I hope she has chosen a good husband. I will see her once more—wish her a long life and a happy one—and away to sea again. But if she is not married—" He did not finish the sentence, but a change came over the countenance of the ill-clad and weather beaten mariner, as he was indulging in a vision of rapture—and he involuntarily quickened his pace.

As Edward Willis journeyed onward towards his home—anticipating by turns happy and adverse fortunes, he was surprised to find that although it was in the middle of the week, there were no signs of labor among the inhabitants. All was quiet—even the oxen were browsing contentedly in the pastures—the school houses were closed, and the meeting houses were open—the people whom he met with were neatly arrayed in their Sunday clothes—and their countenances were wreathed in smiles of gratitude and joy. On inquiry, he learned that it was **THANK-GIVING DAY.** He hailed the information as a glad omen.

On the day when this poor, forlorn-looking traveller after years of wandering, was pursuing his way towards his native village, the fire burned brightly on the hearth stone of his parents. Deacon Willis was a New England

farmer—a man who, by cherishing the virtues of industry and frugality, had become possessed of a handsome property—and who, enjoying a competence in a free country, protected by a wise government, surrounded by kind and intelligent neighbors, and in the midst of a happy and virtuous family, envied neither nabobs their riches, nor monarchs their power.

It was thanksgiving day—and great had been the bustle in Deacon Willis' family for the previous week. Descended in a direct line from one of the earliest settlers of New England, no consideration could have induced the worthy Deacon to abate one jot of the "pomp and pride and circumstance" of the Thanksgiving of the Puritans. Thanksgiving was religiously observed by him, as it had been by his father before him—and the gratitude which he expressed to his Creator for the mercies which he had received, was not a mere formula of unmeaning words, but came directly from the heart.

On this day his children were collected all around him—and all anticipated a joyous Thanksgiving. Several of his distant relations, who were not so well provided with the good things of this life as the worthy Deacon, also accepted an invitation to be present. Among those who were sheltered by his hospitable roof on this occasion, the greatest favorite seemed to be Mary Wordsworth, a blue-eyed damsel, whose lovely and expressive face told more about sweetness and purity than I could describe in a folio volume. She was the only daughter of a cousin of the worthy deacon's; and at an early age was deprived of her parents by death. But deacon Willis had been to her a parent—his house had been her home—his wife had treated her with a mother's kindness—and his children regarded her as a sister and a dear friend.

Mrs. Willis' situation as mistress of the family, was no sinecure on that day. Her duties were various and important—for it was the *New England Holiday*—and all her skill as a housewife—all her excellence as a manager were put to the test on Thanksgiving day. After the family returned from meeting, for they were of the old fashioned sort, who would almost as soon lose their Thanksgiving dinner, as be deprived of their Thanksgiving sermon, the table was set in the large front parlor, which was wont to be only on extraordinary occasions, and serious preparations for the festival commenced. A good fire made of walnut and yellow oak wood, burned cheerfully in the large open fire-place—and all the females belonging to the house, were put in requisition to bear the abundance of the good things from the kitchen to the parlor—and which when deposited in their respective places, made the tables groan again.

At the head of the table, was placed a portly Turkey, the choicest of a large and pampered family—at the further extremity, was deposited a ham of a size and flavor to make a Wespalian's eyes sparkle with joy. On the centre was stationed, plucked, roasted and ready for the carving-knife, one of those celebrated animals, which whilom saved from the ravages of the Gauls, the capitol of Rome, and which in vulgar parlance, are cycled geese—while here and there scattered round the table, in apparent disorder—but with deliberate care and precision, were boiled fowls, roasted fowls—jellies, knuck-nacks, and plates of vegetables of more varieties and excellence than I would willingly undertake to enumerate—while on the kitchen table arranged apparently as a *corps de reserve*, might be seen a stately plum pudding supported by several enormous Thanksgiving pumpkin pies, with mince pies, apple pies, squash pies, and custard pies, with fruits of various kinds, not forgetting nuts and apples, to bring up the rear. As a beverage on this happy occasion, water was the only article provided—water brought from a clear and sparkling spring, which bubbled up a few rods from the house; for Farmer Willis contended that water was the best drink, even on festive occasions—and that hilarity and joy should be promoted, not by wine or strong drink of any kind, but by social communion, by a free interchange of thoughts and ideas, by generous feelings, born and nurtured in a noble bosom.

It was nearly two o'clock, long after their accustomed hours of dinner, before the assembled company were invited into the parlor to partake of the good cheer which had been so bountifully provided. And as the happy company stood around the table, waiting for their host to ask the Divine Blessing upon the meal which was

placed before them, a shade flitted across the good man's brow—for his eldest son, a noble boy was absent. Among the joyful faces which surrounded him, Edward's was not seen. He had left his home, years before, to embrace a sea-faring life—and the wanderer had not returned. There was good reason to believe that he was no longer in the land of the living—and although they still strove to cherish hopes in each other's bosoms, many and bitter were the tears of affection which had embalmed his memory.

"My poor, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Willis—"Ah, I much fear we shall never see his smiling face again."

Mary Wordsworth said nothing—but a tear started into her eye—and any casual observer would have seen at once that Edward Willis was dearer to her than a cousin or a friend—and that she cherished his memory in the very depths of her heart.

Just then old Bose, the house-dog, was heard to mark some angry remonstrance to a passing traveler, which attracted attention, inasmuch as it was by no means an ordinary occurrence—for Bose was a well nurtured brute, and seldom accosted a well-dressed, gentlemanly personage, in a rude and angry manner, but he entertained the prejudice against the victims of misfortune or intemperance, who wear the garb of poverty, which is cherished by noble animals, who boast the attributes of reason. In truth, Bose, although a faithful dog, was a real aristocrat in his principles. The traveler, from his appearance, moved in the humblest rank of life—and Bose evidently intended to give him a reception corresponding with his shabby appearance, and was advancing towards him in a surly manner, and with a turbulent look, when Deacon Willis, who well knew the peculiarities of his dog, told his son James to go out and protect the stranger from violence. "He seems a sailor, too," said he, "and on a day like this, we should not refuse the rites of hospitality to the humblest being who passes along the road. On Thanksgiving day, no individual, rich or poor, sailor or landsman, should want for a plentiful meal.—Ask him in, my son, continued the noble-hearted farmer—"and let the poor wayfarer take a seat at our board."

The stranger entered the parlor, and room was made for him at the table. But his appearance and manner were strange, and he seemed as if he was but ill-disposed to requite his kind host for the hospitality he enjoyed. He did not even raise his dilapidated hat from his head—and to the kind enquiries which were made of him, he scarcely deigned any reply—but as if overcome with fatigue, or agitated by contending emotions, he threw himself into the nearest chair, and covered his brow with his hands.

The wondering group witnessed his conduct in silence. "Come now, my good man," at length exclaimed Mrs. Willis, in a kind, motherly tone, "I dare say you are tired and hungry—take a seat at the table, and make yourself at home. We like sailors—and would gladly do you a good turn for the sake of one who has long been absent. Don't cry, Mary—you should learn to restrain your feelings."

Just then old Bose, who, when the sailor first came in sight, was disposed to regard him as an enemy, appeared to have overcome his combative propensities, and, much to the surprise of the children, seemed suddenly to have conceived the most lively attachment to the "poor straggler." He wagged his tail with unwonted energy, absolutely danced around him, whined forth his joy in the most expressive manner, and continued the pantomime by jumping into his lap and attempting to lick his face!

The stranger hardly attempted to repulse the affectionate animal—but gently patting his head, addressed him with the endearing epithet of "Poor old Bose"—adding, "you have not forgotten me."

He then raised his head, took his hand from his forehead—removed his hat, and brushed away the long matted locks which partly concealed his features. His voice seemed to have touched a chord in the bosoms of persons present, which had long ceased to vibrate. The eyes of Deacon Willis and his wife were turned upon him in eager expectation. Mary Wordsworth started—the rose on her cheek gave place to the lily—and her deep-seated and pure love proved more quick-sighted than even parental affection. She gazed upon him with a look in which joy and surprise were blended—and met his glance which beamed with tender-

ness and rapture—expressing the fruition of earthly enjoyment. Her maidenly reserve was conquered by her surprise and joy at beholding before her, a dear one whom she had long mourned as forever lost. "It is my cousin Edward!" said she, and she threw herself into his arms.

The scene that followed may be imagined, but cannot be described—nor shall I attempt it. There was no longer any alloy in the enjoyment of that happy family—and Deacon Willis, albeit, always noted for his piety, never offered up a thanksgiving prayer with greater fervency and sincerity than on that occasion. After dinner was over, Edward had a long tale to tell to which auditors listened with breathless attention, of the perils and sufferings he had experienced during the three previous years. The vessel in which he had sailed for South America, had been suspected of carrying on a contraband trade—and the crew were all condemned to the mines for life. Edward, with two of his companions, at the imminent risk of his life succeeded in effecting his escape, and had worked his passage home in a vessel bound to Providence. Misfortune still pursued him; the vessel was wrecked on Block Island during a heavy gale—and he, after a desperate struggle with the waves, succeeded in gaining the shore. He lost no time in proceeding to Providence in a fishing craft, when he took his land tackle on board—and wearied, hungry, destitute of money and clothes, a poor shipwrecked sailor, Edward at length reached his home.

"And you are welcome home, my boy" exclaimed his father—"and I hope you will never again leave us."

Edward looked at Mary, who blushed like a penny.

"I see how the wind sits," said the worthy Deacon—"Come hither, Mary Wardsworth."

Mary, with trembling steps, approached her guardian.

"Mary," said the Deacon—"We must look to you for security that Edward will never play truant again."

He put her trembling hand into that of his son.

Edward has never been to sea since. He is a happy and prosperous farmer—and, blessed with an affectionate wife and three lovely children, he every year welcomes the approach of November, and reads in the Mercantile Journal, with keen gratification, the Governor's Proclamation for THANKSGIVING DAY.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Wherefore do we toil in youth?
Wisdom grey, confess the truth.
Wherefore dare the battle strife
Deeming light of death and life?
Wherefore haute the Muse's spring,
Or touch Apollo's golden string?
Wherefore pore o'er learned page,
Full of precepts quaint and sage?
Wherefore in the crowded hall,
With hired fury loudly hawl?
Wherefore in the senate sit
And brandish eloquence and wit;
Fire the breast with patriot zeal,
To struggle for the common weal?
Wherefore thus in youth and age,
Toil we o'er this weary stage—
But, seated by the sacred hearth,
The loveliest, holiest spot on earth,
Woman's smile should meet our eyes,
And gild with love our energies,
We think, we toil, we war, we rove,
And all we ask—is woman's love!

Reciprocal Attachment.—"John I always take a beau with me, when I go a promenading, merely for a walking stick."

"You does, eh! well I allers takes a gall 'long with me, jist for a pocket-handkercher to wipe my nose on."

The Rev. Mr. Bayless, of the Presbyterian church has sailed from Baltimore for Texas, with the design to settle as a minister in the new republic.—*Star.*

Cheap enough.—"What did you give for that horse?" inquired a friend of the facetious Mr. B. as he was riding by. "My note," was the significant reply; "wasn't that cheap enough?"

First Sleighing.—In Pittsfield and other towns in that part of western Massachusetts, they had sleighing on Thursday—the snow being six inches deep.—*Star.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

Early Winter.—Wednesday night the snow fell about half a foot deep, and as we had rain and sleet during the most of the previous twenty-four hours, succeeded by freezing weather, the sleighing yesterday for light vehicles was quite good.

But we look with the greatest interest to its effect on the business of the country, should the Canal be closed suddenly at this time. Though the principal lines have been drawing off their boats ever since the 10th, agreeably to a resolution of the forwarders as we announced two weeks ago, transient boats have been busy up to this moment in bringing on merchandise and taking away produce—and the effect of a sudden embargo by "Jack Frost" must be seriously felt all over the country. And there is every prospect that these fears will be realized.—Yesterday the surface of the canal was covered with snow, and the atmosphere was freezing cold all day. We should not be surprised to find this morning boats stopped altogether, or propelled through the ice by double or quadruple teams.

VOLUME TWELVE.

In our last, and also in this number, is published the Prospectus of the next volume of the Gem. We have taken measures to give it a more extended circulation than ever before. Of this number we shall distribute several hundreds, principally to Post Masters, who are specially requested to aid in extending our circulation.—If any of them cannot act as agents, or if they are not disposed to do so, we hope they will put the Prospectus, together with the specimen number, into the hands of those who will take a sufficient interest in the matter to procure subscriptions.

☐ We tender our unfeigned thanks to Post Masters, and others, who have heretofore exerted themselves in obtaining subscribers; and request them to continue their very acceptable services.

Advance Payment.—The subscribers to the present volume will remember that they will not be considered subscribers to volume Twelve, unless they renew by sending the money.

New Subscribers.—Those who intend to subscribe for the new volume, will do so with the least possible delay, that we may know how large an addition to print. All that can, will please send in by the last of December.

Assistant Post Masters.—Are entitled to our thanks for their activity as agents. From their situation and business they can obtain many subscribers when others could not. Will they "try" for the new year?

☐ EDITORS who will give our prospectus two insertions, sending us a copy of their paper containing it, shall have the Gem sent them for one year, with an exchange.

☐ AN ELEGANT PLATE will embellish the first number of the new volume.

The Dark side of Matrimony.—Lately, a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the Commissioners, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her. "Why, massa, she no good. The book says she obey me. She no wash my clothes. She no do what I want her to do."—The minister: "But the book says you were to take her for better or for worse." "Yes, massa, but she all worse and no better. She had too much worse and no good at all."

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

WOMAN, DR.

Oh, the 'wo that woman brings!
Source of sorrow, grief, and pain!
All our evils have their springs,
In the first of female train.

Eve, by eating, led poor Adam
Out of Eden, and astray;
Look for sorrow still where Madam,
Pert and proud, directs the way.

Courtship is a slavish pleasure
Soothing a coquettish train:
Wedded: what! the mighty treasure,
Doomed to drag a golden chain.

Noisy clack and constant brawling,
Discord and domestic strife;
Empty cupbord, children bawling,
Scolding woman made a wife.

Gaudy dress and haughty carriage,
Love's loud balance fled and gone;
These, the bitter fruits of marriage,
He that's wise will let alone.

CONTRA, CR.

Oh! what joys from woman spring;
Source of bliss and purest peace,
Eden could not comfort bring,
Till fair woman showed her face.

When she came, good honest Adam
Clasp'd the gift with open arms:
He left Eden for his Madam,
So our parent prized her charms.

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure!
Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek:
Happy prelude to a treasure
Kings have left their crowns to seek!

Lovely looks and constant courting,
Sweet'ning all the toils of life;
Cheerful children, harmless sporting,
Lovely woman made a wife!

Modest dress and gentle carriage,
Love triumphant on his throne;
These the blissful fruits of marriage,
None but fools would live alone.

THE VISIT.

On one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician, but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

"You are romancing, James; what, visit a family without an introduction, or invitation, or exchanging cards?"

"In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards," said James; "but they will not be less pleased to see you."

"I never used to go out to see people," said Amanda thoughtfully; "but," continued she, after a little deliberation, "I'll go with you any where."

They passed the handsomest street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A common woman opened it and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken and the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise which the attendant female vainly endeavored to quell. A girl of about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bed room and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She rocked her incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness; her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

On receiving some nourishment from the hands of her companion, she seemed revived.

"I am glad to see you, doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain; but my bones have started through my skin, and I suffer—" she shivered and stopped an instant.

"I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind—what would

have become of it now? I must leave these, young as they are, to take care of themselves, as my husband is none of the *studiest*."

She did not weep—she was past all human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence; she had learned more of life's state from this scene than could have been acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanity and repinings, a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total ineffectibility of the sick was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling to so much that must have been endured before.

"Is this your sister?" asked the woman.

"No," said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, "she is my wife."

"Is she your wife?" said she, showing some vivacity; "how sweet she looks! Can she sing? Oh, can she sing—I would not live always?"

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled by every syllable that floated on her soft, rich tones through the confined apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully, that she even looked pretty. A light hectic relieved her vivid countenance. She said audibly, "I hear the angels singing now around me," and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly, as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, "we will take care of you."

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before that she had loved her husband; but it is a dead-sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James as he returned home with a feeling of devotion to him which she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one, who, if he had brought her no addition of earthly wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight.

MR. GRAHAM'S LECTURES.

