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 TWELFTH.

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INDEX TO VOLUME TWELVE.

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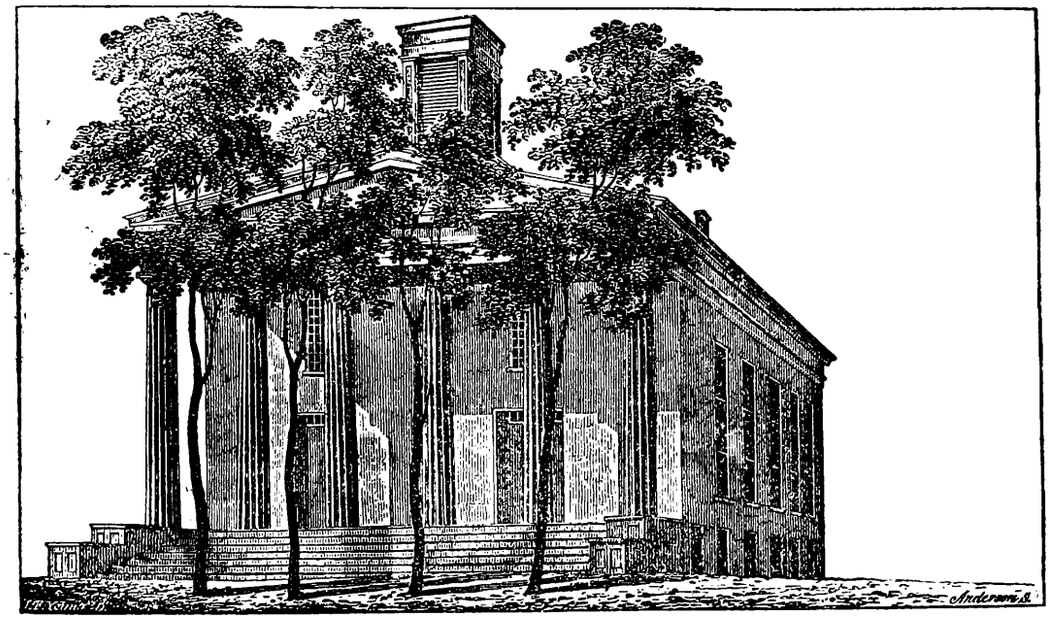

BETHEL CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

THE LAST SACRIFICE OF THE SENECAS WHERE NOW STANDS THE CITY OF ROCHESTER.

At the opening of a *New Year*, we may perhaps be excused for devoting some space to the publication of a few facts illustrative of the progress of Rochester from the time when the last Indian "pow-wow" was held, where may now be seen so many stately temples to the living God. For this purpose, we have obtained an Engraving of a religious edifice—the Bethel Church—the presentation of which to our readers, we will accompany by some extracts from the volume entitled "Sketches of Rochester." We take the *Bethel Church* now, from the fact that that edifice stands on or very near the spot whereat the last Pagan rites were performed at Rochester—little more than a quarter-century ago!

We have already given some, and shall hereafter give more, engravings of the *Churches of Rochester*—till the whole of the twenty are represented in our columns.

From the "Sketches of Rochester."

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS OF ROCHESTER.

The misapprehensions prevalent in foreign lands concerning the political condition of the United States are apparently surpassed by the ignorance frequently manifested touching the religious and social institutions of our people. The deficiency of an "established" church—the perfect freedom from all entangling alliances between politics and religion—seemingly indicates to multitudes dwelling under the systems of the Old World, that government and religion in these republics are mutually weakened by the absence of those connexions which have distinguished, and too frequently disgraced, the history of most nations through all time.

Before sketching the progress of the religious and social institutions of Rochester for the twenty-two years which have elapsed since the first church was formed in this then wilderness, it may not prove uninteresting to glance at some opinions published in Europe touching the condition of the new settlements generally in the United States. The brief review may enable us to appreciate more fully the advantages of our country, while the facts that will be presented may aid the European inquirer in estimating correctly the worthlessness of theories propagated abroad to the disparagement of American institutions and character.

It is amusing enough for those who are familiar with the condition of this country to peruse Southey's lamentations for American degeneracy, and his confident predictions of vast calamities to be experienced from the alleged deficiency of religious institutions in the United States, especially in the newly settled regions. "As the American government has not thought it necessary to provide religious instruction for the people in any of the new states," the veteran Southey tremblingly exclaims, "the prevalence of superstition, in some wild and terrible shape, may be anticipated as one likely consequence of this great and portentous omission. An Old Man of the Mountain might find dupes and followers as readily as the all-friend Jemima Wilkinson; and the next Aaron Burr who seeks to carve a kingdom for himself out of the overgrown territories of the Union, may discover that fanaticism is the most effective weapon with which ambition can arm itself; that the way for both is prepared by that immorality which the want of religion naturally and more necessarily induces; and that camp-meetings may be very well directed to forward the designs of a military prophet. Were there another Mohammed to arise, there is no part of the world where he would find more scope or fairer opportunity than in that part of the Anglo-American Union into which the elder states continually discharge the restless part of their population—*leaving law and gospel* to overtake it if they can—for in the march of modern colonization both are left behind."

Well has it been remarked by an American critic upon Southey's Colloquies, that "Ignorance of facts and institutions is the excuse for this extravagance. The emigrants from the elder states carry with them the religious principles and rituals which they have received in their youth. The law and the gospel, as they have learned it, go with them; and they are followed by clergy, regular or irregular, for whose ministry they build churches. Moreover, they are not illiterate nor doltish. Occasionally individuals may fall under fanatical illusions; but, in general, they are too acute, too deeply imbued with particular religious and political maxims, and too intent on the improvement of their earthly condition, to become dupes to any ambitious impostor. If Mohammed were to be commissioned from his paradise to our western region, he would soon learn to talk about river-bottoms, crops, steamboats, railroads, and canals, and might get a seat in Congress by his wordy eloquence. In the capacity of a military prophet, he would not find as many constant followers as Johanna Southcote retained in England."

This digression cannot be better closed, nor the religious and social history of Rochester more happily introduced, than by an eloquent apostrophe from a speech delivered in Kentucky by the gifted Everett, now Governor of Massachusetts. The truth and beauty of the language can no where find a heartier response than in a city like Rochester, which has sprung into existence with a suddenness and vigor strikingly illustrative of those intellectual and moral qual-

ties which emblazon the New England name with a radiance eclipsing the bloody glories of the battle-fields whose trophies sacrilegiously bedeck the Christian temples of other lands:—

"What have we seen," exclaimed Mr. Everett, "in all the newly settled portions of the Union? The hardy and enterprising youth finds society in the older settlements comparatively filled up. His portion of the old family farm is too narrow to satisfy his wants or his desires; and he goes forth with the paternal blessing, and often with little else, to take up his share of the rich heritage which the God of Nature has spread before him in this Western world. He leaves the land of his fathers, the scenes of his early days, with tender regret glistening in his eye, though hope mantles on his cheek. He does not, as he departs, shake off the dust of the venerated soil from his feet; but on the bank of some distant river he forms a settlement to perpetuate the remembrance of the home of his childhood. He piously bestows the name of the spot where he was born on the spot to which he has wandered; and while he is laboring with the difficulties, struggling with the privations, languishing, perhaps, under the diseases incident to the new settlement and the freshly opened soil, he remembers the neighborhood whence he sprung—the roof that sheltered his infancy—the spring that gushed from the rock by his father's door, where he was wont to bathe his heated forehead after the toil of his youthful sports—the village school house—the rural church—the graves of his father and his mother. In a few years a new community has been formed—the forest has disappeared beneath the sturdy arm of the emigrant—his children have grown up, the hardy offspring of the new clime; and the rising settlement is already linked in all its partialities and associations with that from which its fathers and founders had wandered. * * Such, for the most part is the manner in which the new states have been built up; and in this way a foundation is laid by NATURE HERSELF for peace, cordiality, and brotherly feeling between the ancient and recent settlements of the country."

While the foregoing is quoted as illustrative of causes which have rendered Rochester what it is, the reader will perceive from the annexed statements that the condition of this city exemplifies most forcibly the declaration of the New England orator.

Twenty two years ago, when the first church in Rochester was formed, there was no other congregation within a tract of 400 square miles! Sixteen members only formed that congregation; and it may amuse some who now look upon the many and massive religious structures 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 number, the dimensions, and the architecture of the present churches—the dates of their foundation—the size of their congregations, and the moral and benevolent societies connected therewith—are all exhibited in the statements and illustrations herewith presented to the public.

"Population and even business may have increased occasionally elsewhere in a ratio perhaps as remarkable; but in few, very few cases, if any, will it be found that the progress in those points has been accompanied by the PERFECTION OF SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS in the degree with which they are now already beheld in Rochester."—Such is the language we have elsewhere employed in some sketches of the city. We will not longer detain the reader from facts which may enable him to decide upon its truth—facts which furnish the readiest reply to the erroneous assertions and wild theories of commentators like Southey upon the condition of the American people. The European reformers, who are struggling for the recognition of the VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE in church endowments and government, may here find evidence demonstrative of their theory. Even the veteran Laureate, zealous as he is for the union of church and state, may be tempted by such facts to admit that PUBLIC OPINION may possibly be rendered more efficacious than LAW or BAYONETS in PROMOTING MORALITY and SPREADING THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Before attempting to sketch the rise and progress of the churches of Rochester, it may not be considered irrelevant to revert to the condition of the place about twenty-five years ago. Therefore do we notice now

The last Sacrifice of the Senecas, where now stands the City of Rochester.

The contrast between the past and the present may be strikingly illustrated by reference to the Indian sojourners about Genesee Falls in 1812–13. Many of the Senecas wintered in this quarter, though chiefly roaming elsewhere in the "season of blossoms and fruit." Several families of this tribe occupied the ground north of the Episcopal Church in St. Paul's street, where now stand the dwellings of the Messrs. Ward, Dr. Elwood, Mrs. Sherman, Judge Lee, Dr. Henry, Mr. Graves, Mr. Gaiusha, Mr. Chas. M. Lee, Mr. S. G. Andrews, Colonel Pratt, Mr. Robert Wilson, and Mr. Samuel Hamilton.—Other Indian families resided about the hill in the southeastern part of the city owned by Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Charles J. Hill, and others—near the tract lately purchased for a city cemetery, to be arranged like "Mount Auburn" near Boston. Some others of the red face dwelt near the residences of Dr. O. E. Gibbs, Mr. Bardwell, Dr. Faulkner, Mr. Achilles, &c., about North street.

The wigwams of several Indian families also *graced* the south and east sides of the elevation whereon there may now be seen the Free Bethel Church, and the residences of General Vincent Matthews, Jonathan Child, Mrs. Ira West, Mrs. Nathaniel Rochester, Mr. Thomas H. Rochester, Mr. H. B. Williams, Mr. William S. Bishop, Mr. Joseph Strong, Mr. Henry E. Rochester, Dr. Maltby Strong, Mr. Hervey Ely, Judge Chapin, &c.

At this last encampment some pagan rites were witnessed in 1813, which may be mentioned not merely as illustrative of Indian customs, but as strikingly indicative of the vast changes by which so many Christian temples have been erected on and around the scene of such recent heathen orgies!

It may be premised that the Senecas, and probably others of the Six Nations, have five feasts annually; on which occasions it is customary to return thanks to Nauwanew for his blessings or to deprecate his wrath. At these times also the chiefs conversed upon the affairs of the tribes, and generally urged upon the people the duty of demeaning themselves so as to ensure a continuance of the favor which had attended them in their pursuits of peace or war. These feasts followed the consummation of the matters usually watched with most interest by Indians in peaceful times—one of the ceremonies occurring after "sugar-time;" another after planting; a third called the green-corn feast, when the maize first becomes fit for use; the fourth after the corn harvest; and the fifth at the close of their year, late in January or early in February, according to the moon.

The latter ceremonial was performed for the last time in Rochester in January, 1813. The concluding rites were seen by some of the few persons then settled in "these parts." From Mr. EDWIN SCRANTOM, now a merchant of the city, who was among the spectators, we have had an account of the ceremonial, as far as he beheld it, which corresponds with the accounts given by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, long a missionary among the Six Nations, and by the "White Woman," that remarkable associate of the Senecas. The latter personage related, that when the Indians returned from hunting, ten or twenty of their number were appointed to superintend the great "sacrifice and thanksgiving." Preparations were made at the council-house or other place of meeting for the accommodation of the tribe during the ceremonial.—Nine days was the period, and two white dogs the number and kind of animals formerly required for the festival; though in these latter days of reform and retrenchment (for the prevailing spirit had reached even the wigwams and the altars of the Senecas) the time has been curtailed to seven or five days, and a single dog was made the scapegoat to bear away the sins of the tribe! Two dogs, as nearly white as could be procured, were usually selected from those belonging to the tribe, and were carefully killed at the door of the council-house by means of strangulation; for a wound on the animal or an effusion of blood would spoil the victim for the sacrificial purpose. The dogs were then fantastically painted with various colors, decorated with feathers, and suspended about twenty feet high at the council-house or near the centre of the camp. The ceremonial is then commenced, and the five, seven, or nine days of its continuance are marked by feasting and dancing as well as by sacrifice and consultation. Two select bands, one of men and another of women, ornamented with trinkets and feathers, and each person furnished with an ear of corn in the right hand, dance in a circle around the council fire, which is kindled for the occasion, and regulate their steps by rude music. Hence they proceed to every wigwam in the camp; and, in like manner, dance in a circle around each fire. Afterward, on another day, several men clothe themselves in the skins of wild beasts, cover their faces with hideous masks and their hands with the shell of the tortoise, and in this garb they go among the wigwams, making horrid noises, taking the fuel from the fire, and scattering the embers and ashes about the floor, for the purpose of driving away evil spirits. The persons performing these operations are supposed not only to drive off the evil spirit, but to concentrate within themselves all the sins of their tribe. These sins are afterward all transfused into one of their own number, who, by some magical dexterity or sleight-of-hand, works off from himself into the dogs the concentrated wickedness of the tribe! The scapegoat dogs are then placed on a pile of wood, to which fire is applied, while the surrounding crowd throw tobacco or other incense upon the flame, the scent of which is deemed to co-operate with the sacrifice of the animals in conciliating the favor of Nauwanew or the Great Spirit. When the dogs are partly consumed, one is taken off and put into a large kettle with vegetables of various kinds, and all around devour the contents of the "feeking caldron." After this the Indians perform the dances of war and peace and smoke the calumet: then, free from wickedness, they repair to their respective places of abode, prepared for the events of the new year.

The wild spot where these pagan rites were performed only twenty-six years ago has been transformed for the purpose of civilized man, and is now surrounded or covered by some of the fairest mansions and the noblest temples of Western New-York.

Such are the results of ENLIGHTENED ENTERPRISE combined with LIBERAL INSTITUTIONS in A LAND BOUNTEOUSLY ENDOWED BY HEAVEN.

The following pretty lines were written in a beautiful young lady's Album, by Gov. TYLER, (now a candidate for the Vice-Presidency,) a few weeks ago:

TO ——

Lady! I've seen thee as a dream
Which fancy wakes at morning's hour,
And thou art pure as morn's first beam,
And lovely as its loveliest flower.

'Twas such a vision, bright but brief,
In early life my young heart rended.
Then left it as a withered leaf
On life's most rugged thorn suspended.

Yet ere we part accept my prayer,
That he who rules the earth and sky,
May guide thee with a parent's care,
And crown thy life with endless joy.

Anecdote of La Fayette.—On one occasion during the war, a white flag was sent to the enemy's camp by La Fayette with a despatch from the Commander-in-Chief for Sir Henry Clinton. In return Sir Henry directed his despatch to Mr. Washington. Taking it from the hands of the messenger La Fayette remarked the address and immediately returned word that the despatch was directed to a reputable planter in Virginia, which would be promptly delivered at the close of the war, till which time it should not be opened. A second despatch was returned addressed to "His Excellency, Gen. Washington."

Can any one tell the origin of the phrase, "Rowed up Salt River?"—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

There is a small river in Kentucky of that name, the navagation of which is very rough and rocky,—and hence, people bound on a hard voyage were sent by the Kentuckians up Salt River.—*Express.*

A youog man of this city, a drummer, is to run a great match against time, to-morrow.—*Toronto Patriot.*

There can be little doubt of his winning. A drummer ought certainly to be able to *beat time*.—*Louisville Journal.*

Old Women.—Lively, good humored old women are what rasins are to fresh grapes. They are withered, but they are also preserved, and appear to advantage in the freshest company.

"That strikes me werry forcibly," as the chap said vot got poked over by the windmill.

Fróm the New York Express.

JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.

SCENES IN BROADWAY.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esq., *Justice of the Pease and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, Connecticut.*

Dear Par—I am eenamost sartin that you was disappointed because I didn't come hum to thanksgiving, but somehow I couldn't raise pluck enough to start, all I could do. I raly don't know what seemed to be the matter with me; but arter Miss Beebe's party, I begun to get as peaked and wamblecropped as could be. I swanny, if it didn't set me all in a fluster the next morning, when I got up and found that sprig of myrtle that Miss Miles give me a lying on the floor jist where it had dropped from the button hole of my new coat. I didn't hardly give myself time to put on my clothes, afore I went out to a crockery-ware stand, and bo't a tumbler to put it in; and then I set on my desk, and tried to write a lit le, for I didn't feel just like eating any breakfast. But it warnt of no use trying—all I could do, every idea in my head got fixed on the myrtle, and Miss Miles, and the party, I didn't write two words togeth er, but scrabbled all over the paper, and figgered out little heads, and meeting houses, and hay-stacks on it, as nat'ral as could be; but if I'd been hung and choked to death, I couldn't a wrote two rale ginuine lines. I felt sort of odd all ov r, and I hadn't the least notion what could ail me; it warnt a very tedious feeling though, but it seemed as if I was a dreaming yit, and all about that tarnation little Miss Miles. I kept a seeing them bright black eyes and them long curls of hern all the time, as plain as day. I'll be choked if I didn't git a fe red that I was a beginning to have a kind of a sneakin notion arter her, and sez I to myself, "Mr. Jonathan Slick, this won't do, no how.—Arter what you have seen of women natur in that Judy White, you must be a darned crazy snote to poke your fingers in that fire agin"—But a feller may as well drink too much liquor and ask it not to make him stagger as to git his head chock full of the gals and then t y to talk common sense to himself. It is like giving advice to a rat when his leg is in the trap. The long and short of it was, I couldn't set still, and I couldn't think of any on arth but that gal, s I jumped up all at once and sez I to myself—"Wal, one way or another, by hook or by crook, I'll see her agin—I will by the hokey! its of no use to git down in the mouth about it, she can't do no more than give me the mittin, any how, and it will be the first gal that I ever got it from, if she does, I can tell her that.

I was so anxious that it seem'd forever afore I got on my dandy coat and trowsers agin.—My handkercher smelt purty strong of the es sence of peppermint, so I jist fixed it right in my pocket, put on my yaller gloves, and stuck the sprig of myrtle in my bosom afore I give the last peak into the little lookin glass that hangs in a corner of my office. I don't think there could be much said agin my looks, as I went down Cherry street with my head hung back, sort of independent, and the tip eend of my yaller gloves stuck in my pocket. Consarn that Broadway tailor! he made the trowsers so tight that I couldn't git a hull hand in no more than I could fly. Miss Miles lives clear up to the further eend of Broadway, so I jist took a short cut across the Park, and went along by the Astor House. A lot of dandified looking chaps stood on the steps a staring at the handsome gals as they went by, all furbelowed and fine-fied out like a stream of garden flowers all in full blow. They may talk about England and France and Garmeny, as well as all the other big places that a feller can pint out on the map; but, for my part, I don't believe there is a place on the arth where the women dress so alfired costly as they do here in York. It rally is enough to make a feller grit his teeth to see the handsome critters sideling and curchying along the stone walks, wrapped up in silks and satins and velvet, and all sorts of feathers, as long as them that Captain Jones wore in his training cap, jest as if it only wanted a fiddler to set them all a dancing. When their husbands are out a shinning and working themselves to death to keep their notes from being sued by the lawyers. It don't seem right, but yet they do look tarnal killing in their furbalos—its no use denying that. But some thing did raise my dander a little as I went along, that's a fact. Any body that had half an eye could see that all the young gals were possessed after them forreign chaps with the brustles and whiskers. Every once in a while one of the indecent varmints would come along with his head twisted round under some purty woman's bonnet, talking as mealy-mouthed as could be, like an old gray cat mewing round a bird-cage, and the gals seemed all in a twitter, they were so ticked, and screwed up their mouths, and smiled to show their teeth, and looked as proud as peacocks of the etarnal impudent critters. I'll be darned if I don't believe every one of them chaps are barbers or chair makers. When they are to hum, and hearing what a chance the York gals give every kind of animals that come from foreign parts, and how they begin to turn up their noses at a rale true born American, whenever they can git a chance to make fools of themselves with them hairy liped fellers. They've come over here to York to court the gals and git up a new crop of hair to begin bisiness with when they git hum agin. Think sez I, it would not be a bad joke sometime about six months arter this, if some of them gals that don't think nothing of chasing arter them fellers, should buy his whiskers and all the rest on 'em that they fall in love with, to have stuffed into a footstool, sich as I saw at Miss Beebe's. Stranger things than that has happened afore now, I reckon. It raly made me feel bad to see tall, handsome looking fellers, ginuine Americans, with revolutionary blood in their hearts, a standing on the tavern steps, and a walking all alone up and down the streets as melancholly as mice in an empty mill, while their own women folks that ought to be ashamed of themselves, were a talking and smiling and giggling with that pack of varmints. It made my blood boil to see it I can tell you. You wont think it exactly like a christian to run on as I do about them fellers, I'm afeard; but the truth on it is, I *do* hate 'em like pison. If I owned a caravan of living animals, darn me, if I wouldn't catch some for specimens, and cage 'em up for a show. They wouldn't be a strutting up Broadway and a showing themselves for nothing much longer, I can tell them that! They talk about yankee speculations. I reckon this would be a prime one—wouldn't it? If a feller could only git a good trap made there wouldn't be no difficulty but we could find purty gals—them that lives in fine houses and hold up their heads as if they were queens too—that would be willing enough to let you use them for bait.

You wont wonder that I am wrothy about them chaps when I tell you how I was struck up jist arter I went by the Astor house. I was a thinking about one thing or another when all to once I lifted my eyes and there was Miss Miles a coming toward me looking as fresh and handsome as a full blown butter cup, and close to her side, that Count with the crabbed name that I saw at Miss Bebee's was a twistifying himself along with his head bent sideways till the great long white feather that she wore on her bonnet all but swept across his eyes. I eenamost felt as if I should cry out, and I raly believe I should a boo hooed right out if I hadn't been so allfired wrathy at the sight of him. Oh! but my yankee grit did rise—I dug my hands down in my trousers pocket and walked right straight up to them a grinning like a hyena for I was determinded to let them see that I didn't care how much they walked together. They were so busy a twisting their heads about and a looking soft sodder at each other that they didn't see me till I stood right afore them as stiff as an iron bar with my head up straight and one foot stuck out fored as an independant and true born yankee ought to do when he sees himself imposed on.

There was no mistake in Miss Miles this time any how. She give a scream and blushed as red as a turkey's comb, and then she looked about sort of skeery as if she was afeard somebody would see how slick I'd caut her. I was as mad as all natur, but as true as you live I could'nt but jist keep from haw hawing right out to see how that hair lipp'd Count acted when he saw me a standing up afore him. He kinder stepped back and stuck out one foot a little sideways, jist as if he was a going to make a bow, and he twisted his little stuck up waist round till his head poked out like a mud-turtle when he wants to see if anybody is near. Then he took a thing out of his vest pocket hitched to a gold chain that he wore round his neck, and he held it up to one eye, and there he stood staring at me and twisting his face and a bristling up his hair lip, like an etarnal monkey. I didn't seem to mind him but looked right straight at Miss Miles and, sez I—

"How do you do, Miss Miles?"

She did'nt seem to know how to take me at first, so she looked at the feller and then at me, and arter a while sez she—

"Oh! Mr. Slick, is it you?"

"Wal, I rather guess it is," sez I, "but I'spose my room's as good as my company, any how, I don't want to keep you from talking to your beau there."

"Oh! Mr. Slick," sez she, a twisting up her pretty mouth and a lookking in my face, jist as she did the night afore, "how odd you men of genius are! The Count, I'm sure, will be very happy to meet you, I know—won't you Count?"

She called the coot by his hull name, but how she could twist that little mouth of hern so as to get the word out, I can't tell. Arter that she turned her head a little, and said something sort of low to him. She had smiled so handsome, and her voice was so soft and coaxing that I had eenamost fotgot the chap, but her talking to him made me rile up agin, and jist as he was letting that half pair of spectacles down from his eye, and was beginning to put his face ship shape agin, I walked right straight up to him and sez I—

"Look a here you chap, I ruther guess you mean to know who I am next time you see me.'

"Saire!" sez he, standing up straight and opening his great black eyes till they seemed chuck full of fire and brimstone.

"Wal, what on it," sez I.

"You are impertinent," sez he.

"Wal, now I reckon that aint what I was baptised. I'll tell you what, Mr. Hair-lip, I aint a going to let you nor any body else call me names," sez I, a taking both hands out of my trouses pockets, and a pulling up my yaller gloves a leetle, as spiteful as could be, jist to show him that my mawlers were fit for use.

The feller's lips begun to grow white, but he twisted them up jist as if he wanted to make me think he didn't care for what I said.

"Saire," sez he. "do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"Wal," sez I, larfing in his face a leetle, "I ruther guess I do, though I haint jist made up my mind what kind of a horned cattle you call yourself yit; they give all sich stranger-critters a name, and I s'pose you'll git one by-amby as well as the rest on 'em."

With that he turned as white as a tub of curd and sez he—

"This is too much saire; remember you are speaking to a Count." Here he out with a name as long and crooked as a sassafras root.

"You don't say so!" sez I.

"Is a nobleman?" sez he—and he was a going on to give me another string of foreign jaw-breakers; but I jist sot down my foot, and, sez I, "Look a here, you feller—I don't care the value of a butnut-shell how many names you've got; we don't own no Counts in this

'ere free land of liberty, but them that can count down the most hard chink, and they have to work tarnation hard afore they git the title I can tell you. As for your noblemen, we have raised a new-fashioned set of 'em in this land of liberty. In the Revolutionary War a hull grist on 'em sot their titles down on our glorious Declaration of Independence, and there they'll stay, as bright as the stars, to all eternity, and a day longer. We don't ask our noblemen who their fathers were, or how they got a living. *Great deeds* and—what's the same thing —*good deeds* make noblemen here. Every man has to work out his own title, and when he dies, instead of leaving it to somebody of a son he writes his date out in the history of his country, and takes it back to him who gave the power to arn it. As for any other noblemen—though I believe arter all that the true genuine lords and counts that come out here are as scarce as hen's teeth—" (here the count didn't seem to stand easy,) we *true* Americans, rale full-blooded Yankees don't care any more for their titles than wo do for the stuns under our feet. Its only our half-blooded Americans that have been baked over in Europe, and our silly fine fied gals that chase after you. An honest, steaight for'ard Yankee gal would take you for jist what you are worth as *men*, and when they do that, I ruther guess we can pull an even yoke with any of you that come from tother side the water."

Here I gave Miss Miles a squint that made her wilt like a broken rose in the hot sun! "Mr. Slick," sez she, eenamost crying, "I beg, I entreat, let us walk on. See how the people are remarking us."

"Wal," sez I, sort of mollified, "I aint doing nothing to be ashamed on, am I?"

"Oh no," sez she, "I didn't mean to say that."

"Wal, there aint nothing on arth that I wont do to oblige a handsome critter like you," sez I, a going round to the other side on her. She gave me another of her prime smiles and that seemed to pacify me. So we all three walked along together till we got agin the Astor House once more. The Count looked as sour as a vinegar barrel,—I suppose, because I was determined to hang on, but kept a stiff upper lip, and marched down the stun walk as straight as a bean pole stuck up on eend. Miss Miles began to smile agin, and she talked to him as sweet as could be, but I couldn't make out a word she said, for she didn't speak rale American, but every now and then; jist as I was a beginning to git rily about it, she would turn her face to me, and pucker up her mouth so coaxing that somehow I couldn't git right down wrathy any way.

When the Count saw that I wasn't to be scared away, he jist give me a good long stare right in the eyes, and then bending a little forced to Miss Miles, he lifted his hat about an inch from his head and went into the Astor House. I dont know what on arth could be the matter, but the minute he left us I begun to feel a foolish as could be. I didn't know what in nature to talk about,—so I jist took my red silk handkacher and give it a flirt out of my pocket, and then put it back agin.

"Do you like the smell of essence of peppermint, Miss Miles?" sez I.

"I'm very fond of perfume," sez she.

"I hope you didn't like the stuff that are Count had on his handkercher" sez I, "I swanny, it eenamost made me sick, he smelt more like a musk-rat than any thing else."

"You can't expect every body to have *your* taste in selecting perfumes for his toilet, Mr. Slick." sez she, a puckering up her mouth till it looked like a red clover top full of honey.—"I swow, Miss Miles, you look as harnsome as a full blown rose this morning," sez I, "It aint a bit of wonder that I couldn't sleep a bit last night." With that I jist took a good squint at her as we went along, for I couldn't think what to say next. I don't believe the things she had on cost one cent less than 50 dollars,*

[* Jonathan is very much out of the way here. A moderately fashinable girl's rig out, one suit often costs thus:—

A bonnet or hat,	$50
A pocket handkerchief,	30
A Tunic or Cardinal,	150
Under dress,	100
Muff,	40
Watch,	150
Jewelry, Mosaics, &c.	500

Miss Miles we have often seen in Broadway, and she is worth, standing there, any day, from 1500 to 3000 dollars (a "hull" onion Farm in Weathersfield!)

enough to rig out all the gals in Weathersfield with boughten finery: her cloak was the queerest thing I ever did see; it only reached jest down to her knees, and was made out of rale shiny silk velvet. I know it was silk, for I jest slipped off my yaller glove, and felt on it to be sartin, as we walked along. It was kinder purply, like the damsons that grow in our corn lot, and was loaded down with some kind of long fur. Under that she wore another dress of black silk velvet, that shone in the sun like a crow's back. The cloak had great open sleeves, edged with fur, a hanging round her arms; and I could see the corner of a handkercher a sticking out from the end of her little black muff, jest enough to show how harnsomely it was figgir'd off, a bunch of red flowers was stuck agin each side of her face under her bonnet, and her eyes looked bright, and her cheeks rosy enough to make a feller catch his breath.—The more I looked at her, the more uneasy I got about that Count, I wanted to say something to her about him dreadfully, but some how I didn't know what to say first. I took out my hankercher agin, and then I wiped my nose and put it back; then I begun to examine the fingers of my yaller gloves' to see how they stood the weather. Finally, I lost step, and it took me three minutes to get the right hitch agin; at last I burst right out, and, sez I—

"Now, Miss Miles, between you and I and the post, jest tell me do you raly care anything about that are Count?"

She turned her roguish black eyes to my face, and, sez she, "Why, Mr. Slick, how can you ask such a question?"

"Now that's Yankee all over," sez I, "you haint told me yet; only asked me another question to match mine."

"What do you want to know for?" sez she, sort of softly.

"Oh not much of anything, I should kinder like to know that's all," sez I. With that, think sez I, I'll try to make her jealous a leetle, and sez I, —

"Do you know Miss Miles that they've been a printing my pictur clear off in Michigan and down in Rochester. I guess I shall go out there one of these days and see how I like the folks out west, I begin to git eenamost tired of York." I warnt wrong, that brought her to her senses purty quick.

"You don't really intend to leave the city," sez she, a lookin at me as earnest as could be.

"Wal, I don't know," sez I, "them western editors want me to come dreadfully. One on 'em sent me word that he had a grist of handsome gals in his State."

"Is the pictur out west so very well painted," sez she.

"Wal," sez I, "its a purty good likeness, considering it was took in my old clothes," (and with that I took out the paper and I showed it to her.) "I ruther think it will be best for me to go on there," sez I, a putting up the pictur; "that are Count will think I want to cut him out, I'm afeared." I looked straight at her as I said this, but she begun to smooth down the fur on her muff with her little hand, and when she did speak, I had to bend my head down to hear what she was a saying.

Afore I could make out what she meant to say, a couple of handsome young gals came along and they stopped as if they were tickled to death to see her. I thought there warnt much chance for me to git another word in edgeways. So I cut for the office and left them a talking as they went along.

Think sez I, as I was going along through the Park, arter all, human natur is purty much the same in all places. I don't see as there's much difference between our gals there in Weathersfield, that wear calico frocks and straw bonnets and these York tippies that go out all furbalowed off in their silks and satins. They are six of one and half a dozen of tother the world over. If it hadn't been for that are Count I should not have been at much of a loss how to take Miss Miles. When a gal begins to talk down her throat and fingers her muff as she did, its a purty sure sign that there'll be a change of weather in her heart afore long, but somehow that tarnal Count; consarn him; put me all out of my natural reckoning. But who cares? sez I to myself. I'll bet a cookey if there warn't but two men in the world, and them were that darned feller and Jonathan Slick, and she'd got to marry one or tother on us, she wouldn't be long a making up her mind whether to take a man for what he's got in his head or for the hair that grows on the outside on it, for a gal with half an eye might see that when a fellers brains all run to hair, he can't have much sense left.

But when these chaps are so chased after by all the gals, there is no saying what kind of a chance a plain honest chap like me might have among 'em. But any how I'll try my luck tomorrow, for if I don't go to see her I shall be sick a bed that's sartin.

MORNING CALL OF MR. SLICK.

A COQUETT'S DRESSING ROOM.

Wal, arly the next morning, I got up and put on my new clothes agin, and sot afore the fire thinking of eenamost every thing on arth, till the clock struck nine; then I jist slicked down my hair a leetle, and pulled foot up Broadway agin. I kinder expected every minute that I should meet Miss Miles, as I did yesterday; but somehow there didn't seem to be anybody a stirring. There warnt a single one of them whiskered chaps in sight, and all the women-folks that I could see, up or down, seemed to have on nothing but their every-day clothes. I saw two or three rale homespun, modest-looking young critters, but they warnt dressed up, and some on 'em were a carrying band-boxes and sich things afore them. Once I got allfired wrathy, for a nigger woman stood out on the stun side-walk with a great long brush in her hand, a scrubbing the winders of a big house with it; and jist as I come along, she give the brush a flourish, and sent a hull thunder-shower of dirty water all over my new clothes. "You etarnal black nigger, you!—you'd better look out, and keep your soap suds for them that wants washing," sez I. But she hee-he'ed out a larfin, and begun to brush away agin jist as if I hadn't said a word to her. Think sez I, it wouldn't be jist the thing for any body to see me a jawing here with a nigger wench, so I may as well grin and bear it, for I don't know of any thing that proves a feller a leetle soft in the garret, so much as keeping up a quarrel with a person that is so much beneath him that there aint nothing to be gained, though you do git the upper-hand. So I jist choked in, and took out my handkercher, and wiped off my coat-sleeves, and went along; but it warnt no easy matter to navigate so as not to git a second ducking, for every nigger in York seemed to be out a washing winders. I come near slipping up, two or three times, the stuns were so wet afore all the houses. I can tell you what, this going to make morning calls aint no joke, especially if a feller happens to be dressed up. The niggers will sponge his coat for him, if the tailor forgot to, without charging him for the trouble.

Jest afore I got up to the great four story house where Miss Miles lives, I begun to feel a sort of anxious agin. Think sez I, what on arth shall I say to her when I do get there, so I kept a thinking over a nice leetle speech that I meant to make. I'd read in story books about lovers that always went down on their knees when they talked soft sodder to such stuck up gals as Miss Miles; but to save my life, I couldn't make up my mouth to it; the gal must be something more than common flesh and blood that would even bring Jonathan Slick on his marrow bones, I'm thinking; so if she calculates that I'm a going to make such a mean coot of myself as that, why, she may go to grass for what I care.

Besides, sez I to myself, how on arth would I kneel down in these new-fashioned trousers, if I would ever so much, when arter putting one thing and another together, I made up my mind that kneeling down to the gals must have gone out of fashion here in York when the chaps give up wearing them trousers puff'd in at the waistbands. This kinder made my mind easy on that point; so I went on thinking over what I should say to Miss Miles when I got to her house. Now, it aint no ways hard to make first rate speeches up in a feller's head, when he's a going to see a gal that he's a beginning to take a shine arter; but somehow the worst on it all is, a chap always forgets every word on it when he comes where the gal is.

I begun to grow awful uneasy jist afore I got to the house, and my heart sot to beating in my bosom, like the pestle in an old fashioned samp morter. It seemed to me as if somebody was a looking after me, and as if they knew that I was a going a courting in broad day light, which was enough to make any decent chap

look foolish that had never thought of making up to the gals only on a Sunday night arter dark, when these things seem to come nat'ral. Wal, when I got agin the house, I took a squint up to the winders, for I thought meb-by Miss Miles would be a looking out, but there warnt nobody to be seen, so I went up the wide marble steps that looked as white as snow with a great chunk of marble a curling down each side on 'em. and there I stood stock still, for my heart floundered about so that it eenamost choked me, and if I'd a been hung I couldn't a got up pluck to pull the silver knock and make somebody come and let me in; for all the York people keep their doors fastened in the day time, so that if a feller's in ever so much fo a hurry, he's got to stand out doorstill a nigger comes to let him in.

By am-by a black gal stuck her head up from under the steps as if she was a going to speak, so I turned my back to the door and stuck both hands in my pockets and began to whistle, as independent as could be jist to let her see that I didn't feel anxious to get in. Arter that I went down the steps agin, jist giving a leetle touch of Yankee Doodle as I walked up and down on the stun walk afore the house, a trying to git up courage. At last a gal come to the door with a tin basin in her hands and begun to scour the silver knocks, so I jist went right up the steps agin like a house a fire, and sez I to the gal—"Is Miss Miles to hum?"

She kinder started at me, as if she was a going to ask what I wanted, but I warnt a going to stand there a talking to her, so I jist pushed ahead and went into the entry way. There warn't no body there, but one of the mahogany doors that opened on one side was wide open, and I went in. If any thing, the two great rooms was more handsome than them at Cousin Beebe's: the footstools and the setees and the chairs were all kivered with shiny red velvet figgered off like all natur, but they stood about over the carpet every which way; two or three little stun tables stood out in the middle of the room; one on 'em was kivered with decanters and wine glasses, and some of the books lay all kivered with gold, a glittering and shining on the carpet. The grates were all lined with solid silver, but there warn't a spark of fire in either on 'em yet, and the ashes lay all scattered out over the stun hearths as thick as could be. A part of the great silk winder curtains were hitched up and the rest on em fell clear down to the floor over the winders till the sun shine that came a pouring through them looked as light and red as a hundred glasses of current wine. Thinks I, what on arth has become of all the folks, one would think that they hadn't eat breakfast yet, by the looks of things, yet that couldn't be, for by that time it was eenamost ten o'clock, and any body that has the least idee of getting a living won't wait arter six for his breakfast. Wal, arter wandering about the rooms a good while, I jist went into the entry way agin—by that time the gal that I'd seen at the door had got up on a chair and was a hauling down a great round glass thing which was hung by a sort of chain up to the ruff of the entry. When she see me a comin out of the two rooms she yelled out as if she didn't know that I was there afore.

"What do you wont here," sez she, as imperdent as could be.

"Hold your tarnal yop you critter you," sez I, "and jist tell me where Miss Miles is, I've come to make her a morning call."

The gal seemed a little mortified by that, and sez she, to a leetle stuck up cuffee boy that come up stairs jist then, "here's a gentleman wants to see Miss Miles, is she up yet."

Wal, now thinks sez I, if this York aint the beatumest place that ever I did see—there aint a nigger in it but what's a poking fun at you, or a throwing water or some tarnal thing or another. I wonder if these leetle coots think I'm soft enough to believe that an honest handsome gal like Miss Miles lies a bed till ten o'clock.—They dont stuff me up that way anyhow if I did come from the country.

"What name shall I take up?" sez the leetle cuffee a bowing.

"Oh I aint particlar," sez I, "you may take up any you like best—but I wish you'd jist tell me where she is, for I begin to feel eenamost tuckered out a walking and a standing round here."

The leetle cuffee looked at the gal, and then they both began to giggle and tee-hee like any thing.

"Look a here you little copper colored image you," sez I to the nigger, "just you step up this minit if you dont want to git an alfired thrashing.

The poor leetle varmint looked scared out on a year's growth, and sez he, as humble as could be, "Who shall I say wants to see Miss Miles?"

"Never you mind that," sez I, "go ahead, and I guess she wont be long in finding out."

With that the nigger went up stairs and I arter him full chisel; he looked round as if he wanted to say something jist as he stopped by a door in the upper entry way, but I jist told him to go ahead and hold his yop, for I warn't a going to wait any longer. So he rapped at the door and somebody said "come in." My heart riz in my throat, for I knew whose voice it was, and I begun to feel as if I'd pitched head foread into a mill dam. The cuffy opened the door and sez he "ma'm, here's a gemman that *would* come up." I heard somebody give a leetle scream, and with that I jist pushed the negger out of the way, and sez I, "Miss Miles, how do you do?"

I sniggers if I didn't raly pity the poor gal, she looked so struck up of a heap; but what on arth made her act so I couldn't at first tell, for I felt kinder streaked as if I'd done something that wasn't exactly right, though I couldn't think what, and was as much as a minit afore I looked right in her face. But jest as I lifted up my head, and drew up my foot, arter making one of my first cut bows, she stood jest afore me.—By the living hokey, for I never was so struck up in my born days! You know what I've told you about Miss Miles, about her plump round form, her red lips, and her rosy cheeks. Well, I'll be darned if there was one of them left—I shouldn't have known her no more than nothing, if it hadn't been for her eyes and the way she spoke. Her neck and fored that always looked so white and hansome, when I see her at Cousin Mary's, and in Broadway, was as yellow as a saffron bag; there warnt the least mite of red in her face, and her hair was all frizzley, and done up in a leetle bunch, about as big as a hen's egg behind! She had on a great loose ank'ard looking gown, that made her seem twice as chunked as she used to, and that looked more like a man's shirt cut long and muffled round than any thing else. It warnt any to close neither, and both of her leetle shoes were down to the heel. There I stood a looking at her with all the eyes in my head—my foot was drawed up tight, and my arms were a hanging straight down, jest as they swung back arter I'd made my bow. I kinder seemed to feel that my mouth was open a leetle, and that I was a staring at her harder than was manners for me.—But if you'd a given me the best farm in all Weathersfield, I couldn't have helped it, I was so struck up in a heap at seeing her in such a fix. I guess it was as much as two minits afore either on us said a word, and, at least, Miss Miles turned to the nigger as savage as a meat-axe, "and," sez she, "Tuly, why didn't you show Mr. Slick into the drawing room?"

"Oh, don't seem to mind it," sez I, a walking into the room, and a setting down on a chair with my hat between my knees, "I'd jest as lives set up here as any where."

She looked as if she'd bust right out a crying, but at last she sot down and tried to act as if she was glad to see me. She begun to make excuses about her dress and the room, and said she wasn't very well that morning, and that she'd jist took a new book, and sot down, jist as she was, to read it.

"Oh," sez I, "doon't make no excuses; it aint the fust time that I've ketched a gal in the suds. Marm used to say that she never looked worse than common that somebody wasn't sar tin to drop in."

"Will you excuse me one minit, Mr. Slick," sez she, a minit arter I'd said this, and a looking down on her awk'ard dress, as if she couldn't help but feel streaked yet.

"Sartinly," sez I; "don't make no stranger of me." With that, she opened a door and went into a room close by. I jist got a good peak into it as she went through the door, and an alfired harnsome room it was. There was a great mahogany bedstead a standing in the middle, with a high goose feather bed on it, kivered all over with a white quilt and great square pillows all ruffled off, and the winder curtains were part white and part sort of indigo blue. I couldn't git a chance to see what else there was, she shut the door so quick. "By gracious," sez I to myself, arter she went out, "who on arth would ever have thought that Miss Miles was so old? When I saw her yesterday I'd a took my bible oath that she warnt more than eighteen, but now I'll be choked if she don't look as old as the hills. If ever she sees thirty agin she'll have ter turn like a crab and walk backwards five or six years." What puzzled me most was how in creation she made out to look so young—but it warnt a great while afore I made it out as clear as one of Deacon Sykes' exhortations. Arter she'd gone out I jist got up and took a sort of survey of the room; every thing was tother eend up, helter skelter in it; there was no eend to the finery and the harnsome furniture, but it don't make much odds how extravagant one is a laying out money if things aint kept neat and snug in their places. The more things cost, the more it seems to hurt a feller's feelings to see them flung about topsy turvy as they were in that room. I ruther think she didn't have her company up there very often—but a gal that's got a good bringing up will be jist as particular about the place she keeps for herself, and which company never sees, as if it was likely to be seen every day of her life. I begun to be alfired glad that I didn't ask her to have me yesterday, for if she'd been as young as she seemed to be and as harnsome as an angel, I wouldn't a had her arter seeing that leetle room of hern. A pocket handkercher, worked and sprigged, and ruffled off with lace, was a lying on the settee, but it was all grimed over with dirt, and looked as if it would a gin any thing for a sight of the wash tub. The carpet was as soft and thick as could be, and it was kivered over with bunches of posies as nat'ral as life; but there was a great grease spot close by the fire, where somebody had upset a lamp, and all around the edges and in the corners it looked as if it hadn't been swept for ever so long. A chest of drawers—solid shiney mahogany, with a great looking-glass swung between two pieces of mahogany on the top, stood on one side of the room, and there, a hanging over the edge on 'em, as true as I live, were the long handsome curls that I'd seen on Miss Miles when she was to Cousin Mary's party! Wal, think, sez I, if this don't take the rag off the bush! What do you think I saw next? A glass tumbler about half full of water, with three nice, leetle white teeth a lying in the bottom on it! I couldn't help but give a leetle whistle when I saw them. Thick, sez I, its jist as like as not that Miss Miles won't pucker up her mouth and smile, quite so much this morning as she did yesterday any how. There were two leetle china cups with the kivers a lying down by them; one was filled with white stuff kinder like flour, only ruther more gritty, and tother was full of something that looked like rose leaves ground down to powder—a leetle chunk of cotton wool was stuck into it, but what on arth it was for I couldn't make out. There were two or three silk cushions, chuck full of pins, on the drawers, and there was no eend to the leetle glass bottles all sprigged off with gold, a lying round on the mantel shelf, as well as on the tables and the chest of drawers. In one corner of the room there stood a great looking-glass, a swinging between leetle posts cut out of mahogany, and right over it two silk frocks were tumbled up together. I begun to finger them a leetle, for somehow I felt curious to know how the tarnal cunning critter contrived to make herself so plump and round. It didn't warnt much cyphering to find her out. The tops of her frocks, both on 'em, were all stuffed full of something soft that made 'em stand out as nat'ral as life. I hadn't but jist time to drop the frock and set down again—looking as innocent as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth—when Miss Miles come back agin. She'd put on another frock all ruffled off, and somehow or other, had fixed up her hair so as to look ruther more ship shape; but she hadn't had time to put herself all together, though her face did look a leetle whiter than it did when I first went in. There warnt a bit of a hump on her back, and she was nat'ral all the way round! I felt ruther uneasy, for, think, sez I, its jist as like as not she'll expect me to talk over a leetle soft sodder with her, as I did yesterday; but I'll be darned if it don't make make me sick to think of it. I hitched about on my chair, and I looked at every thing but her, then I took up my hat and begun to balance it on my two fore fingers, and at last sez I, Wal, Miss Miles, I spose I may as well be jogging."

"Don't be in a hurry," sez she, a trying to smile, but without opening her lips a bit, "I hope you wont make strangers of us."

I let my hat drop and picked it up agin.

"What book was that, that you've been a reading," sez I, detarmined to say something.

"Oh, that's the Countess of Blessington's new work," sez she: it's a charming book. Do you like her writings, Mr. Slick?"

"Wal, I don't know," sez I; I never read any of her books, but it kinder strikes me that she aint no great shakes herself, any how."

"Oh, you shouldn't be sensorious, Mr. Slick," sez she. "You know Mr. Willis visited her, and was delighted."

"Wal now," sez I, "its my opinion that Mr. N. P. Willis couldn't be over hard to please, if a woman only had a title to her name, but I wonder how on arth he contrived to git so thick with the quality over there in England. I ruther think I shall go over there and try my luck one of these days in his way, they seem to be so taken up with us Yankees, but arter all if a feller has to go over to England to let them lords and editors puff him, afore any body will take notice on him to hum, he'd better take to some other bisness. There aint a man in all this country that ever wrote more genuine things than that chap did when he was a leetle shaver in Yale College, and yet nobody would believe a word on't till he went off to England. Now it is my rale opinion that he never wrote anything arter he went off half so much to his credit as he did afore, and when he came here to York from about our parts, jist as I've come now, if he did'nt desarve to be treated well then, why he don't now, that's sartin. But I used to know him down east, and its my opinion that he's a first rate hull hearted feller, and a rale genuine Poet to boot! But I swanny, Miss Miles, I muet be a going, you haint no idee how much I've got to do!"

With that I got up and made a bow. She made a curchy, and, sez she, "Mr. Slick, call agin, we shall always be glad to see you."

"Sartinly," s z I; so I made another bow and cut stick down stairs into the open street. But if Miss Miles ever ketches me on her premises agin, she'll ketch a weasel asleep, I guess.—That Count may marry her—what there is left on her—and go to grass, for what I care.

From your loving Son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THOUGHTS FOR NEW-YEARS.

WRITTEN, BY REQUEST, FOR A YOUNG MISS.

Another leaf is turned within the book of Time,
And on its page, is writ'—birth, childhood, youth & prime;
Old age, all tremulous;—hope, soaring high and free,
Grasping, by faith, the beauties of Eternity;
Fear, confidence; love, hatred's curse; joy and despair;
Castles, pushed far into the skies, but built of air;
Hopes, never realized; and unexpected bliss; [kiss.
Life where we look'd for death; where life, death's pallid

And this, the history of man; he lives, he dies;
His hopes are'whelm'd in death, or bloom above the skies.
And as it was, it is, and as it is, shall be,
A strangely blended scene of joy and misery.
Hence, as we onward move with the resistless throng,
Like helpless wave, pushed by the coming wave along,
May us who holds and sways all universal power,
Alike regards a world and being of an hour,
Direct us by the beacon of his holy truth,
That we may gain at last the realm of endless youth.

Ah, Eliza! said a puritan preacher to a young lady who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets, "Ah Eliza! had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you." When I was an infant, returned the damsel, "he did, but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

"What is wanting," said Napoleon, "that the youth of France be well educated?" '*Mothers*,' replied Madame *Campan*. This reply struck the Emperor. "*Here*," said he, "*is a system of education in one word!*" Be it your care to train up mothers, who shall know how to educate children"—*Amie Martin.*

When Sminides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered "Ah rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would."

"Subscribers will confer a favor by not lending their papers. Borrowers are always turning up their noses at something it contains.—*Newburyport Her.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1840.

Volume Twelve.—In presenting the first number of a new volume of the GEM AND LADIES' AMULET to the public, we deem it necessary only to state that we shall endeavor to meet the expectations of our readers, by presenting such valuable original communications as we may be able to procure, and by making such selections as we may deem calculated to encourage a taste for reading, and to improve the mind. We make no pretensions to rank with those publications which may be said mainly to aim at feeding a taste for fashionable folly, while we shall endeavor to keep as far aloof from all that might be construed into sectarianism or bigotry. A good story with a useful moral—interesting occurrences, biographies, maxims, anecdotes and poetic effusions, will, we hope, afford sufficient variety to each number, to render it a welcome visiter in families where parents seek to keep their children from dangerous vices, by affording them rational sources of relaxation and entertainment; while the ladies—the dear ladies—we hope will always find enough in our columns to excite their smiles, and cause them to remember with gratitude the kindness of those who may furnish them with our humble sheet.

The Prospectus will be found on the last page, to which we refer for terms, &c. We would here remark, however, that the great accessions which have already been made to our subscription list for the TWELFTH VOLUME, encourage us to hope that, unassuming as is the GEM, it is nevertheless a favorite with a large and respectable class in the community.

☞ It will be seen that the head of the GEM has undergone some alterations. We like old friends, and consider those who have long served us invaluable; but old cuts lose their beauty, and we can well afford to give so faithful a servant as the one we have laid aside, its day.—The new one was cut at the establishment of V. R. JACKSON, in this city, by J. H. RICHARDSON, a pupil of the justly celebrated wood cut engraver, ORR, of Buffalo. It speaks the praise of the young artist, and shows that our improvements have gone ahead within a few years, until "some things can be done" in Rochester now, besides jumping off the Genesee Falls.

Time.—The seasons of the year speak in more than human language; and men have been ever fond of tracing in the various phenomena of nature resemblances to their own existence, feelings and pursuits. Youth and spring have been joined together with bands of flowers; the fruits of summer have imaged our maturity; our decline is foretold by the varied hues of autumn, and winter has lent to age its hoar-frost and its snows. How can we help being affected by these silent periods which measure out our lives, and serve as stated boundaries to the mysterious progression of time? With all this in the mind's eye, shall we not seriously reflect that rapid is the flight of time, nor can we stay its course? Shall we not seriously consider how many of our acquaintances the past year have borne away into the ocean of eternity, and that we too are hurried along by the same sweeping torrent? The commencement of another year we may never see; yet while we have time let us employ it as we ought. Let every succeeding year, while years are continued to us, be more full of good, and more free from evil, for they will soon be numbered. May we thus live and act, that the year upon which we have just entered, may prove to us to be indeed—"*A Happy New Year!*"

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

MAMMON.

In the present age of the world, mankind seem to seek after riches as the chief end of their existence. Mammon is their god. The inquiry is not made whether a man is worthy of the honors conferred upon him, but whether he is rich. If he is so, it seems to imply that he possesses all the requisites to fill any station in life. He may be as ignorant, and dull, as a block. Yet if he has the needful supply of money, he is held up as an example for all; his word is quoted upon all subjects on which he has expressed an opinion; and he is considered capable of performing the duties of any office, it matters not how responsible.

A stranger comes into a place. He makes his first appearance in public clothed in the finest broadcloth, a gold watch at his side, together with a profusion of jewelry about his person, a gold headed staff which he uses with dexterity, and so haughty a gait, that you would think the ground on which he trod was not good enough. Such a person is at once pronounced by the multitude, a gentleman. Every one is eager to make his acquaintance, and if he should deign to speak to any one, it is made the subject of conversation in all the village, that Mr. A., or Miss B. has had the honor of being introduced to the rich gentleman. Even any one thinks himself honored, if he is so happy as to catch but a glance of his eye. On the other hand, a person of moral and intellectual worth, without any of this external pomp and show, would hardly be noticed.