Perhaps ridicule never effected more mischief than when directed against the efforts of this individual to reform the physiological habits of the community. That the present generation are far from enjoying the same degree of health and longevity that was enjoyed by our pilgrim forefathers, is evident to every intelligent and reflecting mind; but if any one hints at the necessity of a reformation in our diet and other habits, he is met by the sneers of nine out of ten around him—and instead of listening to any argument but that of appetite, the cry of "saw dust puddings"—"bran bread"—"wheat in the bundle"—"walking shadows"—and such like scare-crows, are sufficient to deter from investigation. Men live to eat; and they eat such things, and in such mixtures and quantity, as to render what little life they have, a burden,—and if reason gets the ascendancy for a season, and they resolve to "try the experiment," and live on a more simple diet, the change is so much like reforming a drunkard or the long established habit of taking stimulants of any kind, that before the taste has had time to become corrected and the system to conform itself to simple aliment, the experimenter gives up in despair, resumes his former mode of living, and having failed in the attempt, is fortified against all further admonitions of conscience, experience or friends.

We are led to these remarks by seeing the following communication in the last Troy Whig; and as Mr. GRAHAM is expected to lecture in Rochester soon after he closes his course in Troy, we thought it could do no harm to call public attention to the subject a little in advance. We have practically tested the Lectu-

rer's system for the last two years. We know it is conducive to real enjoyment; and though we long since abandoned the idea of making proselytes to it ourselves, we hope our citizens will give him an opportunity to convince them that he does "know bran," as well as some other things.

The writer in the Troy paper says—

"The lectures are not composed of a batch of bran bread and water, seasoned with puerile attempts to persuade men to adopt such a diet; but they embrace an exposition of the whole science of human life, according to the lecturer's peculiar views. And these views are not the result of a twelve-month's desultory study, but the legitimate offspring of many years of ardent application. If any man, of an intelligent and sane mind, which all admit Mr. Graham to be, proposes to publish the ascertained results of many years persevering study and experiment, he is at least worthy of the attention of a civilized community. If, as a nation, we may be allowed to claim native philosophers, Mr. Graham is certainly one of the most talented and learned among that class of citizens. He has delivered between fifty and sixty consecutive lectures on Anatomy and Physiology, to crowded and deeply interested audiences, in the Atlantic cities, and it is not too much to say that the medical profession have reaped from them permanent advantages. As rational beings, we should not condemn a man without a hearing. Let us not act the part of the unwise Athenians, who voted the hemlock to Socrates, or of that pontiff who forced Galileo to write, in sanguine ink, a recantation of eternal truth. Peradventure, our descendants may honor the principles which this age despises.

"As a matter of intellectual enjoyment, I know of no place where an hour and a half can be spent so agreeably as in listening to these lectures. MEDICUS."

From the Knickerbocker for June.

OLD MASSACHUSETTS.

'There is her history; the world knows it by heart. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever.—Webster.

The nation's wreath is lit with stars,
A bright and glorious number;
And o'er them Freedom's eagle keeps,
A watch that knows no slumber.
In every gem that garland bears,
Fair beauty has a dwelling;
Yet beams old Massachusetts' star,
With lustre far excelling.

A halo guilds Virginia's name,
For Yorktown tells a story;
New York hath Saratoga's fame,
And Jersey, Monmouth's glory;
Points Delaware to Brandywine,
And La Fayette, the finger;
And still o'er Carolina's fields,
Doth Eutaw's memory linger.

Vermont may boast of Bennington,
And Pennsylvania wonder,
O'er forgotten Valley Forge,
And Red Bank's fatal thunder.
But O, this Massachusetts tells,
Of Bunker's fame ne'er ending,
And guards their dust who earliest died,
Their unborn rights defending.

Ay, on her scutcheon, blazoned high,
Read Lexington's invasion;
Where cannon peal and rolling drum,
To freedom woke the nation;
Those mossy walls whence death shots fell,
Like hail upon the freeman,
Speak prouder things than Grecian fanes,
More glorious than the Roman!

They heard the knell of Britain's power,
When first in thunder given:
They first caught Freedom's 'larum cry,
And echoed it to heaven!
They saw the bloody fountain ope,
To seal her priceless charter;
And heard the latest anguished prayer,
Of freedom's earliest martyr.

Time honored Massachusetts! thou
A sacred trust art keeping;
For there the dust of pilgrim sires,
And patriot, is sleeping;

Their names are whispered on the hills,
And murmured by the fountain;
And tireless echoes fling them back,
From valley, rock, and mountain!

And never shall thy sons forget,
The 'haunted air' they're breathing;
Bold hearts shall guard the altar fires,
Their fathers died bequeathing.
While Bunker lifts its awful height,
And Boston lives in story,
Shall Massachusetts guard her trust,
And hand it down in glory.

From the New-York Evening Signal.

Pretty and graceful as the following lines are, the reader can form but an inadequate idea of their touching sweetness and descriptive accuracy unless he has visited the spot they commemorate, and had the good fortune, as was our ease, to hear them sung by Mr. Knight to his own delicious music. The song is in the press of Messrs. Firth & Hall, and will shortly be published in a style worthy of the words and of the melody. The vignette, which represents the Hudson Highlands, is from a design by Weir, and forms the frontis piece of Drake's Culprit Fay. Among our lady readers, this song cannot fail to be a favorite, and will be frequently sung. The lines appear to us to flow as tunefully as the silver current of the Hudson itself. Listen:

"WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE."

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Where Hudson's wave, o'er silvery sands,
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cro'nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star:
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capt earth,
My fair and gentle IDA dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-curl that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
But IDA's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where
My IDA's footstep's roam:
Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home!

From the New-York Mirror.

THE BLUSH.

BY CHARLOTTE E. VANDERHOFF.

Unbidden I come,
From my prison home,
Where I linger with smiles and tears:
Oh! the sweetest word
I ever have heard,
Has waked me with fluttering fears!

And first o'er the snow
Of the bosom I flow,
Then change the fair hue of the brow:
And see, on the cheek,
Though silent, I speak,
Sweet secrets revealing there now.

A traitor am I!
For a gentle sigh
May be breathed for another's woe;
And the crystal tear,
All bright and clear,
From soft pity may oftentimes flow,

But one little thought,
With tenderness fraught,
One word, into life makes me start;
Love bids the tongue hush—
He speaks in a blush:
A blush tells the tale of the heart!

MARRIED.

In Sullivan, Madison co., by the Rev. Mr. Clark, FRASTUS STANNARD, of Ogdenville, to Miss ZEVIAH KNOWLES, of the former place.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the N. Y. American.

For the following spirited version of one of Beranger's fine lyrics, we are indebted to a hand that unflinchingly adorns whatsoever it touches;

FALLING STARS.

Shepherd, say'st thou that a star
Rules our days, and gems the skies?
Yes, my child, but in her veil,
Night conceals it from our eyes.
Shepherd, they say that to thy sight
The secret of you heaven is clear,
What is then that star so bright
Which flies, and flies to disappear?

My child, a man has passed away,
His star has shed its parting ray;
He, amid a joyous throng,
Pledged the wine-cup and the song;
Happy, he has closed his eyes
By the wine to him so dear.
Yet another star that flies,
That flies, and flies to disappear!

My child, how pure and beautiful!
A gentle girl hath fled to heaven;
Happy, and in love most true,
To the tenderest lover given.
Flowers crown her maiden brow,
Hymen's altar is her bier;
Yet another star that flies,
That flies, and flies to disappear!

Child! the rapid star behold
Of a great lord newly born;
Lined with purple and with gold
The empty cradle whence he's gone.
Ev'n now, the tide of flatteries
Had almost reached his infant ear.
Yet another star that flies,
That flies, and flies to disappear!

My child! what lightning flash is that?
A favorite has sought repose,
Who thought himself supremely great,
When his laughter mocked our woes.
They his image now despise,
Who once worshipped him in fear.
Yet another star that flies,
That flies, and flies to disappear!

My son! what sorrow must be ours?
A generous patron's eyes are dim;
Indigence from others gleams,
But she harvested on him.
This very eve, with tears and sighs,
The wretched to his roof draw near.
Yet another star that flies,
That flies, and flies to disappear!

A mighty monarch's star is dark!
Boy! preserve thy purity;
Nor let men thy star remark,
For its size, or brilliancy.
Wert thou bright but to their eyes,
They would say when death is near:
"It is but a star that flies,
"That flies, and flies to disappear!"

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

BY FITZGREEN HALLOCK.

The world is bright before thee;
Its summer flower is thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom virtue's shrine:
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour:
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—
The death-dirge of the gay—
That t'lls, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not: though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a Summer sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still, beyond his art,
The wild flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart!

From the Troy Morning Mail.

DESTINY.

Oh, over life's departing scroll
What varied scenes of memory roll,
Bidding the proudest and the best
To linger for the church-yard rest—
And pray on being's farthest brink
That the wild meteor soon may sink.
Hark, to the new-born infant's cry;
Hark to the old man's heavy sigh—
With prophecy and memory rife:
The music this of human life!
Wild o'er the world my course has been,
Aye, guided by an evil star,
Upon each sad, untoward scene,
Shedding its baleful light from far.
What wonder if I look to heaven
Indignant that it sheds such ray,
And murmuring that fate hath striven
To mar each effort—cloud each day?
No—let the stubborn spirit break,
It shall not bend submissively
To the wild winds that rudely wake
The foamy waves of destiny!
On! fated bark—the storm is nigh;
But near us is the welcome shore,
When that false star shall cheat the eye,
With its fell radiance never more!
Of what avail against my doom
Firm heart, and ceaseless energy?
Go ask the tenant of the tomb,
To bid himself again to be—
Then, tell the lone predestined man,
That he can rule the secret power
That guides him thro' life's little span,
And governs every darksome hour. B.

From the Evening Post.

MAN.

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 mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing—the human mind!

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,
That seat of love, the lair of hate—
Self-stung, self-edified!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

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!

And this is man—Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven—
While 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 the!"

No Jonathan.—A school boy, 14 years of age, at a public Seminary not 100 miles from Ilminster, being lectured by his teacher for not retaining until morning the lesson he had learnt over night, and being asked the reason, replied, "I don't know, sir, unless it is because I sleep without a night cap, and it evaporates before the morning."—*Dorset Chronicle*.

Mr. White, the Irish melodist and accomplished scholar, is winning golden opinions by his musical lectures. He is now in the Canadas.—*Star*.

The Amistad.—Further proceedings in this case have been postponed until the 1st Tuesday of January next, until which time the Court has adjourned. The Africans have been sent back to New Haven.

In luck for once.—Some three or four years ago a gentleman of Detroit bought a turkey, for which he paid fifty cents, and forthwith sent it, together with a note, to Mr. Brooks, auctioneer of the Episcopal Ladies' Fair, which society had met that evening at Ben Woodworth's hotel for the purpose of selling off the little trinkets of their own manufacture, and tendering the fund for some useful purpose.—The turkey was immediately put up at auction, and boarders of the Exchange and Mansion House ran it up to one hundred dollars—at which price it was struck off. At that time our attention was attracted by a little old man, with a round top hat, and rather singular features, who stood there with his mouth wide open, gaping at the auctioneer with an eager and inquiring look, evidently anxious to find out what such eatables were worth in that market. Our hero had just arrived that evening from Ohio with a load of hogs, and was trying to find a purchaser for them at a "fair price." When Mr. Brooks struck off the turkey at one hundred dollars, the little old man jumped up and down, so tickled that he could scarce contain himself. Says he, 'I've hit it this time, Joe, (addressing his companion) let's go and take a horn. If turkeys is worth a hundred dollars in this market, I wonder what hogs is worth?'—*Teller's Advocate*.

MARRIED.

In N. York on 19th inst in the church of St. Thomas by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the Hon. LUTHER BRADISH, Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, to Miss MARY E. HART, of that city.
On the 23d instant, by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Edward Sweeting, to Miss Maria O'Donald.

DIED.

In Parma, on the 3d instant, with a lingering consumption, Mrs. LOUISA, wife of Samuel D. Webster, aged twenty four years.

The Poughkeepsie Eagle will please copy the above in this city, on the 23d instant, Richard Brayman, aged 35 years.

At Uxbridge, Mass., on the 17th instant, after a lingering illness, LOUISA, wife of F. W. Paterson, late of this city, and daughter of the Hon. B. Taft, of the former place.

Though called away so prematurely, it may be some consolation to those friends who knew her best, and whom to know, was but to love, that she bore her long illness (the latter part of which was attended with much suffering,) with christian fortitude, and looking forward with cheerfulness to the time when she would be permitted to lay off this tabernacle of clay, at last expired in the full hope of a blessed immortality.—*Com.*

PROSPECTUS

OF

VOLUME TWELVE

OF THE

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SHEPARD & STRONG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Nov, 1839.

THE ROCHESTER GEM

By Ernest Shepard & Alvah Strong.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 14, 1839.

No. 25.

THE MAGICIAN'S VISITER.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterward a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the Philosopher was sitting at his studies.

The Stranger, although finely formed, and of courteous demeanor, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him, which excited awe, if indeed it had not a repellent effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek nor a wrinkle on his brow, and his large black eye beamed with all the vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was gray; and though his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a Palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with oriental characters was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale, but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow.

"Pardon me, learned Sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, "but your fame has traveled into all lands, and has reached all ears;—and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest ornament."

"You are right welcome, Sir," returned Agrippa; "but I fear that your troubled curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one who, instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honor, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study; in endeavoring to unravel the secrets of Nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences."

"Talkest thou of long years!" echoed the Stranger, and melancholy smile played over his features; "thou who hast scarcely seen fourscore since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to-day, the still and solemn tombs; I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious! But to night I thought it is better to slumber among those tombs than to be like him. To-night he sank behind the hills, apparently to repose, but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried, but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him! and the night and morning dews are the tears that he sheds over his tyrannous destiny."

Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature, and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the Stranger described, but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from any thing which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder.—His guest however, speedily resumed the discourse.

"But I trouble you, I trouble you; then to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous Mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant, or the dead, on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their

sight; the grave has closed over all I loved;—and Time has carried down its stream every thing that once contributed to my enjoyment.—The world is a vale of tears: but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me! the fountain in my heart, too, is dried up.—I would once again look upon the face which I loved; I would see that eye more bright, and that step more stately, than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved, and all I lost.—Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me; except the the grave! except the grave! except the grave!"

The passionate pleading of the Stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa, who was not used to exhibit his miracles of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it; although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honors to do so, that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visitor.

"Whom wouldst thou see?" he inquired.

"My child' my own sweet Miriam!" answered the Stranger.

Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the Stranger thought he heard a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct that he hardly knew whether it existed anywhere except in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated, but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the Stranger perceived a large Mirror, which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze, or cloud, seemed to be rapidly passing.

"Died she in wedlock's holy bands" inquired Cornelius.

"She was a virgin, spotless as the snow."

"How many years have passed away since the grave closed over her?"

A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently, "Many, many! more than I have now time to number."

"Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know; for every ten years that have elapsed since her death, once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in yon mirror."

"Wave on, then," said the Stranger, and groaned bitterly, "wave on; and take heed that thou be not weary."

Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy, on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue.—Turning again to the stranger, he exclaimed, "Who, and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years: still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist as thou hast described to me?"

"Wave on, wave on!" was the stern and only reply which his interrogatory extracted from the Stranger.

The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visitor. As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the Stranger, exclaiming, "Wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a

period of nearly fifteen hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the Stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose, and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented.

An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him: in the distance arose lofty mountains crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the centre, and in the foreground were seen camels grazing; a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst; and a lofty palm-tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noontide sun.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" shouted the Stranger, and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said,—

"Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter, and shouldst thou approach too near, it will entirely vanish."

Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive, that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support; while, from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation: "'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child! canst thou not speak to me? By heaven! she moves! she smiles! Oh! speak to me a single word! or only breathe, or sigh! Alas! all's silent! dull and desolate as their cold heart! Again that smile! that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand years have not been able to freeze up in my heart! Old man, it is in vain to hold me! I must, will clasp her!"

As he uttered these last words, he rushed frantically towards the mirror; the scene represented within it faded away; the cloud gathered again over its surface, and the stranger sunk senseless to the earth.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples and gazing on him with looks of fear and wonder. He immediately rose on his feet, with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, "Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness; and for the sweet but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes."

As he spoke these words, he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius, but the latter returned it, saying, "Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend.—I know not, indeed, that a christian man dare take it; but, be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art."

"Behold!" said the Stranger, pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room.

"I see," said the philosopher, "an exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross."

"But look again!" said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture.

Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before, the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger, of whom, indeed, it might be said to be a portrait. "That," said Cornelius, with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine sufferer for not walking faster; and was, therefore, condemned to walk the earth himself, until the period of that sufferer's second coming. "'Tis I! 'tis I!" exclaimed the stranger; and rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared.

Then did Cornelius Agrippa know that he had been conversing with the Wandering Jew.

From the New York Express.
JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.