In the present state of society, a man may be guilty of the most heinous vices, and still if he has gold to shelter him, feel secure. He may be a duelist—even guilty of the murder of a fellow creature—but if he possess riches he fears no ill. He is still considered a gentleman. He is a man of honor. He has washed from his name the stigma of cowardice with a brother's blood, and he goes forth into society to be flattered and caressed, as much as before. Is this as it should be? To sum up the whole, the question—"Is he rich?" or "Is she rich?"—is the principal one asked, when a person's standing in society is to be settled.

How often do we hear the inquiry, "Did he or she marry a fortune?" as if riches was the main point in seeking a partner for life. It *is too* often the case with young persons in choosing a companion, that they consider it of more consequence to possess a heap of glittering dust, than moral and intellectual worth. This state of society ought not so to be. As it is natural to mankind to desire the praise of their fellow creatures, if a man's character is to be estimated by his wealth, how long will it be before moral and intellectual worth will be of no account?

It should be early instilled into the minds of the young that education is more needful than wealth; that a dollar spent in providing food for the mind, is better than many used in dressing fine, or pampering the body. If this principle was more generally diffused, the aspect of society would be changed in a short time. Then would we as intellectual beings take the place designed by our Creator, and instead of seeking enjoyment in the acquisition of wealth, or in any of the grovelling pursuits of this earth, our highest happiness would be, in the cultivation of that part of our being which distinguishes us from the rest of creation. The exalted rank which we would then hold in the scale of being, would be worthy of a mind formed for high

and noble purposes, even "after the image of God, but a little lower than the angels." Money is a good thing in its place, but the love of it is the root of all evil. Therefore, beware of loving it too well. Love it not so well that you would not part with it for knowledge, which is far more lovely. Love it not so well that you could not dispense with it in a friend, if you could not possess that friend with it. Remember that friends in prosperity are not always friends in adverity, and you will not be governed by any sordid motive in choosing them. But above all, remember the words of King Solomon who says, "Receive my instructions and not silver, and wisdom rather than fine gold; for wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." Y.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

MRS. FELICEA HEMANS.

Mr. Editor—The following fragment, which has been called to my mind by the perusal of the last published memoirs of Mrs. Hemans, was written when the news of her demise first reached us, four summers ago; and afterward published in the New Yorker. Having given it some emendatory strokes, it is now offered you, in acknowledgement of your compliment of a copy of the Gem.

In doing this I hope to call the attention of some one or more admirers of the poetry of this gifted woman to the publication of her sister, Mrs. Hughes, who might not otherwise become familiar with a memoir written in an almost reverential spirit of love and appreciation; and in a style and manner worthy of the subject—for I do not recollect to have seen a notice of the work in your journal.

This praise, be it understood, is not meant as in the least derogatory to the excellence of Chorley's memorials: we feel on being presented, as in the latter, to the every day life of one whom we have been used to look at through the hallowing veil with which genius, viewed at a distance, is ever enshrouded, to have made a new, and delightful, and rare acquaintance—nay, friend, as, the veil removed, we mingle in the feelings poured forth in the unrestrained intercourse of the social circle: we do not, can not, justify the presentation of them to the world; for we hold that the private words, and deeds, and opinions of an author no more belong to the public, than the wearing apparel of the liberal donor of some immense domain, belongs also to the institution to which he may have bequeathed the same, reserving these personal relics, if not in word, in spirit and intention, to family or friends. We know, and, to a degree, share, the popular craving for this knowledge of the home traits of an individual who has interested us deeply by his writings—and may every Johnson have his Bozwell! but we feel that no more than the author himself would have us know, is our right—and had the kind compiler of the interesting sketches first given us the death-bed injunction of the shrinking subject, "Oh, never let them publish any of my letters!" we doubt not the *friend* would have heeded it as sacredly as would have done the *sister*.

But away with these stilted comments—and let me give you some egotisms from my own journal-leaves instead. Shadows were hanging over my house:—"I comfort myself—not with writing doggrel—I have done with this—but letters, in which one is privileged to be ridiculous—and reading the very beautiful sisterly memoir of that most beautiful being—more beautiful even than the most perfect of her own ideal creations—Felicea Hemans. These recollections are made in a reverential spirit; the '*wildnesses*' of the young, buoyant, unchecked girl—and much of the careless gaiety of humor that at moments when in a circle of tried and trusted friends, would break out, after grief and thought had shadowed the main current of her feelings, as presented by her friend Chorley—are kept more in the back-ground by Mrs. Hughes—probably from a fear that the effect of her writings which were meant for the world, would be impaired by these outbreaks of a naturally gay spirit which appear only in her letters, or conversation with intimate friends, and which therefore that world has no business with.

"This is *all* mother!" exclaimed one of the children of Mrs. Hemans, on seeing her portrait, while the classic head of the sculptor failed to satisfy him; and who, on comparing the engraved representations of these works of art, can fail to sympathise with the child?—"This is *my* Goethe!" exclaimed Ekermann when he had finished his picture of a great man's mind. "This is *my* Hemans!" might the sister have said, when she had finished her work—but Chorley would say, with the boy, of the bust, "'Tis not *all* mother!" The sister is right—the world has no claim to *all*.

"Thus different are the aspects under which different persons look at and present the same individual—and how just as delicate the refusal of that female relative who refused to picture Goethe at all, for the world. "He told the world all he chose the world to know—and if not, is it for me—for me! to fill the vacancy, by telling what, perhaps, he never meant to be told? what I owed to his boundless love and confidence? That were too horrible!" And thus it has ever appeared to me wrong to indulge that morbid craving for the secret actions, and feelings, and opinions of any one who has charmed or instructed us by his writings. What he or she has seen fit to lay before the public, belongs to that public; but because so much has been given us, have we a claim to more? have we a right to invade the sanctity of domestic life, and draw therefrom materials with which to gratify this vitiated taste? Methinks it were enough to make a sensitive mind shrink from authorship—even with its objects of the purest and the noblest—to know and to feel that all its breathed thoughts—its every-day unguarded expressions, were thus put in the way of being called up by the treacherous, or even by the true memories of those around, and placed before a cold, a careless, if not a heartless world, for discussion and analysis. How constrained would be our words—how checked the flow of conversation, and of correspondence—we could not even *write journal* with such a skeleton before us. The human bones at the feasts of old were a cheering object in comparison with such an ideal, mangled antitype of self. Go realize that our bodies are to become dust, should offer us no feeling of alarm or dread; but to conceive that our hearts may become earth for base steps to trample upon, may well inspire us with sentiments of deprecation of honor."

These last remarks grew not out of either of these publications, thus incidentally drawn into notice here; and Chorley's memorials had this effect on me; they removed the unmeasurable distance at which I had viewed the stately presence of their subject; I felt as if *I even*, had made a rare and delightful acquaintance. Not in the least did they lesson my appreciation of her wonderful powers of intellect or depth of feeling; and the tribute I paid, in my weak way, to her worth, on the saddening news of her departure, I could as cordially have written on finishing that first memoir. Still, as a prefix to a permanent edition of her works, the sister's is the more fitting biography. But I have wandered from my fragment.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HEMANS.

Shall man aspire to harp an angel's praise?
Bold is the aim; yet is it all forbid?
Is the weak infant to be rudely chid
For lisping accents it wants power to raise
Into the ripened tones of seraph lays?
Oh could I catch one wakening ray from her
Who breathed her holiest song* as stepping o'er
The welcome threshold to be heard no more
By mortal ear, she did in faith transfer
Her deep tried spirit to a happier sphere;
Filled with that love which found no echo here
In kindred heart, but rose and welled at last
When hope of human sympathy was past,
To that deep fulness which flowed over all
Inspiring nature's beauties; from the fall
Of the wild, dashing torrent, to the hue
Of the least flowret which night drowns in dew;
Oh could I catch one feeble ray to sing
The glorious plumage of her spirit's wing,
As casting down to earth the magic rod
With which she rent the rocks which hide from God;
The rod poetic which to her gave power
To guide the yielding heart as with a helm,
But which she dropped, unfettered in that hour
When her rest spirit left earth for a realm
Where her deep struggling heart, at least, shall find
Release from cares which here the spirit bind;
Perchance the greetings of a kindred mind.

But not on me her mantle may descend;
I may not even touch the garment's hem;
Yet will I pray the God of song to lend
My spirit grace beneath its folds to bend;
As hangs the harebell on its slender stem
Beneath the sheltering rock where waters pour,
Catching the incense which they send on high
In dewey vapors to the o'er watching sky,
Content its tiny cups may hold no more;
Thus bow my heart in reverence of that love
Which gave such power its own frail strings to move.

Millvale, New York. CYLLENE.

* "Despondency and Aspiration." I believe not given in any American edition of her poems.

Anecdote.—"But Peter rehearsed the matter from the beginning and expounded it by order unto them."—Acts xi. 6.

"I don't know," said a gentleman to the late Rev. Andrew Fuller, "how it is that I can remember your sermons better than those of any other minister; but such is the fact."

"I cannot tell," replied Mr. Fuller, unless it be owing to simplicity of arrangement; I pay particular attention to this part of composition, always placing things together which are related to each other, and that naturally follow each other in succession. For instance, added he, suppose I were to say to my servant, "Betty, you must go and buy some butter, and starch, and cream and soap, and tea, and blue, and sugar, and cakes." Betty would be apt to say, "Master, I shall never be able to remember all these." But suppose I were to say, Betty, you know your mistress is going to have friends tomorrow, and that you are going to wash the day following; and that for the tea party, you will want tea and sugar; and cream and cakes and butter; and for the washing you will want soap, and starch and blue; Betty would instantly reply, Yes master, I can now remember them all very well."

Singer's Excuse.—A famous musician who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, 'permit me,' said he, 'to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he has made his nest.'

Poetical.—"He that hangs Creation on his arm and feeds her at his board—he that hears the young ravens when they cry, will never suffer the young *Yankees* to starve." So says old Laurie Todd, and he knows.—*Maumee Express*

"I'll *organ* ize the House," as the music grinder said when he tuned up in front of the capitol.—*Buf. Adv.*

☞ A man in Georgia, nine feet and a half tall, says he would like to see the little fellow they all the Kentucky giant.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

ROCHESTER.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

The Indian and the tow'ring Pine,
Have disappeared with forest vine;
The tree, from sanctuary torn,
Is through a thousand changes worn,
'Till back where first it met the storm
'Tis dwelling for the christian's form:
Or, where was hut of Indian chief,
Is standing forth in bold relief
A pillar'd church, whose tap'ring spire
Seems in the cloud tops to retire;
Or in the vault of ether blue
Its slender point is lost to view.

These rocks, which echoing answer gave
For thousand years to falling wave,
Now to the Mills which they sustain
Reply in changing sounds amain.
Where yesterday waved hoary oak,
To day is seen a city's smoke;
Where yesterday was bounding deer,
To day the thousand men appear:
The countless buildings rise around
As if beneath were magic ground;—
As genii's wand had waved in night,
And brought them forth to morning's light:
The harsh and jarring noise within
Sends far and wide the city's din;
Broken sound of Art'zan's hammer,
Adds its mite to aid the clamor;
Above the hard and stony floor,
Is chariot swiftly rattling o'er;
Each lengthy house-wall'd street with life
In every active form is rife:
Here, coughing engine throws its smoke,
As springing into life it woke;
There, in its red and fiery bed
The furnace boils the molten lead;
Here, seen as round the cliff it turns,
The steam-boat cleaves the wave it spurns;
There, whence the rolling mists arise,
The Mills tower high man's enterprise.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

HOME.

Home is the place for rest!
The wearied spirit there finds soft repose:
Kind Memory her mantle o'er it throws,
And it is blest.

Pleasure's tumultuous thrill
Is like the torrent's rush upon the ear,
Making the calm of tranquil scenes more dear;
More sweetly still.

And when the whirl of life—
This scene where joys and woes alternate past—
For me shall close; when in the buried past
Is sunk the strife—

If victory be mine—
If humble feeling, and if lofty aim
Have given me a port of bliss to claim—
Haven divine—

Then if it be allowed
To mortal will to choose its kind of good—
My spirit's home shall be a solitude,
Far from the crowd.

Of chosen souls a few
Must linger near while I their presence own
'Mid beaming rays from that effulgent throne
Which makes all true;

But only in sweet rest,
And holy interchange of heart with heart,
Far from the excited, bustling throng apart,
Should I be blest.

And should there roam
A thought beyond this realm of quiet bliss,
'Twould be one pleasing retrospect of this,
Mine earthly home.

CYLLENE.

☞ The New Orleans Sun says "a real spunky feller"—only hear him on pantalettes:—

"*We hate pantalettes.*—They are fit only for Hottentots. To see the frill of a pantalette dangling about a pretty ancle, is vexing in the extreme. It destroys the romance of the female character, and makes one feel like knocking the bearer of it down for her bad taste."

"*Putty Good.*"—Why do fashionable ladies remind us of Gen. Jackson at New Orleans? Give it up? Because they use cotton *breast work.*—*Cleveland Her.*

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A few lines occasioned by the death of a lovely infant, aged thirteen days. It was buried within the Cemetery of Mount Hope.

Like the rose of the summer it burst into bloom,
And lavished around it its freshest perfume;
It was bright as the gem from the swift rolling stream,
And to life sweetly smiled like the stage of a dream.

But short as the glare of the early spring sun,
Its race was scarce started, ere lo! it was run!
Fondly looked on its kindred, smiled sweetly, then died,
Like the lute's silver note o'er the slumbering tide.

It slumbers now soft 'neath the green mountain turf;
Anchored safe 'mid the rage of life's rock broken surf;
Like the morn's glassy dewdrop that spirit has gone
Where the sighs of bereavement are sorrows unknown.

Shall we lift up the veil where that spirit has fled?
Shall we censure the tear which affection has shed?
Shall we mourn for our loss when a Heav'n is its gain
And selfishly wish to recall it again?

Ah! no, 'twas too young to have nestled with guile;
Earth it left and Heaven entered alike with a smile!
And oh! that my ear might but listen its lays,
As its little gold harp chaunts its Saviour's praise!

Now let us who are left drop a tear o'er the sod,
Yet rejoice since 'tis now in the arms of its God:
And God will say 'Peace,' while we hope in his word,
Till we all meet again in the Home our Lord.

Toronto, Nov. 1, 1839. I. N.

Value of Time.—In James' Henry of Guise' we find the following paragraph:

"In our dealings with each other there is nothing which we so miscalculate as the ever-varying value of time—and indeed it is but too natural to look upon it as it seems to us, and not as it seems to others. The slow idler, on whose hands it hangs heavy, holds the man of business by the button, and remorselessly *robs him on the king's highway of a thing ten times more valuable than his purse, which would hang him if he took it.*"

Never give it up, girls.—Mr. John Ayrentein lately led to the altar in Philadelphia, Miss Rhoda Grayson, after a courtship of *thirty four years.* This shows what may be done if we only stick to it.

An Effective Language.—An editor tells of an acquaintance of his who, when he laughs shakes the room so that even the spiders peep out of their cracks to see what is going on.

An Arkansas paper wishes to know "what the poor Indians will do when the Buffaloes disappear." We suppose they will have to *bear* it. —*Prentice.*

Keen Temperance.—The zeal for temperance every how exhibits itself. A man advertises in the Zanesville Republican, Ohio, "Temperance Scythes, warranted to cut without *whiskey.*

MARRIAGES.

In Clarkson, on the 1st instant, by Rev. Mr Barker, of Parma, Mr. H. S. Edgett, to Miss E. A. Van Sickle, both of the former place.

In North Rush, on the 2d instant, by Robert Martin, Esq. Mr. W. F. R. Green, of North Rush, to Miss Joisey Miller, daughter of the Hon. Justin Miller, of the same place.

In Gates, on the 25th ult., by Calvin Sperry, Esq., Mr. James Hutten, of Ogden, to Miss Mary Cobb.

On the 24 instant, by the Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, Maj JOHN WILLIAMS, to Miss OLIVE WHITNEY, daughter of Warham Whitney, Esq. all of this city.

On the 1st instant, in Brighton, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. J. GRAHAM KLINCK, of this city, to Miss L. B. M., daughter of Dr. E. Bowen, of the former place.

On the evening of the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Asa W. Carpenter, to Miss Rachel Ann Grinnell, both of this city.

At the Bethel Church, in this city, on the 1st instant, by Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. Charles V. Jeffres, to Miss Hannah F. Gove, all of this city.

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 21th 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 1th 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 Zylphia 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.

Witty Repartee.—A Frenchman once trading in the market, was interrupted by an impertinent would-be-waggish sort of a fellow, who ridiculed him by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking the English. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman cooly replied, "Mine fine friend, you vud do vell to stop now; for if Samson had made no better use of de jaw bone of an *Ass* dan you do, he vud never have killed so many Philistines."

Compliment to the Fair.—A newly-married man visited his friend, and found him playing with his children. In imitation of the greater man, the latter looked up and said, "Sir I need only ask if you are a father."

On the next day, he returned his friend's visit, and found the young husband whipping his wife with a common cowhide. He stopped at the threshold and looked with amazement at the unknightly scene. The other coolly turned to his visitor, and said, "Sir, I need only ask if you are a husband."

The Niles Republican says a man was robbed of $500 in a ball alley in that place. He had better not have attempted to "*put the ball in motion.*"—*Detroit Adv.*

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 GEM AND AMULET

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ROCHESTER GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1840. No. 2.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Moments pass quickly on
Years fly apace—
When shall the wearied one
Rest from the race?

Whether we smile or weep
Time wings his flight,—
Hours—days—they never creep
Life speeds like light!—

Whether we laugh or groan
Seasons change fast—
Nothing hath ever flown,
Swift as the past.

Whether we chafe or chide
Time holds his pace;
Never his noiseless step
Doth he retrace.

Speeding, still speeding on—
How, none can tell—
Soon will he bear us to
Heaven or to hell.

Dare not then waste thy days
Reckless and proud—
Lest while you dream it not,
Time weave thy shroud!

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Beauty, grandeur, and sublimity have ever attracted the attention of man, and afforded themes for glowing description. As an example in point, we may mention our own cataract of Niagara. Not only is it visited and admired by thousands from every part of the United States, but it draws to our shores the learning and intelligence of the Old World.

One of the most magnificent objects in the universe, is the Hill of Science. Its locality is *every where*, and its base is the broad earth. On its summit, which is belted by the blue concave, rises a massive pile, with emblazoned walls, lofty columns, and vaulted domes—the Temple of Fame. The hill sides are covered with perrenial verdure and enjoy all the various soils, climates, and productions of the earth. It combines the richness and luxuriance of Pelion and Ossa; the groves and grottoes of Olympus; the foliage and flowers of Parnassus; while about its sides flow the limpid waters of the Castalian fount. Its base is surrounded with a soil prolific in the productions necessary for a wholesome subsistence. The ascent at its commencement, is rough and difficult; but we soon find scattered in rich profusion valuable plants and flowers, commanding eminences, and beautiful prospects: still onward, as we press up the steeps, fruits, shades, and objects still more rich and inviting, animate and incite the traveller to renewed effort; till at length he plants his foot upon the threshold of that temple, the emanations of whose light is the life and glory of the world.

But what may seem wonderful is the fact, that it is thrown up by man's own power and labor. The God of Nature, when he made the worlds, for wise purposes left the rearing of this stupendous work to the Lords of Creation.

While the world was in its infancy, and men's wants were few and simple, the paths of the hill were only gently sloped—the hill a little rising ground. As the race became more numerous, their desires and wants increased, necessity and interest led them to pile it by repeated accumulations, till at length it has risen to its present lofty height.

The Chaldean Shepherds erected the first fabric that ever crowned its eminence. It was, to be sure, but a rude and fanciful structure, yet it still stands in all its ancient wildness, a splendid monument of man's early power. Egypt added another, still more magnificent. Greece has immortalized her name by erecting here the most splendid fabric the world ever saw; and every succeeding nation has been emulating her and vieing with each other in the magnificence of their architecture, until, as we just now remarked, it has become a massive pile, elegantly finished.

The portals of this temple are ever thronged by those illustrious ones who have bowed at the shrine of science, and as they go no more out forever, memory places the laurel on their brows, an ample reward for all their toils.

Turning from this scene, let us cast our eyes down the hill and observe the aspirants for immortality, as they press their winding way.—There are many. But those two whose characteristics are most striking, let us particularly notice. Their names are Genius and Philosophy.

Philosophy commences the ascent of the hill, by carefully surveying every object by which he is surrounded. *His* mind delights in the investigations of *things*. Urged on by an unquenchable thirst for knowledge he does not rest satisfied with the *brilliancy* of the objects; he explores and brings to light their properties and uses. "Why" is the key with which he unlocks the mysteries of the Hill of Science, and brings out whatever is valuable in her various departments. With an active mind he gathers from every source subjects for thought and admiration; not only from the mightier works of God, but from the smallest, as the expanding bud, the springing blade, the bursting flower and the pearly drop, peopled with life radiating in the morning sun. He is the Mathematician whose investigations have civilized man; the Linguist whose labors formed and enriched language; the Statesman who gave his country equable laws; the Orator who sways the mind of assembled thousands; the Poet whose undying numbers shall be chanted by the rapt seraphim.

But where is Genius? Although he commenced the ascent at the same time, and at first seemed to outstrip Philosophy, yet he is now far behind. Never did the butterfly exceed in brilliancy the wings of his imagination. A thousand bright hopes and visions not to be realized thrill his bosom, and he flits along regardless of every thing except his own conceited strength. "He is a genius and was born a genius," he says, "and he is not the one that will waste his glorious energies upon meaner things. No free as the balmy air he breaths, his soul shall revel with nature in her wanton luxuries. With a single *leap* he is to gain heights which Philosophy can hardly gain by years of laborious exertion." Thus exultingly he bounds along and all for a while is fair and flattering. But, alas, he is doomed to disappointment! He is impatient of labor, his energies are soon exhausted, his strength is put forth by fitful impulses. Not sufficiently cautious and pains-taking in his ascent, he catches hastily at a flower, snatches a tempting fruit, leaps for a while nimbly from crag to crag, until, missing his foothold, he falls—and goes down—down—down, and is seen no more. Alas, poor Genius!

Genius is an occasional perpetrator of rhymes on roses, love and matrimony; his sensitive soul pours itself forth in its accustomed softness, and all those sickly productions of ephemerous age are the emenations of his morbid mind.—He is the inventor of perpetual motions, the discoverer of the universal solvents; in fine, there is no department in literature, language, or the arts, that he has not sublimated and etherealized till scarcely a shadow now remains. He is a most ardent admirer of the ladies. How enrapturing their small talk, how delicious their laughing eyes! Forgetting or neglecting earth and earthly things, he often turns aside from the way, and squanders his golden hours gossipping with the gentle ones of earth, dreaming he mingles with the angels.

We may contrast these two characters in one word. Genius plucks a flower that he may gratify one of his senses or inscribe it to his "ladie fair." Philosopher, that he may classify and arrange it in its proper rank. Genius pleases the fancy and leads astray; Philosopher addresses the mind, and leads into paths of truth.

Middleton, Conn., 1839. N.

Beauty.—We have high authority for the opinion, that perfect loveliness is only to be found where the features, even when most beautiful, derive their peculiar charm from the sweetness and gentleness of dispotition which the countenance expresses.

We know a man who has not left his room for a fortnight, except on Sunday, lest he should be nabbed by a marshal. When inquiries are made after his health, the servant invariably answers the he is very bad with the *room*-atism.

Avarice.—How absurb is avarice in an old man. It is like a man scraping money anxiously together to pay his turnpikes, after he has got to the end of the road.

Diogones.—This philosopher being asked of which beast, the bite was most dangerous, answered; If you mean wild beasts, it is the slanderers' if tame, the flatterer's"

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

PIRATE LAW.

The morning wind had sunk to sleep on its ocean bed, and left a small foretopsail schooner rocking on the long smooth swells away westward of the coast of Peru. She was a gay and gallant model of naval beauty. Light as the frightened sea gull, she rose on the clear deep wave, showing a long, low, shining black hull, of faultless mould. The tall, elegant masts stood proudly up with that graceful rake peculiar to this class of vessels—the clean polished yards were swung with the nicest accuracy, tapering from the middle with the rounded symmetry of a lady's finger; the spotless canvass hung in airy folds amid the trim, taut rigging, like the floating dress of a fairy queen. The figure head of a dark haired Moorish girl, leaned in laughing loveliness from the sharp raising bow, as if to kiss the glad waters beneath; with one hand she held the wild lilly of the Pacific Isles, while the other playfully grasped a scrap, on which was written "The Flower of the Sea." A single flag dropped over the narrow stern; as it flapped aside with the rolling waves, it revealed the bright blazonry of the Spanish Arms.

To one untaught in sea lore, the vessel might have passed for a peaceful carrier of trade, but a seaman would have remarked that she was built for surpassing swiftness, without regard to burthen. He would have told you she was too pretty to be any thing else than a smuggler or a pirate; such gentry always displaying a more elastic taste than their less romantic brethren of the salt water. His keen eye, too, would have detected the dark mouth of a cannon, known to the craft by the name of "Long Tom," lurking mysteriously under a heap of canvass and coiled rope, just aft the foremast. All doubts as to her character were put to rest by the motley crew of whiskered deperadoes that covered the deck. Some slept half naked in the hot sun, some were gambling and quarrelling, and others, with a spice of poetic feeling not uncommon to the cloth, were leaning over the side to watch the frolicsome porpoises splashing on the sunny sea. It seemed from the confusion of tongues, that the mob of every nation had met together, and sent each an envoy to this "Assembly of Free Agency." Among them especially were to be seen the dark, devil-eyed Mexican, and the brawny, scowling mulatto.

Such was the pirate. The wars of Spain and the American colonies had given a new and dangerous impulse to lawless adventure. The "profession" of piracy rose to a fatal rank, and, among the rest, the "Flower of the Sea" became known as the "scourge of the southern wave." Her name carried terror far among the islands, and the very ports of the Pacific.—Swift and daring, she set capture at defiance, and laughed at pursuit. Many a boastful cruiser had felt her powers in the running fight before she left him "hull down" astern. Many an honest mariner had espied at dusk a speck of a sail prowling on the red edge of the horizon, and ere the evening star had set, with a blaze and a hurrah! the pirate was upon them!

Beneath the awning on the quarter deck, reclined a fierce man under the common height, but of powerful frame. Full white trousers, girded smooth and tight around the waist with a crimson belt, scarcely hid the outline of a leg too large to be called handsome. A pair of morocco slipper completed his dress, leaving bare a broad shaggy chest, and muscular arms, of Herculean size. Two large pistols, and a long glittering knife, which weapon he never laid aside, were stuck into his belt. His face, almost covered by whiskers and mustachois of enormous growth, were terrible as the storm of the desert. An eye that would scare a murder's ghost back to his sheetless gibbet, glared intensely under a bushy mass of hair that overhung his brows. Such was Bernado, the pirate chief. He commenced his career of villainy in early youth, by murdering an aged and only relative in Jamaica, his native land. He fled and became a free booter. Growing more daring and desperate as blood thickened in his hands, he acknowledged no superior in crime but his great master, the devil, and was often heard in his drunken revelry to vow a hard fight for empire with that potentate on the sulphurous Styx.

Feared and hated by his gang, the tenure of his authority was the sabre's point; yet he maintained his way by that consummate boldness and cunning, which men of his rank and calling never want. The glance of the chief darted restlessly from time to time among his tameless crew, and then, like the panther in ambush, travelled keenly around the horizon.

High amid the angry oaths of a knot of gamblers at the forecastle, arose the gruff voice of Antonio, a gigantic mulatto, of a most villainous aspect. Inferior to none but Bernardo, in piratical accomplishments he was acknowledged second in power, and not one dared to dispute his claim. Opposite to him sat a wild looking, long-haired youth, of slender but active form. His features were once singularly handsome, but a companionship of vice, and his own untamed passions, had lent him the reckless bearing of an outlaw. His losses were rapid and heavy—with an impatient curse he threw down his last stake; the cards were played; the mulatto won, and swept the gold into his pocket with a fiend's laugh.

"Antonio, you are a base cheat!" muttered the youth, grinding his teeth with passion.

"I a cheat!" returned Antonio, raising wrathfully. "Look you, Arnold Kell, when a man calls me so,—mind you a man,—this is my answer," touching the handle of his knife; "but when a cross boy, I correct him as would his mother, thus," and with his open hand he sent the youth reeling backwards.

With a scream like the wild cat in her rage, the young man flashed his knife in the sun, and bounded at his huge antagonist. In an instant his uplifted arm was stilled; and his naked throat clutched in the vice like grasp of Antonio. "Die like a puppy as you are, unworthy of bullet or steel," growled the ruthless negro, and he laughed hideously at the starting eyes and hanging tongue of the grasping Arnold. The crew rushed towards them, and Antonio, bent on the death of his victim, stepped back. The strangling boy in his last throe, tripped his foot dexterously as he retreated.—Antonio loosed his hold and caught vainly at the shrouds; wildly triumphantly did Arnold send home his knife in rapid succession, and ere the mulatto fell, his heart's blood was smoking on the deck. The maniac yell of the victor was followed by curse, the death rattle of the fallen.

"Hell and furies!" thundered Bernardo, throwing aside the crowd, "who dares my authority on this deck? who has done this deed?"

"I!" said the youth, holding up his reeking blade, "I, Arnold Kell, sent the devil to his home."

"Then after him, with this message from me," and Bernardo's pistol glittered at his head.

"He was right," muttered twenty voices, and as many knives started from their sheaths.

As the crippled snake in his angry pain, so did Bernardo turn on his rebellious gang. His eye flashed fierce as the lightning's blaze on eyes as fierce as his. Mad with rage, yet fully aware of the spirits over whom he held his wavering ascendency, the wily chief searched for an instant the dark faces around.

"Is there a man," said he, with lofty vehemence, "who has joined this daring mutiny, that will say when your chief forgot his duty? When has the sweeping storm burst over us that I guided not the helm? When has the lightning lit up the midnight surge, that I trembled at its glare? When has the fight dyed the sea with blood, that my sabre was not there? And who was at my side in all this? There he lies, the murdered Antonio! Who so fearlessly sprang aloft, when the hurricane rent the fluttering canvass? Who so true to cripple the flying prize? Who, when the kneeling coward prayed for his trembling life, so quick to stop his tongue, as Antonion? Dead men tell no tales."

A murmur of approbation was heard. Bernardo eyed Arnold with a hellish joy. "And who," continued he "is his murderer? A stray cur that swam off to us with a rope about his neck. A weak fool, who sleeps on his watch, and starts and mutters of his father and his home, whose woman's tongue preached pity to men like you, when your knives were cutting the way to victory. He has basely killed your brave companion, whose life was worth a hundred such cowards as he! What says our law? 'life for life—blood for blood.'"

The stern words of the law were repeated by all in a tone that silenced mercy.

Arnold heard his doom with scorn. "Coward as I have been called," said he haughtily, "I will not ask dogs for a life worth less than this dead jackall," spurning the huge corse of Antonio. "I ask for death, but let it be on the decks of the enemy."

"The law, the law!—Blood for blood!" interrupted Bernado.

The ominous sentence was whispered again, like the hollow threat of the midnight wind.

A shudder thrilled the frame of the doomed; for an instant, in that dread moment, his eye sought the bright still sky—one bitter tear stole down and trembled on his lip; he thought of his far off home, his mother's smile—but again defiance mantled on his brow; dark and fearless he looked on the seekers of his blood.

"I must die; but ere I go, I'll hurl the lie back to the teeth of the damned one that spoke it," said he, bending a hateful glance at the chief. "It becomes him well to call me cur and coward, who came from the womb squeaking a curse on men; who grew and fatted on his kindred blood."

"Fool! do you beard me here!" cried the furious Bernado, flashing a pistol in the face of the youth. The excited crew closed between them, when Arnold drew his blood-stained knife, and sprang up the mainmast. "Whoever follows," shouted he, "shall leap with me from the mast head."

The fearful brawl was arrested by the hurried cry of "A sail on the larboard bow!" In an instant all was bustle. Away to the west, a dark streak on the sea marked the coming wind. Just within its edge, a large brig was seen bearing due south, under full sail. "She will escape us by this cursed calm," growled Bernado. "What colors?"

"American," returned the lookout.

"A prize, but not for us."

The dead Antonio was hastly thrown overboard, with a shot fastened to his heels, and his blood carelessly washed off the deck. It was no time to resume the quarrel, and Arnold remained sullen and unmolested. Bernardostrode the deck impatiently, watching the distant sail, like the shark when he sees his prey sporting in the shoal water. "Ha!" said he, stopping short, "perhaps they have christian charity; up with a signal of distress! Down below, all, and be ready."

The orders were promptly obeyed. True to the appeal of humanity, the devoted brig wore round, and steered directly for the pirate. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The brig held her course for half an hour, when suddenly there was a confusion on board; she hauled off, and crowded all sail! With a stamp of rage, the chief ordered his men on deck. The dreaded black flag was run up, and the long gun cleared away for chase. Presently the approaching wind played and whirled capriciously on the billows; the first light puff awoke the sleeping sails, and the pirate schooner slipped noiselessly along. As the young breeze grew into a steady wind, the accursed black banner unwrapped its gloomy fold, and streamed aloft; the foam parted wide from the bow, and it was soon evident that she gained rapidly on the brig.

"Give them the hot iron!" shouted the chief. "But where is Antonia?—where is your gunner now? Shall his murderer escape?"

Curses, deep and angry, were heard, and many vengeful looks were fastened on the condemned youth, perched in the rigging. The politic Bernardo stepped forward to try his skill; he sighted carefully along the piece as the schooner yawed, and gave the order to fire. The light craft trembled under the bellowing discharge, but the brig kept on unharmed. A broadside of oaths followed the gun's discharge. After a hot chase of an hour, the figure of a man was distinctly seen at the helm of the flying vessel—he stood fearless and alone. Again the long gun blazed away; as the smoke swept astern, the pirates shouted to see the foretop mast falling to the leeward. A few more rapid and well-aimed shots, and the ill-fated brig was crippled and unmanageable. The pirate hove too, within pistol shot. Two boats were lowered and instantly filled with the ferocious wretches. Into the foremost sprang Bernardo; he stood eagerly in the bow, with a pistol cocked in one hand, and a heavy sabre in the other. With a howl like hungry wolves they pulled for the prize. A silence, dread as the famished lion before he wakes, reigned aboard her. A small crew stood around their captain on the quarter deck! a single swivel, a few old muskets, and a sabre or two, with the usual sailor knife, were

their only arms. A powerful emotion agitated their leader; he trembled, but it was not the coward's quail; his face was deadly pale, but fear blanched it not; his words quivered through bloodless lips but they breathed not of terror or dismay. It was the energy of a dauntless soul mastering its physical tonement. He loooked on his faithful crew with thoughts that pen cannot portray.

"My men," said he, in a low and anxious tone, "we may soon be at anchor in a foreign port, but before we set sail, if any man has aught to say of me, let him speak his mind.—When my poor, wild son left his father to go I know not where my vessel became my home; I have tried to do my duty as an honest skipper should—I love you all—would die for you"

"We love you—will die for you"—burst forth from the affected tars.

"My vallant boys, I thank you; fight while the last plank holds together; remember your wives and sweethearts. I am good for a dozen of the villians!"

One full, bold shout from the crew was the answer.

"Take the foremost boat—fire!" shouted the master of the brig, discharging his musket, which was followed by a sheet of flame from the swivel and small arms of the men.

The effect was terrible; a yell of agony arose, Bernardo tumbled heavily over the bow. The shattered boat fled and went down, leaving a dense mass of dead, wounded and cursing pirates on the bloody wave. But before the brave crew could re-load, the other boat was longside the brig, and a third was putting off from the schooner. The pirates poured on deck; their wild cries and horid blasphemies rent the air but not less terrific was the pealing hurrah! of the impetuous captain, as he whirled his sabre over his head.

"Fight for you lives, your skipper, and your craft; we are one to ten my brave boys, but I am good for a dozen."

For a moment the pirates hesitated. I was a thrilling pause. It is dreadful to war against hope, but the struggle is more terrible; Another band leaped on board, and the fight closed like the meeting of whirlwinds. Then came the hot strife of life and death in his fiercest shape—the scream—the blaze—the crash—the death hug—the jetting blood—the heavy fall—and the last groan. The sailors fought with the fierceness of revenge and the recklessness of despair. Many a foul pirate grasped his last curse on that dear bought prize. But no courage could withstand the overwhelming numbers of the buccaniers. One by one a deep plunge told that one of the sons of the ocean was sinking in his ocean grave.

The pirates were masters of the brig; the intrepid captain alone remained; yet still his sabre whirled its circle of death; still the stirring thunder of his voice cheered his men to victory. He looked around, and they were all gone! A few scalding tears travelled with funeral pace over his gory cheek.

"All gone but me? my poor boys," said he sorrowfully, "you did your duty, and the great Skipper that sails aloft won't forget you, when all hands are called on deck to report their watch." Faint and wounded, he cut his staggering way to the cabin.

"Take him alive, take him alive! he shall die by inches," shouted a husky voice, which the parties recognized to be that of Bernardo. Pale, wet, and bleeding, he climbed on board; a ragged piece of scalp hung over his right eye and temple; his right arm fell splintered and powerless by his side. "Take him alive," again he cried, hoarse with passion, "for vengeance I must have."

After a sanguinary struggle, the heroic captain was taken and bound. The brig was plundered and set on fire; the greedy element patted its wily tongue up the rigging and dressed the vessel in flame. The pirates with their prisoner and booty, put off for their schooner, heedless of the imploring cries of their wounded comrades on the burning prize.

In a few minutes more, "the Flower of the Sea," fell obediently to the wind, setting full and gracefully to one side, and bore rapidly away.

The ill fated prisoner was dragged with curses before the chief on the quarter deck; their eyes met with one long look of hate.

"What is our loss?" inquired Bernado, turning to his men.

"Twenty-seven missing," was the answer.

"What! has a handful of villians done all this? Fool! what do you expect?" roared Bernado, looking fury at his erect and scornful captive.

"That which you know I fear not—death!" was the reply.

At the sound of that voice, a quick, broken cry, might have been heard from aloft, but for the noise of the vessel speeding on her way.

"Yea, boasting dog, death you shall have, but it shall be with hot iron in your hissing flesh, and burning brimstone in your cursed mouth."

"Cut-throat—coward!"

"Silence! my revenge is not to be cheated by words. Look at me; do you not owe me a long debt of vengeance? Look at this damned scar!"

"I fired that ball—would it had struck your brain."

"Look at this blasted arm, than which a better never rung a villain's neck."

"I pointed the swivel; would it had torn out your black heart."

With a gnash of rage Bernado thrust a pistol into the very eye of the unfortunate captain, and fired. At the instant, a long, shrill, unearthly scream of "Blood for blood!" pierced the air aloft. The affrighted pirates glanced wildly upwards, when the whirling, whizzing body of the forgotten Arnold, fell on the up turned face of Bernado, snapping his neck, and crushing him to the deck, a hideous corpse!

"My father! oh my father!" shrieked the expiring Arnold, writhing and crawling to the murdered captain. But his brave soul had gone; he knew not the infamy of his son.—With a piteous moan, the poor youth clasped the stiffened corpse, and breathed his dying agony on his parent's bosom. The pirates stood appalled. The bodies of the father and son were dropped overboard together; as they went slowly down, the face of the father, yet bold and proud, gleamed for an instant under the bright wave and sunk forever—the dead Bernado followed: another commanded in his stead, and "The Flower of the Sea" sailed on.

MAN'S LOVE.

BY MARY ANN BROWN.

When women's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not her damp hair,
That over her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear,
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's bustle,
He meats at the very gate,
Business and hustle;
He thinks not of the within,
Slightly sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth.
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead,
Thus man forgetteth!

How to grow Rich.—Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Paulding, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; to befriend none; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to destroy all the finer feelings of nature, and be rendered mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years; and riches will come as sure as disease, disappointment and a miserable death.

1840 is working wonders. Matrimony is getting to be contagious. Cupid is the "tallest coon out," and we live fast on the wedding cake presented us as a sort of fee. So they go. Pity the census could not be postponed until next year.—*White Pigeon Rep.*

An "Old 'Un" wide Awake!—Arthur Wake, of Wake County, North Carolina, according to the Raleigh Register, is now in his 119th year, and in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

Mystery, Reason and Faith.—Night comes over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone upon deck. The waters plunge and welter and glide away beneath the keel.—Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadows fall as it were a burden upon the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, as the ship changes her course, the passenger knows not which way is east or west or north or south.—What islands, what sunken rocks may be in her course—or what that course is, or where they are, he knows not. All around to him is *Mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock, and taking note of the place of the sun, and, with the aid of a couple of books composed of rules and mathematical tables, making the calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth at the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the middle of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are; and the precise points where, a hundred leagues over the sea, lies his native shore. Here is *Reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of the waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel, and watch hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as if it were a living finger, steady to the pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the course of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *Faith* in the commanding officer of the ship, faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so, without a single doubt, he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun he beholds far away the summits of the grey and misty highlands rising like a cloud on the horizon; and, as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and (sight of joy!) the spires of the churches, and the shining roofs, among which he strives to detect his own.

The following curious facts are stated, in reference to the Congregational Church of West Hartford, Conn. The church was organized in 1713, more than a century and a quarter ago, and has been supplied during nearly the whole of this long period by only three pastors, viz:—Rev. Benjamin Colton, who labored 40 years; Rev. Naihaniel Hooker, who labored 13 years; and Rev. Nathan Perkins, M. D., who died in January of last year, after a ministry of 65 years. During Mr. Colton's ministry 227 were added to the church; during Mr. Hooker's 69; and during the first fifty years of Mr. Perkins', 600.—*Br. Jonathan.*

A Wife.—In the play of "Love and Reason," old General Dorlton is persuading Adjutant Vincent to marry—"She is an angel!" says the general: I don't want an angel—I should not know what to do with an angel," is the ready reply of the single-hearted adjutant. "She is all sweetness," rejoins the general: "So is a bee-hive," answers Vincent, "but it does not follow that I should like to thrust my head into it."

An improved method of making Coffee.—Put your coffee (after grinding) into a flannel bag, tie it closely, (allowing it sufficient room to boil freely,) put it in the boiler, adding as much water as required. After boiling, it will be found to be perfectly clear, without the addition of egg, &c., having likewise the advantage of retaining its original flavor and strength in greater perfection than when clarified.

Good nature is the best feature in the finest face—wit may raise admiration; judgment may command respect, and knowledge attention,—Beauty may inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect: it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of benificence to the most homely face.

MOORE, THE POET.

Mr. Moore married a lady of the name of Hamilton. She had a poetical turn, and is said to have assisted her husband in writing his plays. The following specimen of her poetry was handed about before her marriage.—It is addressed to the daughter of the famous Stephen Duck.

You will wonder, my Duck, at the fault I must own ;
Your Jenny, of late, is quite covetous grown :
Her millions, though fortune should lavishly pour,
Yet still I were wretched if I had no Moore.

As gay as I am, could I spend half my days
In dances and op'ras, assemblies and plays,
Her fate, your poor Jenny, with tears, would deplore :
For alas, my dear girl, what are these without Moore?

'Tis the same thing with matters, with money, with men,
(And I think I shall never be happy again)
I've danglers, I've prattlers, I've lovers full score,
And yet, like true woman, I sigh for one Moore.

The Baron (poor devil) has just now been here,
And has offered to settle eight hundred a year ;
But I answered the fellow, as I have answered a score,
You know that won't do, sir, for I must have Moore.

Yet, for all this bravado, I vow and protest,
That av'rice ne'er yet had a seat in my breast ;
For I swear I'd not envy the miser his store,
So I had but enough for myself and one Moore.

Though the fools I despise dare censure my fame,
Yet I think I'm as wise as some folks I could name ;
I but worship that idol which other adore,
For they who have millions would gladly have Moore.

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merits have made such a conquest of me?
You may guess at his name, for I told you before,
It began with an M, but I dare not say Moore.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

There is a lonely mill close beside the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Uersel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of this story :

It was on Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hersel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant girl named Hannchen, or Jenny, a stout hearty lass, who had long lived with him in the capacity of a servant. An infant child of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and his family, when, who should enter all of a sudden, but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Bottelor.

He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the Miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny with the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so too, and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while he despatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up my lass," said he, in a joking way to the good natured girl.

"Nay Heinrich," she replied. "you should be more supple than me, for you have less work to make you stiff. I labor all day long, and you do nothing. But never mind! 'twould go hard with me an' I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest; for kind hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage and approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her.—And she stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. But as she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villian drew a dagger out from under his coat, and he caught her by the nape of her neck, griping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her from screaming the while.

"Now lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is your master's money? I'll have that or your life, so take your choice"

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass" was all the answer that he would vouchsafe to her entreaties, and adjurations. "Choose at once." was all the alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold!"

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands, and as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the most of her sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch was a subject of fear to her, a drop of blood caused her to faint, an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources of emergency, she far surpasses the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich!" she said, resignedly, "what is to be, must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little, don't squeeze so hard; I cannot move, you hug me so very tight; and if I can't stir, you cannot get the money—that's clear, you know. Besides, time presses: and if it be done at all, it must be done very quickly, as the family will shortly be back from Hersel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and finally let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come, she said; "quick, quick! no delay: the money is in master's bedroom."

She tripped up stairs, gaily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way in to her master's bedroom, and pointed out the cofer in which his money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him an axe which lay in a corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once: and while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years."

The ruffian was completely thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self conceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave hearted girl stole down the stairs on tiptoe.—Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber, unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards, and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill, and gave the alarm.

"Fly, fly," she shrieked to the child; her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or hearing either. "Fly, fly to thy father—tell him we shall all be murdered an' he haste not back. Fly, fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannchen cheered him onward, and inspirited his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy—bless the!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart; an' "master arrives in time I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed lady of Kreutzberg, by Bonn."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill-door to ease her over excited spirit; and she wept, as she sat, at the thought of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, "thank God for this escape. Oh, the deadly villain!—and I so fond of him, too!"

A shrill whistle, from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout, "catch the child, and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up at the casement, from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however, and she thought herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear, and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heats of summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and, catching him in his arms, hasten towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong iron gratings fixed against all the windows; and then took her post at an upper basement, determined to await patiently her master's arrival, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it!"

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward, as he sought for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission thro' such a dangerous inlet. Elated with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and, tying the hands and feet of the child, threw it on the ground, even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A tho't struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set the mill a-going now? It can be seen afar off, and haply my master, or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed, "'tis God sent it to me!"

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill-geer, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were by special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled around with fearful rapidity;—the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as they came into action; the mill was in full operation.

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee," he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free speaking Teutonic languages are so copious; "open the door, or I'll break it in on ye."

"If you can you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned ruffian above; "that will bring her to reason!"

Stout-hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An' ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse and the fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head.—'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "never shall ye set your foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye"

It was in that very instant that the ruffian Deither had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-

wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hannchen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison, and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the meantime, the wheel went round and round with its steady, unceasing motion; and round and round went the ruffian along with it, steadily and unceasingly too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he implore her to pity his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and abjure all the powers of hell to his aid.—She would not heed nor hear him; and, unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering curses, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until, at last, feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell, senseless, on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round and round as before; the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances in connexion with such a villain, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbors. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill sails in full swing on Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention, and they hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore the little boy in his arms; he had cut the cords wherewith the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain an account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent.

Hannchen in a few words told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once, as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound and sent to Bonn, under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger and her deliverance.

Glorious Chance for Girls.—It is well known that the Government of Texas, to encourage emigration from the United States, have offered a handsome bounty in land to any female who shall marry a citizen of Texas during the year. A lady of Mobile, wishing to have a little more light on so delicate a subject, and to find out if possible, what sort of an animal she would be required to wed, in order to obtain the land, addressed the editor of the Galvestonian for information. To all her questions, he gives straight-forward answers. He says, on the reception of the letter, he called a meeting of bachelors, and there was not one of them but agreed, in case an importation should be sent out, to take and provide for at least one; and one chap went so far as to offer to take six, if they could do no better. As regards the comfortability and quality of the land, he says it will not come to the ladies, but they can go and find it as good as ever lay out of doors, and well adapted for raising soldiers, cabbages, lawyers, potatoes, pumpkins, cotton, sugar, dandies, ladies, babies, pigs, chickens. Girls, Texas is the place. Pack up your duddy, take your knitting work, and be off in the first boat.

From the Newark Advertiser.

BEAUTIES OF THE PIANO.

We are resolved never again to visit a house where they keep a Piano, or music of any sort. We have had a surfeit. Pianos have come to be like that plague which filled all the inhabitants of Egypt from which there was no escape. In every house, at every fireside, the moment tea is over, the girls begin to bore you with the murderous mania. To understand enough of the instrument, to make it ring—enough of the gamut for a few noisy, incoherent combinations—wherein the tune or time is eternally wrong—seems to have become an indispensable part of female education. Every body must learn to play. And yet how many out of the whole number of performers, are ever able to please a natural or well trained ear—melody being the beloved music of one, harmony that of the other? *Not one of a thousand*, Mark that; *not one of a thousand!* One half stun you with their noise; and out of the other half, a majority play High Betty Martin, tip toe fine, as they would Pleyel's Hymn, or Hail Columbia. Verily, we would sooner seek for the air of a piece, done by a smart hail storm on a row of barbarian gongs, or a high wind among a legion of Æolian harps. We are no enemy to music. But we reprobate the fashion of our time, which requires all our women without preference to taste, sensibility, and ear, to "play on the piano." They might as well make all our men painters, though they were without eyes. Millions are annually wasted upon music—for those of whom *not one in a thousand* can ever hope to attain any tolerable proficiency, and in which mediocrity is detestable. We know of but very few amateurs who ought ever to be asked to sit at an instrument.

The few, the very few who have great sensibility, fine genius, and an ear for *time* as well as *tune*, should cultivate music with assiduity—and it requires many hours a day, for many years, to make one a performer. A little acquaintance with it is an injury. It is like Pope's paradox about learning. It spoils the natural voice and encourages people to sing and play who have no voice, and no ear at all. A natural voice is almost uniformly accompanied by a fine ear.

There is always, in the untutored voice, when a girl sings out of the pure love of music, a natural quality which will be felt in the hearts of those who listen, like the warbling of wild birds among the tree tops in May. A "little learning" spoils that voice. The native warbling of the nightingale is soothing and delightful; but one half trained by a bird fancier would be a nuisance. Nature is charming—science wonderful; but that which is neither one thing nor another, is worse than a screech owl. Boys will chew tobacco, and smoke, over and over again, till they are half dead with nausea, lest they should be suspected of simplicity, or ignorance, or innocence. Precisely so it is with music. Hundreds affect a pleasure which few or no one of them feel; and many who can hardly distinguish between Yankee Doodle and the Dead March in Saul, are the first to call out for music, though some of them would never discover it, if the same piece were played over and over again the whole evening through—especially if the *Time* were changed a little. Out upon the shabby affectation! Among all our young girls whom their foolish mothers would have taught to sing, dance and play; to study embroidery, painting, filagree work, and how to cut watch papers, you can scarcely find one who can write a note of ten lines decently, or talk five minutes with a man of sense or spirit. And yet the colloquial faculty is capable of a higher cultivation, greater embellishment, and more continual application; the power of talking and reading is more easily learned—more economically taught—upward, soaring and intellectually, and a thousand times better fitted for the communication of pleasure, than music, with all the fashionable frivolities of female education put together. The most beautiful and accomplished creature of this school on earth, is a mere child in power compared with an ordinary woman of fine, free, colloquial talent.

Cause for Thankfulness—A lady in Massachusetts, presented her husband with three little boys, on Thanksgiving day. Hadn't he reason to be thankful—that there wasn't any more of them?—*Cleveland Her.*

EVENING.

The sun is sunken in the mellowed west,
And golden tints are streaked along the sky,
The trees in all their shaded colors drest.
Are slowly nodding to the zephyr's sigh.
The busy murmer of a distant throng
Comes swelling on the evening breeze,
The feathered tribe have ceased their joyous song,
Their notes are heard no more among the trees—
The beetle, humming, wings his drowsy flight,
The surest harbinger of coming night.

'Tis now the time when lovers wish to meet,
To rove beneath the shady greenwood boughs,
When every word is eloquently sweet
That, whispering, breaths forth loves enraptur'd vows.
'Tis now, when all is noiseless, calm and still,
That contemplation steals upon the soul,
'Tis now, that the nightingale's soft thrill
Is heard, whose echoes round the woodland roll,
That sigh greets sigh, as the soft zephyr blows,
And lips to lips in sensual pleasure close.

The day is past, the laborer's toil is o'er,
And fast he flies him to his lowly cot,
Where prattling infants, at the cottage door,
Await his coming at that homely spot,
The cloth is laid, the homely meal is spread,
(More sweet perhaps, than many a lordly feast,)
The smoking porridge and the dark brown bread.
To him are grateful now his toil has ceased;
He knows no care, though scanty is his store,
He has enough, he never signed for more.

And when the meal is o'er, around the fire
The children play in joyousness and glee,
While some are clinging to their humble sire,
In hopes to gain a ride upon his knee;
And smiles are beaming on his ruddy face,
His heart's elated by the joyous sight.
He kisses them, and each one in his place,
Receives his blessing, and his warm "Good night;"
They're soon undressed, their little prayers are said,
They say "Good night, and then retire to bed.

Can they that roll in luxury and ease,
With cringing vassals born to own their sway,
E'er vie in bliss or happiness with these,
When thus they meet at the decline of day.
Let him that toils his days and nights for gold
Go view the cotter at his evening meal,
Then ask him if his treasures, bought and sold,
Can equal joys the cottagers must feel;
To them the busy world's unknown and strange,
They have their home, they never wished for change.

'Tis evening—nature's loveliest, sweetest time.
Who would not linger at the tranquil hour,
And listen to the echoed evening chime,
As sweet 'tis swelling from the sacred tower;
For sweet it is, when nature's in repose,
To linger listening in the perfumed fields,
And as the sable night's dark shadows close,
Drink in the pleasure that the moment yields—
And who, when thus they press the verdant sod,
Could then deny the being of a God.

Liverpool, October 23, 1839.

A Rescue.—On a stormy day in November a fine looking intelligent Scotchman arrived in this city on board a brig of which he was the mate. On landing he was assailed by a party of wretches who enticed him to a hotel and kept him drinking and treating them until his money was gone. At night they left him in Water street, to find his way to his vessel; but he was too much intoxicated to walk, and fell into one of the gutters. It happened to be near the Mariner's Church, and the people who were assembling for a meeting, discovered him just as the water was pouring over his face, and removed him within the vestibule.

After the services, the Pastor with several other gentlemen aroused him and informed him of his situation. He begged for permission to stay there all night, as he could not reach his vessel and must perish in the street. He was conveyed to the Sailor's Home, and comfortably lodged. In the morning the Pastor called and found him overwhelmed with surprise and mortification at the scene through which he had passed. He declared that it was his first, and should be his last intoxication. He solemnly affirmed that he would never touch the cup again.

"Say," said he, "to the patron's of the Sailor's Home, that they have saved the life, and I trust the soul, of a poor but grateful Scotchman."—*Philad. American.*

Singular.—We conversed, yesterday, says the Boston Transcript, with a little girl of five years, who has a mother of 25, a grandmother of 45, a great-grandmother of 65, and a great-great grandmother of 85, all living! It adds to the singularity of the event, that each of the parties, from the youngest to the oldest, is the "*only daughter*" of her parents.

☞ A lady in Montreal, recently recovered $2000 of a Major Preckford, for hugging and kissing her rather roughly. She ought to set a high value on the money, as she got it by tight squeezing.—*Boston Post.*

When a man gets so drunk he sees as great many objects invisible to sober eyes and understandings.

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which ere while with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset shore.
Now the sailor's vesper-hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves, that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Omnious, with solemn sound,
Falls the echoing dust around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be Thou the lone one's aid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chetnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools now low and dark,
Where the waking night winds sigh
Through the long weeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of night!
Shield the homeless midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams,
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power,
Lend me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose un slumber eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save, oh! save!

From "Riches without Wings."

MONEY NOT RICHES.

"I know thee rich, what wouldst thou more,
Of all might Heaven impart?
I know thee rich in mortal lore,
And doubly rich in wealth of heart."

"Oh, mother, dear mother," cried Mary Cleveland, entering the room much excited, "if we were only rich"——

"Rich, my dear!" returned Mrs. Cleveland, quickly, "I thought we were *very* rich."

"We rich, mother! Now don't fun; for I really wish I was as rich as Virginia Mason."

And Mary looked half surprised and half fretful, either at what her mother said or something else.

"I was not funning, to use your word, Mary, for I certainly think we are rich."

Mary did not speak, but she looked round on the plain floor, and the old oak chairs and table, almost with contempt.

"Are they not very comfortable, my child, and all quite clean?"

"O yes, mother, but"—

"Well, then, are we not rich in *cleanliness?*" Mary laughed—

"I don't call that riches!"

"I do, Mary, and it is a kind that I think Virginia Mason rather poor in. And look at the geranium, that you are handling so roughly, is it not very beautiful? and those delicate shells your uncle brought from sea; observe the grace of their forms and the perfection of their colors—and then think how beauty is lavished on every side of us, if we have but the power to perceive it. Did you ever see Virginia pause to admire a flower, an insect, or a shell?"

"Oh no. mother; why should she, when she has things so much richer?"

"I don't agree with you, Mary. Suppose you could have pearls and diamonds, gold and silver, as abundantly as if you had Aladdin's lamp; would you be willing to be so placed that you could never see the green earth and the bright flowers, and hear the music of the birds, but only behold the glitter of the jewels while you live?"

"Oh, no, indeed, mother; I should be very, very wretched;" and the tears started to the eyes of the little girl.

"Then you think the trees, flowers and birds would yield you the most pleasure. Then they are the most valuable—and yet they cost us nothing. They are to be found in every green grove, and by the way-side, filling the air with music and perfume, and the hearts of intelligent creatures with happiness. Now Virginia has no eyes or heart for these things—and I think my own little girl is richer in that respect, for she has a taste to enjoy all the beauties that our Heavenly Father has made—and that is a part of her riches. Virginia appears like a well disposed little Miss, if she was properly instructed."

Mary put her arms about her mother's neck and whispered gently—

"I am rich, too, in such a mother."

Mrs. Cleveland knew the tears were in Mary's eyes, and she kissed her tenderly, but did not speak. At this moment the babe in the cradle pulled down the muslin screen with a quick motion, and lifted up its head, his eyes bright with health, and hair curling with moisture—and George came in from the fields with his hand full of wild flowers.

The children proceeded to place them in a glass of water, while Mrs. Cleveland instructed them as to their names and properties, and taught them to observe the manifest shade of grace and loveliness. Mary selected some of the delicate blossoms of the blue-eyed grass to amuse the infant with, till her mother could finish a coat she was mending for her husband. When it was done, the baby was duly caressed, to the great delight of George and Mary who were close by.

"Mary, there is another kind of wealth, of which I would speak. Your father is intelligent, virtuous and affectionate—are we not rich in him?"

"You, my dears, are treasures richer than all the gold and silver jewels on earth. I feel that I am rich, while you are spared to me. And we are rich in love for each other."

"But mother," said Mary, "when I spoke of riches, I was thinking of the beautiful dresses of Virginia Mason, and the grand party she told me she was going to give. She is to have a satin frock, with lace and sash, on purpose to wear—and wine and cakes and nuts—and George and I are to be invited. When I wished we were rich, I was thinking I should stay at home, because I had no frock to wear."

"A plain, white muslin frock, Mary, is quite as pretty and far more proper for a little girl like you, than silks and satins could possibly be. I should feel, my dear, that you were poor indeed, should I detect you in a passion for finery. Did you ever think, Mary, why you like to visit Virginia?"

Mary shook her head silently.

"I know," said George. "It is because she is rich and has fine things; and Mary will put up with her airs, because she has more money than we have."

Mary looked hurt.

"You are too severe, George," said Mrs. Cleveland. "Your mind is two years older than Mary's, and you ought to think more justly."

"But, Mary, do you find yourself happy for being with Virginia?"

"Oh no, indeed, mother. She talks so much of their grand company and fine dresses, and rich furniture, that it makes me feel very poor and little. Now Jane Goold is gentle, and talks of dolls and birds and flowers—and whenever I come home from there, I always feel quite cheerful and happy."

"Then she is the better playmate. I should be sorry to see you willing to go most with a girl of vulgar taste, only because she happens to have a little more of the yellow dust than yourself, when you might have associates so much more agreeable."

Mr. Cleveland now entered, and the conversation was interrupted. While partaking of their evening meal, the father observed Mary was quite silent and thoughtful.

"Well, Mary," said he, "what wise project have you in your head? Let us know, perhaps we can help you a little."

Mary blushed.

"You can indeed, but"—

George looked mischievous, and his sister for a moment was vexed.

"Let us know all, my daughter," said her father kindly.

"I was wanting to ask you, father, if I might have a party. Mother is quite willing."

"Certainly, then," said Mr. Cleveland with some surprise.

"And what shall I have for a treat?" Mary continued.

"Oh, you must arrange that with your mother. She knows more about such matters than I do." Here George laughed outright. "Why, Mary, one would think you were arranging the affairs of an empire, you look so serious."

"Mary," said Mrs. Cleveland, gravely, "let us defer this conversation till you feel more happy. I thought you had more strength of mind than to let the vulgar pride of Virginia affect your spirits."

"I observed this morning the sweet peas were trailing on the ground, after the shower. You and George had better go and lead them over the trellis."

The children obeyed with alacrity. As Mr. Cleveland caressed the infant while Mrs. C. removed the table, he remarked, "you had better not let Mary go much with Virginia—her influence is bad upon one so pliant as she."

That evening when Mary was in bed, Mrs. C. went into the other room to offer up her prayers by the bedside of her daughter. As the excellent mother, in the fervency of a grateful and pious heart, enumerated the many blessings of her life, and poured out the heartfelt offerings of thanks and praise, Mary listened with tears, and when her mother stooped to give her a parting kiss, she whispered gently, "Mother, I am rich; I will try to want only the true riches."

The Character of Children.—"Men are but children of a larger growth," and preserve, generally speaking, through their lives the characteristics impressed upon their minds, moral principles, and tempers, from the age of two till fifteen. At the latter period they are less at home. The school, the counting-house, the work-shop, begin to remove them, and each succeeding year removes them still more, from family influence and parental supervision. During this period, then, the mother gives the decided tone to the character of children. She is at home, while the avocations of business carry the father abroad. Upon mothers, then, devolves a responsibility as lasting as time, and mighty as the consequences of her influence are momentous. The mother must be a GOOD WOMAN, or her children will be wayward in infancy, vicious in youth, bad in their maturity, and miserable in age. There are women virtuous in conduct, of good intentions, and generous feelings, but who fail in one great point, on which happiness depends—TEMPER. If a mother is given to fretfulness, anger, and ill nature, her children of necessity acquire the same qualities. Her house is a bedlam, and she imparts to her children that which is almost certain to make them unhappy and unsuccessful in life. Next to virtuous principles, a GOOD TEMPER is the greatest and the richest dowry a mother can bestow on her children.—*N. Y. Whig.*

Clerical Anecdote.—Old Parson W., of Bristol Co. Mass., related the following anecdote of himself. He wished to address every portion of his flock in a manner to impress them most deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separate sermons, to the old, to young men, to young women, and to sinners. At the first sermon his house was full—but not one aged person was there. At the second, to young men, every lady of the parish was present, and but few of those for whom it was intended. At the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men. And, at the fourth, to sinners, not a solitary individual was there, except the sexton and the organist. 'So,' said the parson, 'I found that every body came to church to hear his neighbors scolded, but no one cared to be spoken of himself."

How to enforce silence.—The officers of the Scotch criminal courts create disturbance by calling "Silence," to the auditory. In Cork they manage the matter better; they write "Silence" in large letters on a piece of pasteboard, stick it into the cleft end of a long white rod, and wave it in the face of any one whose voice is heard rising above a whisper. If this does not produce quiescence, the admonition is enforced by a rap on the head with the rod.—*Phrenological Magazine.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1840.

WANTED,—At this office, the following numbers of Vol. 11 of the Gem, viz:—

2	copies	of	No.	4
6	"	"	"	7
1	"	"	"	8
3	"	"	"	15
1	"	"	"	17
1	"	"	"	18
1	"	"	"	19
1	"	"	"	21
8	"	"	"	22

Rochester Collegiate Institute.—We rejoice to hear of the prosperity of this excellent Institute, under the direction of Professor DEWEY and Mr. BRITTAN, the worthy Principals. In reference to the late examination, we have received the following communication:

"We have seen one of the cards awarded to one of this Institution at the late examination. The contents of the card (which is beautifully printed) are copied as explanatory of its object:

(COPY:)

"Rochester Athenæum—Young Men's Association—HONORARY TICKET.—To aid in exciting emulation among the young, the privileges of the *City Library* will occasionally be offered as rewards to a certain number of the Pupils who shall pass examination at Seminaries in this city in a manner worthy of such distinction.—In accordance with this regulation, the Directors of the Rochester Athenæum and Young Men's Association hereby confer the privileges of the *City Library* on ——— ———, whose name was among those reported by the examiners at the late examination of the *Rochester Collegiate Institute.* The privilege to continue until the period of the next examination in that Seminary. In behalf of the Directors of the Rochester Athenæum and Young Men's Association."

Signed, &c. &c.

We learn from a gentleman who has noticed the circumstance, that the distribution of those "Honorary Tickets" is having the effect of arousing much interest among the Pupils of the Institute. And perhaps we may aid the good work by publishing the names of the scholars who were thus distinguished at the late examination, viz: *Julia Bullard, Josephine D. Boughton,* and *Emily N. Enos,* in the Female Department.

Chester P. Dewey, Wm. F. Cogswell, Charles P. Bissell, Charles Cutler, Casimir Jervis, and *Erasmus Ashley,* in the Classical Department.

Edward Thurber and *Champion Bissell,* in the English Department.

We hope that similar good effects may be produced in other Seminaries, (for which also "Honorary Tickets" have been prodvided,) by the use of such meaus for arousing among the Pupils a spirit of generous rivalry."

A fashionable city lady while in the country a short time since, inquired what those animals were "with *powder horns growing* out of their ears," as though it was not genteel for a woman to know a cow.

This reminds us of an incident. Some years ago our "better half" was riding in a coach with a large company of passengers; one of whom was from the city—knew every thing, and a good deal more too; while the others, if they knew as much, appeared less anxious to make it known. At length, passing a neglected field which was covered with Mayweed in full bloom, the loquacious traveller exclaimed at the top of her voice, "Do look at that beautiful field of *buckwheat!*"

A CURIOSITY.

A young gentleman wrote the following letter under the direction and eye of his father, to his "lady love," having an understanding with her, however, that she was to read only every other line, beginning with the first. All parties were satisfied.

MADAM:

The great love I have hitherto expressed for you *is false, and I find that my indifference towards you* increases every day; the more I see of you, the more *you appear in my eyes an object of contempt.*—I feel myself every way disposed and determined to *hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention to* offer you my hand. Our last conversation has *left a tedious insipidity, which does by no means* give me the most exalted idea of your character;—*your temper would make me extremely unhappy,* and if we are united, I shall experience nothing but *the hatred of my parents, added to everlasting dis-*pleasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart *to bestow, but I do not wish you to imagine it is* at your service; I could not give it to any one more *inconsistent, and capricious than yourself, and less* capable to do honor to my choice and to my family.—*Yes, Madam, I beg you will be persuaded that* I speak sincerely; and you will do me a favor *to avoid me. I shall excuse your taking the trouble* to answer this. Your letters are always full of *impertinence, and you have not the shadow of* wit or good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me I am *so averse to you that it is impossible for me ever to be* your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

TURKEY.

"The most important fact in European politics is, unquestionably, the grant of a charter by the Sultan Abdul Medjid, to his people, with imposing ceremonial, in the presence of the dignitaries of the Empire, the foreign ambassadors and the elite of the Turkish nation. I can scarcely contemplate an event of more stupendous import to the peace of Europe, and to the civilization of an immense territory under Mussulman sway, that an imperial edict which secures the lives and liberties of myriads of our fellow creatures, subjected hitherto, to no law but the caprice of merciless and rapacious pachas—which guarantees the people against all future exactions—which inflicts the punishment of death on all ulemas or dignitaries, however exalted their rank, who may be guilty of its infraction—which confines military conscription and the duration of the service within the wholesome limits of European governments, and which decrees the appointment of legislative assemblies, civil and military, for the purpose of carrying out these great objects in all their details. Instead of pachas, prefects are to be appointed, thus separating the civil government from the command of the troop."—*European Correspondence.*

We have seen (says the New York Whig) the announcement of no fact which has struck us as more remarkable than the above, furnished by the European Correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser. "The Turk has been ENCAMPED in Europe for four centuries." His business was war—his spirit, savage fanaticism. Ignorant, resisting improvement, the slave of fatalism, every thing combined to keep him stationary; and he seemed as incapable of European civilization, as our unhappy Indians. Pressed upon by the nations around—the avalanche of Russian power ready to crush his empire—he seeks strength in the elevation of his people, and gives them freedom for his own security!—Who dreamed of this—and after this, who can doubt the final triumph of Civilization and Liberty over the whole world?

"Truth, crushed to the earth, will rise again—
The eternal day of God is hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers."

Somewhat obscure.—Mrs. Nancy Flood, of Mississippi, advertises her husband Jesse in the Southern Reporter as a deserter, in which advertisement she says:

"He can't transmolate a particle of syllogistical science, nor can he fusmulticate the least fensocosnostiveness from the vulganatorial mind of an idiodisticated wife. I caution all transfulmanaitorial girls from having any thing to do with him, as he has a white liver."

Suspension viz.—The times are so hard down East, that Leap Year has "suspended."

☞ The following extract from an article in a late number of the New York Star, is in Major Noah's best and peculiar vein. Few editors would have ventured on the last paragraph. It is a bold introduction of domestic matters, but what a charming picture does it make?

How many married men have been saved from ruin—from being plunged into bad habits, wanton extravagance, and debased pleasures, by the sacred ties which bind him to his wife and children. How many unhappy dissensions have been reconciled between man and wife, through the powerful influence of attachment to their offspring—how many crimes have been prevented by parents, from apprehension of entailing infamy on their children. What can be more gratifying to the just pride of parents than seeing the tender flower "their bed connubial grew," unfolding its beauties, and throwing around them its rich perfumes; or in rearing the tender plant until it becomes a noble tree, watered by care and watchful attention?—When in sickness, who smooths your pillow—whose hand presses more affectionately over your fevered brow than your child's? And when on the confines of eternity, whom do we enfold in our parting embrace and parting benediction more affectionately than our children? What can be more desolate than age sinking into the grave unmourned, solitary, and childless?

I never was more forcibly struck with the beautiful results of a well governed marriage, than on a recent occasion, in my own family.—Among the anniversaries of joyful events and providential blessings, to be gratefully remembered and celebrated, first in importance is my wedding day—the day which, of all others, changes our relations in life. My little ones always kept count of the arrival of that day as their jubilee; and in their holiday attire, with smiling, jocund faces, they came from school to offer their congratulations, and celebrate the anniversary. One spoke a new piece; another had a new song; a third, some offering of a flower or some compliment; and when the whole six, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, surrounded the dinner table, and the boys arose with their glasses of foaming champaigne (an indulgence granted only once a year) to drink to the long life and continued happiness of their father and mother; and when looking on the comfort which surrounded them, their hale and hearty appearance, the well spread board, and the family party around it, who could desist from returning thanks to the Giver of all Good for his bountiful and manifold blessings, in having reflected these images around us, in health, in happiness, and in comfort; and who afforded the means of giving them instruction and "daily bread?"

Lithography.—We have seen some of the most beautiful specimens of Lithograph printing, from the press of J. T. Young, of this city One was executed we understand, for L. B. SWAN'S Atmospheric Soda Founts; and is equal to any thing of the kind we have ever seen.—The other is a view of Cataract Engine No. 4, as it appeared on the day of General Review of the Fire Department last fall. These are among the first attempts of the artist in this line of business, and those who would encourage native talent and ingenuity would do well to give him a call.

Gen. Washington and Lord Erskine.—A volume was presented to Gen. Washington in 1797 by Thomas, Lord Erskine, on a blank page of which he wrote the following note, containing perhaps the happiest eulogium of the many bestowed upon that wonderful man:

"Sir—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence which is found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God, to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the happiness of the world."

Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and always a temptation to others.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE MISTAKE.

Cupid one morning, full of glee,
And wishing to indulge his mirth,
Left Venus' arms, resolved to see
What mischief he could do on earth.

He from his goldeu quiver drew,
The sharpest and the keenest dart,
And seezing his elastic bow,
Determined well to play his part.

He soon selected out his mark,
And off with exultation flew;
Then drew with an unerring hand,
And swift the barbed arrow flew.

But, how was little love amazed,
When he beheld the dart rebound,
As though it had encounter'd steel,
And fell before him on the ground.

He took the arrow up, but found
It broke, which more surprised him still,
Then threw it down, resolved to know,
What thus had baffled all his skill.

He gazed a moment, then exclaimed—
I see what thus has spoil'd my dart;
I ami'd at flesh, but hit instead
A flint— a Bachelor's cold heart.

From the last Democratic Review.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembled spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps—
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WHO'LL BUY A HEART? WHO'LL BUY? WHO'LL BUY?

Poor heart of mine! tormenting heart!
Long hast thou teazed me; thou and I
May just as well agree to part,
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

They offer three testoons; but no!
A faithful heart is cheap at more:
'Tis not of those that wandering go,
Like mendicants from door to door.
Here's prompt possession; I might tell
A thousand merits; come and try.
I have a heart; a heart to sell:
Who'll buya heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe.
Will no one buy? will no one bid?
'Tis going now. Ye! it must go!
So little offer'd, it were well
To keep it yet; but, no! not I.
I have a heart; a heart to sell:
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

I would 'twere gone! for I confess
I'm tired, and longing to be freed;
Come, bid, fair maiden! more or less
So good, and very cheap indeed.
Once more—but once—I cannot dwell
So long—'tis going—going—fie!
No offer—I've a heart to sell:
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

Once—twice—and thrice—the money down,
The heart is now transferr'd to you:
Fair lady! make it all you own,
And may it ever bless you too!
Its broken and its wounded part
Your touch can heal. Go, lady! try,
And I will give you all a heart
You would not buy—you would not buy.

THE BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

November came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear—
And the glittering garland of brown and red,
Which he wreathed for a while round the forest's head,
With sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare, and gray.

Then the houseless grass hopper told her woes,
And the humming bird sent forth a wail for the rose,
And the spider, that weaver of cunning so deep,
Roll'd himself up, like a ball, to sleep;
And the cricket, his merry horn laid by,
On the shelf, with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon voices were heard at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime:
'Let us go, let us go!' said the bright-wing'd jay—
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,
'I am tired to death of this hum-drum tree;
I'll go—if 'tis only the world to see.'

'Will you go!' asked the robin, 'my only love?'
And a tender strain, from the leafless grove,
Responded—'Wherever your lot is cast,
'Mid summer skies, or the northern blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer.
Though dear is our nest, in the thicket here.'

The oriole told, with a flashing eye,
How his little ones shrunk from the frosty sky—
How his mate, with an ague, had shaken the bed,
And lost her fine voice by a cold in her head,—
And their oldest daughter an invalid grown,
No health in this terrible climate had known.

'I am ready to go,' said the plump young wren,
'From the hateful homes of these northern men;
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue—
I'm afraid I have caught the consumption too,
And then I've no confidence left, I own,
In the doctors out of the southern zone.'

Then up went the thrush with a trumpet call,
And the martins came home from their box on the wall,
And the owlet peep'd from his secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church tower
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud—
Chattering and flying, from tree to cloud.

'The dahlia is dead on her throne;' said they;
'And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;—
Not a berry is found on the russet plains—
Not a kernal of ripen'd maize remains—
Every worm has hid,—shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with famine? Away!—away!'

But what a strange clamor on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking birds broke;
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators started to hear
Their own true echo so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, thro' the fathomless depths of air,—
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright?
Who nerveth their wings for its weary flight?
Who guideth their caravan's tackless way,
By the star at night, and the cloud by day?

Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,
In the isles of the southern sea to sing,
Or where the minaret towering high,
Pierces the gold of the western sky;
Or amid the harem's haunts of fear,
Their lodges to build, and their nurselings rear.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them into its vistas green;
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the burst of their revelry;
And the bulbul starts 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray!
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again, with your glancing wing,—
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.

Mrs. Bailey, of Groton.—The anecdote given below we have often heard, but never before seen in print. It was narrated at a celebration of the 4th in Hartford:

Mr. Hammersley, on being called on for a sentiment, remarked that the circumstances connected with the attack of the British upon Stonington, were probably well known to all present—it was well known how gallantly that town was defended; in what dilemma the volunteers were soon placed in consequence of their flannel for wadding being exhausted, and how happily they were released by female ingenuity. Persons were sent to a neighboring place in search of flannel, and on hearing the application made, Mrs. Bailey took from her person her under garments, exclaiming—"There is flannel for your guns, and more can be procured from like sources." The result was, that the British were discomfited and repulsed.

Mr. H. said Mrs. Bailey yet lived, and he trusted her future days would be as happy as her past conduct had been creditable and patriotic. He proposed—

"The Health of Mrs. Bailey. She taught a proud foe to dread the influence of *petticoat* government."

Upwards of $14,000 were recently collected at the Ladies Fair in New Orleans.

THE BIRD MESSENGER.

"The Imagination never conceived a more exquisite picture of beauty, than the dove of the ark gliding towards Ararat with the Olive branch, over the still, solitary, measureless surface of the waters, gazing down upon its own shadow, and listening to the music made by its own wings."—*Anonymous.*

Whither, oh! whither, Dove?
On lonely pinion through the trackless air;
Through sunlit skies above,
Dost thou in joyous flight alone repair?

Where is the summer strand
That waits thy coming, with its leafy bowers?
Where is the fragrant land
Of golden sunshine and of smiling flowers?

Where is the happy grove,
The long loved home; the nestlings of thy breast?
Speed on thy flight, thou dove;
Haste on the journey to thy promised rest.

Onward, yet onward roam,
Spread thy snow plumage to the warming sky;
Soon may the voice of home
Greet the long wanderer with a welcome cry.

But vain, oh! vain that thought;
Is it where ruin's blighted footsteps fall,
Where death and doom were wrought,
That thou canst seek thy home, thy mate, thine all?

Is it where the groundless waves
Dash o'er the glories of a world gone by?
Is it where ocean laves
Man's pride—his pomp—and all his misery?

How, 'mid these marks of woe,
Bird of the peaceful bosom, canst thou flee?
Fear'st thou no dangerous foe?
Can none bring aught of terror here to thee?

"My message fears no ill;
Behold! the peace branch gives assurance strong,
With joy my breast to fill,
Of safety—rest; then who can do me wrong?

"The tempest hath gone down;
The sin-bought ruin hath fulfill'd its hour;
Darkness and woe are flown;
And ocean's fury hath restored her power.

"And hear, yet hear my voice:
Peace hath been purchased; lo! the waves decrease;
Look forth—believe—rejoice:
Hear my last whispers; welcome! welcome Peace!"

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
Glad one! with peaceful happy promise bless'd;
Soon would I flee above,
And like thee seek to be at home—at rest.

MARRIAGES.

In Greece, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. George Beecher, Mr. J. A. HADLEY, of Rochester, to Miss LAURA JANES, of the former place.

In Riga, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Middleton, Mr. Henry Emens, of Romulus, Seneca county, to Miss Arvilla Hosmer, daughter of A. A. Hosmer, Esq. of the former place.

In Brighton, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. C. Dewey, Mr. Samuel R. Hart, to Miss Mary D. Schanck.

On the evening of the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Alexander R. Shaw, to Miss Martha Ann Luce, both of this city.

At Barry, Michigan, on the 2d of December, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. GEORGE W. NYE, to Miss ESTHER COOK.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. E. Galusha, Mr. David Lacy, jr. to Miss Lucy Lapham, all of Perry

The ceremony was administered in the following poetical form.

Sir David Lacy, please to take
Miss Lucy Lapham, by the hand—
Each bow assent, and that shall make
You twain, but one, by God's command.

United hearts and plighted hands,
Is all that human law can claim—
Thus bound, in holy nuptial bands,
Be husband—wife—your future name.

Let mutual love and labor bless
Each scene of joy and grief to come—
In sickness, health, let each caress,
Till God shall call the spirit home.

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

STANZAS TO ——.

There is allurement in thy smile,
And fascination in thine eye;
A thousand times I feel the wile—
A thousand times resolve to fly;
And yet I linger, while thy power
Grows more resistless, hour by hour.

There is a strange enchantment thrown
Around thine every word to me,
Which hath no music like its own
In all the world's sweet minstrelsey;—
A spell from which my being still
Might waken—but hath lost the will.

I call ambition to my aid;
But thou hast made its homage thine;
And pride that never bowed its head
Hath lowly bowed before thy shrine;
And thought, that sported wild and free,
Turns listless from the world to thee.

And sweet as is the hope of fame,
Thy love were sweeter still to me;
And I would rather twine my name
With thine, and share thy destiny,
Than be the monarch of a throne
Unloved, unwedded and alone.

Clariton, Mo. J. H. B.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

FATE OF A TRAVELLER.

It was on one of those lovely days, in the latter part of August, that are often chosen by our citizens as most favorable for excursions of business or pleasure, that I took passage in a post coach, from the town of Bennington for one of those flourishing little towns that were at that time springing up along the eastern shore of Lake Champlain. As the greater part of our route lay along that part of the country that had suffered most from the ravages of the British army, during the progress of the unfortunate Burgoyne, and as those events were at that time fresh in the memory of my fellow passengers, our conversation was of course directed principally to those sanguinary scenes that had so recently transpired. Our company was made up of a heterogeneous mass, not unlike the inmates of a post coach at the present day, consisting of an aged female, two younger ladies with children, two country merchants, a parish clergyman, a Yankee peddler, a youth of some twenty-three or four years of age, and myself. But though I was not inattentive to my other fellow passengers, there was something in the youth before mentioned that particularly engaged my attention. He was of a genteel and manly form, of frank and open countenance, and, though his features were decidedly American, there was nevertheless a peculiarity in his manners and dialect that indicated a familiarity with other countries and languages, and a tinge of healthy brown upon his cheek that shewed a familiarity with other and probably more southern climes. His air was also decidedly military, and, though perfectly free from ostentation, there was something in his language and manner that could not fail of commanding attention. He spoke of foreign countries with all the familiarity of an experienced traveller; and though he listened with the deepest interest to whatever related to our own, on that point he seemed most ignorant. As the day began to wane he appeared abstracted and thoughtful, and from an occasional inquiry that escaped him, proved himself not altogether ignorant of the country through which we were travelling. This seemed an excuse for the Yankee peddler to open upon him the whole volley of his inquisitiveness; but with the utmost efforts of his ingenuity, all that he could gather from him, was that he had once before been in the neighborhood, and that he expected soon again to leave it; upon which the repulsed peddler was compelled to give up in despair. At length we arrived at the village of N——, near the foot of a western branch of the Green Mountains, when, having some business to transact in the neighborhood, I proposed waiting for the next stage, and was not a little gratified in finding that my youthful companion had also concluded to tarry till the following day. When we had refreshed ourselves with such as the inn afforded, as the evening was extremely fine, my companion proposed a walk, that we might the better enjoy the scenery with which we were surrounded. To this proposition I readily assented, and we commenced our walk along the main travelled road, towards a neighboring valley, which was situated beyond an intervening valley, some two or three miles distant. For the first half mile my companion appeared as usual, abstracted and absent, which led me to suspect he would choose to be left to his solitude, and I was about to make the proposition when he suddenly aroused from his reverie and addressed me in the following manner:

"Dear sir, you must certainly think my abstracted manner somewhat singular, after requesting your company; and though inattention to a friend is under no circumstances pardonable, still, were you acquainted with the nature of my present emotions, I am confident my conduct would stand in some measure excused."

"I doubt it not," was my reply, "and I was just thinking whether you might not choose to indulge your reflections in secret."

"By no means," he replied; "I solicited your company because I feel the need of sympathy; and though there is nothing in my humble story that I could wish to conceal from the world, still, surrounded as I now am, by so many objects of tender recollections, I find the disclosure more painful than I anticipated."

"You are, then, it seems, not a stranger in this neighborhood. I had supposed from your manner and dialect, that you were an inhabitant of some other country."

"In that, sir, you were not altogether mistaken, as the greater part of my life has been spent in another hemisphere; still I am by birth an American; and yonder," said he, pointing to a stately edifice some half a mile distant, "was the scene of my earliest recollections."

"It is, then," said I, "the indulgence of those tender emotions which we feel in revisiting the scenes of our childhood after a long separation, that occasioned those turns of abstraction."

"Were it merely the emotions arising from revisiting my birth place, I should, perhaps, have borne them with more fortitude; but with those are associated other feelings of a still more tender and a more melancholy nature. Yonder, where you now behold that stately mansion, once stood the humble cottage of my affectionate parents. There they dwelt in peace and humble obscurity. There the happy days of early childhood were passed, till the spoiler came and converted our peaceful home into a scene of bloodshed. You now behold me, after an absence of twenty years, an alien to my country, a stranger in my birth place, without a solitary being to welcome me, or one to whom I can claim affinity. Not many years preceding the unhappy struggle that has finally resulted in the independence of this fortunate country, my father, having married contrary to the wishes of his parents, was banished from his parental home, and, with his amiable consort, sought a refuge in this lonely valley, which was at that time a wild and uncultivated forest. Being soon joined by others with spirits as enterprising as his own, they saw the forest gradually giving away before them, and a thriving settlement of hardy adventurers appearing in its stead. Being the only offspring of my beloved parents I was of course treated with the greatest care and tenderness; but those few years of happiness soon passed away. At the breaking out of the war with the mother country, our settlement became exposed to the ravages of the enemy; and from their former peaceful occupations, the inhabitants were often called to repel the foe from their very doors. It is with those scenes of desolatory warfare that my earliest recollections are associated; and though more than twenty years have passed away, they are still fresh in my memory. But though many ravages were daily committed, and many valuable lives were sacrificed on the more exposed parts of the settlement, it was not till the memorable invasion of Burgoyne's army that we were brought to experience more fully the horrors of war. It was then that the surrounding country, as well as our own settlement, was daily overrun with foraging parties, spreading desolation and ruin in their course. And it was then, as may well be supposed, that the injured inhabitants arose in manful resistance against those unprincipled spoilers, and often repelled them with no inconsiderable loss. In such a state of things I soon became familiarized to scenes of bloodshed, and though still in the early age of childhood I often stole from under the watchful eye of my mother and rambled through the forest without any apprehension of danger.

One day, after a severe skirmish in the neighborhood, as I felt a desire to see the scene of the sanguinary encounter, I left the house by stealth, and made my way as far as possible to the scene of action. On my way thither, having occasion to pass through a small piece of woodland, I fancied that I heard the groan of some one. I hastened to the spot whence it proceeded, where, in a little ravine, I discovered a British officer, pale and almost lifeless, weltering in his blood. I ran immediately to his assistance and attempted to raise him up. The effort aroused him from his torpor, and as he opened his eyes, he in a feeble voice thanked me for my attention, and requested me to bring him some water. I took his hat, and having filled it from a neighboring stream, brought it to him; and then assisted as far as I was able in placing him in a more comfortable situation. As the water revived him, he assisted me in binding up his wound, which proved to be a fracture of the bone of his thigh; after which I bade him to be of good cheer, as I would soon bring him all necessary assistance.

"Do so, my son," he exclaimed, "and may heaven requite you for your kindness." As it was only a few hundred yards from our cottage, the story was soon told, and he was carefully removed to our hospitable shelter. A surgeon was called, and every necessary assistance was rendered him. He proved to be a Major of the British Infantry by the name of F——, who had commanded the foraging party which had been repulsed in the morning. Being separated from his companions, he became entangled in the forest where he was wounded by a riflemen, and unwittingly left to his fate. With every attention that his condition required he was in a few days able to be removed to the British encampment, which was, at this time, but a few miles distant. On taking leave, he professed the warmest feelings of gratitude for the kindness he had experieneed. But still the bloody scenes continued, and marauding companies, like hungry wolves prowling for their prey, and the numerous herds of mercicless savages attached to the royal ensign, were nightly marking their progress with devastation and blood. In such a state of things, where could we flee for safety? To stay, was to expose ourselves to the hourly visitation of the tomahawk and scalping knife of the ruthless savage; and if we attempted to escape, we were almost sure of falling into the hands of fiends in human shape that surrounded us on every side; when instant death or a long and painful captivity, would be the inevitable consequence. We did not, however, long remain in this painful state of anxiety; for on the second evening after the departure of the wounded officer, we were visited by a band of tories and savages, and our home soon converted into a scene of desolation. The first intimation of the attack was a yell of savage vengeance, followed by the bursting in of the door. My mother fell to the floor by the hand of an infatuated demon. My father struggled manfully for a while with his assailants, when, overpowered by numbers, he was prostrated senseless on the ground. I was seized at the same moment by an elderly Indian and borne away to the forest, where I was bound with thongs and left in the keeping of two others, while my captor returned again to the house to complete the scene of ruin. In a few moments it was plundered of all that was of any value, and then committed to the flames. I will not here attempt to describe my feelings, on beholding my peaceful home melting beneath the glare of the flame, amid which were the weltering bodies of my parents. The horrid scene is still arraigned before my imagination, and the yells of savage fury seem still to sound in my ears. I was not, however, left long to contemplate the melancholy spectacle, as my captor soon returned and bore me away with other captives still deeper into the forest, where we were permitted to repose for the night. On the following morning, according to Indian customs, a counsel was held to deliberate upon the fate of the prisoners.—We were given to our respective captors. What was the lot of my wretched companions, I never could learn. As for myself I was compelled to accompany a delegation of warriors to Ticonderoga, which was at that time in possession of the enemy. There I remained several days, when I accidentally learned that Major F—— had arrived at that Fort on his way to Montreal, as his wound seemed likely to debar h m from further military service. He was now making his arrangements for returning home. Cheered with this information, I hastened to his quarters, expecting, through his influence, some friendly interposition. He expressed his readiness to comply with my wishes, whatever they might be; upon which I requested his influence in sending me back to my friends.

"To whom would you go, my dear boy," he asked,—"as I have learned with the deepest sorrow that your kind friends are no more."

"I am aware," I replied, "that they have fallen victims to British cruelty.—Still I am in hopes of finding among some of our old neighbors some one that will take pity on my condition."

A glow of indignation for a moment overspread his countenance, at the reflection cast upon his countrymen; but as if ashamed of the emotion, he replied in a sorrowful tone, "I blame you not, my boy, that you should feel indignant at a nation that is compelled to employ such instruments of cruelty; but you should have said Indian, and not British cruelty."

To this I replied and with considerable spirit, "If I have spoken wrongfully, sir, I ask your pardon, and hope when I am older shall be able to see the difference between the performing of a deed yourself and the employing of others to do it for you."

This remark, instead of provoking a bitter reply, as I had anticipated, produced a very different effect. A tear started from the weather-beaten countenance of the old soldier as he replied, "My poor boy, to have saved your life as well as those of your parents, I would have freely given my own. But what is past cannot be amended, and it now remains for me to discharge a debt of gratitude that I owe to your family, by taking charge of your dependant and orphan state. I am now about to retire from the service to my estate in the north of England, and as I have no child of my own I will hence forth consider you as my adopted son, if you will consent to accompany me. If, however, you choose to return to your friends, you shall not find me ungrateful."

Had I known of any relations of my parents under whose protection I could have placed myself, I should doubtless have chosen to remain in my own country; but, as I before remarked, as the marriage of my parents had been contrary to the wishes of their friends, all correspondence between them had been discontinued. I had, of course, been kept in utter ignorance of their names and condition. Under these circumstances I was not backward in listening to the proposition of Major F——; and from that time was considered as his son. I accompanied him to England, and as he had promised, he proved more than a father to me. He not only made me heir to his large estate, but educated me for the army and spared no pains nor expense in my advancement. I served in the campaign in Egypt, with some little honor to myself, from which I was recalled to England after an absence of three years. My adopted parent had died during my absence, leaving me the sole heir of his estate. But before settling in the world, I felt a desire once more to behold my birth place, after which, I shall probably bid adieu to my native land forever.

By this time we had advanced to within a few rods of the house already mentioned. Here he paused a while to survey some favorite scene of his boyish gambols, and then to survey a rock on the bank of the stream endeared to him by some tender recollection; while, from time to time he raised his hand to wipe the gathering tear. At length arriving at the door of the mansion, he hesitated as to what excuse he should render for his intrusion, when we were met by an old domestic who bade us enter. We were ushered into a spacious apartment, where an interesting group were seated around a table. At the head sat a man in clerical robes, somewhat advanced in years, with a family Bible before him from which he appeared to be making some remarks as we entered. On the opposite side sat a gentleman of middle age, of a very prepossessing countenance, calm and dignified, with a slight shade of melancholy that indicated the long indulgence of some secret grief. Near him was his companion, a female of middle age dressed in a suit of half mourning, with a countenance in which youthful beauty had only given away for a saint-like loveliness. Near her, and resting upon her arm, was another female in all the charms of early youth, with a countenance of sympathising beauty; and though apparently schooled into something like solemnity on the present occasion, there was nevertheless an air of vivacity in her large sparkling blue eyes, as well as the dimpled smile that played about her lips, which showed that care and sorrow were yet strangers to her heart. All arose as we entered the room; and after bowing respectfully, my companion observed, "I am fearful, sir, that we have intruded upon your family privacy; and if so, we will immediately retire, as it was only to gratify an idle curiosity that we entered."

"By no means," said the younger of the two gentlemen, "the stranger is ever welcome to my humble abode."

"I am fearful," said my companion, "that we have interrupted your devotions; if so, please to proceed, as we are in no haste."

"We are not at present thus engaged," said the gentleman of the house, "though we keep this day as the anniversary of a misfortune with which my family were visited some twenty years ago. And this Reverend gentleman was just making some remarks on the changing vicisitudes of life, as you entered."

"Will you be so kind as to inform me," said my companion in a tremulous voice, "of the nature of the misfortune of which you were speaking?"

"Certainly. The time, you will perceive, carries us back to the period of the revolution; when, in addition to other misfortunes, I was called to part with my only son."

At this remark, the countenance of the youth became deadly pale, and instead of his firm and manly voice, he tremulously exclaimed, "Proceed."

"And were you not exposed," I inquired, "to some danger and injury at the same time?"

"Aye, sir," he exclaimed, "my companion and myself were both severely wounded. Our habitation was consigned to ruin, and we were detained in a long and painful captivity. We were, however, through the goodness of Providence, permitted to return; but it was to mourn the loss of our only son, our first born; in remembrance of which event, this anniversary is set apart. But," starting suddenly, as he turned his eyes upon the pale countenance of the youth, he exclaimed, "your companion is ill!"

And he, as well as the mother and daughter, sprang to his assistance.

"Give yourselves no uneasiness," said he; "it is but a momentary weakness that will soon pass away. I am already better." Then turning to me, he said, "Will you please to proceed?"

Here the eyes of both gentleman and ladies were fixed upon us, as though there were some hidden meaning in our inquiry.

"One question more, sir," said I; "have you ever learned the fate of that son of whom you spoke?"

"Never!" he exclaimed. "Long and earnest were the inquiries that I made for him, but since that awful night his fate has been shrouded in utter obscurity, though for many years I indulged the hope that he might have escaped the fury of the ruthless savages, and would one day be restored to the arms of his heart-stricken parents. But long since I ceased to hope, while I strive to be reconciled to the will of heaven."

"Cease not to hope," I exclaimed, "nor distrust the power of Providence. And now suffer me to introduce to you, your long lost son!"

The scene that followed, we leave the reader to conceive, when the heart-wrung parents recognized in the youthful stranger, the only son of their early and eventful love! W.

Sleighing Time.—American Courtship.—This must be an everlasting fine country, beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothin to do but to ride about and talk politics. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a slayin over these here mashes with the gals, or playin ball on the ice, or go in to quiltin frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drive home like mad by moonlight. Nature made that season on purpose of courtin. A little tidy scrumtuous lookin slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at a gatherin time, and a sweetheart alongside all muffl d up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin right into you, and the other talkin right at you—is e'enamost enough to drive one ravin, taring, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin right at them instead of the horses, and then whap you both go capsized into the snowdrift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin from a pond, chatterin away all the time like a canary bird, and you a haw-hawin with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way a feller gets led on to offer himself as a lover afore he knows where he bees.—*Sam Slick.*

Nettles.—The nettle is said to have the following properties: eaten in sallad, it relieves consumption; it fattens horned cattle, whether eaten green or dried; it not only fattens calves, but improves their flesh; it is an antidote to most maladies; sheep which eat it bring forth healthy vigorous lambs; it promotes the laying of eggs in hens; it promotes the fat of pigs; the seed mixed with oats are excellent for horses; it grows all the year round, even in the coldest weather; and the fibres of the stem make excellent hemp.

From the New York Express.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

A NEW YORK PARVENU.

Jonathan's account of his Cousin Jason Slick, and how Jason was too lazy to work, and got rich on soft sodder. The dinner of a Connecticut Coaster. A New York coat of arms. lions, couchant and levant—Yankee ancestry. The way a Yankee speculates, and gets up States, Railroads and Banks, by soft sodder.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esq., *Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, Connecticut.*

Dear Par—It is eenamost twelve o'clock, jist arter New Years, and here I be as wide awake as a night hawk, and a feeling purty considerbly rily in the upper story. So I believe it'll be about the best thing I can do to clap down and tell you all about New Year's Day here in York. But first I want to tell you something about all the trials and troubles that I've had to go through since I wrote my last letter—I don't believe there ever was a human critter so chased arter as I have been. They talk about Cherry street not being fashionable, but I'll be darn'd if I believe there's a more genteel street in the city. It's the folks that live in a place that make it genteel or not, and if Cherry street aint at the top of the mark afore many more weeks, it'll be because I move my office out on it, for there's no cend to the great shining carriages that come down and stop jist afore my door, eenamost every hour in the day.—It raly does look funny enough to see great pusey fellors, as big as the side of the house, a sitting in them things all bolstered up with cushions and covered over with skins, like a baby shut up in a gocart, afore it begins to run alone. T'other day there was one of these fat chaps come into my office, and sot out to make me believe that he was a sort of a relation of mine. I didn't feel jist right, for since I begun to print my letters in the Express it beats all natur how many relations, that I never heard on afore, have been a trying to scrape an acquaintance with me. Wal, arter a good deal of beating about the bush, this chap at last made out purty tolerably clear that he was a kind of great toe cousin or our'n, and that he was born and brought up in Weathersfield.—He come his soft sodder over me mighty smooth and had a good deal to say about how much he thought of us all, and how fond he'd been of Sam and me. I wish you could a saw how he pushed out his mouth and breathed through his nose, what a heap of pompossity he put on when he was a talking. He acted just like our old turkey gobler, when he goes training the young turkeys round the barn yard, with his wings feathered out and his tail spread. Wal, arter talking all kinds of rigmarole for about an hour, he begun to tell how hard it was for a young man now to start in the world, and get along without somebody to give him a push up the hill, and that it didn't make much odds how much genius a man had, or how smart he was, if he hadn't some rich and influential friend to back him up.

"Now," sez he "cousin Slick," and you can't think how easy he seemed to call me cousin;—"you've done purty well since you come to York, considering that you hadn't nobody to help you along but Mr. Beebe; but you must get a peg higher yet; we must introduce you among the aristocracy."

"The what?" sez I.

"The aristocracy," sez he agin, a strutting back, and poking one hand down into his pocket, as if he was a going to take something out. "Wal," think, sez I, "spose arter he'd fumbled about long enough he'd show me what aristocracy is if he carries it about in his pocket like the rest on'em; but he only took out a piece of pointed silver, and began to poke it between his teeth; and arter he'd got through, he made out to finish what he was a saying.—"Now," sez he, "I think I've seen Mr. Beebe at the New England dinner, and at one or two places of that sort where one meets amost every body, and for a merchant that has'nt made enough to leave off business, I dare say he's a very respectable sort of man, but he don't exactly belong to the—the, that is, to the class—who,—which I mean to take you unto, Mr. Slick, a class that claim some standing from their ancestors—men of family, that can be traced back like our's, cousin.

"Yes," sez I, sort o' pleased, "I believe we never had many relations to be ashamed on. Par always used to say that grandpa Slick could make about the harnsomest pair of cow-hide boots of any feller in Weathersfield; and as for uncle Josh, I'd be darned if ever I saw his equal at shoeing a horse. They were prime old chaps both on 'em—rale fellers, I can tell you. Now come to think on it, there was one lazy coot of a feller that never would work for a living; but he went off when I was a little shaver, and our folks don't know what became of him. He warnt much credit to us, that's a fact."

I don't know what on arth made my pusey cousin git so fidgety all to once, but he begun to hitch about in his chair, and turned as red as a winter apple; and, sez he—

"Cousin Slick, this isn't the way we gentlemen prove that we are men of family. If that was the way we did it, there aint many men in the country that would go back two generations without breaking their neck over a lap stone or an anvil. Now I have taken a good deal of pains to trace out our family line, and the only way I could do it was to skip all the mechanics and farmers, jest touch slightly on the merchants, lawyers and ministers, but to dwell purty particularly hard on them that lived high and did nothing; and now a days it helps a feller along a good deal if he can count up an author or so; and it was considered something of a feather in a man's cap if any of his relations were sent to Congress a few years ago; but now since they've got a kicking up a dust every other day in the Capitol, and to spitting fire at each other like dogs and cats, it don't help a man much to claim any of them for connexions, except here and there one that has got decency enough to be ashamed of the rest. I begin to be glad that none of our family ever got into politics much; but step to the door, cousin Slick, and I'll show you the coat of arms that I've got on my carriage."

"Wal," sez I, "I don't care if I do, though it comes kinder tough to leave the stove this cold day." With that I tipped down my chair, and took my feet off from the stove and went to the door. By gracious! but he had a smasher of a coach a standing there. It glistened and shone in the sun like a house afire. A great strapping nigger sot on a kind of double chair with a low narrer back, civered over with fine brown broadcloth, all fringed and tossled off like any thing—and a great bear skin was hauled up over his legs, all scolloped off with red cloth and stuck over with coon's tails. The horses beat all live critters I ever did see; they were as black as crows, and I could'nt say which glistened the most, the darnd smooth coots, or the harness put over them. They were all civered over and sot out with silver. The horses had great yaller roses stuck on the side of their heads, like a gal when she's dressed up for a party. My pussy cousin, he opened the door, and sez he, "Look a here, cousin, aint this purty well got up?" I looked inside, and there was a leetle sort of a room about big enough for cousin Beebe to put his swarry in, if he wanted to carry it about with him. It was all lined off and stuck full of cushions, and tossled and fringed like a curtained bed. Two

great spotted skins lay tumbled up in the bottom, and there were leetle glass doors with steps to them on both sides; it raly was handsome enough to make a feller's eye feel snow blind.

"Wal," sez I, a looking at my pussy Cousin; "this does about take the shine off eenamost all the coaches that ever stopped to my office—and there's been a grist on 'em, I can tell you, and some with tarnal handsome ladies in them too."

"Yes," sez he, sort of interrupting what I was going to say; "but you aint a looking at the coast of arms—this is what I want you to see."

"Wal," says I, a giving the nigger a purty general survey that sot back of the horses dressed up in sort of regimentals, all finefied off with buttons and yaller cloth; "the coat is well enough—I don't see much to find fault with in it, though to own the truth, Captain Wolf, of the Weathersfield Independent Company, had a training coat that beats it all to nothing. As for the critter's arms, niggers may be different to white people in that way, but I don't see no difference—but mebby you mean this other chap's, and his, are long enough, that's a fact." With that I jist took a good squint at a great tall shote of a feller with arms like a pair of flails hung up arter threshing. He was a standing up back of the coach, and a hanging on to a couple of great tossels fastened to it, as independent as a monkey in a show. His coat and trousers were jist like the nigger's, and he had a great wide band of gold stuff round his hat! My pussy Cousin only shook his head when I looked at the cap. The nigger twisted his neck round, and the tall varmint stuck hisen up, and they begun to grin and tee'he at each otherover the coach.

"See here, this is what I mean," sez my Cousin; and his fat cheek begun to grow red with the cold or something. With that he put his finger on a picter all sprigged out with gold that was figgered on the door, and sez he "this is the coat and arms."

"Wal," sez I, "I've seen a good many picters, but I never heard them called by that name afore. I s'pose this is some York notion that you've picked up, aint it?"

"It's the genuine thing," sez he, "and I paid a good deal of money for it, I can tell you."

"Wal," sez I, a looking at the consarn purty sharp; "them two critters a lying down there cut a considerable of a dash, that's a fact; but the rooster on the top, that are beats all.—It's so nat'ral, it seems to me as if I could hear it cookadoodledoo right out."

"Yes," sez my cousin, "that is well done, aint it? But I see you don't exactly comprehend the science of heraldry. Now all these things mean something."

"You don't say so," sez I.

"These are lions crouchant," sez he a pinting to the wild critters.

"You don't say so!" sez I agin; "I've seen a good many lions in the shows that travel through Weathersfield, but I never saw a croushong afore. They look purty much alike, don't they though?"

With that the two varmints stuck up at each eend of the carriage begun to tee'hee agin, and my pussy cousin sez he "Mr. Slick, supposing we go in?"

"Wal," sez I, "but if you'd jist as leves, I should kinder like to know what that rooster means afore we go."

"Can't you guess what part of the Slick family that belongs to?" sez he a strutting up and rubbing his hands together as proud as could be.

"Wal," sez I, "I don't know, without it belongs to aunt Lydia—par's old maid of a sister; she sartinly did beat all natur at raising chickens. You never heard of an egg turning out rotten, or a duck gitting drowned, on her premises."

With that the two chaps giggled right out, and stuck their fists into their darnd great taturtraps as if they felt a cold; and my pusy cousin, sez he, "It's a gitting cold—less go in."

"Wal," sez I, "I don't care if we do; but I tell you what, if them two chaps don't jist hush up their everlasting yop, I'll give them both an allfired thrashing—I will, by gosh!"

I ruther guess the two mean critters hauled in their horns a few at this; and arter I'd gin them both a purty savage look, we went into the office agin.

"Now," sez my pussy cousin, jist as soon as we'd both sot down agin, "Cousin Slick, I've found you out, and I mean to do something for you—something handsome, you may depend on't. Jist you call up to my house next new-year's day, and git acquainted with my folks, and arter that you needn't be consarned about any thing. I'm purty well known here in the city, and *my* relation can hold up his head almost any where, I should think! I was down to the Astor House other day," sez he, a stopping to git breath and sticking both his legs out straight, while he stuck both hands in his pockets, mighty big, "and there was that foreign Count and Miss Miles's brother running on about you, and swearing that they'd skin you alive the first time they caught you in Broadway; but I went up to them and, sez I, "that young gentleman is a near relation of mine, and any thing you say agin him, I take to myself." You can't think, cousin Jonathan, what an impression it made! So you needn't have the least fear of what they can do while I stand by you—they know me."

With that, my pussy cousin got up—and arter he'd shook hands with me, he went off, carriage and all. I say, par, I wish I could give you some idee of him. Did you ever see a great spotted toad a swelling under a harrer, or a turkey jist afore thanksgiving?

I say nothing; but if I did'nt laugh arter de'd gone. The great stuck up bear, with his family, and his hens and his roosters—he may go to grass.

Wal, jist as soon as my pussy cousin had cleared out, I did on my hat, and streaked it down to Peck Slip, for Captain Doolittle has jist put in agin with another load of garden sars;—and think, sez I, mebby, he can tell me something about this chap, for he knows eenamost every body that ever lived any where about Weathersfield.

The Captain was jist sot down to dinner, and was a digging away like all natur, at a hunk of cold pork and a raw onion, a mug of something hot stood on the locker afore him, and he looked like love I can tell you.

"Wal," Jonathan, sez he, a looking kinder skewing at my new trowsers, "won't you set by and take a bite."

"Well," sez I "shouldn't mind it if I did, but to-morrow is New Years day, and I've got to go and see a hull heap of these York gals, and I'm afeared my breath will smell of the onions."

I wish you could a seen how Captain Doolittle stared, as he stuck his face close up to mine, and proudly giving his jack knife a grip, he struck the but end of it down on the locker, and sez he,

"Jonathan, they're a spiling you down here in York, they be, by the hokey! Go hum, I tell you and marry Judy White—she knows what's what, and I can tell you that these York gals that turn up their noses at the smell of onions can't have decent bringing up, any how. And they've sot you agin onions already, and it won't be a great while afore you'l turn again your own relations."

"Now," sez I, "captain Doolittle don't say that are, it makes me feel bad, and I don't desarve it. A feller that will let money, or a stuck up name, or the harnsomest gal that ever trod shoe leather set him again his own father and mother, desarves to be kicked to death by grasshoppers."

This seemed to sort of mollify the captain, but he stripped the peel off another onion mighty wrothy, and arter a minute sez he,

"Wal, Jonathan, I'm glad to hear that you've got some of your old notions left, but I always make it a pint not to talk much when I'm a eating, so if you wont set by, why jist keep a stiff jaw while I stow away another slice of pork and this piece of onion, and then I'm the man for you."

With that he went to cutting off a chunk of pork and a chunk of onion to hand about, till it fairly made my eyes water to see him cronch them down. Arter a while he wiped his jack-knife on his cuff, shut it too with a jerk and put it in his trousers pocket; then he took a pull at the mug, and arter he'd got a long nine purty well a going, he stretched out his legs and sez he,

"Wal, Jonathan, what did you come for, if you did'nt want nothing to eat?"