To Mr ZEPHENIAH SLICK, Esq., Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, Connecticut.

DEAR PAR:-

I have just received your letter, and so I sot right down to answer it; for what you writ about my treating Captin Doolittle and using sich bad language, made me feel bad enough.—I dont know the reason on it, but when a feller's away from hum, it makes him feel awful uneasy to think he has done any thing to hurt his par or mar's feelings. Now, about that Captin Doolittle bisness, I don't think, arter all, I was much to blame. What I writ about him hurt the critter's feelings a good deal, and I didn't know of any way to make up but to treat, and so I did give him a drink of New England and a long nine or so, but I didn't drink any myself, not a single horn, and it warnt more 'an half fair for the minister to begin at you about it arter meeting last Sunday, and to tell that you hadn't brought me up in the virtue and admonition of the Lord, and to say that "you be darned and darnation," is just as bad as cussing and swearing right out, and to say that "jist as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and I wouldnt bear it nor touch to if I was you—he knows as well as can be that if I warnt bent right it wasnt no fault of yours, for I'm sarin it wouldnt a been in the natur of things to have bent me any other way than head forerd if you calculated on my wedding the onions as they ought to be. Now the truth on it is I begin to think that your ministers there in Connecticut pull the bit on the church members a leetle too tight sometimes, and instead of giving you good wholesome doctrine, right pure out of the bible, and taking the potatoes and apples and wood and chickens and turkies that the deacons and old maids send to them as part pay, they sometimes contrive to make their being ministers an excuse for poking their fingers into every body's fire as well as their own. I am afeard you wont like to hear me say so; but it does make me awful wrothy to hear that the minister threatend to turn you out of the church if you let me go on so, but you neednt be a bit concerned about that, he'd no more turn you out of the meeting than he'd strike his own granny, not as long as you own the best farm up all Weathersfield, and send him a fat turkey every thanksgiving day besides paying a pew tax and all the other taxes as you do. I dont know what he might do if you was to fail and bust up, for as soon as a man begins to git poor the ministers grow awtal particular about his morality and religion, but there's no fear of that, so jost tell him the next time he threatens to church you for what I'm doing down here in York, that you'd carve him as the parliament in England used to fix their king when he begun to grow obstropulous, and as they would that little skittish Queen of theirs if she wanted to have a way of her own—tell him you'd "stop his supplies." Dont send him a turkey next thanksgiving, and tell marm not to carry a single doughnut nor a skeign of toe yarn to the

next spinning bee that his church members make for him and I ruther guess that this will bring him to his senses. As for me tell him to go to grass and beg hay till he s as fat as Ne. buchadnezzar. I arnt one of his church members any how, and if I was I shouldn't ask him to take care of me. I know what I'm about and he neednt be scared about me. I know as well as he does that York has a ternel sight of bad people in it, and I know too that there's a good many rale down right honest hull hearted fellers here tho, and as for the women, though they are dreadfully stuck up and enamost ruin their husbands with dressing fine and given parties, there's some of them that aint to be sneezed at in a fog I can tell you. I dont want to say any thing to hurt the minister's feeling, but he nednt come his church threats over me, for it wont do no good, I'll be darned if it will.

Wal, since I writ my last letter to you, I've sent one to the Editors of the Express, to give them a little idea about my life in Weathersfield. So now I'll jist begin back and tell you what has happened since then here in York.

One morning, a little black boy cum into my office with a heap of letters, and he give me one without speaking a word, and went off again. I opened the letter, and there dropped out a square piece of white paste-board, and on it was printed, in leetle spesied letters, "Mrs. Beebe at home—Thursday evening." Wal, sez I to myself, if this don't take the rag off the bush—cousin Mary's got to gadding about so much, that she has to send round word when she is a going to stay at hum one evening. I do wonder how Mr. Beebe can stand it. I shouldn't blame him if he took to drink, or got into bad company, if his wife goes on so; for if a woman wont stay to hum nights, and keep every thing nice and snug agin her husband, comes away from his bisness, a feller must have an all-fired good heart, and good head too, if he don't go off and git into scrapes on his own hook. I sot down and histed my feet on the top of the stove, and begun to think it over, till it seemed to be my duty to go and talk to cousin Mary about the way she was a going on. I remembered what purty, smart little critter she was when she lived in Connecticut, and how kind hearted she was; and then I thought of her queer stuck up ways sisee I'd seen her here; and it was as much as I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes, for if cousin Mary had been my own sister, I couldn't a liked her better than I did when she was a gal. Wal, arter thinking it all over, I made up my mind to go and ask John if he didn't think it best for me to go and task to her, for I felt kinder loth to meddle with his bisness, if he didn't want me to; and anyhow, I didn't expect much thanks for giving her advice—for when a feller steps in between man and wife, it's like trying to part a cat and a dog, and he is lucky enough if he don't git scratched by one and worried to death by t'other; but I looked at the piece of paste-board agin, and made up my mind that something ought to be done, and if John didn't take it up, I would; for if there's any thing I du hate on arth, it's a gadding woman—and I didn't feel as if I could give cousin Mary up quite yit. Wal, I took my hat, and put my hands in my trousers pockets, and walked along kinder slow through Cherry street, till I cum to Franklin Square. I didn't seem to mind anybody, for my heart felt sort a heavy with thinking of old times. I kept a looking down on the stun walk, and felt eenamost as much alone as if I'd ben in a Connecticut Cramberry swamp, yit there was more than fifty people a walking up and down the Square. I'd got jist agin the old Walton House, that was built afore the revolutionary war, but was so busy a thinking, that I forgot to look up at the arms and figgers carved out over the door, that were put up there by a British tory family afore Gingular Washington drove them out of house and hum—when all to once somebody hit me a sclap on my shoulder that made me jump eenamost into the middle of next week. I looked up, and their was cousin Beebe a looked like all natur because he'd made me jump so.

"Hello, cousin Jonathan!" sez he, "what the deuce are you thinking about?"

"About that," says I, a forking out the piece of paste board from my trousers pocket, "a little stuck up nigger jist gave me that are."

"Wal, what of it?" says cousin John, "it's all right, I see, I suppose you'll come of course?"

"Yes," sez I, "I was jist a going down to see you about it, and if you'd jist as live I'll go

right straight up and talk to her now; I feel as if I could say enough to break her heart, if it has got ever so tough."

With that cousin Beebe bust right out a larfing "That's right," says he "you're coming on bravely, don't talk about one heart, I haven't the least doubt but you'll break a dozen—you literary chaps carry all before you in that way."

I felt kinder unsartin how to take his meaning for it seemed as if he was a poking fun at me, for wanting to give his wife some good advice, at last I spoke up, and sez I—

"If cousin Mary has got one good sound heart left to break, since she come here to York, she's a good deal better off than I took her to be."

With that John began to stare, and at last he bust out a larfing again.

"Why" sez he, "you haint no idee of getting up a flirtation with Mary, have you? by my word, cousin Slick, you are a shaking off your steady habits in a hurry. It generally takes a feller, though, some months training, in fashionable society, before he can bring himself to make love to another man's wife."

"Now," sez I, "cousin Beebe, what on arth do you mean? as true as I live I shall git wra- thy, if you keep on in this way, haint my father a deacon of the church, haint I sot under Minister Smith's preaching since I was knee high to a todd? It's an all-fired shame for you to talk to me as if I was a going to demean myself by making love, to any body, much less to another man's wife. When I do make love, sir, I can tell you what, it will be with a hull heart, and an honest one too; I'll never be afeared to look a gal in the face when I ask her to take me, or to let her look in mine for fear she'll see villain writ out in my eyes. As for your married women, they neent be a feared that any body, I don't care how indifferent he is, will make love to them, without they begin first; now, cousin Beebe, seeing as we've gone so far, jist look a here what your wife has sent me!"

With that I gave him the paper which the paste board was done up in, where cousin Mary had writ, "Mrs. Beebe hopes Mr. Slick will not fail to come."

Cousin John read it, and says he, "Wal, what harm is there in this, I'm sure it was very thoughtful of Mary, and I'm glade she did it.— You will go of course there will be a good deal of company, and they are all anxious to see you, since your letters have come out in the Express."

"What," sez I, "is Miss Beebe a going to have a party—why didn't she say so then?"

"Oh its only a swarry, she often has them," sez he.

"A what?" sez I.

"A swarry—a conversationanny," sez he. I couldn't think what he meant, but I remembered that jist afore Mary was married she used to have hysteric fits, now and then, and I thought they give them things some other name down here in York.

"Dear me," sez I, "I'm sorry, but if I can do any good I'll come up, I spose you'll have a doctor."

"Oh yes," says he, "there will be two or three besides lots of lawyers, and poets, and editors."

"You don't say so," sez I, "why what will you do with them all?"

"Oh Mary will take care of them," sez he, "she does those things very well, indeed, considering she was brought up in the country."

"But I thought you wanted us to take care of her," sez I.

Why, of course, you will all make yourselves as agreeable as you can; there will be lots of handsome women there, and I haint the least doubt but that we shall have a very pleaaant party."

"A party!" sez I, "is Miss Beebe a going to have a party?"

"Certainly," sez he, a looking little puzzled; "didn't you understand that by the card and the note?"

I felt my heart rise up in mouth, and I could have begun to dance on the stun walk: I do believe nothing on arth makes a feller feel so happy as to find out that somebody he can't help but like, but has been a thinking hard things about, don't deserve them. Cousin John kept a looking at me, and I begun to feel most awful streaked, for it seemed to me as if he suspected all that I'd been a thinking agin his wife. Arter a minit, I up and took my hand out of my pocket, and I took right hold of hissen, and sez I—

"Cousin John, I've been making a darned fool of myself; I didn't know what this ere piece of pasteboard meant, and I—"

"Never mind, Cousin Jonathan," sez he, all of a sudden shaking my hand, "you know what it means now—so come up on Thursday. Now I think of it, you had better git a new suit of clothes; that blue coat and those shiny brass buttons did very well for Weathersfield; but here something a little more stylish will be better—supposing you go over to the Broadway tailors, and let them fit you out."

"Not as you know on," sez I, a taking hold of the edge of my coat and a dusting off the buttons with my red silk pocket hankacher. "The picter that they printed of me in the Express newspaper was taken in these clothes; and if you'd jist as lives, I'll keep em on."

Cousin John want to be put off so, and at last he cum his soft sodder over me, till I agreed to git another suit of clothes, New-York cut, for parties and meetings. So we shook hands, and he turned and went back to his store agin, for he was a coming up to my office; and I jist turned into a narrier street, and took a short cut across to the Express Office. The Editors gave me some money, for they aint no ways mean about paying me for what I write for their paper; and they put on the soft sodder purty strong about my letters. They said that every body was a reading them, and a trying to find out something about me, and that lots of young ladies had seen my picture, and were a dying to git acquainted with me. I warnt much surprised at it. Arter writing that piece of poetry, I was sartin that all the gals would be a talking about me. Nothing takes with them like poetry. I had my eye teeth cut when I wrote that I can tell you. I couldn't help but feel tickled to hear them praising me so; but somehow one gits used to being puffed up, and arter a little while a feller don't seem to care so much about it. Wal, I pocketed the cash and went to the tailors' store; it was a plaguy handsome place, and there were two or three spruce looking chaps standing about: but they looked at me kinder slanting, as if they thought I didn't want to buy anything; and I could see one on em looking arnestly at my coat, as if he didn't like the fit on't. I declare I begun to git ashamed of the old blue, when I cum to see the handsome coats and vests and trousers hanging around.

"Have you got any first rate superfine broad-cloth coats and trousers to sell here?" sez I, a chinking the loose change in my trousers pocket a leetle, jist to show them that I was as good as the city banks, and held out specie payments yit.

"Yes," says one of the clerks, a bowing. "What color do you wish to look at?"

"Wal," sez I, "I ruther think I'll take that color that looks so much like burnt coffee, or else a rale indigo blue, I aint particular, only I want it in the tip of the fashion—a rale handsome fit, and all that, for I'm a going to a swarry and a conversationanny, and I want to shine like a new pin."

While I was a talking, a knowing sort of a feller cum out of the back room, and when he see me a looking at a coat that I seemed to take a notion to, he cum up and begun to talk about it,—he pinte out the silk lining and the way it was stuffed and quilted under the arms, and would have me try it on. So I stripped off the old coat and put the new one on. I can tell you it sot as slick as grease; there warnt a wrinkle or a pucker in it, from the top of the velvet collar to the eend of the flap. I looked as trim and as genteel as could be in it—it seemed to me that I warnt bigger round than a quart cup when it was buttoned up tight.

Sez the gentleman, sez he, "that's a capital fit, sir; you won't do better than to take it."

"Wal," sez I, "I don't know as I shall; I kinder seem to like myself in it—how much do you ask, hey?"

"Why," sez he, "that's a first rate coat, superfine cloth and first rate trimmings; but the times are hard, and I'll let you have it low for cash;" and then he sot his price; "but," sez he, "you musn't tell how cheap you got it, for I couldn't sell any more at that price."

"Wal," sez I, "I ruther guess I'll take it; now let us look at some of your vests and trousers. I shall have to beat you down a leetle on them, for I'm raly afraid my money won't hold out."

"Not much fear of that," sez he, and he opened a drawer and took out an all-fired heap of trousers. Arter I'd tumbled 'em over a while, I

picked out a pair of rale handsome checkered ones, and then I bought a black vest with yaller stripes all over it, and between us I ruther guess it made a considerable hole in the money that I got from the Editors of the Express, to pay for 'em all. The man had done 'em up, and I was jist a going to take them hum under my arm, but sez he,—

* "Where will you have them sent sir?"

"Wal," sez I, arter thinking a minit, "you may direct them to Mr. Jonathan Slick, and send them round to the Express office, if you've no objection."

I wish you could a seen the feller! he looked all struck up in a heap when I said this, and the clerks looked at each other, and cum toward us as if they had never seen any body that wrote for newspapers afore.

"Mr. Slick," says the head man making a bow eanamost to the ground, "I'm much obliged for your custom, and I hope you'll cum agin, and if you find the clothes suit you perhaps you'll send any of your friends to our establishment who happen to want anything in our line. We shall always be happy and proud to serve Mr. Slick or any of his friends."

Here he made another bow, and I stepped back, and bent for'erd too, jist to let them see that his soft sodder warnt put on at all course; and sez I, "Wal, I'll try the clothes, and if they turn out first rate, maybe I'll mention where I got them in one of my letters. There is a good many chaps jist a going to be married about Weathersfield, and it wont do them no harm to know where to come for the wedding clothes."

With that the tailor bowed agin, and sez he, "Mr. Slick, where shall I have the honor of sending you one of my first-rate vests, or a pair of handsome panterloons? I'll take your measure, and have them made on purpose for you."

"Wal, now, I don't know as I can afford to buy any more jist yet," sez I; but when these are wore out, I think as likely as not I shall come agin."

"O," sez he, a rubbing his hands a little, and a smiling and bowing agin, "let us take your measure, and we shan't quarrel about the pay, we shall be most proud to supply you with a good article; and if you will accept of them, the honor—" "Oh," sez I, a bowing, "you are verry obliging, I'm sure, Mr. —"

"Where shall we send them when they are done?" sez he. "Direct them as you did the others, to Mr. Jonathan Slick, to the care of the Editors of the Express. And look a here, Mr. —, I wish you'd try and make the trousers so they will stay down, and not keep hitching up to the top of my boots, if you can." "Depend on it they will please you," sez he, a following me to the door, "Good morning, Mr. Slick, I'm verry much obliged to you for calling;" and with that he made another bow, and I give him one back agin, and made tracks for Cherry street as tickled as could be.

Wal, when Thursday cum, I begun to feel mighty anxious about the party; I had all the clothes sent down to my office, besides a prime hat, which I got at Keeler and Pine's store, in Wall street, and a pair of real dandy boots, that sot to my foot like wax. As soon as it was dark I shut myself up and began to fix. I declare I never did see any thing fit as them checkered thousers did; they sot to my legs like the tin moles to a pair o' taller candles in freezing time, and I felt as if I'd been corked up in a junk bottle, foot foremost. Arter I got them on, and all buttoned up tight, I begun to think that I should have to go to the party in the blue mixed socks that marm knit for me, the last thing afore I cum away from hum; for my feet had got hung in a slip of leather, that was sowed across the bottom of the trouser legs, and how to get 'em out, so as to put on my boots, I couldn't tell. I pulled and kicked till I eenamost pulled off my gallowe buttons, but they wouldn't give a morsel, and at last I jest took hold on the leathers, and I gave them an all-fired jirk till they slipped over my heel, and arter that I made out to roll up the trouser legs till I could pull my boots on. When I pulled them down agin the leather stuck out from the heel of my boot behind, as if I had got spurs on; I didn't exactly like the feel of it, but "Who cares," sez I to myself, "a feller may as well be out of the world as out of fashion, especially down here in York."