With that I sot down and told him all about my pussy cousin. I could see that the critter had heard on him afore by the way he twisted his mouth around about the long nine; but when I told him about the carriage and the rooster and so on, he jist took and give the long nine a fling, clapped his thumb again the side of his nose, and winking one eye, made his fingers twinkle up and down for as much as a minute without saying a word; arter a while he asked the critter's name, and when I told him, he jumped up, cut a pigeon wing over the locker and stopping right afore me, winked tother eye, and sez he—

"Look a here Jonathan, didn't your parents never tell you about Jase Slick, the great lazy coon, that got married and went off west, because he was such an alfired lazy coot, that he could'nt git his living like other folks. Jist let me cool off a leetle, and then I'll tell you all about him."

With that the captin brushed away the onion skins and we sot down together on the locker, and sez he—mebby your par never told you what an etarnal lazy shote Jase was, but he did beat all natur for doing nothing but swap jack-knives and pitch coppers. He was a tickler, though at trapping muskrats and shooting foxes, and he use to send the skins down here to York.—Now it aint common that you'll find a lazy shack of a feller very tight about money, but Jase was as close as the bark of a tree, he'd a skinned a musketoe any day, for the hide and taller. I don't believe the critter ever stood treat in his hull life, I dont, by gracious.

Wal, arter all, he warnt a bad hearted feller, but when he see that all the gals turned up their noses at him, and didn't give him invites to their quiltings, and so on, he coaxed me to let him work his passage down here to York. He used to send his skins by me, and so I kinder felt for him, and kept track on him a good while arter he got here. He did purty tolerably well at first, considerin who it was,—he bought a hand cart, and took people's trunks, and sich things up from the steamboats and sloops that put into Peck slip, but there was too much work about that to suit him, so he got somebody to lend him a little money and sot up a rum shop close by the Slip.

"Arter that," sez the captain, a picking up his long nine and a lighting it, "arter that I kinder lost track on him, but somebody told me that he'd swapped off his stock and gone out west. Wal, two years go by purty quick you know, Jonathan—or if you don't know, you will, when you get to be as old as I am—and I couldn't but jist believe it was so long since I'd seen the critter, when I met him smash in the face one day when I was scooting up Wall street to git specie for a five dollar bill. Gracious me! how he was a strutting up the side-walk—didn't he cut a swath—with his shiney black coat and the bunch of golden seals a hanging down from his watch fob. He didn't seem to know me at first, but I went right straight up to him and sez I—

"Wal, Jase, how do you do?" I never—how he did look! First he kinder held out his hand a leetle and then he hauled it back agin, and sez he "how do you do sir," but he seemed to be all in a twitter. I didn't seem to mind it, but I stuck my hands in my pockets jist as you do, Jonathan, there in your pictures—and sez I—

"Tough and hearty as ever. How does the world use you about these times?"

It was as much as I could do to keep from larfin right out to see the etarnal pussy critter skew his head round and look at the stream of men that was a going up and down on each side of the way as if he was afeerd that some on 'em would see us, the coot! Arter a minute he sez, sez he "Captain, I'm in a hurry now, but I spose you can be found in the old place. Good morning."

With that he just put both hands under his coat tail and tilting it up a little went sailing along up the side walk like a fat hog jest afore killing time. I snorted right out, all I could do to help it. Then I bent down my knees a little and stuck my hands down hard in both pockets and I rather guess the whistle I sent arter him made all the folks stare a few. It wasn't good manners, but I sarved him right. Jonathan, I'd been a friend to the critter when he wanted one bad enough, and any man on arth that's ashamed of his acquaintances because he's got a tilt above them in the way of money is a coward and a purty mean shote,—there's no two ways about that.

Wal, arter seeing Jase in the street so stuck up, I jest enquired a little about him, what he'd been a doing and so on; and arter a while, I found out what made him so mighty obstoper-ous. You see he'd found out that it warn't so

easy to git a living here in York without doing some kind of work, so he absquatelated, as they say down here—but I don't think that's a genuine word—and went off West.

There mushquashed round in the woods till he got tired of that kind of fun, and then he squat down on a section of wild land, cogitated a way to git a living without grubbing for it.—Arter a while he went round to all the places that had any people to brag on, and put up to the taverns, and told every body he met there about the spot where his land lay—what capital land it was—what good water, and alfired heavy timber. He sent here to York and got him a map all pictured out chuck full of water privileges, and all sorts of things till he raly made the people believe that he'd found the very spot where the milennium was a going to begin, at a place where every holler tree was stuck full of honey comb, where the wild cats went purring about like so many rabits, and the hen hawks cum down as kind as could be to help the hens feed their little chickens. Wal, it warnt long afore his soft sodder begun to work among the green horns like yeast in a kneeding trough full of dough. Jonathan, if you ever see a flock of sheep shut up in a paster, you know something worth while about human natur. The minute one takes it into his head to clear the stun wall for another lot, the others all foller hilter skilter as if the old harry had kicked them on eend. Your cousin Jase knew a thing or two about the natur of mankind,—he got the first sheep to make a jump, and hurra! it warnt no time before his section was all cut up into town lots, and grist mills whirling three stuns, wherever there was a quart of water to make them go; and there was no eend to the corduroy roads and log bridges, and great kivered waggons, chuck full of women and children and othe, housen stuff, with baskets and brass kittles a hanging on behind, that travelled over them eenamost from one year to another. When folks begun to wonder what on arth he'd do next, the critter got his territory transmogrified into a State, and then he sot railroads a twistifying every which way all through his lands; and that made things rise in value, like a toad stool in a hot night.—By the living hokey the critter wasn't content with this, but he got another kink into his head that did beat all. One way or tother, I don't know how, he got all his land and railroads and so on, worked up into pieces of paper that they call scrip, he bundled them all into his great coat pocket and come down to York agin. And in less than no time he had the scrip all cut up into these red-backed bills, with pictures on 'em, that they offer here in York for money—then he sot up a bank on his hook, where he keeps a making money hand over fist. He has a good chance I tell you, for he owns all in the bank: so he's President, Cashier and everything else, all himself, and, arter all his laziness, he's worth an alfired grist of money considering how he got it."

I swanny I couldn't hardly keep still while Captain Doolittle was a talking. I felt all over in a twitter, and my mouth would keep a sort of open with thinking so eager of what he was a saying. The minute he'd done I jumped up and hollered right out—

"Hurra," sez I, "if that aint Yankee all over. I haint the least doubt now but the critter is jist what he sez he is,—Slick to the back bone. Do you suppose there is any animal on arth besides a full-blooded Connecticut Yankee that would have gone that way to get rich,—all soft sodder and no work. I tell you what it is, captin, I'm raly proud to own the critter. He's done some good in his day and generation if he is so struck up, for it aint in the natur of things for a feller to get rich himself without making a good many others better off. To help himself a great deal a chap *must* help others a little, that's my notion."

"Yes," sez the captin, "but its an etarnal shame for these chaps to curl up their noses at honest men."

With that I put on my hat, and was jist a going to cut stick—but Captin Doolittle, sez he—

"Look a here, Jonathan, if I was you, I'd make this chap pay over a little of his chink, or else I wouldn't ride about with him—I wouldn't by gracious! He's tickled to death to get hold of a chap like you to brag on; for now that he's got rich, you haint no idee how anxious he is to make people think he knows something and always did. He talks about his aristocracy, the men of genius and talons make the real aristocracy in this country, and he's in hopes of getting among 'em by claiming relationship with you because you write for the papers. Supposing you ask him to lend you a couple thousand dollars."

"No," sez I, "I'll be darned if I do. If I can't cut my own fodder I'll go hum agin."

"Wal," sez the Captin, "mebby you can git him to help you print your letters in a book. Your par would be tickled to death if you could print a book like that Sam writ."

"Wal," sez I, sort o' proud, "there needn't be no hurry about that are; but if I do print one, and it can't pay its own expenses and a leetle over, it may go to grass!"

With that I bid Captin Doolittle good-bye, and made tracks for my office agin.

(*The Conclusion to be*—JONATHAN'S VISITS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.)

From the Churchman.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Another year hath flown,
With all its good or ill, its hopes or fears,
Days bright with joy, or wet with burning tears:
All—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 hast 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 cherish'd 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 hast been witness to the nuptal vow,
When flowers around some fair girl's palled 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 has 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 deemed all sorrow o'er,
Nor asked one blessing more.

And o'er my path, old year,
How hast thou glided in thy rapid flight!
To memory's eye, all smilingly bright,
Thy parted hours appear
Billiant, 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 unruffled gladness still,
Forgetting aught of pain.
Tho' much I marvel, that from sorrow free,
Thus long my lot shall be.

How richly, truly bless'd,
Sweet household voices yet salute mine ear,
Familiar faces still are beaming near,
With smiles of pleasure dress'd,
And a fair child is sporting at my knees,
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, Dec. 22, 1839.

American Farmers.—There is one class of men on whom we can as yet rely. It is the same class that stood on the little green at Lexington, that gathered on the heights of Bunker Hill, and poured down from the hills of New England, and which were the life-blood of the nation, I mean the farmers. They were never found trampling on law and right. Were I to commit my character to any class men let it be the farmers. They are a class of men such as the world never saw for honesty, intelligence, and Roman Virtue, sweetened by the gospel of God. And when this nation quarrels, they and their sons are those that will stand by the sheet anchor of our liberties, and hold the ship at her moorings till she outrides the storm.—*Paulding.*

Simplicity of a Child.—A lettle girl, seeing the doctor take her brother from a warm bath and apply a warm flat iron to his feet, was at a loss to understand the last operation. Her first artless question was—"Well doctor, you've washed him, now I 'spose you are going to iron him?"—*Claremont Eagle.*

From the Boston Times.

PRINTERS.

We casually mentioned a day or two ago, that the newly elected Mayor of Baltimore was, a short time since, a journeyman printer. The instances are not rare in which those bred to the profession of printing have become distinguished and honorable. To say nothing of Franklin, the beacon light of the craft, we have in our day seen many instances of this honorable distinction. Isaac Hill, Governor of New-Hampshire, was a journeyman printer; Mr. Knapp, the Secretary of State in Vermont, was a printer. And what is of more consequence in the editorial profession, some of the most distinguished were bred in the craft.

Our neighbor Greene, the popular editor of the Morning Post, was once a ragged little roller boy. Mr. Homer, of the Gazette, was brought up on pica and brevier. We recollect, not many years since, of seeing a tow-headed, overgrown boy, in an obscure printing office in Vermont. That boy is now the talented editor ofthe New Yorker. Of equally obscure origin was the editor of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, Mr. Wm. T. Porter.

The first we ever saw of Deacon Weld, the editor of the New York Sun, and a clever writer for various magazines, &c., was in a printing office at Lowell, when he was no higher in grade than "Printer's devil." The truth is, if a boy has genius, the art of printing will draw it out and set is to work. Printers, with the same amount of natural talent, always make the most popular editors because they imbibe the tact of the profession. Schooled among "types and shadows," they have every opportunity of studying public taste, and of diversifying their minds, so as to meet the various wants of their various readers. *Tact*—editorial *tact* we want. In our profession it is every thing.

He that attempts to cut with the back of a knife will fail of his object and cut his own fingers. The same strength and patience that rightly applied would suffice to loosen a knot, will, if misdirected, only tighten it. Thus, rational beings may be laid hold of in the wrong way, and those who might have been rendered useful are rendered mischievous by calling into exercise their bad feelings instead of their best. If you want to induce persons to do any good action, or to win them to goodness in general, you are much more likely to succeed by kindness than by harshness and reviling. Even the worst of men, whom neither threatnings, terrors nor inflictions could subdue, have not been proof against the power of kindness.

A Licentious Joke.—Those "mute, inglorious Miltons." who run about the public thoroughfares in disheveled inexpressibles, (showing like a French dish, pronounced by an English waiter, *rog out,*) are sometimes extremely felicitous in their extemporaneous blackguardism. A gentleman riding along the street the other day, saw a poor mother diligently combing the head of a squalling child. A ragged urchin noticed the same, & cocking his eye at the industrious and careful maternal explorer, exclaimed, "Don't stop to pick 'em my good woman—take'em as they come."—*Brother Jonathan.*

Dr. Charles Follen.—This lamented, gentleman, scholar and friend of human rights, in one of his late lectures before the Mercantile Library Assoc ation, made the following translation from Schiller, so soon to be applied to himself and the other unfortunate persons in the steamboat Lexington. [*Com. Adv.*

"With noiseless tread death comes on man;
No plea--no prayer--delivers him:
From midst of life's unfinished plan;
With sudden hand it severs him;
And ready—or not ready—no delay,
Forth to his Judge's bar he must away."

Pleasures of Life.—To be compelled to be funny when your head aches, and your boot pinches.

To hear a man talk of his conquests, and a woman of her flirtations.

To be cut by a young woman, and laughed at by an old one.

To take your seat at the theatre between two friends, who talk to each other across your face, while the fidlers' heads prevent you from seeing the stage.

To know you are a sensible fellow, and get outshone in love affairs by a fool.

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN NORWAY.

I set out early one morning with two attendants, well armed and provided, to enjoy the most exciting of all pursuits—the chase of the bear in the Norwegian forest. My dress was that generally worn by the Norwegian sportsman—a coat composed of a coarse cloth, manufactured in the country, lined throughout, and made to button close about the neck, trousers and gaiters of the same, with warm stockings and flannel; which in those countries should be worn next to the skin, linen shirts being always uncomfortable and sometimes even dangerous. The best colors are either dark green or gray, the former being the best for summer, the latter for winter. Instead of a hat I used a cap, with flappets to cover the ears, which, without that precaution, run the risk of being frost-bitten — But I must not forget one of the most essential parts of a Norwegian sportsman's equipment; the *skidor*, or snow skates, generally constructed of fir, covered with seal skin, the skate for the left foot being generally from eight to ten feet in length, while that of the right is considerable shorter, the object of which is the better to enable the hunter to turn. The skidor seldom exceeds two or three inches in width, and are of great service to the hunter, enabling him to glide over the vast wastes of trackless snow with a rapidity and ease utterly unattainable without them. Armed with my rifle, and a good sharp knife in a sheath at my side, I sallied forth, after a good breakfast of rein-deer flesh and coffee, to try my fortune in the forest. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the Norwegian scenery —its terrific precipices—its raging cataracts—its gloomy forests, and trackless wilds, covered with frozen snow, with lofty mountains in the back ground—its dark lakes and mighty rivers, never fail to excite both awe and admiration in the traveller. Among such scenes I have wandered day after day, sometimes resting on straw for the night in the hut of some poor peasant, while at others,

"My lodging is on the co'd ground,"

has been literally my lot; bivouacking beside a log fire in the forest, beneath the open sky, with my attendants, after a hard day's hunt. But what will not man undertake when excited by the spirit of adventure, "especially when that spirit appears in the form of Diana!" On this occasion I was returning alone, after a long and unsuccessful pursuit of a bear, which had separated me from from my attendants, when I met with the following accident.

Having broken one of my skates in the chase, I had been compelled to take them both off, and trudge as well as I could without them, and, as it turned out, most luckily for me it was that I did so. As I was walking carelessly on, every now and then giving a loud shout to endeavor to let my attendants know where I was, and directing my footsteps by my pocket compass, I suddenly put my foot on a pit fall, and in a moment was precipitated to the bottom. These pit-falls are frequently used to secure wild animals, and in order to avoid accidents, the person who digs them is obliged by law to give proper notice through the whole district, but even this does not prevent peasants falling in. The pit fall is made by digging a circular hole in the ground, of fourteen feet in diameter and about twelve feet in depth, having in the centre strong upright posts which come up to the surface of the ground. On these posts a moveable platform is placed in such a way that it lets down any animal that may chance to set foot on it, headlong into the pit, when by means of a spring it instantly resumes its place. The outside is covered over with loose dirt, snow or twigs, and generally baited in such a manner as not to scare the animal for which it is intended. It was into such a pit I so suddenly fell, and to this day I cannot imagine how I managed to escape without broken bones. For some moments I lay as it were stunned and unconscious of my helpless plight, but on recovering my senses, my first impression was, that I must have broken some limb; but no sooner, however, had this idea flashed across my mind than it gave place to one of real and even more alarming description. The moment I came to myself, I knew that I must have fallen into a pit-fall, but my horror may be more easily imagined than described, when a heavy breathing near me made me conscious that I was not the only tenant of the pit, but that a bear or a wolf or perhaps both, shared my captivity. On making this discovery, I squeezed myself up into the corner I found myself in, my heart seemed motionless in my bosom, such was the terror of those dreadful moments. In this state I listened in breathless attention for the dreadful sound, and my worst fears were soon, but too plainly confirmed.

Not only were the breathings of two animals distinctly audible at the other corner of the pit, but, I even fancied I saw their glaring eyes fixed on me through the darkness, and felt the hot breath upon my face. Never shall I forget the agony of those moments, the cold sweat ran off my brow as I crouched on the cold earth in expectation each moment of finding myself in the fatal clutch of a huge bear. I know not how long I continued in this fearful state of suspense, but at last feeling some slight courage from what I began to consider a panic having taken the same possession of these animals as it had of me, after a short but fervid prayer, I began to reflect on the possibility of escape.—Upon feeling my clothes, I found that I had not lost my knife, which I immediately drew, and to my comfort I found a small flask of brandy, which I put into requisition. These movements occupied some time, for I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution to avoid making the least noise, for that I imagined would bring round an immediate catastrophe. I found myself much revived after the brandy, so much so that after another pull at the flask I ventured to stand up, but I must confess my heart beat against my ribs with an almost audible motion, while I did so; I now began to have some hopes, and still exercising the utmost caution to avoid noise, I set about feeling the sides of the pit with my hands to learn if there was any chance of being able to climb up them to the mouth of the pit. Instead of being perpendicular, I found they had been hollowed out so as to increase the difficulty, or rather render it impossible to climb them. I soon however, hit upon a plan to overcome the difficulty, and immediately set about its execution. Turning my face to the sides of the pit, and my back to my fellow captives, I commenced cutting footsteps, or rather holes in the sides with my knife, at such distances as would enable me to get to the top, a work which occupied me some time, as I was obliged to work very slowly to prevent the enemy from taking alarm. Having accomplished this, I resolved to make the attempt, but feeling anxious to take my rifle with me, which I knew must be at the bottom of the pit, I stooped down, and with my hand on the ground, began feeling around me, not venturing far at a time.

In this way I kept on feeling and feeling still further, and further, when suddenly I thought I had found it; but imagine my horror when I found I had in my hand the huge paw of a bear. I need not add I dropped it in a second, to use a vulgar expression, "like a hot potatoe," but it was some time before I could recover from the shock this untoward familiarity with my dangerous neighbor and the smothered growl it drew from him occasioned. At length just when I had given up all idea of recovering my rifle, and had resolved to make the attempt without it, it most unexpectedly came to hand. I had already put my foot in the first hole and was preparing to ascend to the second, when my hand fell by accident on the stock of my rifle, which had rested with the muzzle down against the sides of the pit in the position in which it fell. This was indeed a joyful discovery, and I carefully raised it and placed it in the best situation my climbing would admit. Having reached the utmost extent of the wall of the pit, I then began to examine with my hand the wooden platform, so as to discover the best way to open it. Here again I found my difficulties return upon me, but having achieved so much, I was resolved not to be overcome, and after much trouble and labor with my knife, I at length succeeded in removing enough of the deal plank of the platform to allow my body to pass. Before I entirely removed this I made myself ready for a spring, so that not a moment might be lost in taking advantage of the outlet, as I knew very well, that the moment the opening became visible, it was more than probable that the bear would endeavor to take advantage of it. Nerving myself to the last struggle, I suddenly pushed aside the loosened board and instantly raised myself with both hands into the aperture. It was indeed an anxious moment when I found myself with the upper part of my body once more in the open air, the lower part still suspended in the pit, and felt the boards quivering under my hands. I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution, as the least mistake would have once more hurled me from the treacherous platform into the den. By keeping one hand firm on the post on which part of the platform rested, I at last, to my inexpressible joy, found myself once more at liberty beneath the canopy of heaven. My first care was to replace the board, so as to shut out the light from the pit, it being now a beautiful moonlight night; my next to pour out my grateful thanks to the great Power who had so signally preserved me. I then held council with myself what was best to be done, whether single handed to attack the bear in his den, or to go for assistance. While holding this council within myself I examined my rifle, which I found uninjured, and carefully re primed it. I confess that after the handsome treatment that I had experienced from the *paws* of the bear, I felt some compunction in commencing hostilities on my late fellow captive; besides, I remembered that the same steps which enabled me to escape, might do the same for him, an event by no means agreeable, and I had resolved to leave him unmolested, when suddenly the board was shoved aside, and who should I behold but the gentleman in question, with his huge muzzle through the hole, making the most desperate efforts to pull down sufficient of the platform to enable his carcase to pass through. Peace was now out of the question; accordingly placing my rifle as close as possible to his head, I pulled the trigger, and with a terrific growl the bear fell to the bottom of the pit, as I imagined, mortally wounded. Without loss of time I re loaded my rifle, and while doing so heard a dreadful conflict carried on below, between the enraged bear and a wolf, whose piercing yells mingled in dire discord with the growling of the enraged bear.

It appeared as if the bear had fallen on the wolf, and in his vengeance was sacrificing him; gradually these yells became fainter and fainter as the wolf expired in the grasp of his huge foe, and I could not help shuddering when I recollected that his might have been my fate.—While this dreadful scene was passing in the pit, I had re-loaded my rifle, and again placed the board over the hole, and stood prepared to give another attack. As I expected, having satisfied his vengeance on the wolf, bruin once more ascended with increased fury to the mouth of the pit, and having thrown away the piece of board commenced a most desperate attempt to break through the platform. For a moment as I gazed on his grim muzzle covered with blood, I felt almost unnerved at his fury and determination, but soon recollecting that it must be his or my life, I once more put my rifle to my shoulder, and advanced the muzzle close to his head. My alarm was dreadful, when the bear, stretching out his huge paw, seized the barrel of my gun and drew it towards him; not a moment was to be lost—the gun was cocked—his own paw held it to the lower part of his neck, in another second the gun would have been wrested from me, when I pulled the trigger. This shot was fatal, the gun was once more in my hands, and the bear fell dead to the bottom of the pit. This last encounter was the work of an instant, and I could hardly believe that my deadly foe was killed. By the time, however, I had reloaded my rifle to be prepared for the worst, I heard some shouts, and soon beheld lights in the distance coming towards me, and presently my attendants, with some peasants they had enlisted in the search, and who had been full of apprehension on my account, came up guided by the report of my gun. The honest people were delighted at finding me safe and sound, but at first would scarcely credit my adventure. With assistance the platform was removed, due precaution being preserved in case the bear should show fight, although but little danger was to be apprehended, each of the attendants being experienced bear hunters, having conquered bears single handed. Their astonishment was complete when on moving the platform they perceived the mangle carcase of a wolf and a huge bear at the bottom of the pit, and when I pointed out to them the steps by means of which I had made my escape.—*Lon. Spectator.*

Slim Pork.—Dan Marble says he knew a man in Ohio, "who had some hogs so tarnal poor, that he had to soak them in warm water before they would hold swill."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1840.

WANTED.—At this office, the following numbers of Vol. 11 of the Gem, viz:—

2	copies	of	No.	4
6	"	"	"	7
1	"	"	"	8
3	"	"	"	15
1	"	"	"	17
1	"	"	"	18
1	"	"	"	19
1	"	"	"	21
8	"	"	"	22

Prospects of the Gem for 1840.—We are gratified on being able to announce that the prospects of the GEM for this year, are much more encouraging than they have been before. Our list of subscribers is already about twice as great as it was last year at this time; and subscribers are continually coming in. With the extra care which we shall hereafter devote to our publication, we hope to gain for it a still greater popularity and a more extended circulation.

☞ TO POST MASTERS and their ASSISTANTS we are under grateful obligations for the interest they manifest in behalf of the GEM. Many of them have sent to us, since the first of January, lists of subscribers, ranging from 6 to 15; others have done us similar favors. We would suggest that Post Masters keep a prospectus and specimen number where they can be seen by those who call at their offices.

☞ ON THIS NUMBER we shall send quite a quantity to Post Masters who who have not yet received any; and they are specially requested to aid in extending our circulation; or, if they cannot do it, to solicit others to act, who may be depended upon for efficiency and integrity.

The Knickerbocker.—Vol. XV. No. 1. for January, has been on our table for several days, and from a casual glance at its contents, we feel certain it has lost none of its former interest. We are pleased to learn that arrangements have now been made to have the numbers promptly issued, and by mailing those first which are sent to the greatest distance, and all before the first day of the month, the perusal of that highly popular periodical will be simultaneous, as nearly as possible, throughout the country.

New Yorker.—During the temporary absence of the editor, the literary department of the New Yorker will be confined to the care of CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq., who is a scholar, and every way qualified to sustain the character of excellent family paper.

Pickles well preserved.—The Kentish (Eng.) Observer of a late date, contains the following item:

Twelve tin packets of preserved French beans, in a wooden box, have been brought up from the Royal George, stamped "Conserve Artichoux de Catroul Marseilles." Neither vinegar nor pickle has been used; they had been boiled and placed in air tight vessels, and were as fresh and fit for use as when first enclosed. They have been 57 years under water.

An Aperient.—Fifty-four tierces of Brandreth's Pills on their way to the West, have been frozen in by the closing of the Erie Canal. It is expected that the canal will open early in the Spring.

We are fearful they will *work* through the banks and cause terrible breaches.

The United States Military Magazine—published in Philadelphia, is well worthy the patronage of our Independent Companies, as well as the officers of the Regular Army and Navy. The October number, which a friend has kindly shown us, contains as a frontispiece, a striking lithographic portrait of Gen. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, tastefully surmounted by an eagle, and surrounded by standards, cannon, and all the paraphanalia of war.

The first article is "a succint and impartial elucidation of the military career of one of our most valiant and," it adds "successful Generals."

Accompaning this, is a review of Gen. HARRISON and his Staff (Col. CASS, Com. PERRY and Col. TODD) mounted,—at the moment when orders were given to the mounted infantry at full speed to charge the enemy, which was gallantly executed by Col. JOHNSON, who is seen in the back ground urging on his brave Kentuckians to the unequal but victorious conflict.

There is another plate, showing the fine uniform, colors, &c. of the Cleveland Grays, with an account of the formation of the Corps, names of officers, description of dress, &c.

Each number contains eight large quarto pages beside the plates. A volume of 12 Nos., colored plates, $10—plain plates, $5.

It is necessary to make things plain.—A very flowery Preacher having addressed an audience whose advantages as to education had been infinitely beneath his own, went to dine with a deacon of the church. The sermon became the topic of conversation between them. The deacon said that the sermon taken altogether, was for aught that he knew a very good one, but insisted that the audience did not understand one third of what had been said, or of the terms employed. The minister seemed astonished at this, and declared that he could have made his discourse no plainer, and supposed that it must have been comprehended. He desired nevertheless, that the Deacon should furnish him with an example of his ambiguous style. The Deacon consented, and remarked that during the sermon, you sir, addressing the minister, said to the people on some point, they *could draw the inference*—Now said he, I venture the opinion that not one of ten present, knew what was meant by "drawing the inference." And, said the Deacon, further to prove that I am right, I will appeal to one of the members of the church; who happened to be at the Deacon's house, and was called up, and after being informed that the minister and Deacon were disputing a point, was requested to say whether he could *draw an inference*. He paused for a moment and replied, that he was not sure that he could, by himself, but with the assistance of his neighbor Holland, he thought he could. His neighbor was near at hand, and he went in haste to consult him, and procure his assistance. He soon returned; and on being asked what his conclusion was, he replied, that it depended very much on the weight, but that if he and his neighbor Holland together could not draw it, he had *a most powerful strong horse* that could make it move if chains could hold it!!! The preacher was perfectly satisfied and promised that with all his learning, he would strive to be a littleplainer.

The above is an old story new vamped; but it illustrates clearly the necessity of those who speak to or write for a promiscuous audience or a community of diversified intelligence, making every thing plain, even though it be at the expense of classical allusions, rhetorical flourishes and well turned periods. It applies no less forcibly to the editors of political papers, than to sermonisers and moral essayists. Many a dull reader, after plodding through a paragraph not sufficiently guarded in this respect, loses the reward of his labor, and the design of the writer is also lost so far as he might have influenced him, merely because he took it for granted that every one can "draw an inference."

Early Poverty of Great Men.—It appears from the memoir of Matthew Carey, in the November number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, that, like Franklin, Girard, Astor, and a majority, we might say, of men who have amassed princely fortunes, and acquired eminence and an honorable standing in society, Mr. Carey experienced the pressure of poverty; and it is mentioned in this memoir, as a matter of encouragement to others to preserve under great difficulties, that he declared himself often in such a state of "intense penury," that he was frequently compelled to "borrow money to go to market." As a specimen of his extreme poverty, he quotes the case of a German paper-maker, living fifteen miles from the city, to whom Mr. Carey had given a note for thirty-seven dollars, which he had to come to Philadelphia five times for, receiving the amount in as many instalments.

Newspapers.—There is no book so cheap as a newspaper, none so interesting, because it consists of a variety, measured out in suitable proportions as to time and quality. Being new every week or day, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the welfare of the individual and the community. It causes many hours to pass away, pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness and mischief.—*Journal.*

An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty-five shillings was demanded. He offered twenty shillings. "As I live," said the Quaker, "I cannot afford to give it thee at that price."—"*As you live*," exclaimed the countryman,—"*then live more moderately*, and be hang'd to you." "Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick was never found out till now."

The following story is related of your 'half horse and half alligator' St. Lawrence boatmen. Said he, 'he is a hard head—for he stood under an oak in a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it SEVENTEEN times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched.'

Leap Year.—Old bachelors must look out for *squalls* this year. The ladies have the privilege of doing up the courting business for the year to come, and we will venture to say, will make thorough business of it. Queen Victoria has set the dear creatures an example by publicly declaring her intention of marrying her cousin, Prince Albert.

It is no wonder if he who reads, converses and meditates, improves in knowledge. By the first, a man converses with the dead; by the second, with the living; and by the third with himself.

An old lady reading the account of the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the father of the Philadelphia bar, exclaimed, "poor man! he had a dreadful set of noisy children."

A young lady of our acquaintance, being asked to subscribe for the Ladies' Book, replied with a quaint wink of the left eye, that she had already agreed to take a *Ladies' Companion*.

The most perfect and the most abandoned characters are found among women. It is perhaps for this reason that the ancients represented the Graces and the Furies as women.

Raillery should never be used, but with regard to failings of so little consequence that the person concerned may be merry on the subject himself.

All men have a certain portion of vanity and good sense, and the more they have of the one the less they have of the other.

Corruption of Morals in the mass of Cultivators, is a phenomenon of which no age or nation has furnished an example.—*Lathrop.*

Reputation can be gained only by many actions; but it may be lost by one.

"Take care of the *paint*," as the city gals say ven a fellow goes to kiss 'em.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

MR. EDITOR—The following composition was spoken by Master ADRIAN G. SCRANTOM, at the late Exhibition of the School under the direction of Mr. Bixby, in School District No. 1, near St. Luke's Church. It is local in its character, referring to the early settlement of Rochester; and as such was listened to with much apparent interest by quite a number of our old citizens. I send it to you for insertion in the Gem, if you think proper. Yours, &c.

AN OLD CITIZEN.

THE LAST CHIEF.

In the early part of the settlement of Rochester, many Indians were living, in various directions, in and about the place; and among them, at different periods, were the Chiefs Hot-Bread and Tommy-Jemmy, who were among the last to emigrate to the far West. The following is predicated upon the departure of the Last Chief from these Wilds.

The sun was shining o'er the Western Hills,
And ting'd were all the heavens in golden hue,
The clouds that all day long had roll'd and wheel'd
Before the winds of heaven; had sunk to rest,
And lay in masses huge upon the horizon,
The timid birds were floating in the sky,
Or warbling sweetly nature's simple lay—
And yet there was no silence. Deep ton'd
And heavy on the listening ear there came
A sound like that of many waters rushing—
Louder, and louder still it came—and Echo
To Echo answer'd—till the sound, far rolling,
Softer, and softer, and softer pealing forth,
At length fell voiceless in the distant silence!

'Twas then there stood upon the towering bank
That lifts its back above yon cataract,
An old and trembling Chief. Thither came he
To take his last fond look of all that scenery;
Scenery with which Youth had been familiar.
And as he stood and view'd the dashing tide
Of the dark Genesee, as wild it leap'd,
Foaming and mad from yonder dizzy height,
His thoughts broke forth—and thus he seem'd to say:

Full forty years have I heard these sounds
As they fell o'er the Red Man's hunting grounds;
But the huts of the White Man cluster here,
And away is the bound of the wild, wild deer.

Where the wild deer roams, is the Indian's home,
I hear in his flying footsteps "come;"
Come, where the waters flow out free,
For there must the home of the Red Man be.

I leave these wilds with a tear in my eye,
'Twas these that witness'd my life's first sigh;
But the friends of my youth with the deer have flown,
And the hut of the Chief is left alone!

The sinking sun cries away!—away!—
And his summons, reluctant I obey—
With a broken heart, and a trembling gun,
I crouching crawl towards the setting sun!"

The voice was hush'd. The startling echoes caught
The last faint fluttering of that deep Farewell!
The morning sun arose—the dashing foam
And thunder of the Cataract was there—
The birds still chaunted—But the Chief had gone!
And the last Wigwam, voiceless, lone, and tenantless;
Told to the stranger as he linger'd there,
This was the last Red Man of the Genesee!

From the Metripolitan.

TAKE THE RUBY WINE AWAY.

Bring me forth the cup of gold,
Chased by Druids hands of old,
Filled from yonder fountain's breast,
Where the waters are at rest;
This for me—in joyous hour,
This for me—in beauty's bower,
This for me—in manhood's prime,
This for me in life's decline.

Bring me forth the humbler horn,
Filled by hunter's hand at morn,
From the crystal spring that flows
Underneath the blooming rose,
Where the violet loves to sip,
Where the lilly cools her lip.
Bring this—and I will say,
Take the ruby wine away!

Take away the damning draught,
By the bachanalian quaffed!
Take away the liquid death—
Serpents nestle in its breath,
Terror rides upon its flood,
Vice surrounds its brim of blood,
Sorrow in its bosom stings—
Sorrow buoyed on pleasure's wings.

Dip the bucket in the well,
Where the trout delights to dwell—
Where the sparkling water sings,
As it bubbles from the springs—
Where the breezes whisper sweet,
Where the happy children meet,
Draw, and let the drouth be mine—
Take away the rosy wine?

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

LINES ACCOMPANYING THE LOAN OF BISHOP BUTLER'S ANALOGY.

TO MISS —— ——.

Deign, Annetta, deign to look,
With careful study, through this book;—
'Tis awfully true, or it is not;
And it requires a serious thought,
Whether religion is a fable,
Ere you lay it on the table.

There are those who laugh and sneer;
But the facts presented here
Are stubborn; and can never be
Gainsayed by Infidelity;
For to my mind there's nothing subtler,
Than the Analogy of Butler.

But there are those who will not read,
And there are those who will not heed;
And they have seared their consciences,
Till they can sin on as they please;
But thou wilt read, and feel conviction,
That religion is no fiction.

Annetta, start from lethargy,—
There is a heaven or hell for thee!
Oh, leave the giddy and the gay;—
There is for thee a better way;
Thou knowest their pleasure is ideal,—
There's nothing but religion real.

Clariton, Mo. J. H. B.

STANZAS TO MARY.

BY G. D PRENTICE.

It is my love's last last lay!—and soon
Its echoes will have died,
And thou wilt list its low, wild tones
No more—pale victim-bride!—
I would not, lovely one, that thou
Should'st wrong the heart that deems thee now
Its glory and its pride!—
I would not thou should'st dim with tears
The vision of its better years.

And yet I love thee—memory's voice
Comes o'er me like the tone
Of blossoms, when their dewy leaves
In autumn's night-winds moan;
I love the still—that look of thine
Deep in my spirits has its shrine,
And beautiful and lone;
And there it glows—that holy form—
The iris of life's evening storm.

And dear one, when I gaze on thee,
So palid, sweet and frail,
And muse upon thy cheek, I well
Can read its mournful tale:
I know the dews of memory oft
Are falling beautiful and soft
Upon love's blossoms pale—
I know, that tears thou fain would'st hide
Are on thy lids—sweet victim bride.

I too have wept. Yon moon's pale light
Has round my pillow strayed,
While I was mourning o'er the dreams
That blossomed but to fade;
The memory of each holy eve,
To which our burning spirits cleave,
Seems like some star's sweet shade,
That once shone bright and pure on high,
But now has parted from the sky.

Immortal visions of my heart!—
Again, again, fairwell!
I will not listen to the tones,
That in wild music swell
From the dim past. Those tones now fade,
And leave me nothing but the shade,
The cypress and the knell!
Adieu, adieu—my task is done;
And now—God bless thee, gentle one.

From the White Pigion Republican.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

With her I loved I sat alone
When evening skies were clear,
Indulging with impassioned tone
Fond words to feeling dear;
The summer moon—the pride of night,
Unveil'd her eye of blue,
And spread her balmy robes of light
Where love was spoken true.

Confiding as an infant mind
In soft and gentle rest,
The trembling maiden, half reclined,
I to my bosom press'd;
To know, to feel th' exsiting power
Of passion's mighty sway,
Gives rapture to the loneliest hour
When years have passed away.

All gentle as the waves that hush
A fairy's cradled sleep—
So heaved with half delightful rush
That bosom's veiney deep!
Lost in the bliss that wrapt the spell,
Nor cares nor moments dwelt,
I only saw that bosom's swell—
Its blissful workings felt.

Say, is there not a spirit's thrill
In eyes of azure light?
'Tis told in language, deep and still,
Where hearts and lips unite!
The burning cheek, the downcast eye,
When fear with feeling strove—
The breathing of that stifled sigh,
Came with—the kiss of love.

I'LL DISAPPOINT MY WIFE.

A rich old man, who married a young bride,
This envious order in his will commands;
That his executors, at lowest tide,
Should throw his body far beyond the sands.

One ask'd him, why, when passed this mortal life,
He wish'd to lie beneath the rolling wave?
Because he said, his young and loving wife
Had sworn that she would dance upon his grave.

TO BRUNETTES.—Here is a beautiful compliment to sunny complexion ladies, which we find in Moore's new poem of "Alciphron."

"For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand,
As poor the charms, the women of this land,
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows,
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells!"

Singular Idea.—On a placard affixed near the menagerie of the king's garden at Paris, are these words: "For the preservation of the animals, people are forbidden to give them any thing to eat."

"I chaws tobacco in any *given* quantity," as the loafer said ven he begged a piece from a gentleman.

MARRIAGES.

In Gates, on the 30th ult., by Calvin Sperry, Esq. Nehemiah, son of Elder C. Brainard, to Miss Ann Parker, all of Gates.

In Springwater, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. C. Wheeler, Mr. Reuben Ardman, of Sparta, to Miss Clarissa Platt.

In Millersport, Ohio, Nov. 7, 1839, Mr. Elias Vance, merchant, formerly of Geneseo, to Miss Caroline Miller, daughter of Matthias Miller, Esq.

In Bath, Steuben county, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. Isaac Platt, Mr. William A. Dutcher, of Geneva, to Miss Mary Woods, second daughter of the late Wm. Woods, Esq. of the former place.

In Seneca, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Oliver Ackley, Mr. Ira G. Scott, of Greenfield, Saratoga county, to Miss Margaret McCullough, of the former place.

In Fayette, on the 28th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Scofield, Mr. John Staunton, to Miss Ann Eliza Purdy, all of Fayette.

In LeRoy, on the 28th of January, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. John Lathrop, of Stafford, to Miss Elizabeth H. Moody, of the former place.

On the 29th instant, by Rev. Mr. Fillmore, Rev. JOHN ROBINSON, of Lyons, to Miss ALMIRA E. CHAPPEL, of this city.

In Riga, on the 22d inst., by Azotus M. Frost, Esq., Mr. William D. Bingham, to Miss Calista Robinson, all of Riga.

In Sweden, on the 23d instant, by the Rev. Mr Colman, Mr. James Miller, to Miss Eleanor Jennings, all of Sweden.

On the 19th of September last, at the residence of the United States Minister, HENRY LEDYARD, Esq., of New York, Secretary of the U. S. Legation in Paris, to MATILDA FRANCES, youngest daughter of his Excellency, Gen. Cass, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of France.

In Oswego, on the 18th inst., John W. Judson, Esq., Superintendent of the Oswego Harbor Improvements, to Miss Emily E. Pierson of Oswego.

In Lyons, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hubbell, Mr. JOHN C. AUSTIN to Miss CAROLINE BARCLAY, all of Lyons.

In Chili, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. S. Pratt, Mr. Frankford Wheelock to Miss Martha Cheever.

THE GEM AND AMULET

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Samuel Reeve,	Senca Falls,	N. Y.
S. H. Bassinger	Taberg,	N. Y.
T. A. E. Campbell,	Valparais	Ind.
Ela Kent,	West Leyden,	N. Y.
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T. G. Yeomans,	Walworth,	N. Y.
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A. E. Van Norman,	Wellington Square,	U. C.

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MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain-passes,
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray!

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands, in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,
Loveth her ever soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies,
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone!
Vex not his ghost!

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves, be swept away!
Kyrie Eleyson!
Christie Eleyson!

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

EMOTIONS NOT INNATE.

Man, in the rudest states of society, differs not very materially from some of the higher orders of the brute creation. For though the germs of a mighty mind are his, yet being uncultivated they never expand. Hence the mind, instead of exhibiting its original powers in full and lofty developement, sinks down into a state of mere sensualism,—the peculiar characteristics of the dumb beast.

But man without education will not only be on an equality with the lower orders of existences, but in some respects he will be below them, since he must always be wanting in that high degree of instinct, which many of them possess. With this faculty the Creator has endowed him only to a very limited extent; for that Creator intended that he should move in a higher sphere, than that of a mere machine, under the sway of a self-acting, uncontrolable, irresponsible master;—that judgment and reason should make him an intelligent, thinking being.

The mind of the infant may be compared to the shoot of a tree, which if it be carefully watered, exposed to the genial sun and balmy zephyr, will bud, blossom, and increase in size and vigor, till, at length, it becomes the noble, lofty, wide-branched monarch of the forest. But let that tender shoot be cast upon a barren soil, and exposed to conflicting elements; in the place of the tall pine or stately oak you see a dwarfish scrubby bush. Not so with many of the other orders of animated nature; the bee for instance; whose young immediately launching out on tiny wing, go forth sucking nectar from a thousand vernal flowers, and again returning, engage in the labors of the little busy world, with all the zest and skill of practised workmen.

But though it may be granted that,

"'Tis Education forms the *common* mind,"

yet many affirm that the emotions of Beauty, Grandeur and Sublimity are alike implanted in the uncultivated as the cultivated breast, and we are referred to Consciousness for proof of the existence of these emotions—that *every* man experiences them, when those objects are presented which tend to excite them. But we think differently.

'Tis true the student of nature goes forth and finds in every object subjects for thought and admiration. The world below, around, and above him is *full* of interest. He sees design and adaptation. He sees power and goodness. He sees order and beauty.

It is evening, and he stands on yonder promontory to catch the last glimpse of the day-god, as he sinks beneath the western horizon. How mellow, mild, and balmy the rays he flashes forth; and the coruscations of his light striking that cloudy zone, which follows in his train, tints the concave with gold, lake and blue. At his feet rolls the majestic river, laving and enriching its flowery banks, while on its bosom reclines "the sea roving canvass-winged chariot." Before him lie gently and undulating hills, which gradually swell in the distance, while here and there appears the neat cottage of many a happy family, surrounded by the well tilled field, from which man and beast are now returning to enjoy repose, and

——"tired nature's sweet restorer."

Meanwhile the insect tribe are sporting in circling rounds, in merriest harmony, and feathered songsters warble their sweetest notes. It is the vesper hour for animated nature; and mingling his orisons with the ten thousand aspirations of ethereal ones, he breathes forth his silent prayer to the Author of Nature. Such is a *summer* evening sunset, and to him it is beautiful.

Again, he stands before the human form divine, thrown by the skilful artist upon the glowing canvass; or chiseled from the pure marble. The moment before he entered the room, his mind was sparkling with wit, his laugh was loud and joyous, his voice elevated and gay; but the instant the almost living forms are before him, hushed is that voice, banished that mirth and sobered that mind. Admiration, wonder and awe, seize and lead the mind a willing captive. Hour after hour he stands in mute contemplation, the intensity of the emotion continually increasing, and every moment thrilling a deeper, *deeper* cord, till at length the rapt soul seems ready to burst the clayey tenement. 'Tis a scene of grandeur, of sublimity.

The page of history is graced with the description of one, who combined in his person, life and death, the beautiful, the grand, and sublime in an eminent degree. How beautiful the story of that life spent in acts of benevolence, and of that system he taught in the promulging of which he sacrificed his life. How grand and mournful the close of his earthly career! How sublime that death, as

"Upon a gory cross reclined
With thorny wreaths his tresses twined:"

when as the sun withdrew his light, and the elements were in convulsions,

"Earth felt the wound and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost,"

he cried λωι, Ελωι, λειμα σαβαχθανι.

Now let the mind untutored witness any or all of these scenes, and mark the emotions they excite. Call the attention of the ignorant man to the innumerable beauties in nature around him, and he sees "some trees, grass, stones and houses," nothing new or interesting. Ask him to view a splendid painting, he observes not the mellowness of the colors, the delicacy of the shade, the beauty of the conception, or the grandeur of the outline. Place in the hands of the wilfully ignorant man the history of Jesus, and he finds nothing there to interest. He reads naught of the mighty warrior, or of chivalrous exploit; it is only the memoirs of an obscure Jew.

Let facts speak, and if they will tell us that the mind is constituted to the perception of the sublime or beautiful, we will yield the point.

Middletown, Conn., Jan., 1840. N.

New Music.—The Pleasures of Morning, a Ballad Poem, by Mr. Chas. Taylor; the music composed by our fellow citizen, L. Thayer Chadwick, of Auburn. We are informed on good authority, that Mr. Chadwick stands high as a musician at the West, having written and composed several pieces of music, among which we noticed last week, "*Gov. Seward's Waltz*," a beautiful composition.—*N. Y. Star.*

☞ We understand Mr. C. is soon to become a resident of our city.

A Flotilla.—"Oh! ma!" exclaimed a little girl the other day, "come here and see this lady with a flotilla on." "A *mantilla*, you mean, my dear." "Yes, ma, and she has got marrow bone feathers in her hat. "*Maraboo*, my child."

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

Jonathan Slick's New Year's Calls.

A real Yankee's New Year's Treat of dough-nuts and cider. Jonathan's ideas af the real difference between a real Lady's House and Furniture and the House of a stuck up Parvenu.—Jonathan's ideas of Love and Ladies.

I made a leetle inquire about how people did a New Year's Day, and found out that it was the fashion to set out things, and treat every body that come to see you. So early in the morning I put a clean white towel on the leetle table in my office. Then I went into the cubby house room, where I keep my new clothes and kindling wood, besides my tooth-brush, and such things as I don't want to use every day, and I drew a quart mug of that outrageous good cider, that you sent me by Captain Doolittle. I guess I looked like live when I went out again, with the mug briming full in one hand, and the pillar case stuffed full of dough nuts, that marm sent me in t'other day—beside the hunk of cheese, and the lot of baked sweet apples, tucked onder t'other arm. I heaped up a pile of the dough nuts on one corner of the table, and sot the apple-box on the other, and sot the cheese and the cider in the middle; and it raly made me feel sort of bad because marm couldn't see how nice I'd fixed it all. Think, sez I, there won't be many people in York that'll set a better treat afore the visiters than this, I reck on any how.

Wal, who should be the first critter that come in but cousin John Beebe, to see what I was a going to do with myself all day. Arter I'd sot him a chair by the stove, I went up to the table, and sez I,

"Cousin John, supposing we take a drink; it's an allfired cold day and you look as if you couldn't stand it." My gracious, but didn't his eyes snap when he saw what I'd got. I mixed the cider up, purty hot with ginger, and then I sot it on the stove, and kept a stirring on it up with a leetle ivory thing that a purty gal sent me to fold my letters with; it begun to foam and sparkle like any thing; then I took a sip, just to try it, and handed the mug over to cousin John.

"Here," sez I, "jist take a swaller; it an't like the pesky stuff you give me when I eat dinner up to your house; instead of kicking up a dust in your upper story, it goes to the right spot at once, and makes a feller feel prime all over in a giffey," I rather seem to think that cousin John warnt much afeared of the mug any how; he gave a sneezer of a pull to it, and then his eyes began to glisten, and sez he—

"I'm beat, Jonathan, if this aint prime; where on arth did you find it? I've searched from one eend of York to t'other for it a dozen a times, but never made out a get a drop yet." With that he set into it again like all natur. "I declare," sez he, agin, choking off long enough to ketch his breath, "this does taste nat'ral."

"Aint it the rale critter?", sez I, a bending for'ard and rubbing both hands together a leetle easy. It cenamost made me humsick when I first tasted on it, it put me so in mind of Weathersfield. "Par sent me a hull cag on it, by Capt. Doolittle."

"Then it *did* come from the old humstid," sez he, a eyeing the mug agin—"I must drink a leetle more, for the sake of them that sent it." With that, he jest finished the mug; and when he sot it down, he drew a long breath, and sez he agin, "that's prime, Jonathan."

"Aint it," sez I, starting off to fill up the mug agin, for it tickled me to see how he took to the drink, and how much he made himself to hum in my office. When I cum out of the leetle room agin, John he looked sort of eager at the mug, and then at the eatables laid out so tempting.

"I declare, sez he, "I begin to feel as I used to when we were boys, Jonathan." With that I sot the table between us, and the way we laid into the provinder was a compliment to marm. Arter cousin Beebe had eet ten of the dough-nuts, and a hunk of cheese as big as your fist, he stopt short, and sez he—

"Cousin, this won't do; if we keep on eating as much as we want, we shan't find no room for all the eatables and drinkables that the folks will give us to-day, when we make our calls."

"Look a here, cousin Beebe," sez I, kinder anxious, "you know I'm a sort of a green horn about New Years, for we don't have no such things overturning us. Supposing you jist tell me how they act and so on. I don't want to make a coot of myself; and that pusey cousin of mine is a comin to take me round in his carriage, where I suppose he means to stick me up like a swarry for folks to look at; and if I don't do every thing according to gunter, he'll be turning red and fussing about like an old hen that's got ducks for chickens. What on arth shall I say to the gals, and what will they expect me to do?" Cousin Beebe he sot still a minit kinder nibbling at the end of a dough-nut, for he seemed mortal loth to choke off, and at last sez he—

"When you come to a house where you want to call, jist go into the room where the ladies will be waiting to see folks, and arter a while they'll ask you to take some refreshments; with that they'll go up to a table where there's wine and so on, if they aint tee totalists, and if they be—"

"It don't make no odds to tell me how *they* act," sez I, "for I don't call on any body that sets up to be wiser than our Saviour; he turned water into wine, and when I set up to be better than him, I'll turn up my nose at it, and not afore. I wish you could a heard par argufy that question with the ministers. I ruther guess—"

Here cousin Beebe sot in, and sez he, "well, jist fill up a glass for the lady about half full, not a drop more, then pour out a glass for yourself—"

"What, full?" sez I.

"Sartinly," sez he.

"Wal," sez I, "that seems kinder hoggish to give yourself more than you do the lady; I don't seem to like that."

"It's the fashion," sez he.

"Oh, is it," sez I; "wal I think as like as not they mean how to help themselves arter a feller's gone. I always notice that the gals that are so mighty stuck up as if they couldn't swaller any thing but air before folks, stuff like all natur back of the pantry door."

John larfed a leetle as if he agreed with me, and sez he, "never mind that now, but when you've poured out the wine jist step back and make a bow, and say "the compliment of the season," or any other iuteresting thing that you like. A person of your genius should not be at a loss for pleasant sayings—and after that drink off the wine, take a leetle of any thing else that is on the table, and go away again."

"Wal now," sez I, "I can remember what to say well enough, though it does seem to me that there would be a leetle too much soft sodder in the speech if it warnt made to a lady; but suppose you jist go over the manouvre about the wine, so that I can git the kink on it, if you haint no objection."

"Very well," sez he, "remember I'm you, and you are the lady."

"Just so," sez I.

"Wal," sez he, a taking up the cider mug, "observe me." With that he made a purlite bow, and give another allfired pull at the drink. I see what the critter was at; but think, sez I, I ruther think you've had your share of the cider. With that, I put out both hands a leetle easy, and took the mug from his mouth.

"See if I haint larnt it," says I, as sober as a deacon; and with that I made him a low bow, and while I was a drinking off the cider, I jist winked one eye over the top of the mug, jist to let him see that I was up to a thing or two.—The minute I pulled up, he began to laugh as good-natured as a kitten; and arter I'd got my breath, I sot in, and we had a good haw-haw right out in the office.

Arter we'd both got sobered down, John he gave me an invite to come up and see Mary, and then he cut stick to go home and fix for visiting. I hadn't but jest time to run out and git a piece of Injun rubber to clean my yaller gloves with, and begin to fix up, when my pussy cousin come up the street, hurra boys, carriage and all arter me. The tall chap let himself down from behind the carriage, and knocked at the door.

Come in," says I, a poking round the office arter a pin to stick my shirt colar together, where the etarnal washerwoman had washed the button off, consarn her!

The feller was dressed up like a Connecticut Major-General, all in yaller and blue, as fine as a fiddle; he kinder grinned a little when he see my table, and that I hadn't got my fix on yet; but when I looked in his face, he choked in, and sez he as humble as could be—

"Mr. Slick, my master is waiting."

"Tell him not to be in a pucker," sez I, "I aint quite spruced up yet." With that he went out—I pitched on my clothes in less than no time, stuffed a baked apple, a few dough nuts into my coat pocket for fear of accident, and follered arter. There he stood a holding upon the glass door, and a set of little steps all carpeted off hung down to the ground; and there was the fat nigger a twistifying his whip lash round the horses heads, as crank as a white man. I jist had time to see that Jase had got his lions and roosters and crouchants pictured off on the curtain that hung round his seat; and then I jumped into the carriage as spry as a cricket. The tall chap folded up the steps as quick as marm could undo a cat's cradle, and shut the door to, and away we went like a house a fire. I swanny but these coaches do go over the ground as slick as grease; it seemed jist like being bolstered up in a rocking chair! My pussy cousin seemed to swell up bigger and bigger every minute, when he see how surprised I was with the spring of it; and, sez he—

"Now cousin I'm going to take you to see somebody worth knowing, and when they know that you're my relation they'll take a good deal of notice of you: so jist put your best foot foremost."

Think sez I, it's lucky that I got cousin Beebe to show me how it's done; but I kept a close lip and said nothing, for it was snapping cold, and a fellers words seemed as if they'd turn to ice before he spoke 'em.

The nigger driv like fire and smoke, and it didn't seem no time afore we stopped by a great house clear up town, and the tall shote opened the door and undid the steps agin, as if he expected us to git out.

"This is my house," sez my pussy cousin, "jist you go in and call on the ladies, and I'll drive round to one or two houses and take you with me agin, by-and-bye."

I got up sort of loth, for it seemed kinder awk'ard to go in alone; but afore I had a chance to say so, the tall shote shut too the stairs, gin the door a slam, and hopped up behind agin, and away they went, like a streak of lightning. I stood a minute, a looking about. It was cold enough to nip a fellers ears off, so I jist tucked my hands into my pockets as well as I could, and begun to stamp my feet on the stun walk. It raly was fun to see the streets chuck full of fellers running up and down, hither and you, as if the old nick had kicked them on eend. Every one on 'em was dressed up in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and they all had their hair slicked down exactly alike, and most on 'em looked more like gals in boys clothes than anything else. Not the shadow of a petticoat could a feller see, from one eend of York to the other—it seemed as if the hull city had run to boys for one day. The streets raly looked lonesome; for, artur all, it don't seem natral to go out and not see gals and women a walking about, with their purty faces and fine clothes. A city without them, looks like a piece of thick woods without any sweet green under-brush and handsome flowers. I don't know exactly why, but when I go into a place where there's nothing but men, it seems as if all the sunshine and posies of human natur was shut out, and as I stood there afore my pussy cousin's house, it made

me feel sort of melancholy not to see the least glimpse of a red shawl or a furbolow nowhere about. I believe artur all, that when a chap is a leetle scared about doing a thing, the best way is to pitch for'ard hit or miss, without thinking on it. So as soon as I'd got a leetle grit raised, I up and pulled the door knob as savage as could be. It was an alfired big chunk of silver though, and the piece spread out on the door was as big as a dinner plate, and there was JASON SLICK cut out on it in all sorts of flourishes and curlecues. Think, sez I, my pussy cousin means to hang out a specie sign anyhow. I wonder he didn't have his rooster and lion and croushants pictured off on his door too! Artur a minute a tall chap, that looked like a twin to the chap that stood behind the carriage, all dressed out jist as he was too, like a major-gineral, stood a bowing and a shuffling in the hall, as if he wanted to larn me how to dance. The way he sidled and bowed and spread out his hands as he opened the parlor door for me, was enough to make a feller bust with larfin. Wal, afore I knew which eend my head was on, there I stood in the middle of a great long room, that was enough to dazzle a feller's eyes for a month, eenajist to look at it. The setees were all bright red, and glistened with thick velvet cushions. Great heavy yaller curtains hitched up with spears and polls, made out of gold, or something plaguey like it, hung over all the winders—all furbelowed and tossled off with great blue balls, mixed up with red fringe. The carpet was the brightest and softest thing I ever did see—but it was enough to make a feller seem blind to look at it, the figures on it were so alfired gaudy.—Everything in the room was as costly and handsome as could be; but somehow it seemed as if every individual thing had come there on its own hook, and was so proud of itself that it wouldn't agree with its neighbors. The chairs looked dreadfully out of sorts with the setees, and the great looking glasses made everything seem ten times more fiery and bright with their glistening. The hull room seemed more like a garden planted with poppys, sunflowers and marygolds, than anything I could think on. There was a table sot out at one eend jist afore one of the looking-glasses, that made it seem as long agin as it raly was. It was all covered over with silver baskets and knives and forks and glasses, and everything that could be thought on to eat and drink. At both eends were leetle meeting houses with steeples to them, all made out of sugar candy, and hull loaves of cake with flowers and birds a lying down on the top of 'em; besides some had sugar lambs curled up on 'em, as nat'ral as life. I never did see a table so set off in my born days—it was a sight to look on. Cousin Beebe's warn't a touch to it; but somehow the things were all crowded on so and there was such heaps on heaps of everything, that it didn't seem half so genteel as cousin Mary's did.—It must have cost an alfired heap of money though!

I was so struck up with the room and the table, that it was more than a minute afore I found out that there were any folks in the premises, but bi'm-by I discovered a fat chunked woman a sitting in a rocking chair, all cushioned with red shiney velvet She sot close by the fire, but when I stepped back and put my foot out to make a bow, she got up and made me a curchy—but sich a curchy I never did see—it was about half way between the flutter of a hen and the swagger of a fat duck. It was as much as I could do to keep from snorting right out to see her; but I choked in, and sez I, bowing again, "you see I make myself at hum, marm. Mr. Slick, my pussy cousin, out there, wanted me to come and make you a New Years call."

I wish you could a seen how the critter strutted up when I said this, but all to once she seemed to guess who I was, for she stuck her head a one side and begun to smile and pucker up her mouth like all natur. Up she cum to me with both hands out, and sez she—

"Cousin, I'm delighted to see you. Mr. Slick was telling me about you yesterday, and sez I, invite him by all means. It aint often we can make free with a relation, they are so apt to presume upon it. Raly some of Mr. Slick's family have been very annoying, they have indeed; they don't seem to understand our position; but you, cousin, you that have so much mind, can comprehend these things."

Afore I could get a chance to stick in a word edgeways, she took my hand, yaller glove and all, between both hern and led me along to the fire. Arter I'd sot down, she kept a fingering over one of my hands as if it belonged to her. Think, sez I, what on arth can the old critter mean. I'll be darned if she was fifteen years younger, I should think she had such a notion to the family, that she was'n't particular how many on 'em she made love to. As soon as I could get her to give up my hand, she jist let hern drop on my knee as affectionate as a pussey cat, and sez she, a screwing up her mouth and striking her face close to mine,

"Cousin, you can't think how delighted I was to read your letters in the Express. I do like to see such upstarts as these Beebees taken off; only think of the idee of her giving parties and her husband not out of business yit! When I read that letter, sez I to Mr. Slick, 'bring the young gentleman here, where he can see something of *real* high life; it would be a pity to have him throw away his talents in describing such low affairs as Mrs. Beebe's must be." With that she looked round her blazing room as proud as could be, as if she wanted me to give her some soft sodder back agin; but I felt sort of wrathy at what she said about cousin, and I wouldn't take the hint; but sez I, "I beg pardon, marm, but Mr. Beebe is my friend and relation, and a chap that'll set still and hear a friend run down don't deserve one, according to my notion; as for cousin Mary"—

"Oh," sez Mrs. Slick, a twisting round like an eel, "she is a lovely woman, without any doubt. I sartinly should have called on her long ago; but then one has so many acquaintances of that sort to remember, that really I have never found time." Think, sez I, if you won't call till Mary wants you, I don't think you'l put yourself out in a hurry, but I didn't say so, for jist that minute she seemed to remember something, and she sung out "Jemima, my dear."

With that the yaller curtains by one of the windows were rustled and flirted out, and a young gal, finefied off to kill, came from where she'd been standing back on 'em to look at the fellers as they went along the street. I rather guess there was a flirting of ribands and a glistening of gold things when she made her appearance. She came a hopping and a dancing across the room, and when she come jist afore me she stopped short and let off a curchy that seemed more like one of her mother's run, crazy than anything I could think on. The old woman she spread out her hands and sez she, "Jemima, my dear, this is your cousin Mr. Slick, the gentleman whose letters you were so delighted with." With that the queer critter gave me another curchey and looked as if she'd a been glad if she'd known enough to say something; but the old woman sot in with a stream of talk about her till any body on arth would have sot her down for an angel jist out of heaven dressed up in pink satin and loaded off with gold, if they'd believed a word her mother said. Think, sez I to myself as I stood a looking at the old woman and the gal, its enough to make a feller sick of life to see two such stuck up critters. The gal's furbelows didn't look so bad considering she was so young, yet it always seems to me as if heaps of jimcracks and finery heaped on to a purty young critter look kinder unnat'ral. Women are a good deal like flowers to my notion, and the handsomest posies that grow in the woods never have but one color besides their leaves.—I've seen gals in the country with nothing but pink sun bonnets and calico frocks on, that looked as fresh and sweet as full blown roses,—gals that pull an even yoke with any of your York tippies in the way of beauty, and arter all if I ever git a wife I don't think I shall sarch for her among brick houses and stun sidewalks.

The old woman raly had made an etarnal coot of herself in the way of fixing. She had on a lot of satin, and shiny thin stuff twisted round her head kinder like a hornet's nest; in front on it, jist over the leetle curls all rolled and frizzled round her face, a bird—a rale ginuine bird, all feathered off as bright as a rainbow—was stuck with its bill down and its tail flourished up in the air, as if it had jist lit to search for a place to build a nest in. I never see one of the kind afore, for its tail looked like a handful of corn silk, it was so yaller and bright;—but, think sez I, it must be some sort of a new fashioned woodpecker, for it's the natur of them birds always to light on anything holler—and if he was once to get a going on that old woman's head, I've an idee there'd be a drumming. She had a leetle short neck, all hung round with chains, and capes and lots of things—besides, a leetle watch, all sot over with shiny stuns, was hung to her side, and her fat chunked fingers was kivered over with rings that looked like the spots on a toad's back more than anything else. She had a great wide ruffle round the bottom of her frock, like the one cousin Mary had on at her party; but she warnt no where nigh so tall as Mary, and it made her look like a bantam hen feathered down to the claws. Wal, think sez I, if you wouldn't make a comical figger-head for Captin Doolittle's sloop. I wonder what your husband would ask for you, jist as you stand—hump, ruffles, and all? I shouldn't a taken so much notice on her, if she hadn't let off sich a shower of talk on me about her darter; but when a woman begins to pester me by praising up her family, I always make a pint of thinking of something else as fast as I can. If you jist bow a leetle, and throw in a "yes marm, sartingly," and so on, once in a while, you're all right. A woman will generally soft-sodder herself, if you let her alone when she once gits a going, without putting you to the trouble of doing it for her.

Arter she'd talked herself out of breath, she went along up to the table, and spreading her hands, sez she, "Take some refreshments, Mr. Slick."

"Wal," sez I, "I aint much hungry, but I do feel a little dry—so I don't care if I do." I went up to the table, and took a survey of the decanters and cider-bottles; and arter a while, I made out to find one decanter that looked as if it had something good in it, and poured about a thimble full into two of the wine glasses, and filled up one for myself. Mrs. Slick and her darter took up the glasses, and then I stepped back and made a low bow, and sez I, "The compliments of the season!—or any other interesting thing that you like. A person of your genius——" Here I stuck fast, for some how I forgot how cousin Beebe told me to top off in the speech. But the old woman puckered up her mouth, and curchyed away as if I'd said it all out; and the gal, she went over the same manœuvre, and laughed silly, and put back her long curls with her white glove—for she had gloves on, though she was to hum—and sez she, "*Oh*, Mr. Slick!" and then her marm chimed in, and sez she, "Now that you've mentioned genius, Mr. Slick, I do think my Jemma has a talent for poetry."

Think, sez I, it raly is surprising how much genius there is buried up in these York brick houses. I haint been to see a family since I've been down here that hadn't some darter that *could* write so beautiful, only she was so proud and diffident and modest that she could not be coaxed to have any thing printed. Think, sez I, if that leetle stuck up varmint has took to poetry, there'll be a blaze in the newspaper world afore long.

I remembered what cousin Beebe told me about helping myself to eatables, so I sot down by the table and hauled a plate up to me, and begun to make myself to hum. There was no eend to the sweet things that I piled up on my plate and begun to store away with a silver knife and a spoon. Mrs. Slick, she begun to fuss about, and offered to help me to this, that, and tother, till I should raly have thought she didn't care how much I eat, if she hadn't contrived to tell me how much every thing cost all the time. Jist as I was finishing off a plate full of foreign presarves, the door bell rung, and in streaked five or six fellers, dressed up to kill. It raly made me eenamost snicker out to see how slick and smooth every one of 'em had combed his hair down each side of his face. They all looked as much alike as if they'd been kidney beans shelled out of the same pod. When the old woman and the gal begun to wriggle their shoulders and make curchies to them, I begun to think it was time for me to get up and give them a chance. So I jist bolted the last spoon full of presarves and took out my red silk hankercher to wipe my mouth. I thought it come out of my pocket purty hard, so I gave it a twitch, and hurra! out come three of the dough-nuts that I'd tucked away to be ready in case of fodder's getting scarce, and they went helter skelter every which way all over the carpet. At fust I felt sort of streaked, for the young chaps begun to giggle, and Miss. Jemima Slick she bust right out. I looked at her and then I looked at the

fellers, and then, instead of sneaking off, I bust right out jist as if I didn't know how they come there, and sez I, "did you ever?"

I didn't say another word, but jist made them a low bow all round, and was a going out, but Mrs. Slick got hold of my arm, and told me not to seem to mind the dough-nuts, and said, sort of low, that she'd tell the gentlemen that I was a relation of hern, and that there warnt no danger of their poking fun at me about it.—Think, sez I, I see how to get out of the scrape, she'll think I'm awful mean not to offer her some of the dough-nuts, when I had them in my pocket, so seeing its new year's day, I'll make her think I brought 'em to make her a present on for relation's sake. I jist went back, and picked up the tarnal things, and heaping them up in one hand, I made a smasher of a bow as I held 'em out to her, and, sez I—

"I thought mebby you'd like to see how a prime Weathersfield dough-nut would taste agin; so I jist tucked a few one side, to bring up here; tak 'em, your as welcome as can be; I've get enough more to hum."

She looked at the gentleman, and then she turned red, as if she didn't exactly know how to take me.

"Don't be afeared on 'em," sez I, "they're first rate; chuck full of lasses, and fried in hog's lard as white as snow."

With that she took them out of my hand and put them on the table and, sez she, a puckering up her mouth, "you men of geuius are so droll."

Think, sez I, I've made a good git off this time, any how, so I'll cut stick, I make another bow, and out I went, jist as the chaps were all a bowing and saying, "the compliments of the season," one arter another, like boys in a speiling class.

I hadn't but jist got to the door when my pussy cousin driv up, so I got into the carriage, and off we went, down Broadway, at a smashing rate, till at last we stopped afore one of the neatest-looking houses that I've seen in York; it warnt crinckled and finefied off with woodwork and iron fences, but the hull was solid stun. The steps were made of the same, with great cut sides a rolling down from the door to the side-walk. The door was sunk clear into the front; there warnt no chunk of silver in the middle, to write the owner's name on: so I s'pose he thought that every body ought to knsw where a rale fashionable chap lives, without his hangging out a sign to tell folks. Jason was jist a going to give the knob a twitch, but he seemed to remember and, sez he, to the tall chap that had got down,

"Why don't you ring?" With that the chap made a dive up the steps, and it warnt a second afore the door swung open, and a nice old feller dressed up as neat as a new pin, but without regimentals stood inside. Arter making a bow, he opened a mahogany door, and made a little motion with his hand, as much as to say—"walk in." Jason he kinder seemed loth to go in first; and arter all his money, I couldn't help but think the old feller in the hall looked as well and acted a good deal more like a real gentleman than he did. There's nothing like being rich to git up a man's pluck: arter fidgeting with his watch seals a minute, Jase stuck up his head like a mud turtle in the sun, and in he went. I follered arter as close as a bur to a chesnut; for in my hull life I never felt so scared. The house didn't seem like Miss Miles' nor Cousin Beebe's, nor yet like my pusey cousin's. Coming from his house into that seemed like going out of a blustering wind into a calm snow storm. Every thing was so sleek, and still that it didn't seem like any thing else that I ever see. Cousin Slick went in fussing along, and a tall harnsome lady got up from a chair, where she sat by the fire and cum towards us. Arter Jason had give her a little information about the weather—told her it was dreadful cold, and so on, he stepped back, and spreading out his hands sort of like his wife, sez he—

"Mrs. ——, this is Mr. Jonathan Slick, a young relation of mine." I declare it made my heart beat to see how purtily she smiled—her corchy was as soft and easy as a bird—she didn't wriggle up her shoulders and stick out her feet as some of the rest on 'em did, but jist seemed to droop down a little easy, and then she asked us to sit down, and in less than no time we felt as much to home as if we'd known her ever since she was a baby. Instead of beginning to give me a lot of soft sodder, as some of the other women did, she just set in, and began to talk about old Connecticut, and sich things as she must a seen was likely to tickle me like all natur, and her voice was so soft, and she kept a smiling so, that I never felt so contented in my life as I did a talking with her.

At last she begun to ask Jason some questions about the Western country—so I had a chance to look about me a leetle. Instead of being dressed out like a thing sot up for a show, she hadn't nothing on but a handsome silk frock and a leetle narrow velvet ribbin tied round her handsome black hair, that was brushed till it looked as bright as a crow's back. I never did see any thing braided up so nice as it was behind. She hadn't on the least bit of gold, nor furbelows of any kind, only jist a leetle pin that glistened like a spark of fire, which pinned the velvet ribbin jist over her white forehead. It raly beats me to make out why I can't tell you what was in the room, jist as I do about all the other places; but somehow it aint easy to tell the difference, for there was settees, and chairs, and tables, and curtains, and so on—but yit it warnt a bit like any room I ever see afore. There warnt no glistening and shining, and gold and silver; but I couldn't git the notion out of my head, that every thing cost a good deal more than if there had been ever so much of it. The room seemed made exactly for the things that were in it, and there warnt a thing that didn't fit into its place like wax-work. There was one thing that looked awful handsome, and it was rale ginuine too; but at first I thought it was some of these York make-believes. It was a slim green tree, eenamost tall enough to reach my head, all blown out and kivered over with as much as twenty of the biggest and whitest roses I ever did see. It was sot jist below the two winders, and when the sun come kinder softly through the curtins down into the white posies, they seemed to sort o' blush like a peach blow; yit they raly were as white, according to natur, as the cleanest handful of snow you ever see. The tree grew out of a great marble flower pot, and when I asked its name of the lady, she looked as bright and sweet as one of the flowers, and told me it come from Japan, away east. There was some picters hung agin the wall, that struck my eye so that I couldn't keep from looking at 'em. She see how I was took up, and sez she—

"That's a beautiful picter, Mr. Slick. don't you think so? There is something in Doughtie's picters that I love to look on: his grass and hillocks look so soft and green, he does excel every American artist most certainly in his atmosphere."

"Wal, marm," sez I, "I aint no judge of picters, but sartinly to my notion, that does outshine Jason's lions and roosters and croushongs all to nothing; it don't glisten so much, but somehow them great trees do look so natural and them cows lying down under them so lazy; it eenamost makes me hum sick to go back to Weathersfield when I see it; here Jase trod on my toe with his consarned hard boot. Wal, think sez I, what have I said now; and I looked right in the lady's face to see if she'd been a laughing; but she looked so sweet and unconsarned as could be, and, sez she, a getting up and going across the room; for Jase made a motion as if she was in a hurry, sez she—

"Let me help you to some cake and wine."

With that she went to a table that had some decanters and wine glasses on it, besides a loaf of cake as white as the drifted snow. I snigers, but it did look as neat as a new pin. There was a heap of rale flowers and leaves, jist picked from the bush, fresh and fair, twisted round the edge of the cake, and a leetle white sugar dove lay snuggled down in the middle. Cousin Jase filled the glasses, and he made a leetle speech—but somehow it didn't seem to me as if I could go to talking soft sodder to that handsome critter—she looked so sweet yet so proud. All I did was jist to drink the wine, and then bend my head kinder softly to try and match her curchy—but if I didn't wish her a happy New Year in my heart, I'm a lying coot, that's all. When we went away, she gave us an invite to cum agin, and she was mortal perlite to me. If I don't go it'll be because I'm afeard, for I don't know when I've taken such a shine to anything that wears petticoats.

Just as soon as I'd got clear of the door, and Jase had bowed and scraped himself out, we got into the carriage agin, and sez he—

"Wal, cousin, how do you like Mrs ——?"

"Like her!" sez I, "if I don't there's no snakes. She's none of your stuckup, finified humbug critters, but a *rale ginuine lady* and no mistake."

"It's a pity she hasn't more tast and emulation to fix up her house," sez he. "She raly don't know how to cut a dash, and yet her husband is as rich as a Jew."

"Wal, raly, I don't know what to think of that," sez I, "Somehow when I see everything in a room kinder shaded off, one color into another that's eenamost like it, till the hull seem to be alike, jist as it is in that lady's room,—it seems to take my notion amazingly. I can't tell why, but it made me feel as if the room had been made up into a big pietur, and so it is in part, and I begin to think that"—I was a going to say something alfired cutting about these stuck up flashy houses and people that I'd seen here in York—when the carriage driv up to another door. In we went, eat and drink, and then out agin; and then it was riding from one house to another, and eating and drinking till it got eenajist dark, and I was clear tuckered out, besides begining to feel wamblecropped a leetle, with the heap of sweet things I'd been a eating all day.

The New Years day here in York is sartinly as good as a show,—such lots of gals as a feller sees and such lots of good living; but give me a Thanksgiving dinner yit afore a York New Years,—a good turkey with plenty of gravy and tatar. I swany how I wish I'd been a eating them things instead of this heap of tarnal cake and sugar things. I shan't feel right agin in a month, I'm sure on it.

I guess you Weathersfield tee totalists would a stared some to see how the young chaps begun to make fence along the stun side-walk towards night; some on 'em were purty well over the bay I can tell you. I went to see lots of women and gals and cousin Mary among the rest, and arter I got back to my office, I couldn't git a wink of sleep. My head was chuck full of gals all night,—such a whirring and burring as there was in my upper story you never did know on,—every time I shut my eyes the office seemed chuck full of purty gals and feathers and gold and decanters, and cut glass, till it seemed as if I would go crazy a thinking over all I'd done; but the last thing that got into my brain jist afore I droppprd to sleep, was the *real lady* and my pussy cousin's stuck up wife.

But I can't stop to write you on all my dreams that night, I don't think dough-nuts or sugar candies set well on the stomach, and I don't think seeing so many gals sets well on my head. There is a terrible all overish sort of a feelling in a young feller when he's been a cruising among the gals all day, and comes hum and cuddles up in bed at night. When he gits one gal stuck fast in his head and his heart, as I had Judy White, he's as quiet as a kitten, and his head's a sort a settled; but arter he's been a roving over the world as I am a doing, his heart is ruther rily, and there's nothing that sticks in it except the drugs, the pure essence sifting out all through.

Getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk—the more a feller loves the more he wants too, and when the heart gets a going, pitty pat, pitty pat, there is such a swell, that it busts up all the strings, so that it can't hold the grit rale at all. When Judy White fust took hold a my arm I give the coat sleave a real harty smack, where her hand took hold, and that coat I really did love better than any other I ever had on; but I never think the better of my yaller gloves for shaking the hands of all the gals in York.—I've only got Miss Miles out of my head, to get a thousand new shining faces in. Lord knows what'll become of me, Par, if I go on to be bedivilled arter the women, as I have been this new year's day. When a feller is made any thing on by 'em he must have been brought up under good preaching in Weathersfield to stand it here in York. I feel as if I shouldn't be good for much afore long, myself, the way I am going on, but to skoot up and down Broadway like that ere Count, and to hang round gal's windows with fifes, and bassoons, and drums and gitars at night. When they *heigh ho* me so there's no help to feeling *heigh hoish all over*.

I can't look full into a purty girl's face all a flashing so, without being kind a dazzled and scorched. It warms me up in this cold weather, and kindles such a pulse in my heart, that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had run through a steamboat pipe. And then the allfired critters have so many sly ways of coming over a feller with them are crinkum crankums of theirn, that I don't think much of a man who can see their purty mouths work, and not feel his work too. If they sidle up, I can't help sidling too if I died; and when them black eyes

fall flash on me, I wilt right down under 'em as out will in Weathersfield on a hot summer day It is natur all this, and I can't help it no how.

But you know, par, I was brought up under good preaching, and I go now to Dr. Spring's meeting always as strait as Sunday comes round and twice a day. If women do snarl up a feller's heart strings, though, they keep him out of other scrapes, any body will tell you that.—A man that is in love a leetle is not always a running into rum holes, and other such places. He don't go a gambling, and isn't a sneaking round nights.

Love, according to my notion on it, is a good anchor for us on this 'ere voyage of life!—it brings us up so all standing when we put on too much sail. It puts me in mind, now I think on it, of our cruise through Hell Gate in Captin Doolittle's sloop; for jist as the tide and the wind was a carrying us on the rocks, we dropt anchor and kept off.

I look on the uses of women purty much as I look on the freshet that in the spring brings down the Connecticut the raal rich soil for the meadows in Weathersfield. They make a great deal of splutter and fuss in their spring time, with their rustles and their ribbons, and their flotillas, I know; but when they light on a feller for good, they are the real onion patches of his existence. Put us together and the soil will grow anything; but keep us apart and we are all thistles and nettles.

JONATHAN SLICK.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. BLACKWOOD.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn, was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here,
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile.
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore!
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm going to:—
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place were Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride!"

Humanity to Horses.—Those who have the care of horses at this cold season, should be careful before bridling them, to hold the bit in the hand until it is warm, instead of putting iron into the animal's mouth so cold that the skin will adhere to it and be torn off. A neglect of this caution gives the animal a sore mouth, much pain, and causes it to feel badly for several days.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The following description of the Daguerreotype is from the "Editor's Table" of the last Knickerbocker. It affords the best view of this wonderful invention which has yet appeared in America:

THE "DAGUERREOTYPE."

We have seen the views taken in Paris by the "Daguerreotype," and have no hesitation in avowing, that they are the most remarkable objects of curiosity and admiration, in the arts, that we ever beheld. Their exquisite perfection almost transcends the bounds of sober belief.—Let us endeavor to convey to the reader an impression of their character. Let him suppose himself standing in the middle of Broadway, with a looking glass held perpendicularly in his hand, in which is reflected the street, with all that therein is, for two or three miles, taking in the haziest distance. Then let him take the glass into the house, and find the impression of the entire view, in the softest light and shade vividly retained upon its surface. This is the Daguerreotype! The views themselves are from the most interesting points of the French metropolis. We shall speak of several of them at random, as the impression of each arises in the mind, and not in the order in which they stand in the exhibition. Take, first, the Vue du Point Notre Dame, and Palais du Justice.—Mark the minute light and shade; the *perfect* clearness of every object; the extreme softness of the distance. Observe the dim, hazy aspect of the picture representing the towers of Notre Dame, with Saint Jacques la Boucherie in the distance. It was taken in a violent storm of rain; and how admirably is even *that* feature of the view preserved in the *tout ensemble!* Look, again, at the view of the Statue of Henry the Fourth and the Tuilleries, the Pont des Arts, Pont du Carousel, Pont Royal, and the Heights of Challot in the distance. There is not a shadow in the whole, that is not *nature itself;* there is not an object, even the most minute, embraced in that wide scope, that was not in the original; and its impossible that one should have been omitted. Think of that! So, too, of the Tuilleries, the Champs Elysses, the Quay de la Morgue—in short, of all and every view in the whole superb collection. The shade of a shadow is frequently reflected in the river, and the very trees are taken with the *shimmer* created by the breeze, imaged in the water! Look where you will, Paris itself is before you. Here, by the silent Statue of the great Henry, how often has Despair come at midnight, to plunge into eternity! By the Quay de la Morgue, remark the array of washing boats, and the "Ladies of the Suds" hanging out their clothes, which *almost* wave in the breeze. It was but a little below this point, that our entertaining "American in Paris," doubtful of the purity of the Seine water, bought a filter of charcoal, to "intercept the petticoats, and other such articles," as he might previously have followed. *There* is a view, now, which Mr. Irving has helped to render famous. It was across that very Point Neuf, if we have not forgotten the story, one awful night in the tempestuous times of the French revolution, when the lightning gleamed, and loud claps of thunder rattled through the lofty, narrow streets, that Gottfried Wolfgang supported his headless bride. It needs no Victor Hugo to tell us that this is the time honored *Notre Dame de Paris.* Take the view into the strongest sunlight by the window, and survey with a glass its minutest beauties. There is not a stone traced there, that has not its archetype in the edifice. Those square towers, those Gothic arches and buttresses; the rich tracery, and that enterprising tourist looking down upon Paris—there they *were,* and here they *are!* Look sharp, and far, within you may see the very bells. What an association! What tales have the bells of Notre Dame told to the Parisians, since Pope Alexander laid her corner stone! One cannot but feel while gazing at this scene, as did an eloquent American on first encountering similar associations; "Something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of the mighty whirlwind, sweeps around those eternal towers: the mighty processions of kings, consuls, emperors, empires and generations have passed over that sublime theatre."

How those bells pealed, when Napoleon's sounding bulletins came in from Italy and Germany, from Egypt and Russia! How, more recently, they clamored at midnight, when the tocsin of revolt streamed upon the hoary towers, and tricolored floated triumphant from their summits! But leaving the times that *were,* let us come down to the days that *are.*—Near where you see that hopeful member of the *sans culottides* tribes musing on the bridge, is the spot where the renowned Mrs. Ramsbottom says, for the first time, the "statue of Henry Carter," (Henry Quartre,) and marvelled "whether he could be any relation to the Carters of Portsmouth." The very *affiches* then "blackguarded against the walls," are still here. Close at hand, too, in another frame, are the "Tooleries" and "Penny Royal," which so greatly delighted the old lady and her daughter Lavinia.

We have little room to speak of the "interior" views. We can only say, in passing that they are *perfect.* Busts, statues, curtains, pictures, are copied to the very life; and portraits are included, without the *possibility* of an incorrect likeness. Indeed, the Daguerreotype will never do for portrait painting. Its pictures are quite *too* natural, to please any other than beautiful sitters, It has not the slightest knack at "fancywork." Matthews used to sing, in his "Trip to Paris,"

"Mrs. Grill is very ill!
Nothing can improve her,
Until she sees the 'Tooleries,'
And waddles through the Louvre."

This was thruthful satire, in the great mime's day; but illness, with sea voyage curses, must decline now; for who would throw up their business and their dinner's on a voyage to see Paris or London, when one can sit in an apartment at New York, look at the streets, the architectural wonders, and the busy life of each crowded metropolis? We recognized, without doubt, many Frenchmen of whom we had before heard. We distinctly saw, we are confident, in the door of a restaurant, in a white apron, with sleeves rolled up, the indentical cook who brought our esteemed correspondent, Sanderson, the tough "*bifstek de mouton,*" which the latter offered him five francs to eat, but which the functionary, after turning the matter over in his mind, reluctantly declined, on the ground that "he had an aged mother, and other relation, dependent upon his exertions! Mr. Gouraud, the accomplished and gentlemanly proprietor of the Daguerreotype, and the only legitimate specimens of the art in his country, favored us with an examination of one or two views, which were accidentally injured in the process of being taken. But although imperfect, they were still wonderful in the general effect. The "darkness visible," the floods of light, the immensity of the space, and the far perspective, in their dim, obscure state, all reminded us of the English Martin. But our article is already too much extended; and we close by saying to all our metropolitan readers, "Go and see the views taken by the Daguerreotype; and when Mr. Gouraud commences his lectures upon the art, fail not to hear them!

By the following curious "statistics of drinking," it will be seen that Scotland, in proportion to population, consumes nearly twice as much spirits as Ireland, and over three times as much as England:

Spirit Drinking.—The spirit shops in Glasgow amounted, at the last census, to one in every ten houses throughout the city. The proportion is, of course, greater in the low districts. The following is the amount of spirits consumed in England, Ireland and Scotland:—England, 13,897,187; galls. of spirits, 12,341,236. Ireland, population 7,767,401, galls. of spirits 12,293,464. Scotland, population 2,365,114; galls. of spirits 6,767,715. Thus it appears that the quantity of spirits annually consumed in England, is seven pints and one ninth per head on the population; in Ireland, rather more than thirteen pints per head; and in Scotland, twenty-three pints per head. When the drunkards in Glasgow become too poor to satiate their appetite for spirits, they now resort in a great measure to laudanum, which, in an unadulterated state, is consumed in considerabe quantities, and regularly sold by many of the chemists.

London papers state that great efforts were making in the cause of temperance in Ireland, and that numbers of the people had been induced to take the "pledge."

Two females and a lad were burned to death in a house recently destroyed by fire in Shirleysburg, a town in this State.—*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE.

Domestic Virtues.—No young woman is fit to be married till she has learned to keep house. It is as much of an imposition for a parent to put off a daughter for a wife before she has learned the domestic virtues, as it would be for a medical or clerical body to put off upon the community a man for a doctor or a minister who had not learned his profession.

It is not maintained that the wife must of course go habitually into the kitchen and do the work there herself, but she ought always know how to do it. She cannot know without some experience.

Every mother ought to teach her daughter *practically* how to keep her house in order;—how to make bread and do all kinds of cooking; how to economize, so as to make a little go a great way; how to spread an air of neatness and comfort over her household; how to make her husband's shirts and mend his clothes—in a word, how to be a good house keeper. Then if she has no domestics, she can make her family happy without them; if she has domestics, she can effectually teach them how to do things as they ought to be done, and make them obey her. She can then direct her domestic affairs, and thus be mistress of her own house; which, sad to say, too many now a-days are not. Domestics soon ascertain whether their mistress knows how to do things, and if she does not, they have it in their power and almost always take advantage of it.

I am aware this will be considered by not a few a very old fashioned and vulgar doctrine.—It is difficult to forget the good old times, when we had such elegant bread, so little trouble about servants, and so much real domestic comfort because our mothers were so vulgar as not to have learned that there is a better and more genteel way than the Bible teaches—when they really supposed it an essential characteristic of a good and accomplished wife, that it should be said of her, "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Seek a wife then, of domestic virtues, if you would know domestic happiness, or be able to live well within your means. You may generally, (not always) know the habits of the daughter in this respect by knowing those of the mother; there are also other surer ways of ascertaining them. But notwithstanding your utmost sagacity and vigilance, you may possibly be caught, I know a man who was very sure he would never marry a lady, till his own eye had actually seen her make a loaf of bread—who, after all married a person, it was said, who could not cook him a dinner to save his life, or even darn her own stockings.

But the domestic virtues need not by any means preclude the highest and most accomplished education. Some of the intelligent, refined, and finished ladies in our land, have been the most excellent of house keepers.

☞ We dislike spoiling a good story, but the following, although published in the New York Observer, savors a good deal of the marvellous:

A Corpse going to a Ball.—Those who read the thrilling "passages from the diary of a London Physician," that were published a few years since, will remember one tale under the title of "Death at the Toilet." Although it was asserted by the writer that those narratives were the records of *facts*, few, I presume, were willing to believe that real life could furnish matter of such *romantic* interest. Especially did the one alluded to strike my own mind as quite unnatural, and I read it, as others, admiring the genius more than the veracity of the writer.

Perhaps some who have seen the words at the head of this article, may imagine that they are about to be treated to a passage from the dreams of fancy; but they are mistaken. I have a sad and solemn tale of truth to relate, and when it has been read, there will be no hesitation in believing that "*truth* is stranger than fiction."—No coloring shall be laid on the story; no art of embellishment shall heighten its interest; it shall be told to others as it was told to me, and you shall be convinced that there is nothing more than *truth* in the story of the corpse that went to the ball.

You recollect the first day of January 1840. It was a bitter cold day. It was cold as far south as the city of New York, and up here in the country, where I am writing, it was terribly severe. You could not ride far against the wind without being exposed to freezing. I have heard of two cases of death by cold on that day in this region, and another case in which the sufferer was saved by great exertion, when at the point of perishing.

The night of that day was to be observed as is usual here, by a New Year's ball. Invitations had been extended for many miles around, and a great gathering of the young, and gay, and thoughtless, was expected. Extensive preparations had been made for an evening of merriment and glee, and merry hearts beat quickly in anticipation of the pleasures of the scene.—None was happier in the thought of coming joy than Miss ——, who took her seat in the sleigh, by the side of her partner for the evening, and set out for a ride of some twenty miles, to join the dance. She was young and gay, and her charms of youth and beauty never were lovelier than when dressed for that New Year's ball.—Of course too thinly clad for the season and especially for that dreadful day, she had not gone far before she complained of being cold, very cold; but their anxiety to reach the end of their ride in time to be present at the opening of the dance, induced them to hurry onwards without stopping by the way. Not long after this complaining, she said that she felt perfectly comfortable, and was now quite warm, and that there was no necessity of delay on her account. They reached, at length, the house where the company were gathering; the young man leaped from the sleigh, and extended his hand to assist her out, but she did not offer hers; he spoke to her, but she answered not; she was dead—stone dead—frozen stiff—a corpse on the way to a ball. —*N. Y. Observer.*

A Chapter on Hats.—There is no people so ingenious at expedients as Yankees. A Yankee editor down in Lowell, who ought to know all about it, gives us a chapter on the uses of hats, which is very good in its way, though the custom spoke of is not so strictly a New England one as represented. "It would never," said the aforesaid Yankee editor, "enter the hands of persons out of New England to use their hats for any other purpose than as a covering for the heads. In other parts of the globe, when a man bows graciously to a friend, he takes off his hat. Such a custom cannot be adopted here; for a man's hat is his pocket book, his satchel, his pantry, his clothes bag, his tool chest, or his segar box, as occasion may require, and if he should shake off his hat in a hurry, awkward circumstances must needs ensue. We once knew a young gentleman, who having purchased a dozen of eggs for his mother, forthwith popped them into his hat. On his way home he met a pretty girl, with whose charms he had long been smitten, and wishing to be particularly polite, he took off his hat, preparatory to making a long bow. The twelve eggs obeying the laws of gravitation, were precipitated to the pavement and instantly smashed to atoms; and the beautiful white garments of the astonished lady was bespattered with the yolks. She never forgave him.

How often during a windy day, do we see a hatless wight chasing a cloud of papers, which have made their escape, and are borne away on the wings of the wind.

It has been remarked by foreigners that the natives of New England are generally round shouldered. This is undoubtedly owing to the enormous weight which they carry on their heads. A lawyer is seldom seen with a green bag in his hand. His legal documents, and sometimes his law books, are deposited in his hat. A physician's hat is not unfrequently an apothecary's shop in miniature; a merchant's hat is crammed with samples of merchandise; and a stage driver's hat is stuffed with bundles and packages. A person about to make a short journey seldom burthens himself with a trunk, but takes a change of apparel in his hat; a late member of the Massachusetts Legislature representing a town not more than twenty miles from Boston, always carried his dinner to the State House in his hat; and we have seldom seen the hat of an editor, which was not stuffed with damp newspapers, stolen paragraphs, and unanswerable duns!"

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Punning Conversation.—Daniel Webster, besides being a good orator, is not a bad punster. The following anecdote used to be told of him: The other day Mr. D. remarked to him, "the day *waxeth* warm, Mr. Webster." "Yes, sir, very. I presume, from your observation, that you are in the *shoe* line." This observation excited much laughter. Mr. W. then inquired, "Is that *awl*, Mr. D?" "Yes, sir, that is my *last*." "I hope you will excuse this *cut* at your *business!* I beg for *quarters*, and hope, if your feelings are hurt, that they may be easily *heel'd*." "I am happy to find your temper keeps its *seat;* I feared you might have *occasion* to be displeased." "Not at all, sir; you cannot *stir up* my temper when I understand the *thread* of your discourse." "I am pleased to find, Mr. D., though your *work* may be *run down*, still you *seam* in good humor." "With you, sir, by *awl* means, for I am convinced that your whole *sole*, and every thing to *boot*, is favorable to mechanics." "You are right, Mr. D.; I feel myself *bound* to be so by *ties* of the strongest friendship." "Well, I declare, Mr. W., you *stick* to the *trade* like *wax;* I think, however, our punning is near to a *close*, and I believe we could not *mend* it much by repeating it again." "Well, sir, I acknowledge that I am nearly *worn out*, and to bring our discourse to an *end* at *last*, will take another glass of wine, and say we are *sew'd up*."

Runaway Apprentices.—It is very rare indeed, to find a lad who has been apprenticed to learn a trade, but who breaks his obligation, and absconds from his master, becoming a useful member of society—while, on the contrary, those who have been faithful apprentices, most generally become honorable and independent men. Above all things, youth should cherish truth, which is the parent of sound principles. When truth is violated, by youth or age, it is in vain to look for honesty in the individual. The agreement an apprentice makes is both morally and legally binding. Nothing should induce him to break his part of the agreement, and the laws are sufficiently strong to afford him just protection. If a youth will cancel this, the first contract which he makes as a member of society—how is it to be expected that he will ever keep one? Much of the misery of this world—the idleness—the dissipation, the vagrancy of young men, may be traced to this one cause. They lose their own self-esteem—their natural pride—and too often become reprobates. The following statement, from the Philadelphia North American, confirms our views.

"The last report of the Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary states, that of the one hundred and seventy eight prisoners received during the last year, twenty eight only had been bound to a trade, and served till 21 years of age, thirty four had been bound and left their masters, and one hundred and sixteen had never been apprenticed."

This extract clearly proves that those who serve out their time faithfully are not so liable to crime as runaways—and establishes beyond all doubt the necessity of bringing up youth to some useful trade. Had these 116 criminals been apprenticed, it may be presumed that very few of them would have been inmates of a penitentiary.—*Savannah Georgian.*

Black Hawk's Remains.—The Burlington, Iowa, Gazette of the 25th ult., states that the grave of this celebrated Indian Chief has been plundered and his bones carried off. The manner of the outrage indicates that they were taken by some white person for the purpose of speculation. If this be so, the detection of the perpetrator will follow upon the first attempt that is made to use his ill gotten acquisition for such a purpose.

The affront is one which the tribe of Black Hawk will never forgive nor forget, unless restitution is made and due punishment inflicted on the criminal.

American Character.—"We are born in a hurry," says an American writer, "we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and loose it in like manner; to re-make and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit a high pressure engine, our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke.

If you only act with a view to praise, you deserve none.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

Knickerbocker for February.—The promise that the numbers for the present volume would be promptly issued, is likely to be fulfiled. We had hardly apprised ourselves of the necessity of writing "February" instead of "January" in making notes before this popular periodical for the present month was thrown upon our table. It contains the usual variety of light and solid reading, in a form one would think sufficiently attractive to win golden opinions from every class of the community.

☞ C. MORSE, Exchange-st. is Agent for this city.

The Ladies' Companion, for February is full of moral and intellectual richness, entirely original, from some of the ablest pens in the country. It is embelished with a beautiful steel engraving of Burns' "Highland Mary." This, being accompanied by the appropriate poetry, is a representation of most touching and tender interest. The Ladies' Companion should be a companion of every lady.

Effects of Railroads.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, in taking a view of the anticipated effects of Rail Roads upon national character, makes the following interesting observations:

"The steam engine, i. e. in its effective state, is not half a century old. The railway in its present power, is not ten years old, yet it is already spreading not merely over Europe, but over the vast Savannahs of the new world.—What will all this come to in the next fifty years? What must be the effect of this gigantic stride over the ways of the world? What the mighty influence of that mutual communications, which even in its feeblest state has been, in every age, the grand instrument of civilization? Throw down the smallest barrier between two civilzed nations, and from that hour both become more civilized. Open the close shut coast of China or Japan to mankind, and from that hour the condition of the people will be in progress of improvement. The barbarian and despot hate the stranger. Yet for the fullest state of civilization, freedom and enjoyment, of which earth is capable, the one thing needful is the fullest intercourse of nation with nation, of man with man. The facilities of the railroad are made for peace, its tendency is to make nations feel the value of peace, and unless some other magnificent invention shall come to supercede its use, and obliterate the memory of its services, we cannot suffer ourselves to doubt that the whole system, which is now in course of adoption with such ardor throughout Europe, will yet be acknowledged as having given one of the mighti est propulsion to the general improvement of mankind.

Signora America Vespucci's proposed work on America.—Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville (Ky) Journal, in allusion to this production yet in manuscript:

"The Hon. Joseph M. White, of Florida, informed us last summer, that he had read a portion of her volumes—the portion devoted to the discussion of the institution of slavery as established in this country—and, that it was, beyond all comparison, abler than any thing else that he had ever seen upon that interesting and important subject."

The aboriginal alligators of the Southern states appear to have been upon a much larger scale than those interesting creatures reach in "these degenerate days." One of the newspapers says, that skeletons have lately been found in Clark County, Alabama—*one hundred feet in length!*

Two hundred German emigrants, who were passengers in the steamboat Belle, recently lost on the Missi-sippi, had with them a large amount of money, which was destroyed in the boat. One man alone lost $16,000 in gold.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Mr. Editor—Allow me through the organ of your paper, to make a few remarks upon a subject which I deem to be of the utmost importance to our city and community. It should be the aim of every good citizen to do all in his power to protect and enhance the welfare and prosperity of his fellow men. To watch with a vigilent and scrutinising eye every movement or measure which would impair the happiness or corrupt the morals of the community in which he lives. And while this is the duty of every citizen, it devolves more particularly upon those who are the constituted guardians of the public welfare. While it is the duty of our Common Council to regulate and sustain the financial and business interests of the city, they have also a higher and a nobler interest to sustain—it is to protect and regulate the morals of the community as far as their jurisdiction extends. Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is the reproach of any people. Especially should they consider the welfare of the youth; they ought to throw around them a barrier to protect them from temptation. Our city has long stood high in the estimation of the virtuous in this respect. Virtue has walked forth in all her loveliness and invited all, both old and young, to follow in her footsteps. Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. Associations have been formed to induce the young to enter the halls of Literature and Science, and many are now far advanced upon the road to usefulness and honor. And shall this continue to be the case?

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated needs bu to be seen.

How many hundreds of young men are there throughout our country, and especially in the eastern cities, who once bid fair to become useful and respectable members of society, who were the pride and joy of their parents, and the life of the polished circle in which they moved. But, alas, where are they now? Go to yonder ale house or brothel and see them covered with guilt and shame, and hear their voices mingling with the profane and licentious, outcasts from home and from society. The bright hopes and joys which once animated their breasts have now fled forever. They are moral wrecks cast upon the dark and rugged shores of disappointment and remorse. And what has done all this? What mighty power has wrought this change? When was the first steps taken in the road to ruin? Evil communications corrupt good morals. In short, they went to the Theatre. They saw the fine scenery—they heard the music—the rant of the performer—the song and the dance—they were pleased, and wished to go again. They went again and again. The appetite was formed—their judgments perverted—their minds filled with romance and fiction. If opposed by their friends, they would resort to deception and intrigue in order to gratify their morbid propensity; and if deprived of the means, they would embezzle money from their parents or employers. Thus were they hurried on from step to step in crime, until they were engulphed in irretrievable ruin.

And now is this to be the fate of the multitudes of the youth of our city? are they not exposed to all these evils if they take the first step upon this dangerous road? Oh if I had a voice that would sound as lond as the Arch Angel's Trumpet, I would say to every young man who has not visited the Theatre, enter not its doors, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away, for it is the broad gateway that leads down to the chambers of death.

A CITIZEN.

A Turkish Lady.—A letter from Constantinople, quoted by the *Nouveltiste Vandois*, announces a circumstance which, if true, evinces an extraordinary innovation on the old habits of the Musselmans. It states that the young Sultan, yielding to the pressing request of his sister Mihirmah, has granted her permission to proceed to England, and be present at the marriage of Queen Victoria. She is, the writer says, to go to London in the Mossrose steamer accompanied by Dr. Nillingen, the English physician and a numerous suite, and after the marriage, is, to proceed to Naples, and from thence to Switzerland, to pass the summer, but is not to go to Paris, an arrangement which is said to have given great dissatisfaction to M. de Pontois. The same letter informs us that the Sultan is about to issue a hatti scheric, authorising Turkish, Greed, Armenian, and Jewish women to wear the European dress, and that the announcement has given great delight to the fair sex, who will no longer be compelled to hide their charms under the feredge and the yarhemak.

Such is the implacable hostility of Abde Kader to the French, that he puts to death every child born of an Arab women that has lived with them.—*Star.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE GRAVE.

From the German of Rosegarten.

Fearful is the grave,
Cold winds round it kneeling,
Misty showers swelling,
Grief and Terror make their dwelling
In the silent Grave.

Lonely is the Grave;
Soft doth that stillness call,
Cooler the shadow fall,
Deepest Peace is whispering all
In the quiet Grave.

Dismal is the Grave;
Irksome is that narrow wall;
Its breadth, and length, and depth and height,
Just seven paces bound them all,
Dismal is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave;
A sweet defence its narrowness;
From the ever-wearying press,
From the juggling pageant proud,
From the fools in motly crowd,
Shields us well that narrow shroud,
Lovely is the Grave.

Dismal is the Grave;
Its darkness blacker than the night,
Through which no sunbeam glances bright,
Not a star may ever gleam,
Or the softer moonlight stream;
Dark and dreadful is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave;
Its shadow flinging
O'er the weak wanderer, and refreshment bringing;—
While its cold breast
Lulls the hot weary pilgrim to his rest.
Lovely is the Grave.

Fearful is the Grave;
Rain is rushing, thunder growling,
Driving hail, and winds are howling,
Round the storm-lash'd Grave.

Lovely is the Grave;
O'er the turf'd hillock spring winds blowing,
Sweet at its foot the violets growing,
And on it blooms Forget-me-not;
There falleth moon's pale beam,
Hesper's cold rays, and morning's rosy gleam,
While Echo's half heard note
And plaintive wailings float
Around the grass-grown spot.
Lonely is the Grave.

Lonely is the Grave;
There all living sounds are mute,
There is heard no wanderer's foot,
Joyous greetings never come
To visit that eternal gloom—
Oh! how lonely is the Grave!

Ah! is the Grave so lonely?
True joy's wild revel only,
And Folly's laughing glance,
And riot's noisy dance,
They visit not the Grave;
But the life wearied sage, and Sorrow's child,
The Son of Song, will wander mild
Beside the quiet grassy heap,
And muse upon its secret deep.
Not lonely is the Grave.

Senseless is the Grave;
Deaf and speechless, numb'd and cold,
Clothed alone in darksome mould,
Hope's glance of light,
And Fancy's visions bright,
And Love's delight,
Lost are they all within the senseless Grave.
Fearful, fearful is the Grave!

Lovely is the Grave;
All the discord, all the strife,
All the ceaseless feuds of life,
Sleep in the quiet Grave.
Hush'd is the battles's roar,
The fire's rage is o'er,
The wild volcano smokes no more—
Deep peace is promised in the lasting Grave.
Lovely, lovely is the Grave!

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE ENDLESS "FLORIDA WAR."

Thou glorious and endless War!
It seems a century since thy birth;
Thy course must be unending—or
Doom'd to end only with the earth.*
When will thou stop?—there is no knowing,
The hunted Indians still survive;
Like the eternal green moss growing
Among their swamps—they're still alive!

So far, far back thy scenes extend
Through the dark drapery of Time;
That their beginning, like their "END,"
Veil'd in obscurity sublime,
Cannot with certainty be told—
Unless it should be found at last,
By chance, recorded in some old
Sybilline legend of the past.

Thou glorious and endless War!
Thy glories make the Nation sigh;
What are the Indians fighting for—
Why do they not surrender?—Why!
Let the same red-brow'd foe that roams
The South, command us all to "FLY!"
And leave our old ancestral homes—
Why would *we* not surrender?—Why!

Oh military glory!—when
Thou'rt so degraded that "BLOOD-HOUNDS"
Can win more glory than the MEN
Who fight upon our battle grounds
Our soldiers—tho' they may have much
Valor, and high chivalrous pride—
Cannot be very proud, with *such*
Rivals for "glory" by their side.

The light of brighter times decays—
Where have our pride and virtue fled?
Spirit of old heroic days!
Rise up once more, as from the dead,
And speak!—speak in strong accents for
The country's honor, and the shame
This Visigothic blood-hound War
Has cast upon our country's fame.

Thou glorious and endless War!
Nothing can still thy battle rage—
The Government can't stop thee—nor
Art thou affected by old age.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

STANZAS AT A MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

Love is gently omnipotent; to those who possess it, accident and death itself are but passing clouds, which can scarcely vex and cannot harm.—*Recent English Essay.*

The bridal wreath entwines a brow.
That glows in bliss beneath it;
The heart's sweet faith—she fondly now,
In tones of love, shall breathe it;
And if across that brow of snow
A shade of care would seem to flow,
'Tis not that doubts there press—
'Tis but that now gay thought retiers,
And dares not flout the sacred fires
Of love born happiness.

And she is led by fancy far—
The future spreads before her,
Where truth still seems a diamond star,
In beauty beaming o'er her;
And where stands one, whose every look
Reflects her own, as a calm clear brook
Repeats the sky above;
And not a single cloud is sent
To mar the heart-built firmament,
So full of light and love!

It is no dream—she knows full well
Life will not change to sadness—
She feels her heart a citadel,
Where rules bright hope and gladness,
And trusts in woman's pride, its care
To him whose image reigneth there,
With all a monarch's sway—
That trust shall be their morning light,
That trust shall give their bosoms might,
Which shall not know decay!

And now they hear from friends that greet,
Words eloquent with feeling,
And see in many an eye they meet,
Affections tear drop stealing—
Yes! as life's anchor lightly weighs,
They read within each anxious gaze
What fate can but decree;
And oh, through many an after year,
That kindly word, that feeling tear,
Shall gladen memory!

And may the tides that round them flow,
Ne'er feel the tempest's power,
And o'er them skies at even glow,
Bright as this dawning hour;
Or shall a storm dare break the wave,
Love still shall have the pow'r to save—
Bid threat'ning clouds depart,
And round them bend, calm, clear blue skies,
While truth, sweet light of angel eyes,
Shall paradise the heart!

Syracuse, Oct, 15, 1839. S. S. REIGH.

The following beautiful lines were written by a lady addressed to an officer in the city of Baltimore, at the time of his departure for sea. They were handed to us by a gentlemen in this village, with the liberty to insert them in our columns. It is not known that they were ever before published.—*Clinton co. Whig.*

Fare thee well! the ship is ready,
And the breeze is fresh and steady;
Hands are fast the anchor weighing,
High in the air the streamers playing,
Fill'd the sails, the waves are swelling,
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling—
Fare thee well! and when at sea,
Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from home and land receding,
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
Think on those behind who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee;
And when down to ocean sinking,
In the waves his beams are drinking,
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes that wake for thee.

When thy lonely night watch keeping,
All below thee, still and sleeping;
As the needle points the quarter,
O'er the wide and pathless water,
May the vigils ever find thee
Mindful of the friends behind thee;
And thy bosom's magnet be
Turned to those who watch for thee!

When the bosom of the ocean,
Heaves with gentle, harmless motion,
And thy bark at peace is riding,
While the queen of night is gliding,
O'er the sky in tranquil splendor,
And the countless stars attend her,
Yet the brightest visions be
Country, home, and friends, for thee.

When the tempest gathers o'er thee,
Danger, wreck, and death before thee,
While the sword of fire is gleaming,
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
Then a poor suppliant bending
Let thy thoughts to Heaven ascending,
Reach the mercy seat. To be
Met by prayers that rise for thee.

And may He who holds the thunder,
Hush the winds and chain them under,
Quell the waters o'er thee dashing,
Still the lightning round thee flashing,
Lift the veil that darkens heaven,
Show the arch of promise given,
May that Being ever be
Light and guide, and shield to thee!

When the land of stranger's leaving,
Homeward bound thy ship is cleaving,
Foaming billows breaking round her,
While the heavens and ocean bound her,
May the blast be temper'd to thee,
Fear of death no more pursue thee!
May the friends who wait thee, see
Peace, and joy return with thee!