As soon as I'd got my trousers purty well braced up, I put on the vest, and it sot like a button for there war holes behind and strings

that laced up like a girls corsets, and I girted up pretty tight I can tell you. I swan—but the yaller sprigs did glieten, and arter I'd put on the new stock that I bought along with the clothes, I ruther guess I cut a dash. It was all bowed off and curled over, with red and yaller sprigs, and it made my neck look as, slim and shiny as our old red rooster's used to when he stretched his head out in the sun to see how many old hens and spring pullets he'd got about him.

I swany if I hadn't been in such a hurry to git on my new things that I forgot to wash my hands, and face till jist as I was a putting on my coat, I looked in the little looking glass that I've got hung up in my office, and my hair was standing out every which way, and some how my teeth looked as yeller as if I'd been chawing tobacco a hull week. What to do I couldn't tell, but I picked up the Express, and looked into the advertisements, to see if I could find out any thing to make my grinders white—there warnt nothing there; but I happened to think that I'd seen Doc. Sherman's tooth paste puffed up in some of the papers; and though I don't mean to patronize anybody that dont advertise in our paper, I thought, seeing as I was in a hurry, maybe it would be as well to go out and get some of it. I slipped on my old coat, and down I went into Nassau street, eenermost to the corner of Fulton street, and I bought a little chany box full of red stuff, about as thick as hasty pudding, and as sweet as honey, and back I went agin to the office like a strick of lightning. I didn't know how to use the stuff, but thinks, sez I, they must rub it on to their teeth somehow, so I spread some on the corner of my towel, and begun to polish away like all natur. It warnt two minits afore my teeth was as white as a nigger's; so I jist washed them in my little hand basin, and again went at my hair, tooth and nail.

How on arth these York chaps make their hair curl so I can't guess—I tried to coax mine to twist up a little on each side of my face, but it warnt of no use, I combed it out with a fine tooth comb, and I put some hogs lard scented with some of the essence of peppermint that marm give me to use if I should git a pain down here, and I twisted it round my fingers, but it wouldn't stay curld a minit, so at last I give it up for a bad job, and put on my new coat as mad as could be.

I rather guess you couldn't have found a better looking chap of my size any where about, than I was, when I put on my yaller gloves, and fixed my new red silk hankerchief in my coat pocket, so as to let one eend hang out a leetle, arter I'd put a few of the peppermint drops on it,—and the way I pulled foot up Pearl street and toward Broadway, wasn't slow I can tell you. It takes a feller forever to fix here in York,—I'd ruther slick up for twenty quiltings and apple bees, than for one swarry I can tell you. I was eenamost scared to death for fear I should be too late, for it was eenamost dark afore I left the office, so I didn't let the grass grow under my feet on the way to cousin Beebe's you may be sartin.

When I got to cousin Beebe's door, I pulled the silver knob kinder softly, for I felt a sort of palpitation of the heart at going into a room chock full of quality; and I jist pulled up my dickey a little, and felt to see if my handkercher hung out of my pocket about right, afore the nigger opened the door. At last he made out to come, and when I asked if all the folks was at hum, he begun to show his chalkes jist as he did afore, and sez he, "yes, but they haint come down yit."

With that I pitched in, and sez I, "Look a here, Cuffy, none of your grinning at me, but jist mind your own bisness. Iv'e come to see the swarry that Mr. Beebe's ben a buying to treat his company with, so jist shut your darned liver lips, and show it to me."

"Oh," sez he, a trying to choke in, "the swarry is a going to be in the drawing room there, walk in."

"What, haint it come yit," sez I, "and where is all the folks?—I thought he was a going to have a party, too."

"Wal, so he is," sez the nigger, "but they haint begun to come yit."

"Wal, now," sez I to myself, "if this don't beat all creation. Now, in Connecticut it would a ben eenamost time to go hum agin; these Yorkers do beat all for laziness,"—and with that I went into the room. By the living hokey, I never see any thing like it! The room was e-

nough to dazzle one's eyes; the two doors were slid back into the partition, and it seemed like a great ball-room; and, besides that, there were two great winders at the further end, that opened into a place that looked like a garden. I didn't know what to make of it, for it was chuck full of posies that looked as bright and as green as if it was the fourth of July, and yit it was freezing like every thing out of doors. I went down the room and stuck my head through the winder, and as true as I live it was a little room all full of bushes and roses set up on benches; it had a glass ruff, and the sides were one all-fired great winder with little vines a hanging down over it, and a great tree chuck full of something that looked like oranges, a standin' up agin it. There were five or six cages full of little yaller birds a hanging among the bushes, and right back of the tree stuck over with oranges, stood a marble woman a holding up a bunch of grapes cut out of marble, with a lot of green leaves twisted round it as nat'ral as could be. It was awful handsome, but I swan if it didn't make me feel streaked to look at her a standing there among the bushes, for she hadn't the least rag of kivering on, and it raly was enough to make a feller blush to see her a holding the grapes over her head, as if she wanted to make people look at her. Thinks, sez I, is this the swarry that Cousin Beebe has bought to show his company. I think he'd better have bought a calico frock or something of that sort to kiver over it. I couldn't bear to look at it, and so I jist turned about and stood still by the winder with my eyes wide open, for at the tother end of the room was another garden with a naked swarry and bushes in it, as much like the one I'd been looking in as could be. I went toward it, but stopped short, and burst out a larfing all by myself, for it was nothing but the same garden a shining in the great big looking glass that I wrote to you about that hung right up afore me. After I'd stole another sly look at the orange tree and the swarry, I jist stuck my hands in my pockets as well as I could, considering they were so tight, and sticking out one foot leaned back agin the winder frame and looked round the room. A hot sweltering sun in dog days could not have been brighter than every thing was. There were two great things hung by chains from the middle of both rooms, with hundreds and hundreds of chunks of glass a hanging all over them; and they were stuck full of candles as white as curd, all a burning and blazing, till they looked like a heap of ice and snow hung up to melt in a fire; and both the mantle shelves were covered over with them things that I told you about that looked so much like gold; some on em were lamps and some had great white candles stuck into them; and there were lots on lots of flowers set in among them that smelt as sweet as new hay, and such a shining and glistening I never did see. The best on it all was, that the whapping looking glasses on both ends of the rooms made them seem twice as long, and as if they had twice as many things in them than they raly had. There were two round tables made out of some kind of cloudy stun, about as large as marms cherry wood tea table, a standin' at both ends of the rooms, all covered over with little picters and all sorts of playthings; besides heaps of books with morocco backs, and sprigged off with gold, all lying among them every which way, as if somebody had been in a hurry, and had pitched them on the table without staying to pile them up. Besides all that they had brought in a whole heap more of them footstools that I told you about, and they had put square kind of black pillows all toiled off and covered over with flowers, at the ends of the two settees, besides a good many other things that I haint time to write about. "Wal," sez I to myself, "if Cousin Beebe don't take the shine off these New Yorkers in his party I loose my guess; but I wonder where on arth he contrives to raise money to do it with these hard times, for all this must have cost him a few I'm sartin'."

Jist as I was thinking this, the cuffy came into the room, and sez I—

"Look a here snow ball, when is the party a coming. I've seen the swarry all I want to, and I'm eena-most tired of standing here and doing nothing."

"Wal," sez he, "I s'pose they'll be here in an hour or two—it aint mor'n eight o'clock yit."

"I ruther guess I shan't stay here all alone any longer," sez I, and with that I buttoned up my coat and jist took a walk into the Apollo gallery to see the picters till it was time for the

party to cum. I haint time to say anything about the heap of handsome picters that I saw, and besides I mean to write you all about them some day afore long, for they are curious I can tell you. I felt so much pleased with looking at 'em, that it was long arter nine afore I tho't of it. So I jist started off agin for Cousin Beebe's. When I went in this time the rooms were brim' full of people, and I was eena-most scared to death. I unbuttoned my coat and pulled up my dickey a leetle, besides giving my hair a brush—and then I went in with my head straight up, and my new silk hat in my hand, jist as I used to go in the singers' eat, there in Weathersfield. Thinks sez I, I'll jist let 'em know that I haint been to dancing school for nothing. So I held my hat a leetle afore me by the rim, and I made a genteel bow, first to one side and then to tother; arter that I went and sot down on one of the settees, and I looked round for Cousin Mary, for I felt kinder awkward; and I hadn't the least idee that she wouldn't have cum up as she used to in Weathersfield and put out her hand and ask me if she should take my hat. But there I sot with it between my hands, a fingering it over as if it had been a hot potatoe, and she never cum near me. I felt dreadfully, for there was a lot of handsome gals a staring at me, and a puckering of their purty leetle mouths, as if they would a gin the world to larf right out. Arter a min. it Cousin John cum up to me, and sez he, "Cousin Slick, I'm glad you've cum, step in the next room and take a glass of wine with me. Mrs. Beebe is so crowded you wont git near her jist yit."

I got up and we went in the entry way to gether, and then sez Cousin Beebe to the nigger, sez he, "Here, Ben, take Mr. Slick's hat."

The nigger took my hat and carried it off up stairs, and, arter a few minits, Cousin John went back into the room where the company was, without saying another word about the wine.

"You had better go up and speak to Mary, now," sez he, kinder low; "there she stands by Count ———." I didn't hear the name, but it was some darned crabbed word, that was enough to choke a feller: I hadn't looked round much when I cum in afore, for somehow my head didn't feel steady, but arter Cousin John cum and spoke to me, I didn't seem to mind it, so I jist looked round as bold as could be. I declare I never did see any body dressed out as Cousin Mary was; she had on a frock of shining satin, with great pink sprigs all over it, and there was a great wide ruffle round the bottom, made out of something that looked as white and thin as a gal's veil the day arter she's married; and that was hitched up on one side half way to her waist, with a pink rose, made out of ribond with long eends, that fell down eena-most to the floor. A heap of some kind of shiney thin stuff was ruffled round her bosom, and hung down round her arms, for her frock sleeves were short, and made like a little gal's; and she had on a pair of white gloves, with tops to 'em, that cum eena-most to her elbows. One on 'em was fastened round her wrist with a wide piece of gold, and tother she let slip down so as to show her arm, which was plaguey white, or else I suppose she would not have let folks see it. Mary always had a tarnal purty little foot, but I never see it look so small as it did in that glistening white shoe of hers, and to own the rale downright truth, she didn't seem to be much ashamed to show it, but kept it stuck out from under her ruffler, as independent as could be, as if she'd made up her mind to be ready to make a curehy any minit. There was one thing that kinder puzzled me a good deal; Mary's skin was never over white, but somehow it looked like wax work, that night, and you never see a meadow pink look brighter than her cheeks did; but instead of coming into her face and going away agin, as every man loves to see the color in a gal's face when she's a talking, and knows that he's a looking at her, Mary's always kept jist so; it didn't seem as if an earthquake would make her turn pale. The hair hung in long curls down her cheeks and on her shoulders, jist as it did the other day, and she had a great white rose stuck in among the curls, on one side of her head, that looked as if it hadn't but jist been plucked off the bushes. I looked at her purty earnestly, I can tell you, and I do think she would have been a critter that John might be proud of, if it warn't for that stuck up way which she's got since she cum down here to York. She don't do nothing on arth nat'ral,

and as she did when she was a gal in Connecticut. Instead of standing up straight, and speaking to her company as if she was glad to see them, she stood with one foot stuck out and her hands jist crossed afore, and kinder stooping fored, as if she couldn't but jist stand alone; I never see a critter's back stick up as hers did; I raly thought she was a getting the rickets, and I felt so anxious about it that I tursed to Cousin Beebe, afore I went up to speak to her, and sez I, a sort of low—

"Cousin John, how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awful to see what a great hump she's got a growing since she cum away from Connecticut!"

With that Cousin John looked at her and larfed a little, but I could see he didn't feel jist right, and arter a minit he said sez he, "Hush Cousin, you must not speak so loud; it's true Mary has put on rather too much bustle, but it's the fashion you see." I looked round, and as true as you live there warn't a gal in the room that hadn't her back a striking out jist the same way. Such a set of humpbacked critters I never did put my eyes on, and yet they all stood about a smiling and a talking to the fellers as if nothing ailed them, poor things! I never see a set of folks dressed so and so awfully stuck up as they were. Some of the gals had feathers in their hair, and some had flowers or gold chains twisted among their curls, and I didn't see one there that wasn't dressed up in her silks and satins as crank as could be. As for the men I thought I should have haw hawed right out a larfin' to see some of 'em; there was one chap that stood a talking to Miss Beebe with his hair parted down from the top of his head down each side of his face, and it hung down behind all over his coat collar like a young gal's jist before she begins to wear a comb, and there was two bunches of hair stuck out on his upper lip jist under his nose like a cat's whiskers when she begins to git her back up. Every time he spoke the hair kinder riz up and moved about till it was enough to make a feller crawl all over too look at him. Thinks, sez I, if it wouldn't be fun to see that varmint try to eat. If he didn't git his victuals tangled up in that bunch of hair, he must know how to aim Alfred straight with his knife and fork. When I come to look round there were more than a dozen chaps, rale dandy looking fellers, with their lips bristled out in the same way. Thinks, sez I, there are some men that would be hogs if they only had bristles as we say in Connecticut, but these chaps needn't keep out of the gutters for want of them, they are ready for sarv'ce any time.— There were two or three ruther good looking chaps that didn't let the hair grow on their upper lips, but it come up in a pint like a letter A from the tip of their chins eena-most to their mouths. These fellers had great hairy whiskers that made them look as if they had run all to head like a seed onion. I swanny I never did see such a set of infarnal looking coots in all my life,—a tribe of ribbed nosed baboons would have looked ten times as much like men; and yet they didn't seem the least bit ashamed of themselves, but strutted round among the gals as large as life, showing off with their white gloves on and white cambric handkachers, that I s'pose they borrowed from their sisters, stuck into their pockets.

I wouldn't go up and speak to Miss Beebe till that ninnihammer with the bristles went away from her, for I was a-fared that I couldn't hold in, but should haw haw right out in his face, if I got to looking at him too stiddy. I raly didn't know which looked the worst, men running about among decent people with dirty brussets under their noses, or women a trying to make themselves look humpbacked so as to be in the fashion.

At last the chap with bristles went off with a young gal into the room where the bushes were, to look at the swarry I s'pose, and so then I went up to Miss Beebe and I made a bow, and sez I—

"It's a pleasant evening, Miss Beebe."

"Yes," sez she, "it is very pleasant."

I didn't seem to stand easy, so I put tother foot fored, and wiped my nose a little with my red handkacher.

"Any news a stirin'?" sez I.

"Nothing in particular that I know on," sez she.

I changed feet again.

"I ruther thought it would rain, but I guess it wont now," sez I.

"No, I ruther think not," sez she.

We stood stock still a minit, and then I put my handkercher in my coat pocket again, and, sez I—

"Now I swanny Miss Beebe, you've got a grist of handsome gals here to-night. I'll be darned if I aint eenamost in love with some on 'em."

"I'm sure you ought to be," sez she, a puckering up her mouth, "you don't know how much they have been talking about you, I declare you have got to be quite a lion since you took to writing, cousin Slick."

"A what?" sez I.

"A literary lion," sez she, with one of her old Weathersfield smiles.

"Wal," sez I, "that's a queer name, but I don't care what they call me, if they dont call me late to dinner."

Jist at that minit a tall, handsome young feller cum up to us, and Miss Beebe turned to him and spoke softly, jist as if she might have been a dying off, and asked him if he wouldn't sing.

With that he puckered up his mouth and said he couldn't, cause he'd got such a cold, but anybody that had his eye teeth cut might have seen that he only wanted her to coax him. A lot of young gals crowded round and begun to put the soft sodder over him. "Oh do—now pray do," sez one, and the rest on 'em took it up till the poor feller, he didn't know which eend his head was on. So he sot down and flung back his head with his eyes half shut, and he begun to sing. I swanny it eenamost made the tears cum into my eyes to hear him, it was rale genuine music; but the very minit he begun the young gals that had been a teasing him so to sing, went on a talking and larking, as if he hadn't done jist what they wanted. I raly felt sorry for the feller; but he didn't seem to mind it much, but sung away as if everybody were a listening.

Jist then, cousin Beebe called out my name from tother side the room. I wish you could a seea how they all stared; it warn't more than ten minits arter that afore eenamost every one in the room was at cousin Beebe to be introduced to me—the fellers with their brusles and all. The purtyest gals in the room kept a flook-ing round me as if they'd never seen a man that wrote for newspapers afore. Talk about soft sodder—there's nobody on arth can put it into a chap so smoth as a handsome gal. Somebow they melt it with their smiles, till it sinks into his heart afore he knows it. I was talking with a rale peeler of a gal, with two of the brightest black eyes that I ever see, when somebody struck up a tune on the pianner forty, and two or three couple got into the floor as if they wanted to dance.