Reminiscence.—The following, though not particularly appertaing to agricultural experiments, relates to an old Vermont farmer, who left his plough for the service of his country; and after contributing his share in obtaining the object she contended for, returned to his former occupation, to enjoy in common with his countrymen, the blessings of that independence which had been partly secured by his sword. If you think the anecdote will afford any amusement to your readers, you are welcome to it.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, Col. B. while on his way to New York to settle his army accounts, stopped for the night at an Inn near King's Bridge. Soon after his arrival, a party of jolly blades came out from New York to spend the evening. The landlord informed them that he had no apartment for their accommodation, unless they could obtain the consent of the old gentleman (Col. B.) who had just spoken for his only spare room. They found no difficulty in treating with the Colonel, and obtained leave to share his quarters, with the hope of soon smoking him out, and obtaining sole possession. But the old soldier's flank was not so easily turned. He understood their game, and very readily joined them, in a mutual agreement, that if one of the party should propose anything which the others should refuse to perform or submit to, the recusant or recusants should pay the landlord's whole bill, and the damage of the persons proposing.

After a good supper, operations commenced. One proposed burning his coat, which was immediately done by all without a murmur.—Their hats, canes, boots, and waistcoats, in succession, followed suit, until Col. B.'s turn came. "Landlord," said he, "call a surgeon." The surgeon was called, and to the astonishment of the whole company, ordered by Col. B. *to draw out every tooth he had in his head.* He had *but one*, which the surgeon drew out. This proposition brought the young gentlemen to their senses. They paid the whole bill, and furnished the old gentleman with means to equip himself handsomely, in return for the *old clothes* he had burned. V.

Abduction.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 25th ult. relates the following incident:

A short time since a gentleman and his wife arrived in this city, and put up at one of our fashionable boarding houses. The utmost connubial harmony seemed to exist between them, which throws the more interest and mystery over the circumstances that follow. The husband soon after his arrival was called from the city on business, and anticipating an immediate return, the wife remained behind. Her beauty was of that luxurious order rather appertaining to the robust than the sylph-like. Her figure bespoke health, her countenance innocence. Some days rolled by, and no intelligence was received from the husband. At length a stranger called at the boarding house, bringing a letter to the anxious wife from her absent partner. The letter represented to the lady that her husband, being detained by the business which took him away, wished her to come to him immediately under the protection of the bearer. Her preparations were accordingly made, her own and her husband's baggage safely packed and conveyed to the steamboat, and the lady departed with the supposed friend of her husband. This is the last known of the lady, the baggage, or the bearer of the letter.

A Misapprehension.—We recollect once being very much amused at the relation of the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable, and withal a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of Nature, leaving her his sole legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower, of middle age. Being unused at that time to the forms of law—though in the protracted law suit which followed she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much alarmed; and meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed, with much agitation, "What do you think? Sheriff Prine has been after me!" "Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." "But, he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow. "Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear." "But, you don't understand—he says I must go to court." "Oh, that's quite another affair, my child; don't you go so far as that; it is his place to come to court you!"

MARRIAGES.

In Brockport, Mr. Arthur Harris, to Miss Mary E. Phillipson, both of Murray.

In Gaines, Mr. Cyrus, Jaqueth, to Miss Anna Bloss, both of Barre.

In Attica, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. O. D. Taylor, Mr. Lorin Jones, to Miss Marilla Hunt, both of Bennington.

Also, on the 6th inst., by the same, Mr. James H. Fillemore, to Miss Emeline Norton, of Bennington.

On Tuesday the 11th inst., in this city, by the Rev. C. Dewey, D. D., Rev. EVAN JOHNS, of Canandaigua, to Mrs. MABEL BARTON, of Buffalo.

In Murray, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Langworthy, of Gaines, Mr. Leonard Cole, to Miss Elizabeth Underhill, all of the above place.

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

GENESEE RIVER.

Written at High Falls, in December, 1839.

Let the bards of the east sing the beauties of Yarrow,
The Ayre and the Avon, the Tweed and the Dee;
Yet from England or Scotland oh why need we borrow
While we boast of such rivers as wild Genesee?

The Spaniard may boast of his swift "Guadalquiver,"
The German may boast of his "Arrowy" river
As it toils its slow current through flat Germany,—
Yet they come not like tempests the mountains upreading—
When the lightnings the oak's brawny shoulders are bending,
In their bosoms, the wealth of a thousand streams blending,
As once did the waters of wild Genesee.

Go wander far south 'yond the bleak Allegheny,
South e'en to the confines of vast Pennsylvania,
And thence trace its current majestic and free;
Count the mist-mantled cataracts it leaps down in thunder,
Count the mountains ploughed through and the rocks rent asunder
Then well mayest thou pause rapt in statuelike wonder,
On the steep rocky banks of the wild Genesee.

It had its rude birth 'mong the hills and the mountains,
And it drank from the depths of earth's numberless fountains,
Ere it took up its march for the lower countrie.
Then it broke down the barriers that heavenward tower,
And onward it rolled in its splendour and power
Till Ontario welcomed the crystaline dower,
From the calm silver bosom of wild Genesee!

By thy stream, Genesee, the fierce savage once wardered,
His rude wigwam nestled beside thy clear wave,
There of love, war and glory he long ago pondered
But where are those warriors, whose hearts were so brave?
Who danced at the twilight in love's fairy bower,
And wielded the war club at midnight's dark hour,
With lives strangely made up of grief and of glee?
Like the mist-clouds that rise from Ontario's water,
They smiled in love's sunshine and frowned in war's slaughter—
Like the mists they have vanished from wild Genesee.

D. W. C. R.

From the Binghamton Courier.

THE CONSPIRACY, OR THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

A NOUVELLETTE—IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

BY JOSEPH BOUGHTON, ESQ.

Falconbridge.—Ha! I'll tell thee what!
Thou art doom'd as black, nay nothing is so black
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill—
Hubert.—Do but hear me, Sir!
* * * * * * * * * *
Fal.—I do not *suspect* thee very grievously!
Hub.—If I, in act consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stirring that sweet breath
That was embounded in this noble clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well. *King John.*

CHAPTER I.

See'st thou my home? 'Tis where yon woods are waving
In their dark richness to the sunny air—
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hill a vein of light—'tis there.
Hemans.

In one of the Western States, about three miles west of the spot where stands the now flourishing town of L———, is a building, which, though originally constructed with an eye to taste and elegance, now bears the impress of a time-worn, dilapidated mansion.—Situated on a beautiful rising hillock, which sloped gently northwardly to a majestic river, whose graceful bend around its base, added to an imposing landscape beyond its opposite shore, rendered that once delightful spot the loviest of Nature's sylvian retreats. Thirty years ago—alas! it was indeed a paradise.—Under the roof of that mountain, and amid the arcadian groves that surrounded it, bloomed a flower surpassing in beauty its native magnolia. That flower was Frances Cuthbert. Her father, a widower, had been in his youth a resident of New England—and had emigrated to the beautiful spot above described, while Frances was yet an infant, having buried her mother, the wife of his youth, in the land of his fathers, on the banks of the Connecticut.—Possessing wealth, and an intelligent mind, he sought to adorn his new home with every thing which taste or fancy suggested, and to spend his remaining years in tilling an adjacent farm, in the sports of hunting, and, when fatigued with these, to devote himself to his large and well chosen library, and to the education of his beautiful daughter.

CHAPTER II.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn! *Falstaff.*

On a morning in September, in the year 18— a stranger was seen to alight at the principal inn in the village of L———. His demeanor was prepossessing—a noble frankness beamed on his countenance—his eye was restless, full and expressive, and his rich voice and easy gentlemanly deportment, particularly fascinated the landlady, who threw open the door of her best parlor for his reception, and bade her daughter haste and order breakfast for the young gentleman. Betty modestly rose from the seat where she had been at one and at the same time, sewing and rocking the cradle, and retreating towards the door, raised her eye on the stranger, and blushing deeply, left the parlor.

"May I enquire," said the stranger, addressing the landlady, "if you have resided long in these parts?"

"Nigh on to about six years, Sir. But we've seen a 'nation deal of trouble since we left Connecticut."

"And you were from that State?"

"Yes, Sir. My husband determined to go west to mend his fortunes, and although he's been considerably prospered since we come here yet, as I was sayin', we've seen considerable trouble. We've lost all our children but two. It's a pretty considerable smart place, Sir, this is—but it's so unhealthy. Then we haven't no doctors, except Ingens and quacks. If we had a good physician in this place, Sir, it would be a great blessin'."

"Are your inhabitants pretty wealthy?—and do you think a physician's business here would be lucrative?"

"Wealthy! *lucre-to give.* Lord bless your soul, Sir! The people of this town would shell out half their fortunes to a good physician—and that wouldn't be no small shakes, I tell you."

"Well, my good lady—I am a physician from Yankee land. It was my intention to have gone farther west, but I will stop for the present here; the aspect of your town pleases me—I may be induced to become a resident."

"Dear now do tell. You a doctor? Well," exclaimed the old lady, throwing back her spectacles, and looking superlatively wise, "I knew it all the time. I diskivered something about you that made me think you was a physician.—Do stay with us—you shall have a month's board for nothin'."

The daughter here returned to the parlor, followed by a young negro servant, with coffee, cream, beefsteakes and pancakes. "Betty," exclaimed the matron, "this is Doctor———what did you say was your name, Sir?"

"Montrose," replied the stranger smiling at the manner the old lady managed to learn his cognomen. The landlady, guest and daughter, now sat down to the breakfast table, the good things of which were amicably stowed away by the doctor, whose enlivening conversation and social bearing, had already won the admiration of the hostess—and who never failed to spice the interim between carving, dishing out, and eating with elegant sayings, culculated to captivate the good old lady, and to charm her pretty daughter.

CHAPTER III.

The secret pleasure of a noble heart
Is the great mind's great bribe. *Dryden.*

"Where's Frances?" enquired Mr. Cuthbert of his house keeper. Belinda, as he returned from town—and throwing himself in his arm chair, commenced smoking his pipe with the most imaginable luxurious ease.

"Gone to the summer house on the bank of the river, Sir. She took her guitar and Fidele with her."

The romatic little baggage! Go, Belinda, and send her to her father instantly. I wish she would abate her rambles after flowers, and her summer-house serenades. No good can come of it."

Belinda started to do the bidding of Mr. C., and the latter again relapsed into a comfortable posture, and was enjoying his pipe, when a scream from Belinda roused him from his seat, and rushing to the porch, he beheld his daughter pale and death like, borne in the arms of a young man. Her garments were dripping with water, and her hair dishevelled and saturated, enveloped the half of her face, while her hand, infant-like, reposed on the shoulder of the stranger. This was no time for explanation. Parental affection and solicitude was roused into action, and the lifeless Frances was hastily borne to her couch, while the agonized father, hurriedly thanking the stranger, exclaimed,—"Heaven preserve my child! there is no physician within two hour's ride, and how to procure medicine or assistance, I do not know."

"If you will except my advice, Sir," said the stranger, I think that immediate application of ordinary restoratives will bring the young lady back to life and animation—and with your permission, I will assist you in the task."

"You are a physician then?—thank God—how opportune! I will give up the treatment of her case to you, Sir—and heaven send you skill, and my daughter relief," sobbed the old man.

Montrose, whom the reader will recognise as the young stranger, now put in action his utmost skill in reviving the almost drowned young lady—and under his treatment, she was within a fortnight restored to health. The explanation now ensued. Frances had gone to the summer house on the river bank, with no other companions but her guitar and her dog Fidele. While engaged in playing the instrument, her dog had scampered away to the river side and brought flowers to his mistress, (a trick he had been taught.) Suddenly she heard Fidele bark furiously, and then whine and scream, as if in distress. She dropped her guitar, and hastening to the shore, beheld a large catamount tearing her favorite to pieces. The huge animal fixed his eyes upon her—she was standing on the shelving brink of the stream—she was transfixed with terror by the

gaze of the animal—and could not move—she saw the creature crouched, prepared to spring upon her—she felt herself falling—she heard the report of a gun—she saw no more! The remaining part of the story was told by Belinda. She arrived in time to witness the animal shot to the ground by the aim of Montrose, and to see the latter plunge into the river and rescue the drowning girl from a watery grave. The father and daughter now joined in expressions of gratitude to the humane stranger, and on learning that he was about to locate himself in the adjoining village, declared their joy and a wish that he would frequently visit them.

CHAPTER IV.

With prospects bright, upon the world he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame.
Guy Mannering.

His teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge——
Spencer.

Montrose now took up his residence with the landlady in the village of L——, opened an office, and soon found himself in possession of a prosperous business. His intense application to the labors of his profession, and his endeavors to study out the causes of and the remedies for the many epidemics which prevailed at that time, were crowned with success. He became a popular physician. He was a man of no ordinary talents, the son of an eastern farmer, (whose provident means enabled him to give his son a liberal education in one of the principal colleges,) and possessed a dignity and elegance of manners that ensured him the respect of all. Having a disposition to visit the western country, and, if encouragement offered, to prosecute his profession there, he had gone thither, and we now see him reaping a rich reward for his study and toils. The village of L——continued to thrive, and the aspect became more and more one of activity and enterprize. Montrose became a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Cuthbert. The old gentleman found pleasure in his conversation and society—and it was with feelings of the deepest gratification that he witnessed the growing attachment between him and his daughter. Frances Cuthbert had been reared under the roof of the present residence of her father. He had himself been her early instructor, but the two years previous to the time now spoken of had been spent by her at a boarding school in Virginia, from whence she had returned with a mind endowed with learning, and with manners which had received the polish and spirit of refined accomplishment.

While at the boarding school, she was introduced to a young Spaniard, named Gonzalvo Hernandez, whose sister Agnes was attending the same school; with the latter of whom Frances had become somewhat intimate on account of the facility thereby afforded her in obtaining a knowledge of the Spanish language, which was one of her studies. Gonzalvo Hernandez, like many of his countrymen, possessed great manly beauty, but also their usual propensities, avarice, cruelty and revenge. Frances saw but little of him before his return home, but the impressions which he had made upon her mind were those of dislike if not loathing.

Two years after Montrose had established his residence at the village of L——, Hernandez came there, and having letters from his sister to Frances, introduced himself into the family of Mr. Cuthbert by delivering them;—and availing himself of this introduction soon became a frequent visitor there. After a residence of a year in the village, during which time he had continued his visits to the family of Mr. C., he made proposals to the latter to marry his daughter, which were promptly rejected by both, not only on the ground of her engagement to Montrose, but from a dislike to the Spaniard, which they found impossible to repress. Stung to the soul by mortification and disappointment, Hernandez from that time vowed revenge against Mr. Cuthbert and Montrose.

CHAPTER V.

——A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed, to do a deed of shame.
King John.

We must now introduce to our readers a new personage,—that of Gilbert Jasen, Esq., Justice of the Peace of the Borough of——. This individual's character may be summed up by saying that he was a compendium of all that is unprincipled and iniquitous. He had amassed considerable property by every species of foul play: and his avarice did not scruple to take by extortion the bread from the mouths of the widow and the orphan. The appointment which he held had been obtained by shifting cunning and intrigue—and he did not hesitate in rendering it subservient to the accomplishment of his miserly wishes. He had come to the village of L——— a few years before under somewhat suspicious circumstrnces, and rumor had been busy with his name. He had, however, managed not only to elude the toils of justice, but to gloss over the dark spots on his fame sufficiently to maintain a tolerably respectable standing as an inhabitant of L———, Yet there were those who distrusted him at all times,—among whom were Mr. Cuthberton and Montrose,—and an event happened so on which confirmed them in their opinions of his character and paved the way for the many disasters recorded in our tale.

Mr. Cuthbert was returning from an adjoining county, wither he had been to dispose of a tract of land, which he owned there. The proceeds of the sale had been paid him in specie, which he now carried in his portmanteau upon the horse which he rode. His route home lay thro' an almost entire wilderness—a few squatters' huts only here and there relieving the eye of the traveller by the curling smoke which rose from their chimneys, and the light of whose windows faintly illumed the deep gloom of the forest when night had set in. Some fifteen miles distant from the residence of Mr. Cuthbert, the road which hitherto had been on the level plain, abruptly descended and passed through a long and deep ravine, overhung with beetling rocks, on whose summits the pine and the hemlock grew, shutting every glimmering of star-light from the view of the traveller in the road beneath. Mr. Cuthbert reached this place about nine at night. He had proceeded scarce a hundred yards when his rein was seized by some unseen hand, and in an instant he was sent reeling from his horse. The robber proceeded to loose the portmanteau from the saddle to which it had been strongly fastened—but ere he had accomplished this, the clattering of hoofs upon the rocky bottom of the ravine path sounded in his ears, and with bungling haste he tore the leather fastenings from the saddle, and placed the treasure across his shoulder, when a stout hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice, which the robber well knew, commanded him to stop! Muttering a hasty "d———nation!"—which the ebullition of thwarted villainy suffered to escape from him, the robber threw the treasure upon the ground, and darted up the rocks of the glen. Darkness prevented pursuit. The new comer picked up the portmanteau, and approaching the horse, found Mr. Cuthbert, who had recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, standing by it. As soon as they both spoke, Mr. Cuthbert was rejoiced to recognise as his deliverer, Doctor Montrose!—The former was not much hurt—and with the assistance of Montrose, soon reached his home. The exclamation which escaped the robber at the time which he was seized by Montrose, sufficiently betrayed to him, and also to Mr. Cuthbert, a voice as to the owner of which they could not be mistaken. Their supicions both fell upon the *honest* individual, whom we have introdeced to the commencement of this chapter. They nevertheless deemed it prudent to wait for futher confirmation of those suspicions.

The story of the attempted robbery having been spread the next day, no individual was more struck with wonder and indignation than Justice Jansen, and no magistrate was so busy in his endeavors to seek out the offender. Having ascertained that a young man, a laborer, had been seen among the rocks of the ravine, on the evening the offence was committed, he issued a warrant and had him brought before him. All that could be proved against the young man on his examination, was the fact above stated, which Jansen thought sufficient to put him on his trial: and was about to issue a mittimus for his confinement, when Mr. Cuthbert and Montrose entered the office, and asked to be sworn in the matter. The justice was a little confused—but took their oaths.

"What do you wish to say?" asked Jansen.

"That the young man, the prisoner here, is not the one who attacked Mr. Cuthbert," replied Montrose,

"And how do you know that fact?" asked the Justice.

"The voice is different—and the size of his arm is much smaller than the robber's. I am prepared to judge, for I seized the villain's arm' and Montrose bent a stern eye upon Jansen, and then upon his worship's *arm*.

Jasen turned considerably pale, but recovering himself inquired—"Did you know the robber's voice?"

"I am not prepared to swear positively that I do—yet I think I know it—at any rate I know it was not the voice of that young man."

Mr. Cuthbert also gave it as his opinion that it was not the young man who attacked him, as the voice was not the same; and the Justice was compelled to discharge the prisoner.

Jasen knew he was suspected—and it behooved him to put all his talents and knavery in action to roll back the tide that was so fearfully setting against him. What should be done.—There was but one individual who possessed his confidence—and this was the Spaniard Hernandez. The latter had been his boon companion during his stay in the village, and had assisted, planned, and shared in the avails of their combined rascality. To Hernandez he went, and apened to him his situation. He could not have found a more willing friend in his extremity. Burning with jealousy and the sting of disappointed affection, Hernandez was ripe for any expedient that would ensure him revenge.—Here, then, in the chamber of Hernadez, in the darkness of the night was formed the dire, the wicked conspiracy, that was to—But I antiuipate.

CHAPTER VI.

Is this a dagger, that I see before me? *Macbeth.*

Hernandez sought an acquaintance with Montrose, and soon became a constant lounger at his office; and indeed, so artful did the Spaniard contrive that Montrose became quite prepossessed in his favor, and confided many important secrets to him. He found the Spaniard an intelligent and somewhat agreeable companion. The latter had travlled much both in America and Europe—and the fund of information which he possesed, was listened carefully to by Montrose, who let slip no opportunity for improving his mind. Hernandez dwelt enthusiastically upon his native country, Spain—her ruined castles—her moss clad monasteries—her placid rivers—her beautiful valleys—her hills covered with a thousand flocks. Now would he interest Montrose with a description of a bull-fight—and anon bring to mind the heroic achievements of some Castillian Knight.

"I have a relic of those days of knighthood to show you," said Hernandez, taking from his wrapper a beautifully wrought breastplate, studded with amethysts—"this," continued he "was given me by a French soldier who obtained it by plundering with his comrades a museum at Seville."

Nor was Montrose at loss to interest his visiter in kind. He dwelt with pleasure on the events of the Revolution—and the political history of New England. He modestly touched upon the achievments of his pilgrim ancestors, in their encounters with the savage tribes that surrounded them.

"This weapon," said Montrose, producing a long dagger with an ivory handle, the extremity of which was fashioned to resemble a clenched hand, "has belonged to my ancestors for many generations. It first belonged to Henry Montrose, who was a Roundhead, and for some time a colonel under Cromwell, You will perceive by its appearance that it has seen some service. The shattered guard and that deep incision in the blade, were produced by a mortal combat between my grandfather and an Indian chief, which resulted in the death of the latter. The chief on that occasion wielded a ponderous tomahawk, while his opponent had no other weapon but this dagger, and with which by dexterity of management, he parried the blows of the tomahawk with such skill as finally to cut off the hand that wielded it, and drove the blade home to the heart of the furious savage. I prize the relic highly, and have recently had my name engraved on the handle."

Hernandez affected to listen to the recital of this tale, while a fiendish joy stired his bosom; and basilisk flashes shot forth from his eyes as he took the dagger and examined. Just then the tea-bell rang, and the unsuspecting Montrose, taking the dagger and hastily throwing it in a half-open drawer, asked his companion to excuse his absence, departed leaving Hernandez in his office. The Spaniard now approached the drawer where the dagger was thrown, took it out, and with a grim smile of satisfaction, he placed it in his bosom, and left the office.

CHAPTER VII.

I'll set down the pegs that make this music.—*Othello.*

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow,
Thou shalt be made immortal!
Measure for Measure.

That evening Montrose received a letter from his mother, announcing the dangerous illness of his father, requesting him to loose no time in setting out for New England, as he might then for perhaps the last time, behold the face and receive the blessings of the best of parents.—This letter was accompanied by one from his father's Solicitor, stating that in the event of his parent's death, it would be neccessary for Montrose to remain some time for the settlement of his father's estate. Montrose received this intelligence with feelings of the deepest grief—and resolved to depart on the following morning for his native State.

After arranging a few matters preparitory to his departure on the next day, he went that evening to visit Mr. Cuthbert and his daughter. He announced to them his determination to start the next morning for New England, and the reasons that called him away—and that he should probably be absent for three or four months. The evening being somewhat advanced, Montrose approached Frances, and drawing the gentle girl to his bosom and kissing her forehead, he bade her farewell, and rose to depart.

"Let me accompany you to the end of the lawn," said Mr. Cuthbert. "It is only a half mile, and I have some important command to entrust you with."

"I shall be most happy to execute them, replied Montrose.

They left the house, and proceeded down the walk that led to the gate at the end of the lawn occupied in a general conversation. It was nearly twelve o'clock, but the moon had risen, and was throwing

"Her silver light on tower and tree."

While they were thus walking, they met a couple of farmers, who were on their return from the village, whom they recognised, and after bowing to them passed on. On reaching the gate, Mr. Cuthbert broke to Montrose the nature of his commands.

"They are simply these, said Mr. Cuthbert—"I have recently purchased a part of a township of land adjacent to my present possessions. It was owned by a Boston Company, with whose agent I contracted about six months ago. The agent has since died, and there is a sum of three thousand dollars due, which I wish to have paid into the hands of the Company at Boston.—Here is a draft for the amount upon a Boston Bank, which I procured this morning of Judge Walton, with a view of transmitting it by mail, but I choose rather to entrust you with it, and with the transaction of the business for me, if you will be so kind as to undertake it."

"I am happy of an opportunity to serve you," replied Montrose.

"I am sorry to trouble you farther," continued Mr. Cuthbert, I have a widowed friend a few miles from Boston to whom I wish to send five hundred dollars for the purpose of sending her son to College. I have the sum here in fifty dollar bills. Will you undertake to deliver it to the lady?"

Montrose expressed his readiness to undertake this and every similar request of Mr. Cuthbert.

"I am heartily obliged to you," said Mr. C., —"and permit me to urge your acceptance from me of this beautiful gold watch, as a small testimony of my esteem for you. I hope you will not be absent long. Present my best respects to your mother, and to your father, if you find him living, and (taking Montrose by the hand, and placing the watch within it,) now farewell, Sir, till you return.

Montrose was overcome by the kindness of Mr. Cuthbert, and by his feelings at the thought of visiting a dying father, perhaps a widowed mother; and hastily stammering an adieu, he pressed the hand of Mr. C., and hurriedly bent his steps home.

Mr. Cuthbert gazed after him, until he was seen to turn an angle of the road, and was lost to his view. "Noble young man!" he said to himself—"worthy indeed is he of my beautiful Frances." He turned around—and *Hernandez* stood before him!

"You seem to think much of your son-in-law that is to be"—said the Spaniard sneeringly, "if is for *him*, then, that my suit is treated with contempt?"

"I can conceive no object, and certainly cannot perceive the right in your haunting me with your complaints, and particularly at this hour of the night," replied Mr. Cuthbert.

"Swear to me that you will discard Montrose, and henceforth favor my suit with Frances, on your peril!" said Hernandez fiercely, still retaining his position in the path before Mr. Cuthbert.

"I shall do no such thing, replied the latter, as he turned out of the path to avoid the Spaniard.

"Take *that!* and know 'tis *your minion's weapon* that you feel!" furiously shouted Hernandez, as he plunged the dagger deep into the side of Mr. Cuthbert, who fell on the earth faint and bleeding. The murderer gazed on his victim with fiendish pleasure—and as the latter recovered from his faintness, Hernandez pointed to the dagger, still sticking in the side of Mr. C. and said—"'Tis *Montrose's* dagger—'twill convict him of your murder, and I shall be doubly revenged!" and turning on his heel the murderous Spaniard fled. He had proceeded but a short distance into the grove, when the burley figure of Jasen stepped out from behind a tree. He seized the Spaniard's hand, and with a low, chuckling voice, thanked him for having put out of the way the witness of his late crime.

"I avenged not your wrongs but my own"—said Hernandez—"but let us away—or morning will mar all that is made."

CHAPTER VIII.

——Here's a good world—
Knew of *you* this fair work? *King John.*

The wounded man lay weltering in his own gore, unable to rise. The agony of his mind was equal to that of his body, as the thought of his daughter, her unprotected situation, and the design of the wily Spaniard in charging the commission of the crime upon Montrose. He frenziedly attempted to rise and rush towards his house, but the loss of blood and the pain were to great, and he again sank upon the earth. Madness had taken possession of his brain, and he continued alternately to shout the names of Frances and Montrose, until the purple tide of life ceased to flow from his wound, and he fell into insensibility. He was discovered in this situation about five o'clock in the morning, by Belinda, who had risen early and sauntered towards the place, unconscious of the absence of Mr. Cuthbert, supposing him to be in bed in the house. On discovering her master, as he lay extended on the grass, and weltering in his blood, her shrieks soon summoned the neighbors to the spot, and the lifeless form of Mr. Cuthbert was carried to his mansion. The tidings of the murder soon spread through the neighborhood, and the adjacent village, and in an hour the house was thronged. The magistrate, Mr. Wirt, and the Sheriff, with his *posse*, were there. All was anxiety and enquiry as to whom the murder could be. Mr. Cuthbert had been laid on a couch in the hall—Belinda was sitting at the foot with streaming eyes, and Frances knelt by the side, pale as the chissel-led marble, and her eyes fixed upon the pallid features of her father. A sigh was heard to escape from the couch, and was followed by short breathing.

"He is yet alive!" exclaimed Frances, can we not recover my dearest father? Oh where, where is *Montrose?*"

A convulsive shuddering seized the frame of the dying man at the pronunciation of that name, and with a mighty effort he sprang up in his couch, as if he wished to communicate something to those around. His eye fell on his daughter, on whom it glared wildly and pityingly. He then pronounced the words—"My poor girl! Montrose————" he could pronounce no more—he fell heavily back upon the pillow, and the spirit of Mr. Cuthbert departed for ever.

Belinda and Frances were borne insensible from the hall.

"There is some awful meaning in that last expiring effort to speak," said the magistrate.—"What would he say of Montrose?"

"Where is he?" enquired the sheriff.

"I met him this morning riding off with unusual speed," said a by-stander, "but he's a doctor, and I supposed he was called on some case of sickness requiring haste."

"My suspicions may prove groundless," said Mr. Wirt, "but a horrid murder has been committed by somebody, and we must do our duty in ferreting out the guilty."

"Let us go," said the sheriff, "to the place where Mr. Cuthbert was found—perhaps we may be able to track the assassin."

They all departed, and went to the spot where the deceased had been found by Belinda. The grass was covered with blood, which they traced back a small distance—and the sheriff then picked up *the dagger*, which lay on the ground, and farther on, close to the gate, found the pocket book of Mr. C. The sheriff held up the dagger, and wiping the blood from the handle, discovered the "W. MONTROSE" engraved on the silver.

"It is plain who has done the deed!" exclaimed the sheriff, "and we must now prepare to arrest him." The sheriff with his officers then mounted their horses, and rode off with haste in pursuit of their prisoner.

[Concluded in our next.]

THE POOR MAN TO HIS CHILD.

Come nearer my boy! let me gaze on those features;
Let me part thy bright locks that are shading thy brow;
They call me a beggar, but none of God's creatures
Can boast of a treasure more costly than thou!

Ay, come to this bosom! these arms that enfold thee,
Though weakened by sickness, affection can move;
Long, long may they shield thee, for none else would hold thee,
Or speak to my child in accents of love!

Oh, no, when I rest from my toil in the grave,
'Neath the same grassy mound where thy mother hath lain;
There are few who would yield thee the food thou may'st crave,
There are none who will fondle the orphan again!

Young heir to my sorrow! for all I can give thee,
Is the anguish I feel at thy desolate lot;
God grant, that it may not long after survive me,
But be with the woes of thy father forgot!

It pains me to gaze on those eyes that are gleaming,
So lightsome and joyous, as once were my own;
And picture them hence, when the tears will be streaming,
And the rapture that kindles them now will be gone.

It grieves me to think how that heart will be riven,
When the finger of scorn will be tracing thy birth;
Oh! then, my sweet infant, look upwards to Heaven,
For HE will regard the forsaken of earth!

Laugh on, thus unconscious of sorrow to come;
I would that thy spirit were always as free!
For tho' lowly the shed we are calling our home,
Thou hast made it a palace of pleasure to me!

My blessing be with thee, my darling; my own!
Come, sit on my knee, while I tell in thy ear
Some tales of the land where thy mother is gone,
And we'll strive to forget the cold world and its care

The *Christian Religion* is so suited to a feeling heart, that one would think it would want no arguments for its truth except those which are drawn from its evident tendency to make us virtuous and happy. To love the God who created and redeemed us; to express our gratitude for infinite obligations, by the sincere though imperfect service of a few years; to cast all our care on him who careth for us; and secure in his protection, to banish every gloomy apprehension which might disturb our peace;—this certainly must appear an easy task to those who know and feel the pleasure of even an *earthly* friendship. But when we add to this the certainty that our endeavours to please will be not only accepted, but *rewarded;* when every Christian can say "after a few years, perhaps after a few hours, I shall, if it is not my own fault, be happy, perfectly happy to all eternity;" surely, with such encouragements, and such hopes, no temptation should have power to draw us from duty.

Sympathy.—"How singular," said one of our Chesnut street bucks, the other day, "how singular it is that the head and stomach sympathize with each other." "Do *yours* sympathize?" asked a lady. "Indeed they do," answered Whiskers; "my head and stomach are always in a similar condition." "Then," said the fair tormentor, "let me recommend to you Jayne's tonic vermifuge, for there is nothing better for a *weak* stomach."

Conscience.—When a man's conscience begins to get hard, it does it faster than anything in nature; it is, I may say, like the boiling of an egg; it is very clear at first, but as soon as it gets cloudy, one minute more and you may cut it with a knife.

Speaking of grammar: 'Well, Miss, said a knight of the birchen rod, 'can you decline a KISS?" 'Yes, sir,' said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, I CAN—but I hate to most plaguily.'—*Cleveland Herald.*

From the New York Express.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

JONATHAN SLICK'S FIRST VISIT TO THE PARK THEATRE.

Jonathan's first impressions of the Poetry of Motion, as written on the air, in the ærial *fetes* of Mademoiselle Celeste. Jonathan's first shock at the exhibition of a ballet costume, accompanied by the "twinkles" of Celeste's feet, —with her pigeon wings, double-shuffles, gailopades and *pirouettes*.

To Mr. ZEPHANIAH SLICK, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

Dear Par—I've been a trying to git time to write you a letter this ever so long; but somehow I've had so many parties to go to, besides sleigh rides, balls, and so on, that I haint known which eend my head is on more than half the time. Besides all that, I've felt kinder loth to write you, for I ain't jist sartin that you and marm wont be in a pucker about what I've been a doing since I writ to you before. But I've got my pluck a stirring jist now; so I'm detarmined to up and tell you all right out, jist as it is.—for arter all, a feller must be a consarned coward that'll do a thing, right or wrong, and then back out from owning on it.

Wal, t'other night Mr. Beebe he cum up to my office about sundown, and sez he, "Cousin Slick, supposing we go to the Park Theatre tonight, and see Madam Celeste dance." My heart ris right up into my throat as he said this, for the very idee of going to the Theatre set me all over in a twitter. Ever since I come down here to York, I've had an etarnal hankering to go and see some of their plays; but I tried all I could to pacify myself, and thought over more than forty times all the preachings you used to make agin them—how you used to say they were filled with sinful devices and picters of the devils own painting, and that they warn't nothing more nor less than scraps of the infarnal regions sot up here on arth to delude away poor mortals. I wanted to go awfully, but instead of giving in to cousin John when he fust come, I jist sot too and let off one of your preachments to him; but he didn't seem to mind it, but sez he, "Cousin, would you think it right if a feller was to come out like all blazes agin one of your letters in the Express, if he hadn't read 'em '?'

"I should like to ketch a feller at it—I should," sez I. "Wal," sez he, "do you think it fair to run out agin the Theatres till you've seen something on 'em?" "Wal," sez I, "I don't know as it is; but aint my par an old man as well as deacon of the church, and hadn't he ought to know. What's the use of a man's experience if his children won't profit by it so long as he can't turn about and live his life over agin?"

"That's true," sez cousin John, "but are you sartin that your father was ever at a play in his life?"

"What, my par at the Theatre!" sez I a holding up both hands, "Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esq., Justice of the Peace and deacon of the church, at the Theatre! Look a here, cousin John, why don't you ask if he ever plays all fours, or I had as many wives as the stars in the skies,—he would be jist about as likely to do the one as t'other."

"Wal," sez John, sort of parsevering, "how can he judge about them sort of things without he's seen 'em?"

"Come, come, jist put on your fix and let's go down." So with that he come his soft sodder so strong that I could'nt hold out no longer, so I jist give up, and we started off; but my heart felt sort of queer all the way, for I could'nt keep from thinking how you and marm would feel when you found out where I'd been. I don't think there's any thing very scrumptious about the out side of the Theatre any how. Think sez I, as I looked up to it, if this is raly a temple of the Old Nick, he haint put himself out of the way much to finefy it off. A good many of the meeting houses here in York go ahead of this all to nothing. It looks more like a town hall or a tavern than any thing else that I can think on.

When we got into the entry way, Cousin Beebe he took out a dollar bill, and went up to a little hole cut out in the wall, and stuck in his hand, and sez he, "a ticket."

Thinks, sez I, wal if this don't beat all; they raly mean to carry on all kinds of develtry; who'd a thought of finding one of these darnation lottery offices here.

"You wont want any ticket, Jonathan," sez cousin John.

"No," sez I. "I guess I don't; if theirs any thing on arth that makes my blood bile its gambling."

I was a going on to give him a piece of my mind, but jist then he pushed a door open, all kivered over with green flannel, and give his paper to a tall man that stood there, looking as solemn as an owl in a storm; and, sez he, a pointing to me, this gentleman belongs to the Express Office. The feller looked at me as sharp as a needle, and he begun to fumble over a paper, as if he didn't know exactly what he wanted; but at last he held out his hand, and said it was custom for the press to leave cards at the door. I never was so struck up in my whole born days. Think, sez, I, Wal, if this don't beat all natur; think because a feller is green enough to go to the Theatre, that he must play cards, and every thing else that's bad. I shouldn't wonder much, sez I to myself, if he wants me to begin and cuss and to swear next. I looked him right in his eyes, and put my hands down in my pockets allfired hard, and, sez I,

"Look a here, you sir, I aint no gambler—none of your foreign chaps, that git their living by playing cards. You must be soft in the upper story if you don't see that the first giffy. You don't see no hair on my upper lip. I don't carry a cane with a bayonet in it, nor wear checkered trowsers, so you needn't ask *me* to give you any cards. I haint touched one of the pesky things since marm broke the tin dipper over my head for singing out, 'high, low, Jack and the game, by gauley,' one day, when I and another little shaver got hid away in the corn house a playing all fours."

The feller opened his eyes a few when I said this, but three or four finefied young fellers, with white gloves on, and little canes in their hand, come to the door, and stood a grinning at me like so many hungry monkeys. Cousin John spoke sort of low, and sez he—

"It is your name the man wants. If you havn't any cards write in out on a piece of paper."

With that the man handed over a piece of paper, and cousin Bebee give me his gold pencil

Think, sez I, "If they will have my name, I'll give 'em a smasher"—so I flourished the "J" off with an allfired long tail, and curlecued the "S" up till it looked like a black snake in the sun. I ruther seem to think the feller stared a few when he saw the name. The grinning chaps cum and looked at it, but made themselves scarce in less than no time arter they had made it out, and the tall chap, he bowed close down to the floor, and sez he—

"Walk in, Mr. Slick, Mr. Simpson put your name on the free list ever so long ago."

I was going to ask him to tell Mr. Simpson that I was very much obligated, though I hadn't the least idea what he meant by his free list, but that minute there was such a smashing of fiddle and drums and toot-horns inside that I eenamost jumped out of my skin. It seemed as if a dozen training bands had all been set a going to once. Cousin John he took hold of my arm and hauled me along through a little door into a great big room built off more like a meeting house than any thing else—and yet it wasn't like that neither. It was shaped kinder like a horse shoe, the floor was chuck full of benches, covered over with red cushions, and there was four galleries all pillared off and painted, and sot off with gold and great blazing glass things that made every thing look as bright as day. In the second gallery there were five or six places all boarded off from the rest, with lots of gold picters all round them, and hung over with silk curtains, till they looked more like the berths on board a steam boat than any thing I could think on. These places were chuck full of allfired handsome gals and spruce looking fellers, that were dressed off to kill, and talked and laughed as chipper as could be. The ruff was an etarnal way up from the floor; it rounded up, and was crinkle crankled off with gold and picters till it looked like the west jist afore sundown, when the red and yaller and purple lie in heaps and ridges all over the sky. Think sez I, if that's what par means by a device of the devil, Old Nick is no slouch at putting the shine on the ruff of his house, any how.

We sot down on one of the red benches in the lowest gallery, and I got a leetle over the twitter that I was in at fust, and jist made up my mind to look about amongst the folks to see what was going on. It warnt a mite of wonder that the musicianers made me jump so when I was in the entry way, for clear on tother eend of the room was a long pen chuck full and running over with fiddlers, base drums and great brass horns, all pulling and blowing and thumping away like all natur; but didn't they send out the music!—never on arth did I hear anything like it! It made me choke and sigh and ketch my breath like a dying hen; and all I could do, my feet would keep going over the slips, and my yaller gloves seemed as if they would never git still agin, they kept so busy a beating time on the leg of my new trousers. Jist over the pen where the fiddlers sot, hung a great picter as big as the side of a house. I thought of what you said about Theatres being filled with picters of the devil's own painting; but I could'nt make up my mind that that was one on 'em, for it was so green and cold, and a pale man, pictured out on a heap of stones in the middle on it, looked as shivery as if he'd had a fit of the fever and ague—besides, there was water painted out, and every body knows that Old Scratch aint teo-total enough to paint a picter chuck full of clouds and water and sich like, without one spark of fire to make him feel to hum in his own premises.

By and-by sich sights of people, all dressed off as if they were a going to a general training ball, kept a pouring in through all the leetle doors in the galleries till the seats were all chuck full; such a glistening of handsome eyes, and feathers and flowers, I never did see. A purty little gal cum and sot close down by me, and now and then I took a slanting squint at her;—and by the hokey! she was a slick leetle critter, with the consarnedest soft eyes I ever looked into. I wonder what on arth is the reason that I can't sit down by a hondsome gal, but my heart will begin to flounder about like a fish jist arter he's hooked. Think, sez I, if there's any dancing a going on to-night, darn me if I don't shine up to that gal for a partner. But, where on arth the folks were a going to find a place to dance in I couldn't make out, for there warnt room enough to hang up a flax seed edge ways. I was just going to ask cousin John about it, when the fiddles pulled up a minit, and all to once that great picture gave a twitch, and up it went like a streak of chalk, into the ruff, or the Lord knows where. I jumped right on eend I was so struck up with what I see. Clear back where the curtain had been was a purty little garden as nat'ral as one of our onion patches. It was chuck full of trees and flowers, and a snug leetle house stood on one side; clear back, jist under the edge of the sky, lay the soft water, looking as blue and still as could be. What to make on it I couldn't tell; it warnt like a picter, and yet I couldn't think how on arth there could be room enough to have sich a place near the Theatre.

While I sot there a bending for'ard with one of my yaller gloves pressed down on each knee, and a staring like a stuck pig with my mouth a

leetle open, a lot of folks dressed off in short jackets and trousers cut off at the knees, come a dancing out of the house and begun to talk all at once, and chatter and laugh together as chipper as a flock of birds. They seemed as happy as clams in high water; and the fellers skipped and hung round the gals like good fellers. But the gals were dressed out too bad.—I'll be darned if some on 'em did'nt make me feel streaked, their frocks were so short. They did'nt seem to make no bones of showing their legs half way to their knees. I swanny if I was'nt ashamed to look at the purty gal that sot by me. Thinsk sez I, if she don't blush and feel all overish I'm mistaken. Arter a while I give her a kind of a slantingdicular squint, but she sot as still as a kitten, and looking as if butter would'nt melt in her mouth, but was a staring right straight at the garden without seeming to mind the gals' legs a bit more than if they'd a been so many broom sticks. It warnt a great while afore I did'nt seem to mind it much either, for a leetle old comical looking chap come out in front of the garden and begun to chatter and larf and fling his arms about every which way, and to tell about some young gal, that was a goin to be married, Madelsine he called her.—Wal, while he was a talking, a feller all in red regimentals, come round the house, as big as my pussy cousins, with a set of letters in his hand, and blowing a tin toot-horn, as if he wanted us all to come to dinner. He turned out to be a sort of a post rider, with letters; he give one to the funny old chap that owned the house, but it only had another letter in it, and that was for the gal that was a goin to be married. I begun to feel awful curious to see that gal, arter hearing them talk about her so much; but the post office feller cut up his shines, and ordered the folks about as obstroperous as my pussy cousin; a prime chap he was—and I took a sort of a notion to him, he acted out so slick. By-am-by in come the purtyest looking critter that ever I did see, she walked and sidled through the garden like a bird among the green trees, and her voice sounded so funny when she spoke; she kinder let her words off, and lisped 'em out so sweet, that every word sounded chuck full of honey. I swan it made my heart rise up right in my mouth, every time she spoke.—She had tarnal handsome eyes, as bright as the biggest star in the gill-dipper, and I could almost tell what she was a saying by the cut of her face; I never did see a critter look so happy. She had the cunningest leetle white hat that I ever did see, stuck on one side of her head, with blue ribands a streaming from it over her shoulders; on t'other side her long shiny curls hung down on to her shoulders, and a handsome white rose was stuck in them back of her ear; but it did'nt seem much whiter than her forehead and neck, for they were as white as the froth on a pail of new milk afore it is strained. She had on a blue silk frock, at the bottom cut off a leetle too short for my notion, and her cunning leetle feet raly cut about in the new shoes a leetle too spry; I never did see any thing so subtle as she was in my life.

The minit she came into the garden all the folks in the galleries and on the seats below begun to stomp, and yell, and holler, till I begun to be afeard that I made a mistake and got into Tammany Hall agin. She began to curchy, and lay her hand on her bosom, and curchy agin all the while, a looking so sweet and mealy-mouthed that I wanted to eat her up hull, I swan I did. Arter awhile they begun to get tired of making such etarnal coots of themselves, and then she begun to go round among the folks in the garden and give them presents, because she was a going to get married in the morning to a rich gentleman that lived close by. There was one nice leetle gal that seemed to take an awful shine to her, and the way they talked and chatted together was enough to make a feller feel happy for a hull week. The comical leetle feller that she lived with, looked as if he'd eat her up, bonnet and all, he was so tickled when she called him her dear par, and give him a beautiful silver pitcher to remember her by. By-am-by the two gals went away among the bushes to talk over things, as young gals always will jest afore they git married; but all to once the comical old chap called out "Madeline!" and give her the letter that the post rider had brought for her. I never see a critter so scared, and yet so overjoyed as she seemed to be when she took the letter. Arter she'd gone into the house, he begun to tell the folks all about her—how she was a poor leetle French gal that he'd undertook to bring up and keep out of harm, when every body in her country was afeared of their lives—and how she'd got a brother yet in France, whose life wouldn't be worth a four-pence-half-penny if he should once set foot over in England; for they made believe that all this gargen and things was a going on in England.

Wal, arter they'd all gone in, out come Madeline agin with the letter in her hand. I swanny, but I could'nt help but feel for the poor critter. She looked as if she'd been a crying her eyes out, but she kept a kissing the letter and reading it sort of loud, and a crying all the time, so that we all found out it come from her brother, and that he was a coming to take her away with him in the morning; and it seemed to make her feel bad because he didn't know that she was a going to be married then. When she'd read her letter through, she went into the house agin, looking as peaked and wamblec ropped as a sick lamb. All to once a great picter fell down smash-dab right over the garden, that made me jump up, I was so scared. A great tall woman, all dressed out in red velvet, stood in the middle on it, looking as savage as a meat axe, and more than a dozen folks, boys and women and men, all in some kind of fire red cloths, were pictered on it as large as life, and a good deal larger. By the living hokey! think, sez I, there aint no mistake about that picter. If Old Scratch had'nt a hand in that, somebody has stole a good heap of his fire and brimstone. The folks on it looked so big and savage, and yet so nat'ral, that I could'nt seem to think that it was'nt nothing but a picter at first, but by am by I got used to looking at it, and it did'nt make me feel so alloverish.

It warnt long afore the picter was rolled up agin, and as true as you live the garden was all gone and there sot the purty leetle Madeline in a room with a chest open by her filled with women's clothing, and there was a rale handsome young feller a standing by her that she seemed so fond of, and that she called her brother.—While they were a talking together and afore she had time to tell him she was going to be married, there was an all-fired noise outside the door, and you never see a cat jump spryer than she did. She turned as white as a sheet and wrung her leetle hands and seemed more than half crazy, for she said the officers had cum arter her brother to hang him for a spy. She hugged him one minit, and then she'd wring her hands, and look round so anxious for some place to hide him in; at last she run to the chest, pulled all the clothes out on it, and made him git in there,—she put them all back agin and kivered it over with a great red shawl. She hadn't but jist sot down and took up her sewing work, when a great etarnal coot of a feller, that made my blood bile every time I looked at him, cum into the room along with another feller, and began to sarch arter the poor young chap that she'd hid away. We could see that the poor gal was eenamost scared out of her senses, for she turned as white as a ghost—but she cocked one foot over tother, and went on a sewing as fast as could be. It was raly enough to make one cry to see how scared she was, and yet how she contrived to fling dirt in them fellers' eyes. The great tall ragged loon of a feller began to grumble and cuss to himself, while tother chap sarched round the room. I swanny it made me wrathy to hear the varmint run out agin the poor gal. She'd gin him the sack once, and he was detarmined to spit out his wrath on her for it. I never did see such wicked eyes as hizen were in my life, nor sich a ragged drunken looking shack; it made my grit rise every time he looked towards that sweet gal.

The officer couldn't find nobody, and wanted to go hum, but the tall shack went up to the chest and began to poke about among the clothes and asked what she had got there. She looked as if she would go off the handle at that; but she didn't give up. Arter a minit she jumped up and took up a gown and showed it to the officer, and then she took up a shawl and told him it was her wedding shawl, and she began to run on and smile, and talk so coaxing, and spread out the shawl all the time, till the young feller in the chest crept out and got into another room, while she held the shawl afore him. I couldn't hardly ketch my breath, I was so afeared that they would see the poor feller; for when they'd sarched the chest the ragged coot wanted to go into the bedroom too, but she stood out, and wouldn't go a step, so they had to go off grumbling, and consarnedly wamblecropped, for a reward had been offered for the purty French gal's brother, and the etarnal scamp meant to git his revenge on her and money to boot.

I was a looking steady into the room, when all to once it slid away and there was the garden agin and the outside of the house, and it was dark as midnight among the bushes. I couldn't but jist catch my breath I was so amazed, for it seemed like witch-work. By-am-by out came the ragged scamp and sted jist under the poor French girl's winder to see what was a going on, and while he was there the good-hearted chap that she was a goingo be married to, came along to look at her winder, as fellers will when they are over head and ears in love. Jist afore they cum in, the post rider in his red regimentals cum a staggerin along as drunk as a coot, with his hat knocked over his eyes and his toot-horn all bent and bruised up. The way he talked and gabbled and cut corners was fun to see; butt last he fell down and went to kicking up his heels and counting the stars as happy as a mouse in a corn bin. The ragged chap and the squire didn't seem to mind him much, for just then the French gal cum to the winder and the young feller that she'd been a hiding away jumped out and she put his cloak on and hugged him as if her heart was eeamost ready to bust. When she seen her brother clear off she went back to bed, but the squire and the ragged scamp had seen her, and sich a row as kicked up never was heard on afore.

In a little while there was sich a hubub in the garden; all the women that she'd gin presents to got together and begun to run ag her, and saying that they always thought she was no better than she should be. The squire said he would'n't marry her and the tarnal old man turned her out of doors.

I thought I should a boo-hooed right out when I see her come out of the door with a bundle in her hand, a crying as if she hadn't a friend on arth. One genuine kind-hearted young gal cum out and bid her good by, and seemed sorry enough, but all the rest of the women begun to spit out their spite at the poor forlorn critter. She was a going away slow and sorrowful, when the squire cum out and offered her some money, for he seemed to feel sorry for her, though he thought she'd been a cheating him. She looked at him so stiff and yet so proud, as if her heart was brim full of grief, but she wouldn't take his money. At last he told her that the man she'd had was took prisoner. Oh! how she did take on then. She wrung her hands, and sobbed, and cried enough to make one feel wamblecropped to see her, and she said now that her character was gone and her brother taken, that she wanted to die.

The squire felt dreadfully when he found out that the man was her brother. So he made up with her, and she got on to a horse and rode off full chissel to get her brother's pardon. She got the pardon, and was a coming hum with it through a piece of woods, when the ragged scamp shot her horse and eenamost scared her to death, but at last she snatched one of his pistols and shot the coot dead in the woods. It was as much as I could do to keep from jumping up and going to help her, when I saw the rascal a dragging her about; and when she shot him I jumt up and hollered hurra right out.

By-am by she got back with the pardon for her brother, and there was such crying and kissing and shaking hands as you never heard of. I bellowed right out a crying, I was so alfired glad to see the poor gal hopping once more. I couldn't make myself think it was all make believe any way I could, for it seemed so natral.

Wal, when the picter was let down again, the folks all begun to stomp and holler agin like a pack of crazy critters, but I kept a crying; all I could do it seemed as if I never could choke in again. The purty blue eyed critter that sot by me, she cried too like all natur, and I felt as if she and I felt different to any of the rest on 'em.

"Wal," sez cousin Beebe, arter he see that I'd begun to chirk up a leetle, "how do you like Celeste?"

"I can tell better when I've seen her," sez I, "but she must be something above the common chop if she beats that little French gal, by gracious, but she is a smart critter, aint she."

Cousin John larfed, and sez he, "why that was Celeste herself." "You don't say so?" sez I, "I'm eenamost sartin they called her Madeline when she cum into the garden."

"Yes," sez John, "but that's only her stage name. In Saint Mary's Eve she's called Madelin, and in the next piece she'll have some other name."

"I snuggers," sez I, "I hadn't the least idea that these French women were such modest mealy mouthed critters. I'm a coot if I aint eamost in love with her aready. She's so sweet and tasteful! I don't believe you'll ketch her a wearing her petticoats so short as some of them gals did."

Cousin John larfed a little easy, and sez he, "here she's a going to dance."

That minute a bell tinkled; the pictur rolled up again and the fidlers begun to put on elbow grease till the music came out slick enough.—Instead of the garden there was a great long ball room with rows of great shiney pillers running athrough it. It was as light as day, for there seemed to be candles out of sight among the pars besides a row of lamps that stood along the pen where the musicianers sot. I was staring with all the eyes I had in my head when the harnsomest critter I ever sot eyes on, cum ging into the middle of the room, and there she stood on one foot with her arms held out and her face turned toward us, looking as bold, and smiling so soft as if she'd never done nothing else all her life. I was so scared when she first sung in, that I raly didn't know which end my head was on. The darned critter was more than half naked,—she was by golley! To save my life I couldn't look at her right straight with that ere eyed gal a sitting close by me. At first I was so struck up that I could'nt see nothing but a palfired harnsome face a smiling from under a wreath of flowers, and naked legs and arms and bosom, a flying round like a live wind-mill. I thought I should go off the handle at first,—I felt sort of dizzy, and as if I was blushing all over. I dont think I ever was in such an etarnal twitter in my hull life. I partly got up to get out and then I sot down agin as streaked as a pork and covered my face with my yaller gloves, but somehow I couldn't hold my hands still all I could do,—the fingers would get apart and that I couldn't help but look through them at the plaguey darned harnsome, undecent critter, as she jumped and whirled and stretched her naked arms out toward us, and stood a smiling and coaxing and looking to the fellers. It was enough to make a feller cuss his mother because she was a woman; but I'll be darned if there ever was a feller on arth that could help looking at the critter.