"Do you dance quadrills, Mr. Slick?" sez the black eyed gal, as if she wanted me to ask her to dance.

"Wal, I don't know," sez I "I never tried them kind of things, but I ruther guess I can, if you'll show me how."

With that, I took the tip eend of her white glove between the fingers of my yaller one, and went with her into the middle of the room. I didn't know what they were a going to dance, but I warn't much afear'd, anyhow—for there warn't a chap in all Weathersfield could beat me at a double shuffle, or could cut so neat a pigeon wing without music, as I could.

Wal, the music begun, and one of the fellers that had the hair on his lip, began to slide about with his eyes half shet and his hands a hanging down, and looking as doleful as if he'd jist come away from a funeral. Did you ever see a duck swim a mill-dam, or a hen turning its eyes up when its a drinking? If you have, you can git some idee how the lazy coot danced.—I thought I should go off the handle to see him, but the gals all stuck out their little feet, and poked about jist in the same way. Thinks, sez I, when it comes my turn, I'll give a specimen of genuine dancing. I only wish I'd tho't to put a little loose change in my pocket to jiggle a little, jist to snow how well I keep step.

A young lady with her hair twisted all up with little white flowers balanced up to me jist as you've seen a bird walk, and then it come my turn. I took two steps forerd and then I cut a peeler of a pigeon wing, and ended off with a little touch of the double shuffle, but my trousers were so plaguy tight that I couldn't make my legs rale limber all I could do, besides the music warn't much more like a dancing tune than Greenbank or Old Hundred. At last I went up to the gal that was playing, and sez I,

"Look a here—jist give us something lively—Yankee Doodle, or Marroy Miss, or the Irish Washerwoman, or Paddy Carey. I aint a going to twist and pucker round in this way!"—With that the young fellers with the hair lips begun to push their cambric handkerchers into their mouths, and the young gals puckered up their mouths as if I'd done something to poke fun at, but instead of sneaking off and letting the stuck up varmint think they'd scared me so that I darsent dance, I felt my dander a getting up, and sez I to myself, "I guess I'll let 'em see that I warn't brought up in the woods to be scared at owls any how, so I jist turned to the balck eyed gal that was my partner, and sez I, "come now Miss, let us show 'em how its done," and with that I begun to put it down right and left like a streak of lightning. It warn't more than two minits afore I heard the gals a talking to each other, and a saying, "How odd—how strange—quite the eccentricity of genius—these literary lions never do any thing as other people do!—I don't wonder Miss Beebe's proud on him." The young fellers joined in and stopped larking as quick as could be, the minit they begun to see how the wind was a blowing up in my quarter, and when I finished off and led the black eyed gal to one of the foot-stools, there was no eend to the soft sodder they all put on to me. Sez I to myself, nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip with these stuck up fashionables, for arter all they aint more than half sartin what's genteel and what aint.

Jist then the music begun again, and one of them tall hairy lipped fellers got up with a pretty little gal that didn't look more than eighteen years old, and he puts his white gloves on a little tighter, and then I'll be darned if he didn't begin to hug her right before all on us—he put one arm round her waist jist above the bump on her back, and he took one of her hands in hisen, and then she looked up into his eyes and he looked down into hers as loving as two pussy cats, and then they begun to make cheeses on the carpet till you couldn't have told which was which. I never felt my blood bile so in all my life; it raly didn't seem decent, and if she had been a relation of mine, I'll be darned to darnation if I would not have knocked that indecent varmint into a cocked hat in less than no time. I'd a made him glad to eat himself up, hair and all, nasty as it looked, to have got out of my way. Oh but I was wrathy with the coot for a minit; and then sez I to myself, "I don't know as the chap's so much to blame, arter all, its the gals own fault, if she likes to be hugged and whirled round so afore the folks, the feller must be an all-fired fool not to like it so much as she does, but, thinks I, if the gal means to git married, her head will be all dough agin, arter this, for no decent honest man would want to marry a gal arter he'd seen her tousled about afore fifty people, by such a shote as that chap is."

As soon as the two critters sot down the fellers and the gals all locked arms and begun to stream out of the room. I thought I might as well see where they were a going so I jist crooked my arm and the black eyed gal put hers through it and out we went into the entry way to a room further back, where all the company was a standing about round a table sot with every thing good on arth that a feller ever thought of eating. I thought the table, when I eat dinner at cousin John's, took the shine off from every thing that I'd ever seen afore in my life, but it warn't a circumstance so this. There was no eend to the silver dishes and baskets all sot out with flowers, and a running over with bunches of white grapes and oranges, and every thing else good that ever a feller thought on, and there were more than half a dozen little staples a I made out of red and white sugar candy, all hung over with flowers and curled up about with little sugar images, and sich lots of cake and preserves and jelly, and thigs that I'd never seen afore in my life. Every thing glittered and shone so it fairly took away my appetite. There was another little table covered over with decanters and with a lot of them cider bottles that I've told you about standing on it, but I kept party clear of that I can tell you. Cousin Beebe come to me with one of 'em in his hand, and sez he, sort of larking,

"Come cousin Slick, take a glass"

Says I "No if you'd jist as lives I'd a little rather not, your York Cider dont agree with me."

"Oh," sez he, "its only sham pain, try a little."

"I'm jist as much obleged to you, but I'd a

little ruther not, it warn't sham pain that I had in my head the day arter I drunk it before, I can tell you."

"With that cousin Beebe larked, and sez he "you must be gallant, and help Miss Miles, she hasn't got no refreshments yet." I looked toward the black eyed gal, and sure enough, there she stood as mute as could be a looking on, while all the rest was a eating. I went up to her agin, and I made her a bow and sez I,

"Miss Miles what will you take? arter you is manners for me, and I begin to feel a little as if I should like a bite."

I could see that tarnal purty month of hern, begin to tremble as if it wanted to say something funny, but she looked in my face and sez she,

"I'll take a little blue monge if you please."

I didn't know what she could mean, but there was some stuff in some little blue glasses, that looked as much like soap suds as any thing else, and I took one on em out of the silver thing that it stood in, and I jist stirred it up a little with the spoon, afore I gave it to her. I don't know what on arth become of the blue monge, but I hadn't more than touched it, when off it went, and left the glass eenajist empty. Miss Miles larked a little, and, sez she, "thank you, the sylabuh will do jist as well. A few grapes, and a trifle of that jelly if you please."

"But," sez I, a holding the glass, and a looking down on the carpet and over my new trousers, "where on arth can that monge have gone to! I hope there aint none of it got on to your silk frock, Miss Miles."

"Oh, no," sez she, "don't mind it, the grapes will do jist as well."

I took up a plate and I gave her a great whopping bunch from off one of the dishes, and then I made another bow, and sez I—

"Any thing else, Miss Miles, I'd do anything to oblige you."

She twisted up that plump little mouth of hern in one of the handsomest smiles I ever see, and, sez, she, "I'll take that rosebud that dropped from the grape basket when you took these out."

I swan, but she looked plaguy handsome, I couldn't but jist keep from staring right in her face all the time. I felt my heart floundering about, like a pullet with his neck twisted, when she said this, and I took up the rose bud between the fingers of my yellar gloves, and I stepped back and made as genteel a bow as I could, considering I hadn't room to square my elbows, and, sez I—

"I hope you'll keep that are to remember me by."

She gave me another of them tarnation bright smiles, and she stuck the rose in her bosom, and sez she, kinder larking a little—

"What shall I give you, Mr. Slick? This myrtle sprig, it'll keep green longer than your rose."

"No thank you," sez I, a looking at her as killing as could be, "I'll take it; but I don't want any thing to make me remember you."

I kinder expected that she'd have blushed a little when I said that; but somehow these city gals don't color up very easy. She smiled agin, and sez she—

"Well, Mr. Slick, you must call and see how well your rose keeps with me. Mrs. Beebe will come with you any time."

Sez I, "but I aint sartin as you'll be glad to see me, you must have a great many beaux, and I may be in the way." She was a going to answer me, but jist then that eternal varmint with the hair come up with a plate in his hand, and sez he—"Let me help you to a jelly, Miss Miles."

I could have knocked the critter into the middle of next week, I was so tarnal mad; but there he stood a bowing and a smiling, through his hair lip like an eternal monkey that had got the stomach ache, and I couldn't get a word in edge ways. I couldn't eat a morsel, but I took up one of the cider bottles without a thinking what I was doing, and I drunk two glasses right off, and arter that I felt a little better; but I'll be darned if it didn't make me grit my teeth to see that stuck up coot work his arm as if he wanted to go into tother room with Miss Miles. She looked round as if to see where I was, and then I went right straight up, and, sez I to him—"Arter me is manners for you." With that I took her little hand in my yaller glove, and I put it into my arm as genteel as could be, and walked straight into tother room with her. She sat down on one of the settees, and I jist

pulled one of the footstools close up to her, and there we both sat as sociable as could be till the folks all came back agin. Arter that I had to git up and give a pale-looking gal my seat;—but I kept a standing up by the eend of the settee, till Cousin Beebe came up to me, and, sez he—"Cousin Slick just step this way a minit."

He went right between the silk winder curtains into the place where the bushes, and the birds, and the swarry was, and sez he—

"Cousin Jonathan did you know that the straps to your pantaloons had slipped out from under your boots?"

"You don't say so," sez I, a looking down at hisen, to see how he fixed 'em, for I didn't want him to think that I'd left 'em so on purpose;—but I felt awful streaked when I see his was buttoned under the soles of his dancing pumps.

"Here, jist lift up your foot," sez he.

I histed my foot up, and he jirked the straps down quick enough; but I swan if I didn't feel as if he'd corded me up to see how long I'd keep. I didn't wonder the chaps sidled and wriggled about so when they tried to dance, a feller couldn't take a regular strong step to save his life, girt up in a pair of these new fashion-ed trousers.

"Look a here, Cousin Beebe," sez I, jist as he was a going out, and I pintoed the naked marble woman a standing among the bushes, with the light a coming in from tother room onto her, till she looked like a handsome ghost a walking among the bushes by moonlight: "if you take a fools advice you'll buy a frook and petticoat for that purty swarry of yourn afore you have another party. How should you feel if some of them young gals was to come in here?"

John bust out a larfing, and I raly thought the critter never would stop.

"Now what are you a haw hawing about," sez I, sort a wrathy, "because I cum here with my pantaloons slipped up a leetle? I dont spose anybody but you see them."

"Oh never think about it," sez he, a biting in, but the tears kept a running down his cheeks for all that. "If they did see it, they'll set it down for the excentricity of genius, as the young ladies say. You literary chaps can do a'most anything now a days."

"I begin to think we can," sez I, for jist that minit I remembered all that ternal sweet critter, Miss Miles had been a saying to me, and I looked down to see if the sprig of myrtle was in my button-hole yit.

When we went into the room, there warnt scarce any of the party left. I stood by one of the doors till I saw Miss Miles cum down with her purty face half buried up in a silk hood,—so I jist went with her to the door, and there stood a carriage with a nigger a standing by the door,—so I jist took hold of her hand and helped her to git in, and arter that I felt so lonesome, I jist bid cousin Mary good night and made tracks for my office. I ruther think I wont tell what I dreamed about—you old steady folks do love to larf at a young chap so—and as I ruther think I shall come hum to thanks, giving, I dont mean to let you all poke too much fun at me.

Your loving Son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

The Siamese Twins have bought a farm in Wilkes Co. N. C. and are going to farming.—There are some branches in the farming line in which they cannot but excel—hoeing cura and potatoes, for instance, those who know anything about the business will easily perceive, can be done by them to great advantage. Chang can make one side of the hill while Eng is making the other; and as there will be no "changing of hands" from right to left and left to right, any one can understand that the time lost by others in that manœuvre will be gained by the Twins. —*Boston Transcript.*

Their ultimate intention, we presume, is to run for Congress; and as they are said to be of opposite politics, they will, of course, run against each other. What the result may be, cannot be exactly foreseen; little is hazarded, however, in predicting that the canvass would terminate in a tie. Both would be entitled to a seat, and in all exciting questions they could pair of together.—*Phil. Gazette.*

Two Jews were distinguished, one for his skill in boxing, and the other for his fondness for women. A gentleman being asked to what tribe they belonged, answered, "I rather think that one is an Amorite and the other is a Hitite."

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

The following anecdote was related to a writer in the Jerseyman of this week, in a farm house in Virginia, during a night spent there some six years ago:

"In December, 17—, towards the close of a dreary day, a woman with an infant child were discovered half buried in the snow, by a little Virginian, seven years old. The lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books and repaired to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes towards their youthful preserver, and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing within his tiny arms the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "My home is hard by," would he exclaim as oft as her spirit failed; and thus for three miles did he cheer onward to a happy haven the mother and child, both of whom otherwise must have perished had it not been for the humane feeling and perseverance of this noble youth.

A warm fire, and kind attention, soon relieved the sufferer, who, it appeared, was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of ———, near this place. Diligent enquiry for several days found him, and in five months after the identical house in which we are now sitting was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days, a solace to the declining years of his aged parents.

"Where are they, now?" I asked the narrator.

"Here," exclaimed the son. "I am the rescued one, there is my mother, and here imprinted on my raked arm, is the name of the noble youth, our preserver!"

I looked, and read "WINFIELD SCOTT."

Origin of the name of Niagara.—Daniel Mackenzie, Esq. an old traveller in America, gives the following etymology of Niagara. "These falls have been called Niagara, Iagara, Ochniagara, by the Indians. Some Cayuga chiefs informed me, that the true name (perhaps in their language) is Ochniagara, an old compound word, signifying a large neck of water. Having heard the superstitious reverence had been paid to this sublime object by the Indians, I was inclined to trace its etymology in some words characteristic of the Deity; and I found that Niab in a vocabulary of the Mohawks and Onondagas, signified God. It is highly probable that the remainder of the word has some allusion to the sublimity of the cataract."

Swallowing a Farm.—A farmer in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm on lease, for about thirty years past, was complaining that he had not been able to lay up any thing from his thirty years' labor. A neighboring store-keeper offered to explain to him the reason, and proceeded as follows: "During the last 30 years that you have been on the farm, I have been trading in this store; and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you hire."—*Journal of Humanity.*

When Gen. Burgoyne was once at a play, which was most indifferently performed, he called one of the actors and asked him the name of the piece. "The stage coach, sir," replied Buskin. "The next time you play it," said the General, "I must ask to be an outside passenger."

Something new.—The Connecticut folks are making cigars of the morus multicaulis leaves. We expect it will be fashionable to smoke a fat silk worm next.—*St. Louis Argus.*

Names.—An Ohio paper says there are two men living in Indiana by the name of Drybread and No Sop. They do not live very far from Mr. Starvation.—*Buckeye.*

Editing a Newspaper.—The following sensible and correct remarks are from the New York Sun. Read:

Editing a newspaper is no easy task. Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the industry and talent of its editor, by the variety and quantity of the editorial matter it contains. Nothing can be more fallacious. It is comparatively an easy task for a writer to pour out daily columns of words, upon any and all subjects; his ideas may flow freely and his command of language may enable him to string them together like a bunch of onions, and yet his paper may be a meagre, poor concern. But a judicious, well informed editor, who exercises his vocation with a full conviction and conscientiousness of the responsible duty he has to perform, will conduct his paper with the same care and assiduity that a clever lawyer bestows on a suit, or a humane physician upon a patient. Indeed, the writing part of editing a newspaper is but a small portion of the work. The industry even is not shown here. The care, the taste, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, for the fact of a good editor is shown more by his selections than in any thing else; it is half the battle. But (as we before observed) an editor ought to be estimated and his labor appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its temper, its manners, its uniform consistent course, its aims, its manliness, its courtesy, its dignity, its propriety. To preserve all these as they should be preserved, is enough fully to occupy the time and attention of any man. But if to this be added the general supervision of the office, which most editors have to do, it will appear that editing a newspaper is indeed no very easy task.

Curious Courtship and Christian Resignation.