I've seen a bird charmed by a black snake, but it was nothing to this—not a priming. One minute she'd kinder flutter round the room soft and still like a bird that's jist a beginning to, then she'd stand on one foot and twinkle her out and in against the ankle so swift you couldn't but jist see it. Then she'd hop forward and twist her arms up on her bosom and stick one leg out behind her and stand on one toe for ever so long till all on us had had a fair sight at her that way. Then she'd take another hop and pint her right toe forward and lift it higher and higher till by and by round she'd go like a top with her leg stuck out straight and whirling round and round like the spoke of a broken wagon with a foot to it. It raly did beat all that ever I did see. When she stood up straight her white frock was all sprigged off with silver, and it looked like a cloud of snow, but it didn't reach half way to her knees and stuck out dreadfully behind where her hump was. I hadn't dared to unkiver my face yit, and was sort of itching all over in a dreadful pucker, wondering what on arth she meant to do next. when she gave a whirl, kissed her hand and hopped away as spry as a cricket, jist as she came in. I swan! I didn't think I never should breathe straght again, I raly wouldn't a looked in that purty blue eyed gal's face for any thing; but somehow I happened to squint that way for I felt kinder anxious to see how red a gal could blush, but there she sat a smiling and a looking as if she raly liked the fun. She was whispering to a young feller that sot tother side and sez she—

"Aint it beautiful? oh, I hope they'll call her back!"

"She will cum, I dare say," sez the feller a larfing, and beginning to stomp and clap his hands with the rest of them that were a yelling and a hooting as if the devil had kicked 'em all on end. "She treats the Americans very much as a lover does his lady."

"How so?" sez the gal looking sort of puzzled.

"Why, she can't leave them without coming back again and again to take *farewell*," sez he, a larfing; "but here she cums!"

True as a book there she did cum, and begun to sidle and whirl and cut up her crancums all over agin by little and little. I let my hands slide down from my face, and when she give her prime whirl and stuck out her toe the last time, I sot a staring right straight at her so astonished, I couldn't set still, for as true as you live, the nice little French gal that was so sweet and modest, and the bold beautiful critter with her foot out—her arms a wavering around her head, and her mouth jist open enough to show her teeth, was the same individual critter, and both on 'em were Madam Celeste.

I went hum. But I'll be choked if them legs and arms and that fan with the flowers over it didn't whirl round in my head all night, and they aint fairly out yit.

JONATHAN SLICK.

From the Staten Islander.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then small village of S——— (though it now bears a more dignified title) in this state lived Judge V———, one of the firmest and truest patriots within the limits of the "old Thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his time and substance he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition, sufficient to arm the males of his household. These consisted of himself, three sons, and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his house consisted of his wife, one daughter, Catharine, about 18 years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the front door was a small room, called the "armory," in which the arms were deposited and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduce our story, the neighborhood of the village was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowlings and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon in the aforesaid summer, when Judge V. and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine and an old indisposed female slave, were attending service in the village church.—Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—not a sound profaned the sacred stillness of the day; the times were dangerous and Catherine herself and the old slave kept in the house until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door.—'Surely," said Catharine to the slave, "the family have not yet come home; church cannot be dismissed." The rap was repeated. "I will see who it is." said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down she saw six men standing at the front door, and on the opposite side of the street, three of whom she knew were Tories, who formerly resided in the village Their names were Van Zandt, Finley and Sheldon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them to be of the same political stamp from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or a robbery was committed within miles of S——— that he did not get the credit of planing or executing. The characters of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zandt was a master spirit in iniquity. The appearance of such characters, under such circumstances, must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V——— possessed her fathers spirit for the times." Van Zandt was standing on the stoop, rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the opposite side of the street.

"Is Judge V——— at home?" asked Van Zandt when he saw Catharine at the window above.

"He is not," said she.

"We have business of pressing importance with him, and if you will open the door," said Van Zandt, "we will walk in and remain till he returns."

"No," said Catharine, "when he went to church, he left particular directions not to have the doors opened till he returned. You had better call when church is dismissed."

"No, I'll be d—d if we do," retorted he, "we will enter now or never."

"Impossible," replied she, "you cannot enter until he returns."

"Open the door," cried he, "or we'll break it down and burn you and the house up together." So saying, he threw himself with all the force he possessed, against the door, at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted his efforts.

"Do not attempt that again," said Catharine, "or you are a dead man," at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, ready cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon, the companions of Van Vandt, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated.

"What!" cried their leader, "you d——d cowards! are you frightened at the threats of a girl?" and again he threw himself violently against the door. The weapon was immediately discharged, and Van Zandt fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and female at once rushed out to ascertain the cause.

On looking towards the residence of Judge V—— they perceived five men running at full speed, to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase: and from an upper window of his residence a handkerchief was waving, as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival Van Zandt was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength to acknowledge that they had long contemplated robbing that house, and had frequently been concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when, lying concealed in the woods, they saw the judge and his family going to church.

The body of the dead Tory was taken and buried by the sexton of the church, as he had no relations in that vicinity.

After an absence of two hours or thereabouts, the negroes returned, having succeeded in capturing Finley, and one of the strangers, who were that night confined, and the next morning, at the earnest solicitation of Judge V———, liberated on the promise of amending their lives.

It was in the month of October of the same year, Catharine V——— was sitting by an upper back window of her father's house, knitting though autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three inches. About sixty or seventy feet from the rear of the house was the barn, a huge old fashioned edifice, with upper and lower folding doors; the lower doors were closed, and incidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small back door on a range with the front door, and the window at which she was sitting, open, and a number of men enter. The occurrence of the summer immediately presented itself to her mind, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in a field some distance from the house, led her to suspect that opportunity had been improved, probably by some of Van Zandt's friends to plunder and revenge his death. Concealing herself, therefore, behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises—it was Finley's. Their object was now evident. Going to the "armory," she selected a well loaded musket. and resumed her place by the window. Kneeling upon the floor, she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window still between the curtains, and taking deliberate aim, she fired. What effect she had produced, she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn, by the same door they had entered. The report again brought her father and his workmen to the house, and on going into the barn, the dead body of Finley lay upon the floor.

Catharine V—— afterwards married a Captain of the Continental army, and she still lives, the honored mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The old house is also "in the land of the living," and has been the scene of many a prank of the writer of this tale, in the heyday of mischievous boyhood.

How small a portion of our lives is it that we truly enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we look backwards to things that are past.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1840.

FIVE DOLLARS.

Our agents, subscribers, and others, are informed, that we will pay to the individual who shall procure the greatest number of subscribers for the GEM, previous to the first of May, the sum of *Five Dollars*, exclusive of the regular percentage, or a set of SHAKSPEARE'S, or HANNAH MOORE'S, or any other standard author's works, beautifully and substantially bound.—The money must accompany the order, or no attention will be given to it. Postage, as usual, must be paid.

The letters must be mailed as soon as the 1st of May; we shall then wait until the 15th, and immediately forward the prize to the successful agent and publish his name.

Who will try?

N. B. All the back numbers will be furnished; or rather, all subscriptions *must* commence with the volume.

To Correspondents—We have received a letter for publication from Miss POLLY SLICK, sister of JONATHAN. It is very good, and we take pleasure in announcing that we shall publish it in the next number of the Gem. Our readers may expect a good treat. We assure them that, as nearly as we can judge, sister POLLY is a very nice girl.

"N. T. L." will excuse us for not complying with his request.

Another Chronicler.—We have received several numbers of a very neatly got-up neutral penny paper, edited by WM. H. HUDSON, in the city of New York. We wish it success, of course, of course, and doubt not that there is room for it to live in the "great metropolis."

We have also received the first number of the "*Weekly Chronicle*" of large size, from the same office—a very agreeable interesting and tasteful paper. We can but say "Go-ahead," gentleman. Intelligence is the life and soul of our republican government—"The very age and body of the time."

From the Boston Transcript.

The following paragraph is from the "Boston Gazette and County Journal," of Sept. 19, 1757. The person referred to is the same, the celebrity of whose feats drew from that notable punster, Mather Byles was asked by a friend if he had seen the man fly. No, sir—replied the Reverend wit—I have seen a greater thing than that; I have seen a *horsefly*.

Tuesday afternoon, John Childs, who had given public notice in our last of his intention to fly from the steeple of Dr. Cutlers's church, performed it, to the satisfaction of a great number of spectators: and Wednesday, in the afternoon, he again performed it twice; the last time he set off with two pistols loaded, one of which he discharged in his descent, the other missing fire, he cocked and snapped again before he reached the place prepared to receive him. It is supposed from the steeple to the place where the rope was fixed, was about 700 feet upon a slope, and that he was about 16 or 18 seconds performing it each time. *As these performances led many people from their business he is forbid flying any more in town.* The said Childs says he has flown from the highest steeples in England, and from the monument by the Duke of Cumberland's desire.

Grief.—The first thing to be conquered in grief is the pleasure we feel in indulging it.—There is but one pardonable sorrow, that for the departed. This pleasing grief, is but a variety of comfort; the sighs we heave are but a mournful mode of loving them. We shed tears when we think on their departure, and we do so too when we think on reunion with them, and our tears both times are not very different,

A FRENCH TEACHER, IN 1750.

The Ban de la Roche takes its name from a castle called La Roche, or the Rock, around which the Ban, or district extends. It is also known by the German name of Steinhal, which signifies the valley of stone. It is a mountainous region in the north east of France, consisting of two parishes of which one is called Rothan; the other comprises five hamlets, one of which is Waldbach.

In 1750 the first attempt was made to improve the moral and social condition of these almost unknown people. In that year a Lutheran minister, named Stouber, was compassionate enough to leave Germany and settle among them.—They, indeed, had what they called schools, but the following anecdote of what occurred to Mr. Stouber on his arrival, will show that they could serve no useful purpose. Desiring to be shown the principal school house, he was conducted into a miserable cottage, where a number of children were crowded together without any occupation, and in such a wild and noisy state that it was with some considerable difficulty he could gain any reply to his inquiries for the master.

"There he is," said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who lay on a little bead in one corner of the appartment.

"Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?' said Stouber.

"Yes, Sir."

"And what do you teach the children?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"Nothing!—how is that?"

"Because," replied the old man, with a characteristic simplicity, "I do not know anything myself."

"Why then are you instituted the schoolmaster?"

"Why, Sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment they sent me here to take care of the children."—*Life of Oberlin.*

Hard Times.—At a fancy ball which is to be given shortly in New York, a young lady is to wear a dress which will cost $2,500, trimmings inclusive. If that lady's papa does not pay off some of his expenses with the big B, let us be set down as false prophets. At the same ball one lady is to represent Queen Victoria, another appears in the character of a Sultana, and so on. Very well, ladies, make much of your opportunities while they last, for sad reverses may happen. Your queenships and sultanships may have to trundle the mop and scrubbing brush hereafter.—*Ledger.*

Pride.—There are a great many ridiculous things in this country—for instance—here are thousands of daughters whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable, who would feel insulted if asked if they ever made a loaf of bread or washed out a pocket handkerchief! They like to prate of "good society," "mixed company," and family dignity!

Truth.—A good sentiment, well expressed, is travelling the rounds of the English press, extracted from the works of Orville Dewey: I know of but one safe thing 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 of the multitude to truth, and that is truth freely expressed.

Dress—The trappings of dress I most heartily despise, and have always felt inclined to judge of the mind from the clothing of the body. The neatness and purity of the one indicates the solidity and harmony of the other. In either sex an extravagant frippery in dress denotes a weak understanding.—*Miss Boyle.*

Beauty.—We have high authority for the opinion, that perfect loveliness is only to be found where the features, even when most beautiful, derive their peculiar charm from the sweetness and gentleness of disposition which the countenance expresses.

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.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE RUINED ONE—A FRAGMENT.

I saw her in the prime of womanhood,
And she was fair as the Hepatic flower
That peeps beneath the winter-driven snows,
Yet half concealed—an emblematic thing,
Of beauty clothed in purity. She blushed
And seemed to shrink from admiration, like
Some sensitive plant whose virgin petals fear
The touch of passers by. And yet I thought
She looked more lovely while she strove to hide
Her loveliness—I gazed upon her brow,
And wondered at her powers of witchery!
Her parents, too, looked proudly on their child,
And spoke of future hopes. And many hearts
Beat wildly as she moved along, and felt
The sorcery of love; and vows, and hands,
And fortunes were the offerings they made.

* * * *

Again I saw her—years had passed away,
And with them passed the Peri's innocence!
'Twere long to tell—'twere better left untold
The story of her fall. Enough to say,
A villain triumphed—*drop the curtain there!*

* * * *

Her parent's died—they curst their child, and died;
She lived a living sepulchre; and loathed
To live. The lilly faded from her cheek,
And grace forsook her brow. The brand of shame
Was set upon her countenance; and she
Cast out a solitary thing to feel
The bitterness of scorn and infamay.

She never smiled again. The tolling bell
Was music in her ear, for it did tell
Of wished-for death; and longingly she looked
Into the grave; and fervently she prayed
Its deep forgetfulness. The silent tomb alone
Can hide the faults of woman if she swerve;
Hope sighs a long farewell o'er virtue lost;
Earth knows no pardon when the fair one sins!

Chariton, Mo. J. H. B.

A Girl's Feet in thick Shoes.—Major McCardle, of the Vicksburg Whig, is in ecstacies with a couple of beautiful feet he saw the other day, belonging to a young and handsome girl, and which were "done up" in good subtantial leather shoes with thick soles. The Major thinks, and we think he is right, that the girl has one of the right kind of mothers at home. As the beautiful creature turned a corner and was hid from sight, McCardle thus broke out to himself:—"Ah! your mother loves you as a mother ought to love her children, and she will not allow you to cramp your dear little toes in a piece of thin kid-skin, and thus open the way to colds, coughs, asthmas, catarrhs, consumptions, influenzas, and all imaginable and unimaginable diseases to creep into the system; nor does she wish you to lay up a crop of corns to fret over the balance of your life, to spoil your temper and make you blow up your husband, when you get one. Speaking of husbands, we are not in a hurry ourself, and perhaps we may wait a couple of years or so for you yet. Stick to those thick shoes, and don't make a simpleton of yourself as some *grown-up* girls have done before you."—*Picayune.*

There is no vice so pitiful, so contemptible as that of lying. He who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it much easier to do it a second and third time, till at length it becomes habitual; he tells lies without attending to it, and truths without the world believing him.

Men are so dependent on one another, and the vicissitudes of fortune are so great, that it should make people cautious whom they offend, as accident may lay them under a necessity, at some future time, of applying to those very persons for their friendship and assistance.

"Say you Fred Williams, whas dat nigger what stood here jist now!"

"Why, he cut stick."

"Dah now, dat nigger all ober. Why don't you correct your furzeology? Say he ampitate timber, nigger, like a white man."

How to destroy Spiders.—Squirt a mouthful of tobacco juice upon the rascals, and they will "keel over" in a twinkling. No more fly catching for them after that.

The worst governments are the best, when they light into good hands; and the best the worst, when the fall into bad ones.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

——"Music is never so dear
As when to its last notes we listen."

They have passed forever by!
Those sweet tones of melody;
Tones as if by magic wrought,
Kindling in the soul pure thought;
Calling from its deep recess
Feelings, that alone can bless;
Now is hushed each thrilling strain—
Who will wake those cords again!

Cold within his narrow bed,
He is numbered with the dead;
He whose fingers swept the lyre,
Moved as by unearthly fire;
Waking not the *sound* alone,
Breathing *soul* in every tone;
Lifeless now that hand as clay,
And the spirit's passed away.

Raise a sad and plaintive strain;
Ye, who in the sacred fane
Listened, as with rapture bound,
To the organ's thrilling sound;
Ye who learned of him the song,
And would fain his notes prolong;—
Yield the tribute of a sigh
To the minstrel's memory! A. C. P.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

The chimes, the chimes, of Mother-land—
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have toll'd;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallow'd day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime;
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Mother-land,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born—
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly deck'd and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle.
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring—
Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Mother-land,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is blessed of the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells.

And happy is my father's fame,
And happy is my birth,
Thee too, I love, my Forest-land,
Thou joy of all the earth;
For thine, thy mother's voice shall be,
And hence—where God is king!
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring. A. C. C.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE LAST GREAT WRECK.

This mighty globe, with all her flowing sails,
And streamers set, is speeding, wildly fast,
For that dim coast, where thunder-cloud and gales
Will rend the shroud, lay low the lofty mast,
And bear her down, 'mid night and howling wave,
With wail and shriek, to her engulfing grave!

No pharos there will cast its cheering ray,
To show the mariner a welcome shore,
No friendly star come forth, at dying day
Darkens above the ceaseless breakers' roar;
No signal-guns at distant hearths impress
The frenzied terrors of her lest distress.

Monarchs will seize the helm to stay her roll,
Tremble and fall upon their knees in prayer;
The learned search again the chart's wild scroll,
But drop its idle drafts, in mute despair;
While pallid myriads, on the plunging deck,
Grapple with death, in this stupendous wreck!

Till down she sinks, amid the tide of time,
And leaves no relic on the closing wave,
Except the annals of her grief and crime:
The pitying Heaven shall weep above her grave,
And universal nature softly rear
A dewy urn to this departed sphere.

WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued.—The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon his mother, and thus addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States. but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—"——

Here the matron interrupted him. "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabri can day, was bent in fillial tenderness upon the time-worn feature of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instructions, and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more!

The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of 85, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

Remember this story, little children. Washington you know was a great man. I shall never expect to see any little boy become a great man who does not love his mother.

The Good Wife.—She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the spring tides of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it. Her husband's secret she will not divulge; especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. In her husband's absence she is his wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad. Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whether she listeth.—*Thomas Fuller, M. D.*

An old fashioned Marriage Portion.—Captain John Hall, who was one of the first founders of the Old South Church, Boston, Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, a Representative of the town, and in 1680, an Assistant, was a man of wealth. A daughter of his was married to Maj. Samuel Sewell. As usual in those days, the father was expected to give his daughter a marriage portion. So, father Hall, after his daughter was completely, and richly too, dressed and prepared for the ceremony, caused her to be put into one side of a large pair of scales, in the presence of her friends and then piled on dollars and crowns, and other silver money, until they weighed her down. Report says she was a plump hearty girl. This must have been a fat marriage portion in those days.

Jealousy.—It is with Jealousy as with the gout. When such distempers are in the blood, there is never any security against their breaking out, and that often on the slightest occasions, and when least expected.

ADVICE TO MEN IN DEBT.

Ascertain the whole state of your affairs—Learn exactly how much you owe. Be not guilty of deceiving yourself. You may thus awaken suspicions of dishonesty, when your intentions were far otherwise.

Deliberately and fully make up your mind, that, come what will, you will practice no concealment or trick, which might have the appearance of fraud. Openness and candor command respect among all good men.

Remember that no man is completely ruined among men, until his character is gone.

Never consent to hold as your own, one farthing which rightfully belongs to others.

As you are at present in circumstances of great trial, and as many eyes are upon you, do nothing rashly. If you need advice, consult only a few. Let them be disinterested persons, of the most established reputation.

Beware of feelings of despondency. Give not place for an hour to useless and enervating melancholy. Be a man.

Reduce your expenditures to the lowest amount. Care not to figure as others around you.

Industriously pursue such honest and lawful arts of industry as are left you. An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

If you must stop business, do it soon enough to avoid the just charge of an attempt to involve your unsuspecting friends.

Learn from your present difficulties the utter vanity of all earthly things.—*Watchman of the South.*

"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been after that salaeratus?"

"No, I haint."

"If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress."

"Well, tell mistress as soon as you please.—I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her—you know well enough I am engaged to Deb."

No man's reputation is safe, where slander has become a trade, and scurrility will gain one, both fame and wealth; where men may earn a living by defaming others; where a scribbler may at once satisfy his itch for writing, his malice, his envy and his necessity.

MARRIAGES.

In West Walworth, on the 23d ult., by Mr. A. P Draper, Mr. F. K. Robinson, to Miss S. K. Kellogg, all of the above place.

In Scottsville, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. S. A. Baker, Mr. Gilbert T. Whitney, to Miss Harriet W. Smith, all of the above place.

In Rush, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Henry Stanwood, Mr. Henry Gallentine, to Miss Hannah Rose, all of the above place

In this city, on the 24th instant, by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. LUTHER BARKER, forwarding merchant, to Miss EMMA R. PANCOST, all of this city.

On the 25th, by the Rev. Mr. TUCKER, P. S. LEMA, to Miss JULIA F. McFETRIDGE, all of this city.

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From the Binghamton Courier.

THE CONSPIRACY, OR THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

A NOUVELLETTE—IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

BY JOSEPH BOUGHTON, ESQ.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER IX.

——The weary hour steals on,
And flaky darkness breaks. *Richard III.*

Montrose on leaving Mr. Cuthbert, had returned to his office, where he usually slept, and throwing himself upon his bed, endeavored to get a litte repose, preparatory to his journey of to-morrow. His mind, however, was so much disturbed by the anxieties occasioned by the news of his parent's illness, that he found himself unable to sleep—and after a weary and wakeful attempt of some hours, he finally rose, dressed, and getting his horse in readiness, started off briskly on his journey.

He was overtaken and arrested about twenty miles from L———, by the sheriff and his officers, who without disclosing to him the nature of the charge against him, brought him back to the village—and that night Montrose slept beneath the walls of a prison.

The town hall the next morning was thronged with anxious and wondering citizens.—Montrose had been brought up for examination, and was now undergoing this ordeal.

The magistrate before whom he was brought was the veritable Mr. Justice Jasen! Loud were the murmers of the people in consequence of this proceeding, but the sheriff maintained order during the examination. It is needless to attempt the surprise of the prisoner, on learning that he had been charged with the murder of his dearest friend, and the father of his betrothed Frances. His astonishment was only exceded by his grief at learning of his friend's death. He felt—he knew he was innocent—he could say so—but he could say no more. His portmanteau was examined and the check and money taken from it—these were recognised to have been in the deceased's possession but yesterday. The justice pronounced the evidence of guilt overwhelming—and the hapless Montrose was hurried back to prison to await his trial for murder.

He was indicted by the Grand Jury of the County, and his day of trial was approaching.

CHAPTER X.

Bring in the evidence—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou, his yoke fellow of equity,
Bench by his side.———" *King Lear.*

The day of trial came. The Court were assembled and the house thronged with auditors of the scenes yet to open. Montrose was led in by the officers. His manly step faltered not—his eye beamed still its wonted flashes—and his handsome but pale countenance evinced resignation and confidence. The tear drop glistened in many a pitying eye, as it gazed upon the prisoner, while the heart recoiled at the thought of his alleged guilt. There he sat within the bar! No one sat near him (*friends*, they had fled as adversity came!) no one sat near him but his faithful and talented counsel, Wilson Lawrence. Yes—there was another! *Frances*—his beloved—and the daughter of him for whose murder he was to answer, was there! Nothing of *circumstances* could shake her belief in his innocence. Had she not known him—as possessing a heart good and virtuous? Was not all noble, and brave, and generous that she had seen in Montrose? Had he not been the preserver of her life and the friend of her father? Could he be the murderer of that parent? Thus reasoned this sensible girl—and she now sat by his side, amid the cold and frowning glances of those assembled. And this is woman's affection! Misfortune's ruthless bolt may strike its time worn trunk, and bend its gentle boughs, aye, even to the dust—but yet amid the peltings of the storm, 'twill raise its gentle head, and smile among its tears!

The Jury were impannelled, and the prosecuting Attorney moved on the trial. Montrose pleaded *not guilty* to the indictment, and the people's counsel proceeded to call the witnesses.—The first who took the stand were the two farmers who testified to their meeting the prisoners and the deceased, near the gate at the end of the lawn, at about 12 o'clock on the evening preceding the morning that Mr. Cuthbert was found by Belinda. The witnesses stated they were walking arm in arm, apparently in friendly conversation—that there was nothing unusual in the occurrence except the lateness of the hour.

Belinda was next called to the stand, and testified as to her finding the deceased bleeding and apparently dead, near the place described by the farmers.

The sheriff produced a check of $3000, and the $500 in bills, which he had taken from the prisoner's portmanteau, which were recognized by Judge Walton and Mr. Wirt, as being the same which the deceased had obtained from them the day before the murder. He also produced the dagger, bearing the name of Montrose, and a gold watch, which he had taken from the prisoner at the time of his capture.

Michael Peterson, a goldsmith, testified that he had sold the watch to Mr. Cuthbert a few days before his death—and that he knew the dagger to belong to Montrose, as he was the individual who had at the prisoner's request engraved his name on the handle.

Several witnesses, who were standing by the couch of the deceased, testified to his springing up from his pillow, at the pronounciation of the name of Montrose—and to his wild, hurried ejaculations just before he expired. Then came the testimony as to the departure of Montrose on the morning of the murder.

The testimony for the prosecution closed—when Wilson Lawrence recalled Belinda, by whom he proved that Montrose had communicated his intention of going to New England on the morning alluded to, to Mr. C. and his family, and that it was in consequence of letters which he had received from abroad. She further stated that there had always been the greatest friendship existing between the prisoner and the deceased—that he was a constant visitor at the house of the latter—and was engaged in marriage to Frances, the daughter of the deceased—that she had heard Mr. Cuthbert speak of the prisoner in the highest terms of praise and affection—and in conclusion, she related the noble and daring act of Montrose in reseuing Frances from a watery grave, and also of his shielding the deceased from the recent attempt at robbery. The letters of his mother and the solicitor of Montrose were produced, and the testimony ended.

CHAPTER XI.

Speak—I am bound to hear. *Hamlet.*

Wilson Lawrence rose to address the jury, and silence reigned throughout the vast assembly. The youthful advocate of Montrose was a talented, profound and eloquent lawyer. He was not one of those who had won a mushroom reputation by mounting every rostrum, and belching forth mere words; nor was his success attributable to the bull-dog propensities for which so many "sprigs of the law" are famed; nor had he won laurels or money by a connection with any public schemes or speculations; nor had he even pocketed as a fee the half of an estate of the luckless weight against whom the terrors of the law had been let loose. The knave, the defrauder, the black leg, sought not the office of Wilson Lawrence—but often, very often, had they been met by him at the bar of justice, earnestly and successfully defending those whom these creatures would have rendered their victims. Wilson Lawrence now stood before the Court and Jury. Pale with anxiety—his compressed lips bespoke the feelings that were soon to find utterance.

In strains that touched the hearts of all, he dwelt upon the unhappy situation of his client. He spoke of the apparently strong circumstances in the testimony that tended to fix the charge upon him—and admitted his inability to account for *all* those circumstances, or to explain them away. But damning as seemed those circumstances, he begged the jury would look deeply into the case, and ask themselves if it were free from doubt—if it were not more than possible that *another* might have been the murderer—some depraved and guilty person hacknied in crime. What had been the character of the unfortunate prisoner?—had he not hitherto stood high in the ranks of respectability? Could any individual point to a single base action of his during his residence there? Previous to his arraignment, was not his character as a christian and a gentleman quoted as a bright pattern to others? Were not his deeds of benevolence the theme that filled the mouths of the poor and distressed? Did it not appear that he periled his own life in rescuing the daughter of the deceased, (then a stranger to him,) from a watery grave, which circumstances led to an acquaintance and intimacy between him and the deceased, which ripened into a friendship and an engagement of marriage with the daughter? Had not the prisoner with a daring nobleness rescued the treasure, and put to flight the highwaymen, whose hand was raised against the life and the property of the deceased? Could such and individual be a *murderer*—and that too of his dearest friend, the father of his betrothed maiden? "Murder," continued the advocate, "is never without a *motive*,—a motive of avarice or revenge. It cannot be the latter—it is proven they were friends, and not enemies. Will it be said, then, that motive was *avarice*—and that it is shown by the finding of Mr. Cuthbert's property in the prisoners possession? I beg you to scan and to scout such a proposition. The prisoner himself was in easy and flourishing pecuniary circumstances.—The deceased was exceedingly wealthy—and Frances Cuthbert, the betrothed of the prisoner, the only person to whom this vast estate would descend. All this, in process of time, would therefore, have been the property of Montrose. Good God! what madness, then, to say it was *avarice* that raised the fatal dagger, and by momentarily securing a few hundreds, forever deprive himself of the wealth that awaited his union with the daughter of his victim! No—these glaring truths destroy such a supposition. Where, then, I ask is the *motive*? You search for it in vain—no motive to murder the father of his future wife presents itself in this tragical history. How can you then convict? How can you divest yourself of those well fouded *doubts*, which, if you find the prisoner guilty, must forever whisper remorse to your consciences and corrode your peace?"

He sat down—and the counsel for the prosecution summed up in behalf of the people.—His, too, was a strong and earnest effort.—He recapitulated the testimony which had been

offered, and triumphantly asked the jury if the chain of circumstances had not been shown, involving the guilt of the prisoner, which could not fail to carry conviction to their minds as to his agency in producing the death of the deceased? "My learned friend," said the counsel in conclusion, "has told you that there is an absence of motive in the prisoner to commit this murder. Gentlemen, you cannot look into the prisoner's breast; that power only belongs to Him, 'who searcheth the heart and tryeth the reins of the children of men.' You should not stop to fathom the motive. If you are satisfied that a dreadful crime has been committeed, and unexplained and unrebutted circumstances, 'strong as proofs of holy writ,' point out the prisoner at the bar as the guilty one—you must convict." *The Jury found the prisoner* GUILTY!

CHAPTER XII.

But if thou should'st be dragged in scorn,
To yonder ignominious tree.
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fate's decree. *Shenstone.*

It was midnight. Within the deep and vaulted cell of the prison, lay Montrose, on a couch spread by the hand of Belinda, at the direction of Frances Cuthbert. The ruddy glow of youth had forsook his now pallid cheek—sickness had seized that once iron frame, threatening dissolution of all that was mortal of William Montrose. To-morrow was the appointed day for his execution. Frances sat by his couch, and as she gazed upon all that remained dear to her on earth, wasting away with fell disease a life soon to be ignominiously resigned upon the scaffold, her tears flowed, and her desparing sobs fell upon the ear of her doomed lover.

"Weep not my faithful, dearest girl!" said Montrose—"I shall never die upon the gallows—I shall yet live to wring the confession of my innocence from the real murderer."

"Is not to-morrow fixed for your execution? My poor unhappy injured William, you will certainly die upon the scaffold for another's guilt."

"No, no I shall not thus die, my Frances—come raise my pillow, and kiss me—my head aches with a violent pain, and I would fain sleep."

The prisoner pressed the hand that adjusted his pillow, and sank back upon it, not in sleep, but his eye glared wildly, yet fixedly, upon the wall—a cold and clammy sweat was on his brow—his teeth were firmly set, while all color fled from his face. He answered not the gentle question of the faitnful girl, but his breathing continued.

Frances hastily summoned the jailor, who called in a physician; and the latter endeavored to restore Montrose to consciousness, but in vain. His breathing ceased, and his limbs assumed the stiffness of a corpse.

"He is dead!" said the physician.

Frances sauk within the arms of Belinda, who carried her swooning from the cell.

Morning came. The hour for the execution arrived. The sheriff led the way, surrounded by troops of officers, to Montrose's cell; but, instead of finding a victim to offer upon the altar of offended justice, the sheriff was startled at beholding a senseless and inanimate body before him. He went into the streets, and proclaimed the death of Montrose; tidings which were heard with various emotions by the populace. Some rejoiced that death had supplanted the labors of the hangman, while others considered it a monstrous piece of ill nature in the prisoner, to trip out of the world in such a private manner, without gratifying them with the pleasure of seeing him grace the gibbet.

The sheriff returned into the jail, for the purpose of giving the jailer directions about the burying of the body.

"That I shall claim," said Frances—"None but myself shall perform the offices of sepulture to my dear, deceased Montrose. He was mine in life—he shall be mine in death."

The sheriff consented readily to the request of Frances—and, producing a carriage, the body was conveyed with Frances and Belinda to the Cuthbert Mansion.

CHAPTER XIII.

Not dead!——
Do ye think, don't the *doctor* know better than you?
Murphy Delaney.

The body of Montrose was placed in a room in the Cuthbert Mansion. Frances had made arrangements for the interment on the following day. That night Frances and Belinda sat beside the couch where the body lay. It had been placed in a coffin and arrayed in a simple shroud, and other burial clothes—a napkin was thrown over the face. Frances removed the napkin once more to gaze upon the features of her lover. Hot, scalding tears dropped fast upon the clay-clod countenance of Montrose. Suddenly, the eyes, which had been closed, reopened—a scream of joy burst from the lips of Frances,—short breathing now commenced, and soon a hand to stir—a sound proceeded from the couch—yes, Montrose spoke—he had awakened from a trance!

Quickly, but silently, they released Montrose from the coffin—and as silently was he borne to an unfrequented room in the upper part of the mansion.

The coffin was burried the next day, upon a spot adjacent to the grounds of the late Mr. Cuthbert.

By dint of care, kindness and secrecy, Montrose was soon restored to his wonted health—and within a fortnight, having mounted a fleet and strong horse, was on his way to the far south-west.

Frances remained behind. She immediately set about the adjustment of the affairs of her deceased parent. She paid all the debts—and within a few months, sold the entire estate for a large sum which was immediately paid by the purchaser.

CHAPTER XIV.

——'Tis a goodly scene—it breathes
Of freshness in this lap of flowery meadows.
Anonymous

Years rolled away. Amid the embowering shades that skirt the deep green everglades of Mexico, Montrose had reared his habitation.—His beloved Frances had long since joined him, and the marriage tie had united them. Chastened by the rod of misfortune—driven from home and early friends by the world's cold scorn, they now lived content in their obscurity. Blest in their children—blest in each other, nothing seemed wanting to complete their earthly bliss. But still Montrose was unhappy. His death was believed by all; and a murderer's curse rested upon his memory. He fondly cherished the belief that time and circumstances would disclose the truth, and restore him again to society and friends—and this hope cheered him on amid the heart sinkings to which his peculiar situation subjected him. His father was dead, but his mother who had survived, was now an inmate of his mansion. Here let us leave Montrose, to look after the career of Hernandez, the wretched author of the calamities recorded in the preceding chapters.

On a mild autumnal evening in the year 18—, a large and well manned vessel was seen to glide into one of the small bayous that run from the Gulf of Mexico into the main land, as soon as its prow struck the sandy shore, they all leapt out upon the land.

"Harkee, now, my brave lads," said Gilbert Jansen, the leader of the crew, "let us be expeditious in burying our treasure and return to the ship—our services will be wanted there soon, for government cutters are already on our trail. It's nothing to overhaul a merchantman, and ease her of a chest or two of gold, but I've no taste at having a bout with these d——d Yankee armed schooners. Pull away there, lads! out with the boxes."

The crew fell to work. They lifted the chests out of the boat, and digging a deep pit in the sand above high water mark, they sank their treasure into it filling it up with sand and pieces of rock.

This being done, they prepared to embark again in their boat for the ship, which had been standing with furled sails a league from shore. As they stepped into the boat, Jansen casting his eye towards the vessel, exclaimed—

"Why look there, Fernando—she's unloosed sail, bounted and standing out for sea!—What the devil's in the captain!"—and then he put his glass to his eye for a moment, his hand dropped suddenly, and he cried out "launch, launch my lads, and pull for her. There's a cutter hove in sight—and HERNANDEZ will have sharp work of it."

Swift as an arrow flew the boat from the little bay—and her best rowers made her for the vessel with all possible despatch.

The U. S. Schooner V——, of 40 guns, Captain B——, commandant, had been commissioned by Government to cruise about the Gulf of Mexico, as well for the protection of trading ships, as to capture, if possible, the piratical vessels which had long rendered dangerous the trade upon the Gulf and the West Indian seas. Hitherto the crafty movements of the pirates seemed to baffle every effort at discovering them, and numerous had been the merchantmen that were fated to be ransacked and burnt by those robbers of the deep.

Captain H——, had at last hove in sight of the pirate ship commanded by Hernandez, and was fast bearing towards her. Owing to the absence of so many of the ship's hands who had gone on shore with the boat, Hernandez, was unable to make fast sail, and thus run away from the schooner, and perceiving the latter gaining upon him, he resolved merely to stand in for shore, until he met the boat, of his returning crew, and then give battle to the schooner. But in this he was disappointed, for long before he reached the boat, the schooner was along side, and fired a broadside into the pirate vessel, which considerably damaged the rigging, but injured none of her men. The pirate returned the fire killing some, of the schooner's men and raking her sides. The battle now became fierce and intense. Broadside after broadside were fired by the schooner upon the pirate ship, and as many returned by Hernandez. At length a well directed shot from the schooner, carried away both main and mizzen masts of the pirate, and Captain B——, prepared to board her. Taking a file of marines, he leaped upon the pirate's deck, and the action became fierce and sanguinary. Sword rang upon musket, shouts and curses alternately rose from the combatants, until the deck was strewn with the wounded and the dying. Hernandez, however, was fast becoming overpowered by superior numbers—many of the fiereest and bravest men had fallen, and few remained to assist him in the fight.—Running to the deck's side, he beheld the boat containing Jansen and his choicest comrades but a short distance astern. His hopes returned and he rallied his fellows again to the combat. In the midst of his hopes, and his prowess, a hot from the schooner went booming over thes waters. It struck the boat, and sunk her.—Leader and crew were in an instant floundering with the sharks. Hernandez saw the fate of his companions. He dropped his cutlass upon the deck, and surrendered to the captain of the schooner.

Throwing Hernandez and the remaining pirates into irons, he manned the vessel with his own men, and within a few days, brought his prize and his prisoners to the port at New Orleans, where the latter were thrown into prison to await the period of their trial.

CHAPTER XV.

Pity me not—but lend a serious hearing,
To what I shall unfold. *Hamlet.*

The pirate chieftian and his crew, twenty-one in number, were ushered into court. Their trials were somewhat lengthy, owing to the multiplicity of testimony required by the judge to be given before trusting their ca seto the jury who were to pass upon their guilt or innocence The judge was a talented, virtuous man, rigid on the bench, but always had a *leaning*, as the lawyers say, in favor of any one accused of crime; and had always been known to charge juries as to the uncertainty and danger of convicting on circumstantial evidence alone. Why *were such his feelings and his character?* We may explain—but not now. Positive evidence was finally produced against Hernandez and his crew—and they were all convicted by the jury. They were remanded to prison; and were to be brought into court next morning to receive their sentence.

Chance of business had taken Montrose to New Orleans on the day the pirates were convicted—and on the morning they were to receive sentence, curiosity led him as well as others to the court room. He entered, and took his seat among the numerous spectators who had assembled there. The prisoners were all led in by officers, and seated in the box. The court proceeded to sentence them one by one, after asking them in the usual form, if they had any thing to say why sentence should not be passed upon them. Some of them urged their youth and education in extenuation of their crime—others maintained a dogged silence, and made no reply. The pirate chieftain was then called to stand up, and to say if he knew ought why he should not receive the sentence of the law. Montrose involuntarily drew near him.

"I have nought to say," replied the pirate, "but to confess the justness of my sentence—

a sentence that terminates a cruel and blood-stained career. Piracy is the last heinous act of my life. My career commenced by stealing a dagger. (Montrose started.) With it I perpetrated a most foul murder upon an innocent and defenceless old man, This was done fifteen years ago, in a town where your Honor, who sits there, formerly lived, and pursued the practice of law————"

"Do you know me?" eagerly enquired the Judge.

"I do," responded the prisoner, "and you were the advocate of the person accused and convicted of the very crime which I committed. You are Wilson Lawrence!"

"Gracious Heaven!" ejaculated the judge.

With an almost maniac bound, Montrose sprang towards the pirate, who turning round at the sudden act, beheld Montrose gazing fiercely and frenziedly upon him.

"Hernandez!" shouted Montrose wildly.

The Spaniard staggered back and fell into the arms of the officers. The court was in confusion. Judge Lawrence had descended from the bench and approached Montrose, whom with feelings of solemn awe he took by the hand, and looked in his face, as if he sought there to find the lineaments of him whom he had long supposed dead. Hernendez recovering from the shock he had sustained, also, at beholding him, ventured to open his eyes, but seeing Montrose there still, he shrieked out in accents————

"Take him away! take him away! Fiends! why have ye brought him here from his grave to confront his murderer, and the murderer of him for whom he suffered? William Montrose! away, away!"

Judge Lawrence was overcome with his emotions. He embraced Montrose, and wept like a child. It was sometime before order was restored, when the judge returning to the bench, proceeded to sentence the prisoner. But previous to this, he required of him minutely the particulars relating to the murder of Mr. Cuthbert. The Spaniard made a full and entire confession of the crime, which with all the particulars, were carefully written down by the clerk, all the officers of the Court, and several gentlemen who were present. The Judge then passed sentence of death upon all the pirates—and they were taken from the Court. They all expiated their crimes upon the gibbet a few days afterwards.

CONCLUSION.

We have yet many goodly days to see—
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl.
Richard III.

Montrose now breathed freer than he had for fifteen years. His innocence was established and it only remained for him to publish the attestations of it in the community were all his former acquaintances, informing them of his almost miraculous escape from being buried alive, and exhibiting the testimonials of his innocence of the murder of Mr. Cuthbert. Astonished as they were at first, at beholding him alive, and strong as were their belief in his guilt, they were now satisfied that he was living—and that he was a guiltless man. Some of the old women of the neighborhood, however, would give credence to neither story—and still believe him dead, and that it was his apparition that visited L——, fifteen years afterwards.

Montrose returned to his Mexican home.

"Did I not say, my Frances, that I should *live to wring the confession of my innocence from the real murderer?*" placing in her hands the written confession of the Spaniard.

Tears of joy flowed from her eyes, and she sank upon her husband's breast.

Wilson Lawrence, the ever faithful friend of Montrose, soon resigned his Judgeship, and retired to the banks of the Rio del Norte, where among the flowery groves of Mexico, and where perennial spring lavishes her smile upon them, are the princely mansions of William Montrose and Wilson Lawrence.

Gentle reader! should misfortune ever visit your now happy lot—should dire and ruthless circumstances ever hold you in their witnering meshes—should deep relentless conspiracy ever seek to offer you up a hapless, injured, though guiltless victim—may the angel of Mercy shield you from the stroke of mistaken Justice—and, ultimately, may yours be the TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

From the New York Express.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Jonathan Slick and the Grand Fancy Ball—Jonathan in the character of an Injun, and Cousin Beebe in the character of Jonathan.—Cousin Mary as Jonathan's Squaw—Jonathan among Kings and Queens, Spaniards, Turks & Jews.—Jonathan meets his pussy Cousin in the character of a Turk—Jonathan cuts his pussy Cousin.

To Mr. ZEPHENIAH SLICK, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

Dear Par—I du think this ere trade of writing is about the darndest bisness that a feller ever took to. The minit a man begins to git his name up here in York, the way the gals do haul him over the coals is a sin to Crocket, as they say down here. They talk about the Yankees having a nack of cheating people out of their eye teeth. By gracious! if the York folks don't know how to hold up their eend of the yoke at that trade, I'm a coot, that's all.—They may take my grinders and welcome, but I'll be darnd if I give up my Christian name, without making an allfired rumpus about it. I can't go down Cherry street now without somebody's stopping me to find out who writes my letters, jist as if I did'nt write 'em myself.—Some on 'em seem to think its a Portland chap, an allfired smart critter, that come from down East, and that's been a writing a capital history of the war down on the territory, that haint got no boundary, and people keep a coming to the Express office every once in a while, to find out if Major Jack Downing don't write 'em, and sign my name. I should like to ketch him at it once! Let him or any other chap put my name to any thing that I don't write, and if I don't lick him within an inch of his life, then he may steal my name and welcome.

Now, jist to git the York people out of the eternal twitter that they're in to find out who writes my letters, I've made up my mind to tell 'em here, in one of my letters; and if I don't tell 'em the truth, I hope I may be hung and choked to death, so there!

In the first place, I aint intimate with Major Jack Downing, and never sot eyes on him in my life, till t'other night at "the Grand Fancy Ball," as they call it. He's a smart chap, but I'll be darnd if he ever writ a word of one of my letters in his life,—and more than all that, he don't know me from Adam; no more does the Portland chap, or any of the rest on 'em,—and I do think it's allfired hard, if I can't have the credit of writing letters, on my own hook, and nobody's else. Now these two chaps are prime fellers, and old hands at the bisness; but I never tried my hand at writing a letter in my hull life, till I sent the fust one to the Express—and that I put my name to as large as life.—Neither the Portland Major Jack Downing nor the New York Major Jack Downing, nor our Sam, nor nobody else, has a finger in my dish; but all the letters that has my name and picter to 'em are rit by me,

MR. JONATHAN SLICK, ESQ.

Cherry Street.

That's my card! as they say at the Theatre, and now I hope the Yorkers wont pester me any more, to know who I am,

Arter going to the Park Theatre t'other night, I begun to feel sort of dissatisfied with the carryings on in this place, and I eenamost made up my mind to come back to Weathersfield and to stick to the old bisness for life. Somehow I couldn't git them naked legs and arms, and so on, of Marm.sel Celeste out of my head,—and I couldn't help feeling awful streaked when I thonght of them in the day light. Sich sights anit fit for any thing but candle light, and then a feller must be more than half corned before he can see them without feeling ashamed of all woman kind. I do think, when a feller begins to have a bad opinion of the wimmin folks, its a sign that there is somethiug out of the way in his own heart; but it comes tough to keep a feller's heart in the right place, while sich a sweet, purty, indecent critters as that Celeste, are a kicking up their heels and flingin all sorts of queer ideas into his mind. Arter seeing her flurish her white short gown, without petticoat, afore all them folks, I begun to hate the gals like pison; it seemed to me as if they warnt made for men's wives, or to be mothers and sisters. It was a hull week afore I could make up my mind to go out of my office, and the sight of a furbelow raly made me sick. I begun to rale out agin all the femenine gender like all natur. Wal, one morning I got up, and sat down by the stove, with my legs stretched out, and my hands a fingering the loose coppers in my trowsers pockets, when, all to once Cousin John come in, looking as tickled as a puppy dog.

"See here, Jonathan," sez he, I've got an invitation for you to go to a fancy ball to-night clear up town, so I've come to see what you'll wear, and all about it."

"Wal," sez I, kinder melancholy, "I've got eenamost tired of such things, it raly don't seem to agree with me frolicking so much, but I suppose I may as well go."

"Wal," sez cousin, "what do you mean to wear?"

"What do I mean to wear?" sez I, "why, my new clothes sartinly; I ruther guess all the shine aint worn off from them yet, by a great sight."

"Yes," sez he, "but you must go in character to this ball."

"Look a here, cousin," sez I, a riling up a leetle, "I don't know as you've ever seen me go to any place that was out of character yit, so you needn't say that."

John, he colored up and larfed a leetle, and sez he, "don't git wrothy, Jonathan—I didn't mean nothing; but the fact is, it will be best for you to dress in something a leetle different to your common clothes. Supposing you dress like a Turk?

"What! like one of them chaps that keep a hull caravan of wives shut up in their housen?" sez I, "I'm much obligated to you for the idee, but I'd a leetle ruther not. I'd jist as lives go to sleep and dream I was gad fly in a black hornet's nest."

"Wall," sez he, "supposing you let me dress you up like an Injun—how would you like that? I'll dress Mary up like a squaw, and you can walk in together."

"Why," sez I, sort of puzzled to find out what he was at, "I'd ruther be an Injun any day than be one of them tarnal Turker fellers, but what will the folks think of us if we come fixed out so? I should feel as streaked as a piece of riband grass, I'm sartin."

"Oh, never mind that, they'll be glad to have you come like an Injun; you don't know what a sight of folks are a going. There'll be kings and queens, nunds, Scotch ladies, Englishmen and women born two hundred years ago, and all sorts of people."

"Gracious golly how you talk!" sez I, all in amaze, for he seemed as arnest as an ox team. "Why, they haint sent invites over the water, have they?"

"You'll see," sez John, a larfing a little easy, and a rubbing his hands. "But I want a favor,—wont you lend me them old clothes of yours to go in."

"What, old blue, with the shiny buttons, and the pepper and salt trowsers," sez I. "Wal now, I'd jist as lives you had 'em as not, but raly if you want to slick up, hadn't you better take the new fix, it'll look a good deal more scrumptious."

"No," sez he, "I want them that your picter was took in, they're jist the thing."

"They'll fit you to a notch," sez I. "The trouses may be a leetle too short, but I can get the gallas buttons sort on strong, and the pockets are nation handy."

"Do," sez he, "and I'll get your dress.—Come up to our house, and, we'll all start together."

With that John he went away, and I sot down all in a flustration to try and make out what he wanted me to fix up like a born Injun for, but the more I tho't the more I got in a pucker about it, so I jist give it up, and stopped thinking about it as much as I could.

Wal, Thursday, jist afore dark, I bundled up old blue, and the pepper and salt trowsers, and pulled foot for Cousin Bebee's as chirk as a grass hopper. The nigger set me in and took me up stairs to a leetle room, where John was a sitting in a great chair, with the tarnationest heap of feathers and things about him that ever you did see. He jumped up as soon as he saw me, with the bundle unde my arm, and sez he,

"Come, hurry now, and get off your things, I want to paint you." With that he came along with a sarcer full of red stuff, and begun to stir it up mighty savage.

Wal, thinks, sez I, that don't look overinviting—but I spose I may as well die for an old sheep as a lamb; so I took off my coat, and unbuckled my stock, and let him brush away.—Didn't he snake on the paint though? Thinks, sez I, I don't know how I shall feel—but if I don't look streaked, it won't be the fault of this ere leetle brush any how. Arter a while he began to ribol-skew my hair up on the top of my head; I raly couldn't bust jist wink, he drew it so tight; but I grinned and bore it as well as I could. By-and-by he made me put on a red shirt, and such a heap of nigger gimcracks as would 've made you larf only just to look at it. When he'd tied, and pinned, and stuck on all the feathers he could find, he told me to get up and look in the glass. Gauly offalus—what a darned looking critter I was! I raly thought I should a bust, I larfed so; my hair was all girt on the top of my head, and a hull grist of red feathers stuck into it, every which way, till my head looked like an allfired great beet, a running to seed—for my face was painted a sort of a brick color, with two or three streaks of black and yeller, to make it look lively; I had on a sort of a leather night-gown, without any sleeves—all fringed off with beads, and feathers, and quills, that made a noise every time I moved, like the loose ice rattling off a tree arter a freezing rain; besides the legs of a pair of leather trowsers, that only come up to my knees; but they were fringed and finefied off to kill, I can tell you. The shoes were smashers, though they sot to my feet as slick as a biscuit, and felt as soft as a silk weed pod. You never saw any thing worked off so—purty little shiny beads glistened all over them, and they were civered all over with flowers, and spangled off with silver, till they took the shine off cenamost any thing I ever did see.

I don't know what got into me, but the minit I got the Injun toggery on, I begun to feel as subtle and slimpsey as an eel, and the way I flourished about and kicked up my heels, beat Miss Celeste all to nothing I raly thought Cousin John would a died a larfin. "Look a here," sez he, "don't kick up a pow-wow till you git to the ball. Did you ever see a rale full-blooded Injun?"

"I ruther surmise so," sez I.

"Wal," sez he, "do you think you can act one out?" "Can't I? Look a here—don't I do it as slick as a whistle?" sez I,—and with that I looked as savage as a meat axe, and begun to strut up and down the room like a turkey-gobbler on the sunny side of a barn yard.

"That'll do," sez John; "now you must take medicine."

"I'll bet a copper I don't, though," sez I; "I despise all kinds of doctor stuff, and if you git any of your rhubarb, or calomel, or Brandreth's pills down me, I'll lose my guess."

Here John went off the handle again, like a broken coffee mill—and the way he did te-he was enough to make a feller's dander rise.

"Look a here," sez I, a walking straight up to him, "you needn't larf, nor try to come your soft sodder over me. I don't believe it's the fashion to take pills here in York, afore a chap goes to a ball; and I wont do it. There now, I've sot down my foot."

It was a good while afore John could ketch his breath; but arter all, he gin up—and, sez he, "Here, you haint no objections to carrying this thing, and calling it medicine, have you?"

"Not the least in natur," sez I,—and with that I took a sort of young woodchuck skin, stuffed out till it looked as nat'ral as life, and I tucked it under my arm, and went down stairs to see how Cousin Mary looked.

As sure as a gun there she sot all dressed out to kill—her hair was braided in great long tails, and all hung over with silver and gold and leetle bunches of red feathers. A row of short red and yaller and blue feathers went round her head, and was twisted together on one side with a gold cord that had two long tassels made out of gold and leetle shiny beads that hung glistening over her shoulders as bright as a handful of ripe currants, when the sun strikes 'em. I swow but she did make a purty leetle squaw—her frock was made out of the whitest leather you ever did see, and was kinder like my no-sleeved coat, only a great deal harnsomer and hull all round. It didn't come clear down to her feet, and that tarnal leetle foot and ankle of her'n did cut a swath in the leetle glistening shoes and them figgered silk stockings. It raly made me ketch my breath to look at her, she was so consarned harnsome. I thought I should a bust when cousin Beebee came into the room in my old blue coat and pepper and salts, with his hat stuck on the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets. It was me all over, cow hide boots, red hankercher and all.

By am by the nigger came in and said that the carriage was at the door, so we all up and got into it about the quickest, and off we driv full split up town, till we come to a whopper of a house clear up to the Ninth Avenue. When we got cenamost there, the horses couldn't but jist git along, there was such a grist of carriages streaking it one arter another toward the house. They put me in mind of a string of onions jist broke loose, they were so tarnal thick. Arter a good while we driv chuck up to the stun-walk that had a lot of tow sheets stretched out over it to keep folks dry, and went right straight up to the stoop, where a couple of spruce looking chaps with red ribbands stuck in their button holes, come up and took us through a great long entry way, where the lights cenamost dazzled a feller's eyes, to a sort of a twistified pair of stairs. I kinder wanted to stop by a stun table, sot off in the back part of the entry way, and take a swig of punch, but I hadn't time to git a hull swaller afore John and Mary were half way up stairs, and so I pulled foot and went arter 'em sort of wamble cropped at having to choke off from the punch, for it was the rale critter I can tell you.

Mary she went into a great harnsome room, chuck full and running over with gals, for I took a sly peak through the door as she went in, jist to see what was a going on; and then cousin Beebe and I went into another room and walked round till she cum out agin. Down we went through the entry way till we cum to a door at the further end.

"Why don't you give Mary your arm?" sez John to me, jist as I was poking along toward the door.

"If I'm to play Injun to-night," sez I, "I'll do it according to my own notion if you'd jist as lives. I never see an Injun and a squaw a hooking arms yet,—so cousin Mary may jist walk behind me, if she aint too stuck up."