—Deacon Marvin was a worthy Deacon in Lynn, Connecticut, and he fell in love—Deacons as well as ministers are "made of such frail stuff as all the lighter sons of vanity," and are just as liable to stub their toes, bark their shins, or fell in love, as any other men. Deacon Marvin fell in love with Betty Lee, as pretty a lass as ever stepped into Lynn's meeting house of a Sabbath day, and she was as constant here as the Deacon himself, to say nothing of the minister. When the Deacon's love had waxed so warm and uproarious that he could no longer restrain himself, he mounted his plough horse, and directed his course to Captain Lee's. Reflecting, on the way, that it would ill become the dignity of a Deacon to make love as do the world's people, he determined to conduct operations with a serious gravity befitting the occasion. He had studied his bible to good purpose, and resolved to make the patriarch Jacob his pattern. Accordingly on finding himself by the side of Miss Betsy, he lifted up his voice and kissed her, yea, he kissed her again and again, and he said, "Betsy, verily, Betsy, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee." Betsy had hitherto been little better than one of the wicked; but the Deacon's kisses had wrought wonders, and, although there was a little mischief in her eye, she answered with all the resignation and submission of a Deacon's intended, to the great joy of Deacon Marvin, "the will of the Lord be done." They were man and wife in a fortnight.

Influence of Food in Promoting Growth.—Dr. Millenger, in his Curiosities of Medical Experience, mentions a curious experiment of Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, to ascertain the influence of food in promoting extraordinary growth. He selected for his purpose an orphan child of the name of Macgrath; and, by dint of feeding, at the age of sixteen he had grown to the height of seven feet; but his organization had been so exhausted by this forced process, that he died in a state of moral and physical decay at the age of twenty.

Coming to it.—A western editor lately had the audacity to announce to his subscribers that he would not take in payment for his paper, either woodchucks, dried apples, terrier puppies, tow, birch brooms, axe handles, wool or vegetables. But his subscribers, with that sturdy independence, which such people generally possess, refused to pay him any thing else, and he now says that he is ready to take them at the market prices. A public meeting is to be called to see whether it is best to pay him at all.—*Star.*

☞ The best women in the world, says the Boston Post, mend their husband's stockings with care, and keep their children's faces clean.

From the Token for 1840.
THE SILVER BIRD'S-NEST.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Founded on the singular incident of finding the nest of a hanging-bird, in a sycamore tree, formed entirely of silver wires, plucked from a soldier's epaulette.

A standed soldier's epaulette
The waters cast ashore;
A little winged rover met,
And eyed it o'er and o'er.
The silver bright so pleased his sight,
On that lone idle vest,
She knew not why she should deny
Herself a silver nest.

The shining wire she pecked and twirled,
Then bore it to her bough,
Where on a flowery twig 'twas curled,
The bird can show you how.
But when enough of that bright stuff,
The cunning builder bore
Her house to make, she would not take,
Nor did she covet more.

And when the little artizan
With neither pride nor guilt,
Had entered in her pretty plan,
Her resting place had built;
With here and there a plum to spare,
About her own light form,
Of those, inlaid with skill she made
A lining soft and warm.

But do you think the tender brood
She fondled there and fed,
Were prouder when they understood
The sheen about their bed?
Do you suppose they ever rose
Of brighter powers possessed,
Because they knew they peeped and grew
Within a silver nest?

TRUTH STRONGER THAN FICTION.

We copy the following detail from the doings of the St. Louis police office, as reported in the Bulletin of the 8th ult. We doubt not it is true in every particular.

George Mortimer Wardwell, a genteel and intelligent young man, of about thirty years of age, was brought up this morning on a charge of being drunk in the streets, and disturbing the peace. He plead guilty to the charge, and evidently labored under the greatest emotion.—When requested to give some account of himself, he replied:

'Sir—I have now arrived at that extremity of degradation which, long ago, I became satisfied would one day or other become my position. Sir, I do not believe I was born to this. In my youth, when I first started in the world, my prospects and hopes were as bright as the sky which bent over me. I married a beautiful wife when I was twenty-eight years old, and had acquired a considerable competence. Sir, I need not tell you how I loved her! I see by your countenance that you know something of human nature, and are already satisfied that I am not a common flatter—that I have been driven to the present extremity by some extraordinary circumstances. But I will proceed with my story:

Two years after I was married to my wife—who was a young English lady of handsome expectations—and had a beautiful boy to bless me, with his innocent endearments, we received letters from England, announcing the death of my wife's father, and soliciting me to come to England immediately, for the purpose of settling up the affairs of the deceased, and receiving my portion of the estate. I immediately made preparations for my departure, and leaving my wife under the protection of an intimate friend, whose name was Henry Anson Willoughby, (cousin him!) I set sail for England. My business detained me longer than I had anticipated, and I began to feel the most intense anxiety in regard to my family. The letters which I received from my wife grew brief and unfrequent, sometimes startling me with their abruptness. Just before the final steps in regard to my wife's portion were about to be completed, I received a letter from America, written by an old friend of my father's family, warning me to hasten home, if I would preserve my future happiness and the honor of my wife! Imagine my dismay! I hurried home, leaving my business

still unsettled, and arrived in time to find my hearth desolate, my wife eloped with my friend Willoughby, and my boy—my darling boy—in the Orphan Asylum—an object of public charity!

Willoughby had represented himself as a rich planter from Alabama, and that he was sojourning at the north for the purpose of regaining his health. Placing my child under proper protection, I flew in pursuit of the destroyer of my peace, with my heart bursting with revenge.—At Montgomery, (Ala.) I learned that Willoughby had been there, in company with a lady who he called his wife—that he had been for years a notorious blackleg and swindler, and had gone to Mobile, his wife (my wife!) behind in circumstances of destitution. After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from her base paramour, she borrowed money of some of the citizens and followed him.

Mad with rage and disappointment, I pursued. At Mobile I lost all traces of the villain and his wretched victim. I proceeded to New Orleans; and, on making inquiries of the different boats, I was told by the captain of one of them engaged in running to St. Louis, that a woman answering the description I gave, had gone up the river on his boat some time since. I immediately embarked for this place, sir; and my money being nearly exhausted, I was compelled to take a passage on deck. I arrived here in a state of complete destitution; and being unable to learn any thing of my wife or the villain Willoughby, I became discouraged and disheartened. The bottle was my resort. I mingled with the vilest of the vile; and, last night was persuaded by several others to visit a house of ill-fame. I entered—and the first object that met my gaze was my wife, sitting upon the lap of a disgusting ruffian, and resigning her tender cheek, which I had not suffered 'even the winds of Heaven to visit too roughly,' to his disgusting caresses. Sir, sir, I became mad! I can tell no more, but that I rushed from the house invoking the most impious maledictions upon him who had been the cause of so much misery and anguish; and found myself this morning in the situation which you behold me. Sir, nothing which you can inflict will be a punishment to me; and you can bestow no greater favor than to take my life. I have lived too long—I am ready to die.'

He was discharged.

The Ohio State Journal has adopted the cash system. This we are glad to see, and hope it may be made a general rule with publishers in this State.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Picayune thinks that the Earl of Walgrave, who married Miss Brahman, is a very fortunate man to be in Abraham's bosom while on this earth.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
MARY A. E. WOODSON.

A star hath left our sphere—
A Pleiad gone away,
Not lost, not perished here,
But melted into day
Amid the morning stars that gem
The rising sun's bright diadem.

Say not that Mary's dead;
For while she languished on,
The angels thronged her bed—
We looked—and she was gone!
And when we knew she had become
An angel, and gone with them home.

Amid the cares of life,
Amid the smiles of love,
Amid the dying strife,
Her treasures were above;
And when the world was nought to her
She left it, and went where they were.

We wept that we should part,
As human nature will;
For she hath left the heart
A void we cannot fill;
The fireside group—the house of prayer,
Alike shall mourn her absence there,

None knew her but to praise,
None miss her but to sigh,
But few as were her days
She was fitted for the sky;
And should we keep her if we could,
From the palace of her God?

J. H. B.

Seasonable Hints.—The following extract from Colonel Macarone's "Seasonable Hints," appeared in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, dated February 8, 1838. After stating the utility of sheepskin clothing, for persons whose employment renders it necessary that they should be much out of doors, &c., he says—"I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their boots from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for the last six years (no shoes) and I think that I shall not require any others for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tallow and a half a pound of rosin into a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole nor the upper leather will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of bees' wax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a tea spoonful of lamp-black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, become rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat, that, with it in the boot, the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor."

Meanness.—Some newspapers are eternally harping on that foolish theme—"Do, good patrons, pay us our money and permit us to eat.—Dear, kind, honest, god-natured, benevolent, charitable patrons, pay your subscriptions; we cannot get along without money, we know your disposition to encourage the press; don't forget your poor slavish, beggarly printer," &c. &c.—Now, as the saying is, the world owes every man a living; to obtain it he may work, beg, pick pockets, make shipplasters, according to the direction of his taste and talents. But one of these branches of business is enough; if he choose to work, let him work, and if he prefer begging, let him beg; but it is curious indeed if a man must work and beg both. The pitiful tone of supplication used by certain papers confesses a want of worth; they appeal to the wrong principle—they address themselves to the compassion of their subscribers, when they have demands on their justice. If they ask payment for an equivalent rendered, let them speak out like men, and not whimper, whine and sue like mendicants. If they ask for money when they have no claims founded in law and justice, they are beggars, in fact, and may act accordingly. Of this we are certain, that any business which must needs be eked out with beggary is not worth following; and, if we have a correct view of the subject, hoeing potatoes, cleaning sinks, or any other kind of honest employment, is much more respectable than that "pay me for the sake of charity" system.—*Philad Ledger.*

A Yankee paper thus pathetically describes the fainting of a lady:

"Down fell the lovely maiden
Just like a slaughtered lamb;
Her hair hung round her pallid cheeks,
Like sea-weed round a dam."

"Where the dewey twilight mingles."—Dr. Dewey in his lectures at Boston, thinks steam machinery will be so perfected that instead of the hissing and crashing, we shall hereafter have dulcet notes of music as sweet as those from organ or "soft recorders."

Cellar windows may be left open frequently till the middle of winter, without danger of the cellar being filled with snow, but the air which thereby circulates in the cellar is injurious to potatoes and other roots. Jack frost sometimes enters these places before we are aware of it.—Light too, is injurious to potatoes. Therefore the windows should be closed as soon as the vegetables are put up, to exclude the air and light.

A locomotive steam engine has been arrested at Bangor, for a violation of the Municipal law which punishes smoking "in the streets or elsewhere."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

THE GOLD CUPS.

Lines written on finding some Gold Cups blooming in the fields in the snow, in the latter part of November.

The last of all the lovely ones
That through the autumn lingers,
I found thee where the north wind moans,
In Winter's icy fingers.

I grasped thee from the blasted turf,
The last of all the flowers;
A sailor from the stormy surf—
A captive from the towers.

The last of all the lovely train,
Two blossoms on one caulis;
Five petals all thy bell contains,
The bee's sweet summer aulis.

But now in winter it is strange
To see such lingering beauty;
Methinks that Winter in his range
Fulfilling his sad duty;

Subdued by thy rare loveliness,
Took pity on thy fleetness,
And left thee in this sore distress,
With all thy summer sweetness.

The last of all the lovely ones—
The last and yet the fairest;
As are the harp's last dying tones,
The tenderest and rarest.

So the bright gold cup nodding gay,
Amid the winter weather;
Thou wast not half so fair in May,
When gold cups bloom together.

Thus in Misfortune's frowning hour,
True friendship shines the brightest;
And rising in its pride and power
Blooms where the false one blightest.

D. W. C. R.

* Botanic term for stem.
† Latin for hall, or dwelling.

Written for the Gem.

MY HOME.

What is my home? Oh! is it not
On earth the dearest, happiest spot?
Ah yes; for there, tho' fortune frowns,
The welcome back still sweetly sounds,
The father's smile, the mother's tear,
The sister's kiss, are all sincere.

And where is he who wandering far,
To scan the globe or strive in war,
Feels not his blood high thrilling come,
When fancy points his native home:
Whose well remembered scenes recall
Those friends, those joys, so dear to all?

Sweet home! how often hath thy praise
Inspired the youthful poet's lays!
And justly doth thine influence mild,
Awake the song of feeling's child;
He strikes a cord, whose kindred tone,
The high, the low, alike will own.

And when "sweet home" in music floats,
How eloquent those simple notes!
They ask no master's high control,
To bind and lead the captive soul;
A feeling heart, and that alone,
Can tune the voice to "home, sweet home."

PSI THETA.

SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

She died in beauty! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty! like a pear
Dropt from some diadem.

She died in beauty! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty! like the song
Of birds among the brake.

She died in beauty! like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty! like a star
Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory! like night's gems
Set around the silver moon;
She lives in glory! like the sun
Amid the blue of June.

☐ The following is the document, of which we spoke yesterday, disposed of at 25 cts. apiece at the Ladies' Fair, on Wednesday evening.—
Ed. Democrat.

LADIES' FAIR--EXTRA.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1839.

Message of the President of the United States to the Ladies of Grace Church in General "Fair" assembled.

LADIES—Once more I cast my guardian eyes
Over the country and behold it true
To Liberty and Love. Our Flag still flies
Triumphantly—as it has always flew—
Its stars still glitter in our clear blue skies,
But what are "stars" compared with Ladies' eyes!

Oh, Ladies' eyes! their magic how complete—
Their lovely power how potent and profound!
I think the very best mode to defeat
The Florida Indians would be to surround
Them with the bright "Promethean fires" that dwell
Within your eyes—such "council fires" would quell

The savages! and the fierce shouts that rise
From warriors' lips, and rude barbarian throats,
Would soon be changed for Love's delicious sighs—
Ah, Love, sweet Love! there's music in those notes!
There's music in those sentimental words
As beautiful as that of singing birds!

Ladies, FAIR-well. When'er I gaze above
To the bright stars I'll think upon your eyes,
Your hearts are my sub-treasuries of Love,
For you alone my bosom loudly sighs—
So loud indeed that through the White House halls
They often sound to me like thunder squalls.

M. VAN BUREN.

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me, first and early love
Ours lives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems;
The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour,
When to my father's home
Death came—an invited guest—
From his dwelling in the tomb!
I had not seen his face before—
I shudder'd at the sight,
And I shudder still to think upon
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan—
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eyes were fixed and dim,
And one there mourn'd a brother dead,
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas spring,
But if the birds sang on the trees,
I did not hear them sing;
If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see—
I looked upon one wither'd flower,
And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of wo,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
And every voice was low!
And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appeared to start,
As it recalled in sudden haste,
To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trode, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his pale face,
For memory to keep.
With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
Like odor from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
From this world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life!
His every look—his every word—
His very voice's tone—
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!

The grief has pass'd with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is oft remember'd,
And the other soon forgot.
The gayest hours trip lightest by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
No time can e'er efface!

TOBACCO.

Tobacco is an Indian Weed;
It was the Devil sowed the seed;
It drains our pocket, scents our clothes,
And makes a chimney of our nose.

THE SUMMER'S GONE.

The summer's gone—and every flower
That waved its beauties to the sun,
Has bloomed its brief, but lovely hour,
Has shed its fragrance and is gone.

The summer's gone—and many a hope
That budded with the early spring,
Has seen its blossoms brightly ope
To wither like a blighted thing!

The summer's gone—and many an eye
That brightly shone, in tears are shrouded,
And hearts that loved us—withered lie,
Or worse than this, by coldness clouded.

The summer's gone—but soon again,
Shall blush and breathe upon the air,
The enamored flower, and paint the glen,
But those I loved will not be there

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The welcome communications of CYLENE are reserved for the first number of the new volume.

"PSI THETA" has our thanks for his offer, which we accept.

"THE FATE OF A TRAVELLER," may appear, with some amendments, which we shall make. If the author is unwilling we should do so, we will desist upon due notice.

"J. R." we shall be happy to hear from of teneer. His favor will appear in the first number of the new volume.

MARRIED.

On the 12th instant, by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. David Carpenter, to Miss Almira Brunson.

On the 10th instant, by Rev. George Beecher, Mr. SAMUEL E. FARRAND, of Newark, New Jersey, to Miss JANE E. ALLING, of this city.

At Gates, on the 5th instant, by S. A. Yerkes, Esq. Mr. Lorenzo Beagle, of Rochester, to Miss Mary Ann Streeter, of Gates.

At the Bethel Church, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. D. W. Merritt, Mr. Robert Barrett, to Miss Caroline Moggridge, all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. ENOCH TRUAX, to Miss ELIZA A. RIDNER, all of this city.

At Leicester, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Moses Gillet, Mr. U. B. SHELDON, of Mr. Morris, to Miss MARY WASSON, of the former place.

AGENTS FOR THE GEM.

C. P. LEE, Buffalo Postoffice, New York.

W. A. GROVES, Clarkson, do.

R. LYMAN, Coburg, Upper Canada.

We do not insert the names of this year's agents, as we do not know who will act the coming year.

PROSPECTUS

OF

VOLUME TWELVE

OF THE

GEM AND LADIES' AMULET,

One of the cheapest Semi-Monthly Publications in the U. States,

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literature, Tales and Miscellany,

WITH PLATES.

The Twelfth Volume of the GEM, will be commenced in the second week in January, 1840; and it is intended that it shall exceed the previous volumes in the points of utility, interest, quality of paper and mechanical execution. Tendering to our readers the thanks which their liberal patronage demands, we respectfully solicit a continuance and an increase of that support, under the assurance that we shall devote more time and exercise more zealous care, in selecting such matter as will be, not only interesting and amusing, but also of real and permanent usefulness. We shall aim to make the best selections, and original articles will not be published unless they combine talent and interest.

TERMS—As heretofore; to city subscribers, who have the paper left at their doors \$1.50;—to those who call at the office \$1.25;—and to Mail subscribers, \$1.00 a year. PAYMENT IN ADVANCE will be required in every instance. Subscriptions will not be received for less than a year, and all subscribers must commence with the beginning of the volume.

AGENTS.—Any person who will remit us \$5.00, postage-free, shall receive six copies; for \$10.00, 13 copies.

SHEPARD & STRONG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Nov, 1839.

THE ROCHESTER STAR GEM.

By Erastus Shepard & Alvah Strong.

\$1 mail, \$1.50 city, in advance.

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

VOL. XI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 28, 1839.

No. 26.

MISCELLANY.

From the *London Saturday Journal*.

UPS AND DOWNS, A TALE OF THE ROAD.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

We are no enemies to improvements; yet improvements sometimes effect changes which we cannot help regretting. In its march, it occasionally sweeps away old land marks, to which a long acquaintance had attached us. It now and then disturbs old associations, and removes objects and customs on which some of our pleasantest recollections were wont to dwell.

It is in a spirit of this kind that we contemplate the departing glories of stage-coach travelling, and all the joys of the road. The flashing, rattling, dashing carriage and four—the good-humored, civil, intelligent, and story-telling guard, full of anecdote and fun—the village inn (the stage) the changing of horses, with all its exciting and amusing accompaniments—the fresh start, and the general hilarity which the scene of rapid motion, seconded by a bright sunny day, never fails to inspire. All this is about passing away. The little that has been left by the steamboat will soon be extinguished by the dull, monotonous railway.

One of the first, if not the very first, lines of road in Great Britain, whose prosperity was invaded by the steamboat, was that between Glasgow and Greenock. The steamships of the Clyde quickly laid out the Glasgow coaches in the coach-yard, turned adrift the guards and drivers, arrested the life and bustle that pervaded its whole length, and reduced it to what it now is—merely the ghost of a road.

But it was once otherwise with the Greenock road, and well do we recollect the long coaches like so many Noah's arks mounted on wheels, that used to ply in dozens on that now despised and neglected highway, and the many pleasant and merry excursions on which they joyously bore us. It was on one of these occasions that we picked up the following incident:

On the occasion alluded to, we were proceeding to Greenock by the — we forgot the name of the coach, but it was one whose panels were adorned by a series of pictorial representations of oak-leaves, green oaks; referring to the commonly believed but false etymology of the name of the town above mentioned. We were seated beside the driver, a fine intelligent old fellow, who had been upon the road for upwards of twenty years. It was a delightful day, and we were rolling cheerily along, when we came suddenly at a turn of the road, upon a boy, of ten or twelve years of age, who was trudging the foot-path towards Greenock. He seemed sorely fatigued, and so exhausted that he could hardly prosecute his journey. Compassionating the poor boy's situation, (for he was very indifferently clothed,) we called the driver's attention to him, and hinted that he might do a worse thing than give the poor lad a seat on his coach. Our friend demurred, alleging that he might be found fault with; and adding something about the boy's being, he had no doubt, some runaway apprentice from Glasgow, going to Greenock to enter on board a ship as a sailor; such occurrences being frequent in those days.

"We will give you a reasonable fare for the boy," said we.

"That alters the case," replied the driver, and without saying another word, he pulled up and called on the boy to mount. The boy hesitated, and stated the surprise which he felt; he could not believe the invitation to be in earnest.

"Come up, you young rogue, you," repeated the driver; "here's a gentleman going to pay your fare to Greenock, although I dare say you don't deserve it; for I'm sure you've run away from the loom, or some other honest calling, and left your mother with a heavy heart."

The boy now no longer hesitated, but catching the projecting iron footstep of the coach, was in a twinkling seated on the top, apparently to his great satisfaction.

"This affair, sir, of picking up the boy," said the driver, after we had again started, "puts me in mind of a rather curious incident that happened some years ago on this road."

"Aye," said we; "what was it?"

"I'll tell you what it was," said our friend the driver, and immediately gave us the following story:—

"About fifteen years ago," he began, "there was amongst my passengers, one day, a lively, kind hearted, buxom elderly lady, seemingly well to do in the world; for she was clad in silks, and sported a purse a yard long and well filled.

"Well, just as we were getting along, as we are just now, and not above a mile from this very spot, we overtook a boy in precisely the same situation as this one here; he was barefooted, and was sadly knock'd up with walking; he could hardly crawl along, and his face was all begrimed with weeping. The poor boy appeared to be in a sad case, to be sure. Well, the good soul, my lady passenger, seeing him, her honest, motherly heart bled for the poor boy. She thrust her head out of the window, and called on me to stop. I did so. She then pulled out her purse, and putting some silver into my hand (double the amount required,) desired me to hand the boy into the coach, she having previously obtained leave of the other passengers to do so. I immediately did as she desired me,—thrust the boy into the coach, slapped close the door, mounted to my seat and drove off.

"I, of course, knew no more of what passed at this time. I laid down my passengers, boy and all, at the White Hart Inn, Greenock; and there my knowledge of them ended.

"Two or three days after this, however, I happened to have one of the gentleman up with me again who was passenger when the lady bro't the boy into the coach, and he told me that she was extremely kind to him, as kind as a mother could have been. On their arriving at the White Hart, she took him into the house and gave him a plentiful supper, paid for his bed there, and breakfast next morning, and at parting put a guinea into the little fellow's hand.

The boy stated that he had been bred a weaver, frankly owned that he had run away, but gave as a reason the harsh treatment of a step-mother and an unchquerable aversion to the loom.—He also added that it was his intention to go to sea, and that he had a maternal uncle in Greenock, a carpenter, who, he had no doubt, would assist him into a ship, although he did not well know where to find this relative.

"Well, you see, sir," continued the narrator, "time, after this, wore away as it had done before, year after year, and here was I still handling the whip, as I am doing now. Ten years, I think, or thereabouts, had passed away, and I had long since forgotten all about the boy and his kind patroness, when a sinishing, fine looking, gentlemanly young fellow, with the cut of a sailor about him, although wearing a long coat, and sporting rings on his fingers and a bunch of gold seals at his watch, mounted one day on the coach box beside me. He had engaged and paid for an inside seat, but took the out from choice.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "or like all his class, he was frank and cheerful." Well, old fellow," he said, setting down beside me, "up

with your anchor, and get under weigh. Come, that's it," as he saw me lay the whip to the horses, "give her way there—send her through it, my hearty. It's a long while since I was on a coach before, though I've been in a gig often enough."

"Well, then," says I, "sir, them's more dangerous than coaches."

"'Avast there,' says he, 'what sort of gigs do you mean?'"

"Why two-wheeled ones, in course says I.

"Aha, out there, old boy," says he, slapping me on the shoulder; "the gigs I mean have no wheels at all.

"Queer codgers they's be," says I.

"Not a bit," says he. "Aren't ye up, old fellow. Don't ye know that a certain kind of small boat belonging to a ship is called a gig?"

"Didn't know it sir," said I.

"Well, you know it now, old chap; so bear it in mind, and I'll give you a glass' of brandy and water at Bishopton."

"Well, you see, sir," continued the narrator, "all this is not much to the purpose of my story; but I just wished to give you some notion of the pleasant off-hand way of my passenger."

"Having cleared Carlsdyke, we were getting along cheerily, when the captain—for I had by this time found out that my passenger was captain of a large West India ship that had just arrived at Greenock, and that he is now on his way to Glasgow to see his owners, who resided there—I say, we were getting along cheerily, and were within about three miles of Bishopton, when the captain spied a decent looking, but poorly dressed, old woman trudging along the footpath.

"I say, skipper," says he to me, "what do you think of our shipping that poor old girl, and giving her a lift on her voyage? She seems hardly able to make any way to win'ard."

"Not being very fond of picking up stragglers in that sort of way, I at first objected. When I did so, he exclaimed with a sailor's oath "I shall have the old girl on board. I'll never forget that I was in a similar situation once myself; nor will I ever forget the kind soul of a woman that lent me such a hand as I am about to lend her. I'll never pass any poor devil in these circumstances again—man or woman, old or young—without offering them a berth in the craft in which I am sailing, so long as there is room to stow them." Saying this, and at the same time adding, that he would pay all charges, he sprang off the coach, and had the old woman by the hand in a twinkling, leading her towards the coach, which I had now stopped.

"God bless you, sir," said the old woman, as she tottered along with him. "It will be a great relief to me. I am not so able to walk as I once was, and far from being so well able to pay for any other conveyance; and I have a long road before me."

"Where are you going to, my good old woman?" said the captain.

"To Glasgow, sir," she replied. "Live there, and have been down at Greenock, seeing some friends there, who, I hoped, might have done something for me. But they all have some excuse or apology for not assisting me, and have sent me away nearly as poor as I went, and that, God knows, was poor enough."

"Never mind, mother, pop in, and we'll carry you comfortably through to Glasgow, and give you a bit and a sup by the way, to keep your old heart up."

"Having seen the old woman seated, the captain secured the door, and resuming his seat by me, we drove on.

"On reaching Bishopton inn, where we change horses and rest a bit, the captain, the moment the coach stopped, leapt down, opened the coach door, and handing out the old woman,

led her into the inn, and asked for a private room for himself and her. They were shown into one, when the captain ordered some refreshments to be brought,—some cold fowl, and some wine and brandy.

"He now placed the old woman at the table, and began helping her to the various good things that were on it. While this was going on, he sent for me. When I entered—"Come away, skipper," said he, seemingly much delighted with his employment of helping "old mother," as he called her, to the nicest morsels he could pick out,—“Come away, skipper,” said he, “and let us see how you can spice the main brace.” Saying which, he filled me up half a tumbler of brandy and water.

"In the meantime, the old lady had finished her repast, and, under the influence of the comfortable feelings which the refreshments she had taken had excited, she began to get a little talkative. "Well," said she, after again thanking her entertainer for his kindness, "it is curious how things do sometimes come about; for I cannot but look, sir," (addressing the captain) "on your kindness to me this day as a return from the hand of Providence for a similar act of charity that I once bestowed on a needy person, and that not very far from where we are this moment sitting. It's now, I think, about ten years since," continued the old lady, "that, as I was going down by coach to Greenock—I was then in easy circumstances—had plenty of the world, for my husband was then living, and carrying on a thriving business—I saw a poor boy limping along the footpath, and seemingly exhausted with both hunger and fatigue. Well, sir, pitying the poor young thing, I had him taken into the coach, treated him as kindly as I could, and provided him with a night's quarters in the White Hart inn, and put a trifle of money into his hand besides."

"I wish, sir," here interposed my informant, speaking in his own person, "you had but seen the captain's face while his guest was relating the incident. It grew pale, then flushed, while his eyes sparkled with an expression of intense feeling; he was, in short, greatly excited. At length, jumping from his seat, he rushed towards the old lady, and seizing both her hands in his, exclaimed in a rapture of joy—"

"God bless your old heart, mother;—I, and no other, am—or rather was—the very boy whom you so generously relieved on that occasion. I recollect it well; and, now that my attention is called to it, I recognize in your countenance that of my benefactress. That countenance was long present to my memory, and the kind deed with which the reminiscence was associated is still treasured up in my innermost heart. And I never—never forgot it, and never will."

"It was now the poor old woman's turn to be surprised at the strange incident which had occurred, and much surprised she was, I assure you. She clutched the young man's hand with her paled fingers, and looked earnestly in his face for a second or two, as if struggling to identify it with that of the boy whom ten years before, she had relieved in his distress. At length—

"Yes, sir, you are the same," she said. "I recollect that boy's look well, and though you are much changed—being now a tall, stout, full-grown man—I can trace that look still in your sun-burnt face. Well, sir," she added, "you have repaid the kindness."

"Have I, indeed! No, that I haven't!" exclaimed the captain. "That's not the way I pay such debts. However, we'll talk more of the matter when we get to Glasgow; for the skipper here, I see, is impatient to get us off."

"And such was the case—my time was up. So we all got, as the captain would have said, on board again, and started.

"I may mention here," continued the narrator, "that I, too, now perfectly recollect the incident of the boy's being picked up, and recognized, in my present passenger, the old woman, the person who had done that act of charity. The captain, however, I should not have known; of his face I had no recollection whatever."

"Well, sir, I have only the sequel of the story to tell you, and shall make it short.

"Captain Archer—for that was the name of the gentleman of whom I have been speaking—having ascertained that his benefactress was in very distressed circumstances, her husband having died a bankrupt some years before, gave her a handsome sum in hand to relieve her im-

mediate necessities, and settled on her an annuity of £30 per annum, which was duly paid till her death by the owners of the ship he commanded."

Grinding the Face of the Poor.

EXTRACT.

In so large a family as that of Mr. T. there was a good deal of sewing to do, and out of charity the work was taken from a seamstress who had sewed for the family some time, and given to a poor woman with several small children. Ostensibly only was this charity. Really it was to save a few pennies. How could this be? some one will ask. Let me sketch a little scene; premising that this poor woman's husband was just dead, and she left helpless and friendless, with no apparent means of support. Besides this she was in very feeble health. By accident Mr. T. heard of her distressed situation, and at the suggestion of the individual who named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

"I think it would, indeed," says Mrs. T. "Our sewing costs us a great deal," responded the careful husband, "and in this thing we may benefit ourselves, as well as do a deed of charity. No doubt this woman is rather an indifferent sewer, in comparison to Miss R., and therefore her work will not of course be worth so much. And she will no doubt think half the price Mrs. R. gets a good one."

"No doubt," chimes in the frugal partner. Mrs. ——— was sent for. After she is seated the following conversation ensues:

"Can you do plain sewing?"

"Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons."

"What is your price for fine shirts?"

"I haven't set any price yet; but I'll work as low as any one."

"But you know that to get work you'll have to do a little lower than ordinary. People don't like to change."

"Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price for my children."

"I suppose you will make shirts for a quarter?"

"Yes, ma'm!"

"And calico dresses for the same?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Well, that's reasonable."

"Boys common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It does me pleasure to help the poor.—Come down to-morrow, and I'll have some work for you." The widow departed.

"Well, wife," says Mr. T. bustling in when he saw the woman depart, "At what price will she work?"

"At just half what Miss R. charges."

"Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round."

"Yes, it will so; and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price, for a year, you'll let me have a fifty dollar shawl, won't you?"

"Yes, if you want it."

"Well, I'll do my best. It is shameful what some of these seamstresses do charge."

It is often well to reverse a picture. Suppose we look at the other side of this.

Mrs. ——— had always been delicate.

When a girl she could never sew long at a time without getting a pain in her side. She married a hard working, industrious mechanic, whose trade was not very lucrative, yielding barely enough for a support. Her health after her marriage was but little improved, when with several small children she was left a widow, she yielded in her first keen anguish of bereavement to despair. But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her babes are about her. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle, and as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scant clothing at least. But she could get no work. No person knew her who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without means of earning a dollar when her last one was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs. T. sent for her.

As she came home her work the day after the interview she was glad at heart with the thought that now there was a way of escape at

least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her. Boys shirts at twelve and a half cts. were her first pieces of work. Two of these by hard work she managed to get done in a day. Had they been made plain, she could have finished them early, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children. But the last words of Mrs. T. had robbed her of that chance. "You can stitch the collars of these, any how—you can afford it, I suppose, and they iron much better when that is done."

The simple and touching "Yes, ma'am," but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the week of the preceding day. Her children were all taken and washed and dressed; her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself; her own stomach refused the food of which her children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry stale bread.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Somehow or other, she could not get on at all fast, it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment. The children were impatient for the dinner, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their satisfaction as to gain time.

"Mother, we are getting tired of mush and milk," said one of the little ones. "You don't have all the good things you used to. No pies, nor puddings, nor meat."

"Never mind, dear, we'll have some nice corn cakes for supper."

"You'll have supper soon, won't you mother?" said another little one coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the corn cakes.

"And shan't we have molasses on them," said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk.

"No dear, not to-night, but to-morrow we'll have some."

"Why not to-night, mother, I want some to-night."

"Mother aint got any money to buy it with to-night, but to-morrow she will have some," said the mother soothingly.

"O we'll have lasses to-morrow for our cakes," cried a little girl who could just speak, clapping her hands in great glee.

After dinner Mrs. ——— worked hard, and in much bodily pain and misery, to finish the other shirt in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast next day, she took the four shirts home to Mrs. T. her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children, with the half dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth that she had laid out her last dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. T. expressed approbation of the work; and handed the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T. and a calico dress for herself. As she did not offer to pay her for the work she had done, after lingering a few moments, Mrs. ——— ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

"Oh dear! I never pay my seamstresses until their bill amount to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums.—When you have earned five dollars I will pay you."

Mrs. ——— retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. When shall I earn five dollars?—not for a whole month at this rate, were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

"We shall have the molasses now, mother, shan't we?" said two or three glad little voices as she entered her house.

For a few moments she knew not what answer to make. Then gathering them around her she explained to them as well as she could make them understand, that the lady for whom she had done the work did not pay her, and she was afraid it would be a good while before she would, and that until she was paid she could not get any thing better than what they had.

The little things stole silently and without a murmur away, and the mother again sat down

Booksellers have furnished themselves with a large assortment of elegant and useful Books, for Annual Presents. Thus, while "mine hosts" of the Recesess and the Confectionaries, are catering the for palate, the nobler part—the mind—may be feasted with something which will afford enjoyment more lasting than the day; for a good book is usually not only a blessing to the possessor, but to a large circle of friends, and exerts an influence which it is hardly possible rightly to appreciate. Go, then, to the Bookstore, and invest liberally—for the benefit of your wives, your sweet hearts, your sisters, your children, or yourselves; nor think money thrown away which will cause you to live in the recollection of those you love, long perhaps after you have ceased to act upon this "mundane sphere."

Religious Souvenir.—This attractive little volume may be had at the Bookstores of NICHOLS & WILSON and WILLIAM ALLING, in this city.—To say that it is edited by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, is a sufficient introduction to the confidence of the religious community, and her well known taste and judgment is all the guarantee the literary world can need to secure for it their approbation. Parents who wish to make their daughters a New Year Offering worthy of being treasured up by them—calculated to imbue their minds with sentiments which will render them happy, useful members of society, and comforts to their friends—will not begrudge the price of this useful and ornamental work.

Ladies' Companion, for December, containing articles from the pens of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Albert Pike, Professor Ingraham, Henry W. Herbert, H. T. Tuckerman, Samuel Woodworth, Henry F. Harrington, and others, has been received. It is a fine number, and is beautifully illustrated with two engravings.

A gentleman, at a late fashionable assembly being asked which of the ladies of the company he thought the most beautiful, replied—"Why, ma'ame, they are all beautiful; but that lady, (pointing to Miss B. who was dressed in the extreme of fashion,) I think out-strips them all."

A method has been discovered of extracting an oil from Indian corn, which, it is said, will burn as well as spermaceti, without emitting a bad odor. The worst of the matter is, that "the same corn will yield the usual quantity of whiskey." We are sorry for that.

The only difference between one man and another is whether he governs his passions or his passions him.

A pious friend of the colonization cause, a Virginian farmer named Johnson, having manumitted his slaves and purchased the freedom of another to whom one of his women had been married, accompanied them to Washington city (D. C.) whence they departed in a steamboat to Norfolk for shipment at that place for Liberia. It is stated in the letter of Rev. W. B. Sprague, from which these particulars are abridged, that Mr. Johnson is a very plain man, of moderate fortune—that while at Washington, (a distance of 120 miles from his residence)—he went into the gallery of the House of Representatives, from motives of curiosity, and in less than five minutes thereafter, his pocket book was cut out of his coat, containing \$300.—leaving him without a cent.—*New Era.*

to her work. A tear would often gather in her eye as she looked up from the bright needle glistening in her fingers, and noticed the sadness and disappointment pictured in their young faces. From this state of gloomy feelings she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking old lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself by saying that she had just seen some pretty shirts at Mr. T's, and that she was so well pleased with the work that she had inquired for the maker. "And now having found you," said she, "I want you to fit and make this calico dress for me, if you do such work."

"I shall be glad to do it for you," said she, encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady.

"And what will you charge?"

Mrs. — hesitated a moment and then said, "Mrs. T. gives me a quarter of a dollar."

There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady.

"Then I will give you three," said she with warmth.

Mrs. — burst into tears, and she could not help it.

"Are you in need?" inquired the strange lady hesitatingly, but with an air of feeling that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of her pride.

"I have nothing but a little corn meal in the house, and have no money."

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, her breast heaved with strong emotion, then again all was still.

I will pay you for the dress beforehand then; and as I want it done very nice I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly ma'am, to-morrow evening, if you want it."

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of light departed. More than one heart was made glad that morning. * * * *

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, not generally known, exhibits in a striking light the indefatigable perseverance and courage of the duke, and especially exonerates him from the charge raised against him by writers, of allowing himself to be surprised by Bonaparte while amusing himself at a ball at Brussels at the time referred to:

At a dinner a short time since, the duke when asked, "Has your grace seen the pamphlet published in America, by Gen. Grouchy, in answer to Gen. Foy's attack on him respecting the manoeuvres on the day previous to Waterloo?"

"I have," answered the duke, "and Grouchy has the best of it. He could not move without orders, and orders he certainly did not receive. As to his manoeuvres, I know all about them, I was a witness to them." "You," exclaimed one of the party; "every one thought your grace was in Brussels." "I know they did;—but they were wrong, for on the evening in question I and Gordon (who was killed at Waterloo) left Brussels, took a squadron of horse as escort, no one knowing us, and joined the Prussian headquarters. I passed the whole of that night in conference with Blucher, Bulow, D'York, and Kleist. In the morning I observed to Bulow, if I had an English army in the position in which yours now is, I should expect to be most confoundly thrashed." The attack of Grouchy soon after commenced, and the Prussians were defeated. I waited long enough to see that event, and I then thought it time to be off, and on the 17th Bonaparte made that monstrous movement on my flank which was the commencement of the battle of Waterloo."—*Dover Chron.*

Young Men.—We are glad to hear that the Democratic Whig Young Men, of the city and of the State, are about to organize for the approaching contest with unusual zeal. We owe to their exertions, *ab initio*, the Whig success in this State; and without them we may as well surrender our discretion. Horace Walpole, in commenting on the importance which should be attached to the opinions of young men, said "If you wish to ascertain what are the sentiments of a nation, enquire of the young men."

Winter Apples.—The best mode of harvesting and preserving winter fruit is a matter which experience will teach much better than science. There is perhaps less dispute and less contrariety of opinion on this than any other subject which pertains to farming. It is agreed on all hands that winter fruit should be *picked* instead of *shaken*, from the tree; that it should be packed in a dry state in dry casks, and kept in a cool dry place until stored in the cellar—and that they should be disturbed and tumbled about as little as possible. Cellars where apples are kept should be kept dry and sweet—else the fruit will gather moisture or mould, and of course rot.

Of the different variety of winter apples, none are so good to keep as the 'Roxbury russet.'—This apple generally holds out in market till new apples come. The best winter apple for eating is the Baldwin. We mean the *real* Baldwin; for such has been the reputation of this, that many farmers have borrowed the name for many poorer species of their own native fruit. Every winter apple which has one side red, and the other red, yellow or white, must be thrust into market under the general head of Baldwin. We are sorry to see so good a name perverted to such base purposes. We had a lot offered us the other day under that name, which were no more Baldwin than our name is John Smith.—The *real* fruit, when perfectly ripe, is a little oblong, largest at the stem end, very smooth, red on one side, and yellow inclining to green on the other. The fruit does not generally keep well beyond the opening of spring; and it not put in a good place will rot before that time.—There are several other varieties, such as greenings, pearmain, &c., which are in high repute; but the two varieties first named generally bear the best price. The Baldwin, however, can, as a general rule, be procured from the same tree but once in two years; and hence it is not grafted so extensively as it otherwise might be.

The other day we went into the market to purchase some winter fruit for a friend, and we found by far the largest portion of the apples, especially those imported from New York, were quite wet or damp. This ought not to be.—People cannot afford to pay three dollars per barrel for apples, and have half of them rot before mid winter. Purchasers should be careful to examine both ends of the barrel when they purchase winter fruit, and if the fruit is wet, let it alone.—*Boston Notion.*

A noble-hearted Girl.—Capt. Sir Robert Barclay, who commanded the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in that action, having lost his right arm and one of his legs. Previously to his leaving England, he was engaged to a young lady to whom he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely, on his return, that he was but a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. "Tell him," replied the noble girl, "that I will joyfully marry him, if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul."

A wag listening to a vain and pompous fellow, who was boasting the amount expended by his uncle for segars, exclaimed, "I suppose you think your uncle was a great smoker, but he was nothing to be compared to an aunt I had. She smoked for two years with two pipes constantly in her mouth—and at length she was not satisfied with that and so she took her old china teapot and filled it with tobacco, and smoked regularly every day out of the spout."

Curious Discovery.—Some experiments have recently been made on newly improved musical strings, to show their capacity to resist heat, which in a concert room so often mars the player's skill. The new strings, more sonorous than the common Roman ones, proved capable of bearing the application of hot water, which at once destroyed the others.—*Whig.*

Time to go Home.—Paulding in his life of Washington, gives the following little anecdote of the mother of this great man:

"She was once present and occupied the seat of honor, at a ball given to Washington at Fredricksburg, while in the full measure of his well earned glory, and when 9 o'clock came said to him with perfect simplicity, "Come George, it is time to go home."

It would, perhaps, be well if many, to day, would remember when it is "time to go home."

SELECTED POETRY.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I have read in some old, wondrous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguere'd the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flow'd between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist like banners clasp'd the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaim'd the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air!

Down the broad valley, fast and far,
The troubled army fled,
Uprose the glorious morning star,—
The ghastly host was dead!

I have read in the wondrous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
Beleaguere the human soul.

Encamp'd beside life's rushing stream,
In fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam,
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the river of life between.

No other voice nor sound is there
In the army of the grave—
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of life's wave.

But when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar,
The spectral camp has fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star—
Our ghastly fears are dead.

November, 1-39.

From the London Weekly Despatch.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

There's a star in the West that shall never go down;
Till the records of valor decay,
We must worship this star, though it is not our own,
For liberty burst in its ray;
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the West?

"War, war to the knife be enthralled or ye die,"
Was the echo that war in the land;
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the band;
He raised not his arm, dened not his foe,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till goaded with insult his spirit arose
Like a long baited lion unchained.

He struck with courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled,
Tho' he threw back the fetters, and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be press'd by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell;
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Reville not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed,
That his was the glory, ours was the blood,
Of the deeply dyed field of the West.

From the New York Express.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ON HER SLEEPING BABE.

Thou who alone canst know
The depth of human love,
List to my voice, but faint and low,
Look on this nestling dove.

All that I have is thine;
In mercy lent for a space unknown;
And me to say "Thy will, not mine,"
Father of mercies in all things be done.

Thou hast bestowed thy grace;
Freely poured out thy gifts upon my soul,
Let not the strength of human love efface
The hope, of which thy kingdom is the goal.

For how may I but distrust
The strength I've sought to nourish for a stay
When every earlier hope and blissful trust
Before her claim fades in the mist away.

Her breath is on my cheek;
Making this aspiration of my soul to be
All save a mother's prayer; how may I speak
That voiceless language—audible to thee!

November 26.

Written for the Gem.
NO HOME.

SUGGESTED BY "MY HOME."

Weary and hopeless is the lot of him,
Who claims on Earth no spot to call his home;
Who, as he scans the future's vista dim,
Thinks o'er each scene where e'er he yet may roam,
Can see no island o'er the boundless main,
No cottage-home upon the stretching plain.

The father's smile, the mother's tear of love,
The sister's and the brother's "welcome back,"
(So like the gloomless Paradise above,
When he has left his wand'ring aimless track,
Are not,—if Fancy such a scene portray,
Reality must dash it all away.

Sweet home! let others sing thy cheerful praise,
Thy minstrelsy may fill their social lays;
But breathe no note unto the homeless soul;
For tho' around be thrown a deep control,
'Tis but a moment's hope; the scene must fade,
And the deceived must seek a lonelier shade.

Oh, when "sweet home" floats with the sighing wind,
And speaks in feeling's eloquence and bliss,
I'd rush away, and leave the sounds behind;
For now, the smile, the tear, the sister's kiss,
And all the homestead joys, too dear to last,
Are fled away, are buried in the past.

From the Knickerbocker.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

Written by Lord Fitzgerald of Ireland, the night before his execution—Found among the MSS. of an American Lady.

Dear Ireland—my country—the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed—
And he chain which thou spurned in the moment of
power;
Hangs heavy around thee at last.

Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe
By links which the world cannot sever—
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm thou
shalt go;
And thy sentence is—bondage for ever!

Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil—
Thou art left for the proud to disdain—
And the wealth of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil,
Shall be wasted—and wasted in vain!

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken—
Thy valor with coldness repaid—
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken,
Not one shall stand forth in thy aid.

'Mid the nations thy place is left void—
Thou art lost in the list of the free—
Even realms by the plague and earthquake destroyed
May revive—but no hope is for thee.

We find the following in the Republican Herald, printed at Providence:

"Resignation.—We are informed that a Professor, in one of the Divinity Schools of a neighboring state, of some note as an author and editor, has recently resigned his office, giving as a reason, that one-third of the students in the school were mystics, another third skeptics, and the rest dyspeptics.

Liberty.—Civil liberty, rightly understood, consists in protecting the rights of individuals by the united force of society. Society cannot be maintained, and of course can exert no protection, without obedience to some sovereign power. And obedience is an empty name, if every individual has a right to decide how far he shall obey.—Blackstone.

A wag highly offended a very worthy blacksmith, by reporting him to be the greatest thief in the country, and could prove it. When called upon formally to explain, he declared it was well known that Mr. H. had been in the habit; for the last ten years, of stealing the axes and ploughshares in the neighborhood.

Yankee Pun.—A gentleman with a glass eye was about to execute the right of suffrage, when he was accosted by a political opponent with, "I say, Mister, what are you a doing here? you can't vote, you're not natural eyes'd." The joke was taken in good part and created merriment.

A village, without a blacksmith's shop, should be very moral and innocent, for in it there can be neither vice nor forgery.

There is a man down east, who says he dares not be honest now-a-days, for fear they would laugh at him.

A young lady at an examination in grammar was asked why the noun bachelor was in singular. She replied immediately, and with much naïvete, because it is very singular they don't get married.

A collector of newspaper bills writing to his employers respecting some of their subscribers who could pay but wouldn't, described them as being "good but tuff."

The retort direct.—A Frenchman often lamented his first wife in the presence of his second; who, at length retorted by saying, "I assure you, sir, no one regrets her loss more than myself."—Hartford Rev.

MARRIED.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. George Beecher, Mr. PHILIP POND, to Mrs. ANNA BENJAMIN, all of this city.

In this city, on the 24th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. CARLTON DUTTON, to Miss LOUISA B. GILMAN, all of this city.

At Avon Mills, on the 19th instant, by Rev. H. B. Pierpont, Mr. Thomas Brown, merchant of Caledonia, to Miss Elizabeth Burgess, daughter of Daniel Burgess, of Avon.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Jacob R. Holton, of Charlotte, to Miss Eliza Ann Green, of this city.

Also, on the 19th instant, by the same, Mr. Stephen Meadon, to Miss Zephania Green, all of this city.

In Scipio, Cayuga county, on the 20th inst., ELIHU COLEMAN, to ELIZABETH P., daughter of Abraham Willett, of the former place.

DIED.

At the residence of his son, William Griffith, on South St. Paul street, after lingering illness, John Griffith, aged 83 years.

At Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, Dec. 22d, in the 9th year of her age, ELIZABETH MACKENZIE, widow of DANIEL MACKENZIE, of Glenesie, in the Highlands of Perthshire, Scotland, and mother of William Lyon Mackenzie, formerly of Toronto, and now, and for the last six months, a prisoner in Monroe County Jail.

At Clarkson, on the 16th instant, of consumption, in the 55th year of her age, NANCY MALLORY, wife of Mr. Ezra Mallory, and a sister of Major Charles B. Bristol, of this city.

In this city, on the 23d instant, after a long sickness, Mr. THOMAS J. STARRER, a member of the 1st Baptist Church of this city, aged 37 years.

In this city, on the 6th instant, Mrs. _____, wife of Horace B. Keney, aged 23 years.

In this city, on the 19th instant, Harriet, daughter of Horace B. Keney, aged 4 months.

PROSPECTUS

OF
VOLUME TWELVE

GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

One of the cheapest Semi-Monthly Publications in the U. States,
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SHEPARD & STRONG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Nov., 1839.

Editors who will give the above two or three insertions, shall be entitled to a favor in our columns.