With that I tucked the woodchuck under my arm, and walked right straight ahead as stift as a crobar. Gracions me! what a smasher of a room that was, it was all sot off with yaller and blue setees and benches, and every sich thing, cenamost as slick as my pussy cousin's room, and the darnest sot of critters were a dancing and a sidling about that ever I did see. There warn't no carpet on the boards, and if they'd a been a mind to, they might have shinned it down about right, but instead of that they went curchying and scooting about, jist like so many tom-tits on the bank of a river. It raly made my grit rise to see a set of folks come from all the four quarters of the globe, to a party that did'nt know how to dance an eight reel or munny-muss as it ought to be done. They didn't seem to mind us when we went in, or else I should a felt awful streaked a standing up there like a darned injun, with Mary by me. I felt purty sartin of not being known, and so I kept a purty stiff upper lip, and looked on jist to see how foreign gentry acted when they were to hum. There was a swad of tarnal handsome women in the middle of the room curchying and twistifying and wriggling about one another, and making believe dance like all natur. But, oh forever! how they were dressed out! One on 'em had on a great long black silk cloak, with sleeves to it, and a sort of a white bib hanging down before, for fear she'd spill the wine and sweet sarce on to her dress when she eat, I spose, and she looked sort a like a nice handsome chap, and sort a like a gal, kinder half and half, like a fence politician.—There was a gal close by her dressed out to kill, her shoes was tied on with red ribands, over a leetle stuck up foot, that looked good enough to eat; and she had on three open dresses, one over t'other, made out of white silk and thin shiny stuff, bound and trimed off with strips of gold; the sleeves hung down like a feller's shirt, but there warnt no risband to 'em, and they hung wide open, so that her pesky white arm shone out enough to dazzle a feller's eyes. She had two alfired great breast pins, one on 'em spread out like a sun on her bosom, and another down to her waist, all sot chuck full of stuns, that kept a glistening in the light, like a handful of sparks out of a blacksmith's chimney. She wore another of these glistening leetle suns on her handsome white forehead; her long shiney curls hung down on her shoulders, and a white veil, that looked like a cloud with the sunshine pouring into it, dropped over them. I whispered to cousin Mary, and asked who the darned likely critter could be. She said she came from Pern, and was a priestess, or something, of the son. Before I could git a chance to ask whose son it was that she preached to, and to say that I shouldn't grumble if sich a critter as that should preach a leetle easy to Mr. Zepheniah Slick's Son—up come a leetle black eyed gal, about knee high to a toad, with a stick in her hand, and curls a hanging all over her shoulders.

"Hellow, sez I, none of that are," as she hit my woodchuck a dab with the stick, and run off larfing, ready to burst her leetle sides.—Before I knew which eend my head was on, up come another set of leetle queer looking gals, so young that they did'nt seem much more than babies, that ought to have been spanked and put to bed, instead of being there. They were dressed off in short frocks, and glistened like a hail storm; but where they came from I couldn't tell, for they all had wings on their shoulders, and I never read of such winged critters on this arth, and it did'nt seem as if children would be sent from tother world to a York ball. Before I could say Jack Robinson, they made themselves scarce, and then sich sights of men and women cum a walking about, some dressed like angels jist dropped down, some in regimentals, and all sorts of ways, that ever a feller dreamed of. I swan, if I did't begin to git dizzy with looking at 'em.

I kept by the door yet, a hugging my woodchuck, and a wondering how on arth the man that gave the party made out to send round to all parts of the world to git his folks together, when I happened to give a squint toward cousin Bebee, and I bust right out a larfing, all I could do to help it. There he stood with his mouth sort of open, and both hands dug down into the pockets of my old pepper and salts, a staring about like a stuck pig. Arter a minit, he went up to a slick leetle gal, right from Spain, with shinny black hair, eyes as bright as a hawk's, and a great long black veil a streaming down her back, and he made a bow and asked her to dance as genteel as I could a done it myself. Pokehontas! but didn't he make the old cow hides flourish about. The way he balanced up and played heel and toe back agin, was Weathersfield all over. The old blue and pepper and salts had put the grit into him about right. I don't believe he'd felt so nat'ral afore since he left Connecticut. I thought Mary would a gone off the handle, she was so tickled, and I had to go away to keep from haw-hawing right out.

I went along through a great wide door into a room all set off with blue, that had a pen full of fidlers at the further eend, where some folks from Turkey and Amsterdam were a whirling the foreign gals round and round like so many horses a grinding cider. I could'nt look at 'em without feeling my dander rise, yet I could'n't help but feel sort of glad that the great people

from foreign parts made as tarnal coots of them selves as we do here to hum. There wasn't a gal dressed out like a true born American among 'em; but the way they did flirt round with the men a hugging them, and the light a pouring down from the heaps of glass and white candles over head, was as bad as I ever see in a rale York party. It kinder made me dizzy to look on, so I jist turned my back and began to take an observation of the consarned harnsome pictures that hung agin the wall and listened to the music that come a streaming from the fidlers and other gim cracks as slick as a streak of chalk. By-am-by I seemed to git tired of that, so up I went to see if I couldn't fiud out where the Kings and Queens had hid to; for I had a kind of a hankering notion to see what kind of stuff they were made on.

Wal, I went along the entry-way, only jist stopping long enough to take a swig of drink from the stun table, till I got into a room where they kept the Kings and Queens. The light come down almighty powerful over the great thick red carpet, and the settees and foot-stool and chairs glistened out like a bed of tulips in a hot sun. But the Queens, it raly did make me ketch my breath to look on 'em. Sich consarned beautiful critters I never did see. They beat all horned cattle that ever I sot eyes on.—One on 'em sot on a foot-stool, with her feet sort of crossed in a letter X. She had shiney trouses on, all spangled off, and a kind of a silk frock-coat puckered up awfully at the waist, with a lot of them shiney stuns round her neck, and on her arms, and among her thick hair, and all over her, till she glistened as if she'd been out among a storm of fire bugs. There was a leetle hump backed critter of a man, all finfied off with satins, and feathers, and velvet, and gold; but a darn'd queer shote he was for a king! So I jist went by him, and the odd looking Queen squat on the foot stool that he was a talking to, as chipper as could be, and sidled sort of bashful, wood chuck and all, up to a tall, handsome, stuck-up, looking Queen, that stood a talking to a chap with a great long feather in his cap, that they called a Night. She had on a great long shiney velvet dress, that streamed out behind like the tail of a comet, and round her beautiful head was a rale ginuine crown, that seemed as if it struck fire every time she moved her head; it raly made my eyes snap to look on it.

Think sez I to myself, "Wall I never did speak to a Queen yit—but, by golly! I'll have a try at it this time—Injun or no Injun." I didn't exactly know how to begin, but I'd heard say that folks got down on their marrow bones when they spoke to sich stuck up quality; and think sez I, what's manners for a white man, must be manners for an Injun. So I went whop down on my knees, and sez I—"Look a here, Marm Queen, shouldn't you like nation well to have a look at a prime Yankee woodchuck? They are curious critters, I can tell you!"

With that, I held up the consarned little critter, and begun to stroke down his back as if he'd been a pussey cat. The Queen kinder jumped and stepped back, and said "Oh, my!" and a little finefied boy, dressed off to kill, that stood behind her a holding up the tail of her frock, he begun to snicker, and at last he tee-heed right out.

Arter a minit, the queen begun to larf too, and she sartingly was about the sweetest looking critter that I ever did see, with her purty mouth opening like a rose bud, and her leetle white teeth a shining inside.

"Before I take your medicine," sez she, "tell me what tribe you belong to?"

I didn't know what on arth to say, for I never could twist my jaws with one of them crooked Injun names—but, sez I to myself. I calculate that a Queen aint nothing but a woman arter all, and it only make her think the more of me if I keep dark, so I shook my head as if there was a good deal in it, and sez I—

"Oh, marm, that's a telling. You aint the first gal that has tried to find me out; but its plaguey hard work a kneeling down here, so if you'd just as lives I'll stand up—but I raly wish you'd let that leetle shaver of your'n tend my woodchuck a leetle, while I'm eenamost tuckered out a carrying it."

Here the other queens and all the kings and nights come a crowding round us all in a twitter to hear what we were so chipper about. I begun to feel a sort of streaked with so many of them lofty foreign cattle a looking at me, so I put out my elbow, and sez I to Miss Queen, "will you take my arm and let's go and see if we can't find a bite of something to eat—I'm a gitting kinder hungry."

She seemed to hang back a minit as if she was loth to go, but they all begun to giggle and said they'd go along, so she put her little white hand on my arm, and away we went, the tail of her frock a streaming out behind, and the leetle chap a holding on as ou've seen a kitten to an old cat's tail. Wal, think, sez I, if marm could see me now a streaking up these ere stairs with a ginuine queen on one arm and a stuffed woodchuck under t'other, and a hull grist of kings and queens coming arter us it seems to me that she'd allow that I'd been lifted up a notch or two above the vulgar since I left hum."

In all my born days I never saw a table that could hold a candle to the one we found all set off in one of the big rooms up stairs. There was no eend to the silver and glass a glittering and flashing up among the eatables and drinkables. The visiters couldn't get to but one side on the table, and on tother side was a hull swarm of waiters and niggers a bustling about like a swarm of black wasps in a tantrum. I gin the queen a heap of good things and it raly did me good to see how she nibled away at 'em; the way she stowed away the jellies and presarves was as much like any of our York gals as if she hadn't been a Queen. When she'd eat about enough I gin her my elbow, and we went down stairs jist as we cum up—kings and queens and knights and injuns and all—a rale mixed up squad. As soon as I'd found a seat for the queen I cut stick as stiff as could be. At fust I was a going to make her a bow before I went away, but I wasn't exactly sartin whether injuns ever larn them things, so I pulled in and cut away to the big ball room, tickled eenamost to death with the notice that had been taken of me.

I was a looking round arter cousin Mary, when a leetle slim stuck up critter come up to me with her yaller hair all a flying and her wings spread like a frightened butterfly, and afore I thought what I was at, I bust right out,

"Good gracious," sez I, "if it aint my etarnal pussy cousin's leetle finefied darter Jemima!" The critter heard me and run up and spoke to a fat old Turk of a feller in a frock and trouses and with a red handkercher twisted round his head. He got up and whispered to a pussy sort of a woman all kivered over with yaller silk and glistening like a bank of ice with gold and stuns, and up they all three cum a flattering like a flock of hens at seeing a handful of corn, and the woman she stuck out her fat hands and squealed out,

"Oh, cousin Slick is that you. I declare I'm delighted that Jemima has found you out. How very bright of her, wasn't it? but then she is——"

I didn't hear any more, for the foreign quality turned round and stared with all the eyes they had in their heads. I cut and run—pulled foot like a ram, till I got outside the door.—For there, as sure as a gun, was my pussy cousin and his wife turned turks. It was bad enough to have him a strutting round to show a feller off, in his black coat and trowsers; but I raly believe I should a gin up if he'd a cum up in his turks frock and great wide silk trowsers to claim relationship with me. My heart ris right up in my throat, and it was a good while before I could make up my mind to skulk back and look up cousin Bebee and Mary. She was a dancing with the humpedback king, and John was a shinning it down like all natur with a purty woman, that wore a shiney black velvet dress, all kivered over with silver stars. It raly did me good to see him take the double shuffle; but I was so allfired anxious to git away, for fear of seeing them pussy turks agin, that he choked off, and we went hum about as tuckered out as ever you see three critters.

Your loving sob,

JONATHAN SLICK.

A Strong Horse.—A New England farmer was bragging of the strength of his horse; when a listener interrupted him by saying, "Your horse isn't a flea bite to one which my grand father owned in the State of Vermont—there never was a horse that could match him—he was the strongest horse since Sampson. My grand dad used to put two tons and a half of hay on a bobsled for him to draw on bare ground; and he was so almighty stout that he had to *hold back going up hill!*

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

The marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert was solmenized on the 10th of February, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The day was inauspicious, a heavy rain falling, but immense multitudes assembled to gaze upon the processions.

In St. Jame's Park, the area in front of Buckingham Palace, and the avenue leading from thence to the garden entrance of St. Jame's was densely thronged before eight o'clock, and the rain wich fell after that time caused no sensible dimunition of the crowds, for as far as the endeavour of one body of the eager visitors gave way their places were filled by the fresh numbers which were every minute arriving.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the twelve Bridesmaids were in attendance upon her Majesty at an early hour. The Princess Sophia Mytilda of Gloucester, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Augusta, also arrived early at the Palace and were admitted to her Majesty's private apartments.

THE ROYAL BRIDES PROCESSION,

began to move through the triumphal arch at 12 o'clock. The cheers of the men and the women's fond and audible aspirations of sympathy continued until the royal salute of 21 guns announced that the Queen was entering her carriage. When she appeared among them beyond the precincts of the Palace, she was hailed with acclamations of love and loyalty, which seemed to affect her so much that tears might better express the intensity of her feelings than even the winning smiles she wore as she repressed her motions. The cries of "God Bless Her!" which burst upon her ear from every side evidently affected her.

The procession passed on to the garden entrance of

ST. JAMES' PALACE,

by which her Majesty proceeded, up the grand stair case, to the Queen's Closet or Privy Council Chamber, immediately behind the Throne room, were she remained till the order of the procession was arranged in front of the Throne, of which her Majesty received notice from the Lord Chamberlain.

Prince Albert's portion of the procession moved first, preceded by the Lord and Deputy Chamberlain, who conducted his royal highness to the chapel, where he remained on the right hand side, or left of the altar. The Lord Chamberlain and Deputy Chamberlain then returned to her Majesty, and having taken their prescribed positions, her Majesty's procession advanced, preceded by music, and guided by the officers of the earl marshal.

At half past 9, when we entered the chapel, there were comparatively few seats occupied in the gallery, and none in the pews below.

In the Ambassador's gallery, facing the altar, among the first arrivals, were the American Minister and Mrs. Stevenson, the Turkish Ambassador, the Princess Esterhazy, Mr. and Mrs. Van de Weyhr, Count and Countess Bjornstjerne, the Swedish Ambassador, Russian Ambassador, Count Sebastiani; a number of others arrived in rapid succession, and the south gallery soon presented a very magnificent display of costly diamonds, stars and decorations. At 10 o'clock one of the bands marching into the Palace yard, passed the chapel window playing "Haste to the Wedding," and while a smile mantled on the face of the ladies, the Archbishop of Canterbury most appropriately entered the chapel, and proceeded up to the altar.

In the lower pew, on the right of the altar, were the Duke of Devonshire, with magnificent nuptial favors, depending from either shoulder, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Sutherland, and the Ladies Sutherland, Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Wellington, who also wore long bows of white satin ribbon, his Waterloo medal, and carried his Field Marshal's baton. His Grace appeared to form an object of much interest and curiosity to those assembled in the chapel.

At eleven o'clock the choristers, preceeded by Sir Geo. Smart, took their seats in the organ gallery, and shortly afterwards the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, assisted by the Bishop of Llandaff, Dean of the Chapel, took their places on the right of the communion table.

The second pew on the right of the alter was appropriated to the Queen Dowager and suite.

The Queen Dowager entered immediately afterward, and took her seat on the right of the state chair appropriated to Prince Albert—all the spectators rose on her entrance, and her Majesty courtsied at this mark of respect.

At half-past twelve the folding doors of the entrance of the Chapel were thrown open, and immadiately afterward the drums and trumpets in the distance announced the approach of

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

On entering the chapel the drums and trumpets filed off without the door, and the procession advancing his Royal Highness was conducted to the seat provided for him on the left hand of the altar. His supporters, the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the hereditary Prince, with the officers of their suite, occupied seats near Prince Albert.

His Serene Highness wore a field marshal's uniform, with large rosettes of white satin on his shoulders. There was a flush on his brow as he entered the chapel, while his manly and dignified bearing, and the cordial and unaffected manner with which he greeted those of the Peers and Peeresses around him, with whom he had been previously acquainted, won all hearts, and many of those around us either with their lips or heart pronounced that Prince Albert was a consort worthy of Queen Victoria.

The Lord Chamberlain and Vice Chamberlain, preceded by drums and trumpets, having returned to attend her Majesty.

Her Majesty then proceeded to the Chapel.

Her Majesty wore a magnificent lace robe and veil of the most exquisite workmanship.—The only ornament on her head was a wreath of orange flowers, and a small diamond pin, by which the nuptial veil was fastenud to her hair. He train was of white satin, with a deep fringe of lace, and she looked the personification of dignity, gentleness and love, as she advanced up the aisle to the altar.

Prince Albert met her Majesty at the haut pas and conducted her to her seat on the right hand side of the altar.

Immediately around her Majesty's chair, were her twelve maids of honor, attired in virgin white, while in the centre sat her Majesty, "the leading star of every eye." Prince Albert standing on her right, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent on her left. A little farther to the left stood the Duke of Sussex. the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Melbourne, the Lord Chancellor, and the other great officers of State.

The Archbishop of Cantenbury having advanced to the rails, her Majesty and Prince Albert approached him, and the service commenced:

When his Grace came to the words,

Albert, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony?—Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

His serine highness, in a firm tone, replied "I will."

And when he said—

Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony?—Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

Her Majesty looked up affectionately in Prince Albert's face, and replied, loud enough to be heard in every part of theChapel—"I will."

The Archbishop then said—Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

His royal highness the Duke of Sussex advanced and took her Majesty's hand, which he placed in that of the Prince.

The service then proceeded.

Prince Albert then placed the ring on her finger, repeating—

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my wordly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Archbishop then concluded the service.

While the service was proceeding, her Majesty was observed to look frequently at Prince Albert, who was standing at her side. In fact she scarcely took her eyes off him till she left the chapel.

The service having concluded, the several members of the Royal Family who had occupied places around the altar, returned to take up their positions in the procession. On passing her Majesty, they all paid their congratulations, and the Duke of Sussex, after shaking her by the hand in a manner which appeared to have little ceremony, but with cordiality in it, affectionately kissed her cheek. After all had passed, with the exception of the Royal bride and bridegroom, her Majesty stepped hastily across to the other side of the altar, where the Queen Dowager was standing and kissed her.

Prince Albert then took her Majesty's hand, and the Royal pair then left the chapel, all the spectators standing.

After the ceremony, the procession returned through the suite of apartments, her Majesty and her illustrious consort walking hand in hand, and acknowledging with gracious smiles the cheers with which the walls of the ancient palace now re-echoed, for it must be observed that the procession passed on its way to the chapel.

THE ATTESTATION.

On reaching the throne-room, the form attestation took place, when her Majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage register, which was attested by the members of the royal family and officers of state present. A splendid table had been prepared for the purpose, and this part of the ceremony, presented one of the most auspicious spectacles of the day.

Having remained a short time in the Royal Closet, Her Majesty and the Prince returned in the same carriage from the Royal Garden of St. James's to Buckingham Palace, and the generous greeting which burst forth from the crowds, whose numbers the pelting rain had not diminished, seemed to be in a great measure addressed to the ear of Prince Albert, who acknowledged the kindness evidently with deep feeling.

WEDDING BREAKFAST.

A Wedding repast was prepared, at which several of the illustrious participators in the previous ceremony, and the officers of the household and ministers of state, were present. It is needless to say that the taste and ingenuity of the confectioners and table-deckers were prominently displayed at the festival, a splendid wedding cake forming a prominent object of attention.

After partaking of the sumptuous *dejeune*, the Royal bridal party set out for Windsor attended by the military, and on the road they were greeted by assembled thousands with the same affection and cordiality with the inhabitants of the metropolis.

DRESSES OF THE LADIES AT THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

As a good deal of interest has been manifested as to the dresses worn at her Majesty's marriage, we subjoin a description of those worn by the Queen, some of the ladies of the royal family, and the female nobility in immediate attendance:

The Queen.—Her Majesty wore on her head a wreath of orange blossoms and a veil of Honiton lace, with a necklace and earings of diamonds. Her Majesty's dress was of white satin, with a very deep trimming of Honiton lace, in design similar to that of the veil. The body and sleeves were richly trimmed with the same material to correspond. The train was of white satin, and was also lined with satin trimmed with orange blossoms. The dress was made by Mrs. Bettans, her Majesty's dress-maker. The cost of the lace alone on the Queen's dress was £1,000. The satin, which was of a pure white, was manufactured in Spitalfields. Her Majesty wore an armlet having the motto of the Order of the Garter,—"*Honi soit qui mally pense*"—inscribed, and also wore the Star of the Order.

Queen Adelaide.—The Queen Dowager's dress was of English lace, with a rich deep flounce, over white satin; the body and sleeves trimmed with the same material. The train was of rich violet velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ermine. The whole of this dress was entirely composed of articles of British manufacture. Her Majesty were a diamond necklace and ear-rings, head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

The Duchess of Kent.—The dress worn by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, was of white satin, splendidly brocaded with silver, and trimmed with three flounces of blond, headed with net and silver. The train was of sky blue velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ermine. The body and sleeves were tastefully ornamented with ermine and silver, with blonde ruffles. The head-dress was of diamonds and feathers, with a necklace and earings ensuite. The articles in the dress were wholly of British manufacture.

Duchess of Sutherland.—Dress of rich white satin, trimmed with barbes of Spanish point lace and white roses; stomacher of brilliants, point ruffles and berthe; train of white moire, magnificently embroidered in coral and gold.—Head-dress, feathers and point lappets, with splendid diamonds.

Marchioness of Normonby.—Train of rich violet and white satin brocaded with silver, trimmed with bouffants of silver canvass, bouquets of violets and silver leaves; silver blond berthe and sabots; petticoat of gause tarlatine, richly embroidered with silver over white satin.—Head-dress, feathers and silver blond lappets; ornaments, emeralds and diamonds.

Countess of Burlington.—Train of mauve velours epingle, trimmed with silver blonde; silver blond berthe and sabots; petticoat of mauve crepe lisse over satin; trimmed on tablier with silver blonde; bouqvets of marabout and silver hop leaves. Head-dress, feathers and silver blond lappets; ornaments, magnificent diamonds.

Countess of Carlisle—Dress of sapphire blue velvet, with Brussels point tucker and ruffles.—Head-dress, a toque of velvet and Brussels point lappets.

Countess of Surrey.—Dress of white satin, magnificently embroidered in gold and colors; gold blond tucker and ruffles. Head-dress, a toque, and gold blond lappet; ornaments, diamonds.

Dowager Lady Lyttleton.—Train of penee velvet, trimmed with ermine, gold blond berthe, anp ruffles; petticoat of white satin, brocaded with gold, trimmed with bouffounts and gold bullion tassels. Head dress, a toque, of velvet, with feathers and point lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Barham.—Train of porcelain-blue velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with buullion fringe; gold blond berthe and sabots; petticoat of porcelain crape lisse, over white satin, with tablier of gold, and bouquets of marabouts and gold leaves. Head-dress, feathers and gold blond lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Portman.—Train of blue satin, richly brocaded with silver, trimmed with lama; silver blond berthe and ruffles; petticoat of white satin, trimmed en tablier with blond and bouquets of marabouts. Head-dress, feathers, and silver blond lappets; ornaments, diamonds and turquoise.

Ladies Elizabeth & Evelyn Leverson Gower.—Dresses of white tulle over glace gros de Naples, festooned with bouquets of transparent rose leaves; trains of white gros de Naples, lined with pink moire embroidered with wreaths of rose buds and leaves. Head dresses, wreaths of green transparent rose leaves.

Lady Cottingham.—Dress of pink velours epingle, trimmed with British point lace flounces; lace berthe and ruffles. Head dress, a wreath of dark variegated flowers, and lace lappets.

Lady M. Howard.—Dress of pink crape, over gros de Naples, festooned with white roses.—Head-dress, a wreath of white roses.

Lady Charlotte Copley.—A superb dress of white tabinet, embroidered with silver, richly trimmed with deep velvet, tastefully arranged with nœuds of silver lama; corsage and sleeves a la Maintenon, ornamented with silver berthe, ruffles, &c., en suite; an elegant train of pink velours epingle, lined with white satin, the garniture composed of silver tulle, relieved with bouquets of lilies of the valley, confined by nœuds of silver lama. Head dress, court lappets of silver blonde, feathers, bandeau, &c., of diamonds.

Miss Pepys.—Dress of gauze tarlatane over gros de Naples, looped up with bouquets of violets. Head-dress, a wreath of violets, and lace lappets.

Hon. Miss Cavendish.—Dress of white tulle over glace gros de Naples, looped up with a bouquet of hedge roses; blond tucker and ruffles; train of blue gros d'Orient, trimmed with bouffants of tulle and bouquets of hedge roses. Head-dress, feathers and lappets.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1840.

FIVE DOLLARS.

Our agents, subscribers, and others, are informed, that we will pay to the individual who shall procure the greatest number of subscribers for the GEM, previous to the first of May, the sum of *Five Dollars*, exclusive of the regular percentage, or a set of SHAKSPEARE'S, or HANNAH MOORE'S, or any other standard author's works, beautifully and substantially bound.—The money must accompany the order, or no attention will be given to it. Postage, as usual, must be paid.

The letters must be mailed as soon as the 1st of May; we shall then wait until the 15th, and immediately forward the prize to the successful agent and publish his name.

Who will try?

N. B. All the back numbers will be furnished; or rather, all subscriptions *must* commence with the volume.

POLLY SLICK.

☞ We designed giving "Polly Slick's" letter to her brother Jonathan in this number of the Gem, but we have not room. Look out for it in our next.

"*Brother Jonathan.*"—We have before noticed this mammoth newspaper—this world of news, novels, tales, poetry, maxims, anecdotes, jokes, puns, &c.—affording a rare collection, for the amusement and instruction of all classes, ages and sexes. It has reached its 36th number, and so far its pledges have been fulfilled and its character well sustained. Each number contains about as much reading matter as a duodecimo volume of 100 pages. Its size is such that it would answer for a bed spread in case of a scarcity. Price $3 per year, in advance. D. D. T. MOORE, is Agent for it, in this city.

The Evergreen.—We have before noticed this new monthly, and it is worth noticing again. It is made up of the matter of the NEW WORLD, and, of course, contains a great amount of excellent reading, original and select.—Each number contains 56 pages of closely printed matter, at the very low price of $2,00 a year. Although we look not generally with approbation upon these mammoth publications, we must say this is well worthy of public favor. It is certainly the cheapest monthly now published. J. WINCHESTER, Publisher, 38 Ann st., New York.

Phrenological Journal.—We can but speak in terms of high approval of this publication.—It continues to improve in talent and interest with each successive number. It nobly vindicates the science to which it is devoted from the stigma of favoring infidelity; yes, further; it conclusively proves, admitting the truth of its claims, that the Christian religion is *necessary* to the happiness of man, and the full development of his moral and intellectual capabilities.

Metropolitan Magazine.—The American Edition of the January number, re-printed at New York by Mrs. Jemimah M. Mason, (late Lewer,) has just come to hand. It contains a great variety of interesting miscellaneous reading, and if not as cheap as the mammoth papers, it is in a better shape for presevation.

☞ The pocket handkerchiefs bought by the English Queen for her marriage, cost nearly seventeen thousand dollars!

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF THE SETTLEMENT OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

On Friday Evening the 13th March, 1840, was celebrated, at the Brick Church in this city, the first half century which has elapsed since the settlement of the Genesee country. At the appointed hour the rush for the church was unprecedented, and long before the military companies arrived, every nook and corner except the seats reserved for them, was crammed full. It is believed more went away who could not get into the house, than the number who were so fortunate as to gain admittance. As many as could find seats were seated, while such was the anxiety to hear the exercises that the aisles and even the porch were crowded with those who could not.

The several military companies of the city did themselves much credit on the occasion, by a more general turn out than usual; and we never saw their rich dresses, splendid banners, and perfect discipline show to better advantage.

Of the Odes we need not speak particularly, as we give them below and they speak for themselves. The audience manifested that they were not insensible to their excellence.

The Oration by MYRON HOLLEY, Esq. was what might have been expected from a ripe scholar, intimately acquainted with the scenes and incidents he was portraying. We have heard but one opinion expressed as to its ability and pertinency, and a universal wish is expressed for its publication.

After the exercises in the church, the military procession again formed and marched thro' the principal streets and then to their respective quarters. The evening was sufficiently light to render their appearance an object of great admiration, and the spirit-stirring notes of the martial band had a fine effect.

On the whole, the celebration was highly creditable to the Young Men's Association, under whose auspices it was conducted, and to whom the vast crowd who attended it were indebted for a rich intellectual treat.

THE PIONEERS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.
AN ODE.

Written for the "Semi-Centennial Celebration" of the Rochester Athenæum and Young Men's Association, by D. W. CHAPMAN.

'Twas fifty years ago, and bright
The morning sunshine beamed;
And vale and rock and woodland height,
R joicing in its golden light,
A realm of glory seemed—
O'er which, in uncontested right,
Wild Nature's standard steams.

The giant oaks their branches flung
O'er all the desert scene;
And forth the unscared eagle swung
From her high nest, their boughs among—
And, mantling bright and green,
The trailing wild-vine 'round them clung,
In spring-time's gorgeous sheen.

No voice the morning breezes bore,
No sound was in the sky,
Save the deep river's murmuring roar,
Where fast its headlong waters pour,
Like armies rushing by—
Or from the lone lake's distant shore,
When booming waves dashed high.

And now, from its high course, again
The rising sun looks down,—
It beams o'er teeming field and plain—
So late the forest's dim domain—
On spire and roof and town,
On sails that gleam o'er th' "inland main,"
Like pearls in regal crown.

The voices from a thousand hills
In joyous accents rise;
And plenty her rich garner fills,
And Art's quick pulse responsive thrills,
As vale to hill replies,
While Peace her kindly balm distils,
Fair daughter of the skies.

Bright are New England's hills and dales,
And happy is each home
That smiles along her sun-lit vales,
Where old tradition telleth tales
Of those whose memories come
With thought of war note on her gales
And freedom's stirring drum.

And from those quiet homes have passed
The stern-soul and the free,
Who in our land of promise vast,
With us their lot of life have cast,
Where coming years shall see
Their hearth-fires brightening far and fast,
By many a household tree.

And lands whose shores are green and fair
Beyond the ocean wave,
Have seen their thousand sons repair,
With us to hope, to toil, to dare,
While we glad welcome gave,
And proudly now the triumph share,
Like brethren true and brave.

And still, as melts the forest cloud
Which broadly girds us round,
We mark the vet'ran midst the crowd,
Before whose hand the wild-wood bowed,
Which erst above him frowned,
O'er soil which now with cities proud
And our fair homes is crowned.

ODE,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE SETTLEMENT OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Written by W. C. H. HOSMER of Avon, for the "Semi Centennial Celebration" of the Rochester Athenæum and Young Men's Association.

High was the homage Senates paid
To the plumed conquerors of old,
And freely at their feet were laid
Rich piles of flashing gems and gold.

Proud History exhausted thought—
Glad bards awoke their vocal reeds,
While Phidian hands the marble wrought
In honor of their wond'rous deeds:

But our undaunted PIONEERS
Have conquests more enduring won,
In scattering the Night of Years,
And opening forests to the sun:

And victors are they nobler far
Than the helmed chiefs of other times,
Who rolled their chariots of War
In other lands and distant climes.

Earth groaned beneath those mail-clad men,
Bereft of beauty where they trod—
And wildly rose from hill and glen,
Loud, agonizing shrieks to God.

Purveyors to the carion-bird,
Blood streamed from their uplifted swords,
And while the crash of States was heard,
Swept on their desolating hordes.

Then tell me not of heroes fled—
Crime renders foul their boasted fame!
While widowed-ones and orphans bled,
They earned the *phantom* of a name.

The son of our New England sires,
Armed with Endurance, dared to roam
Far from the hospitable fires,
And the green hallowed bowers of Home.

Distemper, leagued with Famine wan,
Nerved to a high resolve, they bore;
And flocks upon the thymy lawn
Ranged where the panther yelled before.

Look now abroad!—the scene, how changed
Where fifty fleeting years ago,
Clad in his savage costume, ranged
The belted Lord of Shaft and Bow.

No more a woody waste, the land
Is rich in fruits and golden grain,
And clustering domes and temples stand
On upland, river-shore, and plain.

In praise of Pomp, let fawning Art
Carve rocks to triumph over years—
☞ The grateful INCENSE OF THE HEART
Give to our LIVING PIONEERS.

ALMIGHTY! may thy stretched-out arm
Guard, in long ages yet to be,
From tread of slave or kingly harm,
Our EDEN OF THE GENESEE!

An exchange paper truly observes that it is full as impertinent to ask an editor the names of his correspondents, as of an old maid her age, and will get the truth just about as soon.

THE LOST CHURCH.

This poem, so imaginative and beautiful in the original, is from the German of UHLAND; a writer who, although inferior in fire and strength to SCHILLER, has, according to Professor WILSON, more pretensions than any other German poet, to lead as the Coryphæus of modern minstrels.

Oft in yon drear and lonely wood,
A hollow sound is heard on high,
Far echoing through the solitude,
Though none its hidden source descry;
'Tis said that once a chapel stood
Within the forest's darkest gloom,
That many a pilgrim trod those paths,
Now lone and silent as the tomb.

Once wandering in that lonely wood,
Where not a foot-mark prints the sod,
From all the woes and wrongs of earth,
My soul ascended to its God;
When lo! in that hushed wilderness,
I heard a loud and pealing knell;
The higher my devotion soared,
The louder boomed that pealing bell.

While thus in heavenly musings rapt,
My mind from outward sights withdrawn,
Some power had caught me from the earth,
And far into the heavens upborne;
Methought a hundred years had pass'd,
While thus entranced I lay.
When a bright vista through the clouds
Seemed opening far away.

The silent heavens were softly blue,
The sun was full and bright,
And a proud minster shone in view,
All in the golden light;
Among the radiant clouds it seemed,
On mighty wings, to rise,
Till all its pointed turrets gleamed,
Far flaming through the skies!

The bell with clear resounding peal
Rang through the rocking tower;
No human hand had touched the string,
It felt the storm-wind's power.
My bosom trembling like a bark
Dashed by the ocean's foam,
I trod with faltering, fearful joy,
Beneath the mighty dome.

A light, soft as the golden gloom,
Of summer moonlight, threw
From the stained windows, broad and high,
A dim unearthly hue;
There forms of all the sainted dead,
With mystic meaning rife,
On storied pane and sculptured stone,
Seemed kindling into life.

Low at the altar's foot I kneeled,
Pierced through with awe and dread,
For, traced upon the vaulted roof,
Were heavenly glories spread:
Yet when I raised my eyes once more,
The vaulted roof was gone;
Wide open was heaven's lofty door,
And every veil withdrawn.

What wondrous visions I beheld,
What sounds were in the air,
Sweet as the wind-harp's thrilling tone,
Loud as the trumpet's blare—
These mortal tongue may never tell;
Let him who fain would prove,
Pause when he hears that pealing bell,
In yonder twilight grove. S. H. W.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze;
He lurks in every flower,
Each season has its own disease,
Its perils every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age,
Halt feebly toward the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for earth or heaven!

Curious.—One of the morning papers says the iceboat, "having nothing else to do, is now *laying* at the foot of Federal street." A correspondent thinks if the steamboats get to "laying," the egg market will probably be overstocked. When she is done laying, we suppose she will go to *hatching* young steamboats.

A Beautiful Remark.—Mr. James says "the toungue of youth and health, speaking friendly sounds to the ear of sickness and age, must be the last, the brightest, and sweetest of all things which can smooth the soul's passage to eternity."

From the "Songs of Israel."

MORTALITY.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
Like a fast fitting meteor, a fast flying cloud:
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, on whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been,
We see the same sights, that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold,
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye, they died—and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—and the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

A Curious Grist Mill.—A down east paper tells the following story of a Yankee who migrated some twenty years since to Illinois, devising the following ingenious substitute for a grist mill. At the foot of a fall in a small stream, he drove down a crotched stick, leaving about four feet above ground. In the crotch of this stick he placed another horizontally about eight feet long, to one end of which he fixed a pestle, and on the other a bucket. The water from the fall filled the bucket, carrying that down and raising the pestle. Near the ground he had driven a peg, upon which one side of the bucket would strike, capsize, and empty itself, letting the pestle fall into a large Indian mortar, containing the corn. In that way he ground all the corn he used. One day, on returning from his work to his mortar, he found an addition to the stock he put there, in the shape of a raccoon, which was pounded up, hide, hair, and bones, with the corn, to a similitude, in consistency, to work house soup. The coon not observing any thing to interfere with his intentions in reference to the corn, or not understanding the unintermitting operation of machinery put in motion by a natural agent, perched himself upon the mortar, mediating a delicious luncheon upon the provender, so providentially fell in with, when the pestle in the even tenor of its vibration, put an end to his meditations by knocking him in the cranium. Illustrating in a signal manner the uncertainty of all earthly calculations.—*N. Y. Whig.*

☞ A Texan paper says that a Yankee came to that country some time ago, as he said, to die, it being so healthy down in Maine, where he belonged, that folks lived forever. After remaining in Houston a year, he found that he weighed ten pounds more than he did when he quit home, whereupon he resolved to visit New Orleans in August, and said if that did not finish him, he should return to his home and wait patiently for the millenium.

Old Houses.—The oldest house in the United States, so far as can be accurately ascertained, is now standing in Guilford, Conn., which was built in the year 1639; consequently it is now 200 years old. It is of hammered stone, and stands on a beautiful rise of ground, commanding a delightful view of Long Island Sound, up and down, as far as the eye can reach. It is said this house was built by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, who led the settlers there, and was the first minister at Guilford.—*N. Y. Whig.*

A celebrated engineer being examined at a trial, where both the Judges and Counsel tried in vain to browbeat him, made use, in his evidence, of the expression, "*the creative power of a mechanic;*" on which the Judge rather tartly asked him, what he meant by "the creative power of a mechanic?" "Why, my Lord," said the engineer, "I mean that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a Judge's wig."

Curious.—The Boston Sentinel says that if a person bend the first and third fingers of the left hand—and commencing with March at the thumb, count on—the bent fingers will indicate the months which contain only 30 days.

No mistake!—*Phil. Ledger.*

Youth.—Youth is the season of peculiar temptation, and needs the strong fortification of divine principle in the soul to protect it from falling a prey to a thousand snares and devices from without, and from many foul corruptions striving for mastery from within.

MARRIAGES.

At Pittsford, by the Rev. J. K. Richardson, Mr. Wm. Fall, to Miss Amanda Northrop, of Geneva, on Wednesday, the 11th instant.

In this city, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Jacob Chase, Mr. John Richardson, to Miss Amanda Stone.

On the 12th instant, by the same, Mr. Lewis Sholtus, to Miss Amanda Andrews.

In Pembroke, on the 4th instant, by David Nay, Esq. Jonas P. Vaughn, of Darien, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Daniel P. White, of the former place.

On the 13th ult., by Rev. Mr. Chase, of this city, Mr. Daniel E. Rogers, of Wheatland, to Miss Eunice Fellows, of Chili.

In Sweden, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. William Carr, to Miss Betsy White, all of Sweden.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Sharp, Mr. WILLIAM S. SMITH, to Miss ELIZABETH E. BUCHANAN, all of this city.

In York, Livingston county, on the 5th instant, by Eld H. B. Ewell, of Pavilion, Mr. Franklin Bond, to Miss Ardelia Allis, both of York.

By the same, on the same day, Mr. Thomas W. Northrup, of Stafford, to Miss Louisa N. Hendee, of LeRoy.

In this city, on the 5th instant, by E. B. Wheeler, Esq. Mr. B. Franklin Leonard, to Miss Malancy Robins, all of this city.

In Avon, on the 18th, ult., by Rev. Mr. Marsh, Mr. John T. Hall, of Geneseo, to Miss Mary Ann Watrous, of Avon.

In New York, on the 20th ult., by the Rev. Joel Parker, Mr. B. Throckmorton, of the house of Jones, Benjamin & Co., to Miss Sarah Maria, daughter of P. Grandin, Esq., all of that city.

THE GEM AND AMULET

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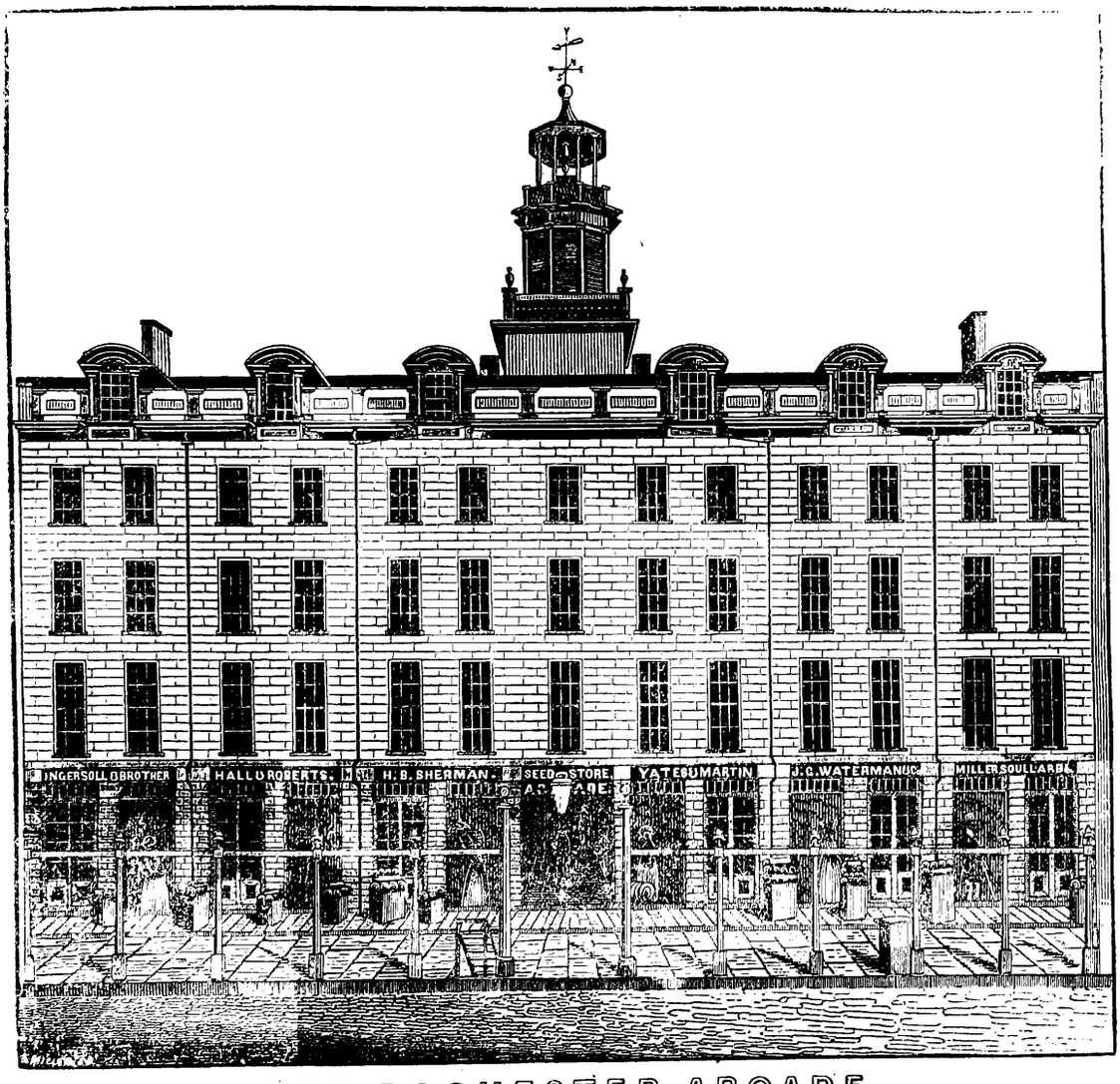

THE ROCHESTER ARCADE.

The above cut gives an accurate front view of this splendid building. It was drawn by J. T. YOUNG, and engraved by M. MILLER, of this city, whose proficiency in the arts we have before had occasion to commend. This specimen we think entitles the letter to a high rank among engravers on wood, and will secure to him a liberal share of patronage.

☞ One of the first edifices erected in this city for ornament as well as utility, was the Arcade. It was built by ABELARD REYNOLDS, Esq., in 1828–9, at an expense of about $30,000. The lot is 99 feet on Buffalo street, and runs back 217 feet to Works street. The main building is 99 feet on Buffalo street, 56 feet deep, 4 stories high besides the dormar story, and is surmounted in the centre by a tower, so constructed as to form (at an elevation of 89 feet) a convenient Observatory, affording a fine view of the city and the farms and forests in its vicinity. The front is divided into six large stores, with an open hall in the centre, from each side of which an easy flight of stairs leads to the gallery, the observatory, and the rooms above.

In rear of this, and 15 feet from it, is another building, 60 by 90 feet, 4 stories high, with a 15 feet hall extending the whole length, and connected with the front by wings on the first story. The rooms on one side of this hall are fitted up for a public house, called the Arcade House, the other for stores, offices and shops, and so arranged that all are well lighted and airy. On the second floor the hall is so spacious as to admit of an oblong gallery or promenade enclosed with a balustrade, finished over head by a cornice, stucco centre piece and other ornamental works, and lighted from above by broad windows in the roof on both sides, extending the whole length, and 54 feet from the hall floor, and in the rear, and on each side over the before mentioned wings, by large windows.

In rear of this hall is the Rochester Post Office, 46 by 24 feet—one of the most commodious in the Union—the location being near the centre of business, and the hall sufficiently large to accommodate those who may be in waiting for the opening of the mails in times of unusual excitement.

The Arcade buildings are permanently built of brick, finished in front in imitation of marble, and contain 86 rooms and 14 cellars, divided into 42 different tenements. Immediately on the right and left of the entrance to the hall from the street, are splendidly painted views of the Falls of Niagara and their surrounding scenery.

It is rendered more than ordinarily secure from fire by its proximity to the City Mills hydraulion, and the Canal Basin; in addition to which there are cisterns kept constantly full of water and buckets in the upper story; and a faithful sentinel watches it by night and removes the ashes from all the tenements as often as it becomes necessary. Those who frequent these halls are indebted for the neatness in which they are kept, to the fact that it is made a part of the same individuals duty to keep every thing in order.

The Democratic Review, some time since, alluded to George D. Prentice, as entitled to the front rank among American poets. The reviewer instanced some lines, written at the age of 14, as particularly remarkable, and breathing the very soul of sorrow. They will be found below, and are indeed beautiful. We are indebted for them to the Louisville Literary News Letter.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest
The stars shine gloriously- and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossom blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child!

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow—
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as first in childhood lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears!

Ay—must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee!

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stay to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh! come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless, thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh! give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

POLLY SLICK TO HER BROTHER JONATHAN.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 1840.

Deer Brother Jonathan—It is a new idear to have our letters printed to save money. I begin to think the New York chaps aint so cute, arter all. If they had known beans, I reckon they would not have got ketched, as it seems by the paper you sent us they did. Par got on his specs to see what you were duin, but had not got far when he hollered, "Polly, I believe Jonathan has writ us a printed letter! Here is all about the garden sause, and Cousin Beebe, and Mary, and every thing else." Mar stopt nittin, and Sally stopt getting supper, till we heerd it all. At first I was afeared them big chaps would make fun of you. But I gess you'll hough your row with the best on 'em.

You kindy talk as if your new stok and trousers didn't look so nice! Your new sute was made from the clean meriner, and I think mar was dreadful good to take her bumbazine to make you a stok. If you can get a patirn, she has got enuf left for all the boys.

Deacon Jones told our Jane you had better stay to hum and cut wood this winter. He said you wouldn't be worth a continental sent arter you had bin swarrying so much. Some of the young men laff, and say you will be nothin but milk and water. I tell them I once heerd of sour grapes.

I tell you, Jonathan, there is other places besides Wethersfield. Par and mar say if I will get the wool spun, and raze six more bads of inions, I may go myself. Haint cousin Beebe axed you why Sally or I didn't come? You kindy hint we will bring Mary some stocking yarn. Mar says I may have her silk gown she had afore she was marrid, and a bran new bunnet. I dont believe Mary will be so proud that she wont be glad to see her cozin that used to card and spin all day with her. I can tell her my grandpapa was Square before hern had a dollar in his pokket.

You have bin to a great swarry. Now if there aint more fun in our prinktums, I'll give up. We had one last week that beet all.—There is a very likely young man from Vermount keepin the skool this winter. He is second cozin to the minister's wife. Wal, the quiltin was to Square Smith's. As this young man had axed me for my company three weeks afore, he took me along. He got a nice horse and cutter, and we looked purty smart. Sally went with Jo Strickland. We have heerd since, that he got drunk and rassel'd when he went to Harford. Sally has sacked him. I told hur there was as good fish in the sea as ever was ketched. Wal, we hurrid and washed the dinner dishes and got there about two. There was all the gals in town, all fixed up in their Sundy clothes, with pink posies and ribun on their heads. There was a big quilt, and we all laffed at Mary, and told her we guessed she was goin to be marrid. We had some good quilters, and by rolling the sides we got it off by dark. We shook it over Mary's head till she looked like a purpil kabbige. Miss Smith didn't have supper till the young men cum. I dont believe cousin Beebe could have had nicer things. At one eend of the table there was a stuffed pig, and at the other a big sparrib. They killed pigs the week afore. We had sassinges and all sorts of garden sass, and apple sass, and pursarves, and punkin py, and injun puddin, and donuts, and little sweet cakes full of rasins and all kivered with shugar. Arter supper the fidler cum, and we had a reglar dance. Our fellers dont have their trousers pulled down so they cant bend. The way our skool master went down the middle want slow. We danced till 12 o'clock, then stopt to rest. Then Miss Smith's boy brought in a great pan of peanuts, and a bushel of red appils, and a pale of cider, with a mug in it. When we could kech our breath, we started agin, and danced till most day light. Mar sed we must cum hum by 12; but you know we cant put old heads on young shoulders. We had all the bells took from the horses, for old Deacon Jones has the rumatiz so he cant sleep, and if he heerd us he would be forever dinging about it. Sally and me stepped as still as a cat arter a mouse when we got hum. Par sed, "Gals, what time is it?" but we jumped in bed and made beleve we didn't heer him. So much for our frolic.

Now, brother Jonathan, I want to know if you're going to be so mean as to leave Judy White for those city hump backs, that can't spin, or bake, or even milk a kow! When I got your letter about the swarry and Miss Miles, I took it and went down to see Judy. I thought if you was such a gump, I would let her know it. She was dredful glad to see me, but never axed me a word about you. By-am-by I sed, "I have got a letter from Jonathan." "Have you?" sed she. She looked first red and then white, and I'll be whipt if I didn't feel sorry you was my brother. When I red about Miss Miles' big harnsome eyes, and the rose, and all that flummery, I kinder peaked round the corner of the paper to see how she felt. She was as white as a ghost, and looked faintish like. I sed, "I am afraid you are sick, Judy." She bust rite out and sed, "if he wants to marry them fix up gals, I don't care a straw for him," and if she warn't kinder mad and sorry, I don't know. I sed, "never mind, Judy; he is only playing possum." Now I tell you what, Jonathan, if you leave that gal, arter keepin company with her since corn planting, you are a mean *spoony*.

When we got your next letter, where you went to see Miss Miles, and found her teeth, and red and white stuff to make her purty, and sed she looked yaller and old, I snikkered in my sleeve. Judy went out riding with Deacon Jones' son, and he feels mity crank; but he needn't crow afore he is out of the woods. She is no bread and butter for him, I can tell him. Now I reckin you and Judy had better kiss and make up. She has got teeth that will crack a wannut—eyes as black as a cole, and don't have to put on flour to make her white, nother.

There was one gal to the quiltin, heerd you wrote that the gals all wore great humps of cotin. So she put a great roll of tow on her back under her gown to be in fashion; but the fellers told her they wouldn't ax her to dance till she took it off.

I have heerd a great deel about the Queen's gitting marrid. They make a mity fuss about the gal. She is a grate fool to tell every body who she is goin to marry. I guess he wont back out, cause she is a great ketch; but sposing she should see a harnsomer chap, I reckin she would feel rather cheap to tell the folks she had altered her mind. Now, you know, our boys laff dredful cause our skool master cums here and stays a little while Sundy nights; but I wont glab as that foolish Queen has. When you cum hum, I will tell you all about it.

I got so far, and unkil Isack cum here to see us, and axed me to go hum with him. He says Rochester is a big place. So I shall take this letter, and see if they will print it, and then you can git it. Unkil says they print a bunch of papers, and I guess they will print it.

Unkil Josh, and aunt Susey, their boys and gals, our par and marm and all our boys, and sister Sally, send thare respects.

Your loving sister,

POLLY SLICK.

Gen. Washington's Opinion of Profane Swearing. Dedicated to all Officers, whether Military or Civil.—Extract from the Orderly Book of the army under command of Washington, dated at Head Quarters, in the city of N. York, August 3, 1776.

"The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into a fashion!—he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by impiety and folly; added to this, *it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it*".

Invention of Maps.—Strabo says that Adaximander was the first Greek who invented a map. Among the Egyptians, Sessostris is said to have been the first author of maps. At the conclusion of his travels, he sketched on tablets his route, which is said to have been a great wonder to the Egyptians and the Colchiaos. After Anaximander, Aeraticus, Democratus, and Eudoxus, taught geography by maps. Traces of maps are discoverable in Joshua XVIII. 8 and Herodotus makes mention of a brazen geographical tables shown by Aristogoras, tyrant of Miletus, to Cleomense, King of Sparta. The oldest maps in existence are the Pretinger tablets, the history of which is highly curious

Go it Boots.—A Mrs. Boots of Pennsylvania has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume that this pair of Boots are rights and lefts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is *right*, but there is no mistake that Boots himself is *left*. At the last accounts he was pursuing her with all his might. Go it, Boots!—*Picayune*.

From the London Old Monthly.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BEAUTY.

FROM THE AURORA MSS.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form. *Wordsworth.*

EDITH HAMILTON was a beauty—a blonde of the most exquisite delicacy—a violet, breathing its sweetness beneath the shadow of village innocence, unseen, unsullied and unknown:—her mother had lived in the service of the lady of the manor, and contracted notions above the station in life which she held; above all things it was her pride, that Edith should be *educated*. Alas! how many mothers, like her, look upon education as a measure rather than a means—as an end, not a beginning;—and alas how many, like Edith, live to suffer for it.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful evening,—the sun shone with warmth and mellowness unusual to England—the air was fresh, and all nature seemed beautiful, but in the cottage of the Hamiltons every thing was otherwise;—a stranger passing it might have thought it was the home of happiness; it was the abode of death. Edith's mother was dying—the red tints of declining day fell with a sickly aspect, through the window curtains, into a chamber scrupously neat and clean,—homely yet comfortable: it was the room Mrs. Hamilton had slept in for years, and now her husband, her child, her friends were around her—but care was on every face; for respect and esteem were ever accorded to the Hamiltons, though wealth was not with them—and all were silent in grief. Edith was differently attired from those around her. She had been summoned from London to her mother's dying bed; and her traveling habiliments were not gone; and, as she knelt to receive the blessing of an anxious parent, her fashionable attire contrasted strikingly with the homely garb of her village friends. Hamilton himself was wholly wretched—to him his wife was life's greatest treasure; and when the doctor entered, his anxious look silently breathing more anxiety than words could compass,—his lips moving in silence, as if afraid to speak—his out-stretched hand—all told how overpowering was his grief—how deep-seated his emotions. Alas! there was no hope—a few short hours and this restless slumber would cease for ever! and Mrs. Hamilton was sensible of it, for she seemed to try to arouse herself, now that Edith was come,—or as if she felt another tie to earth, whilst she clasped the hand of her child. There was silence indeed—the clear hum of the bees, returning laden with their spoils, and the occasional note of the feathered songster, fell deeper on the ear than all the sounds of animated humanity—for in death there is something so appalling—something that strikes home upon hearts of all around—that they seem afraid of a sound, so silently do they await its final pang.

Edith was on her knees praying; supplicating heaven for a parent; and the parent was silently breathing her wishes to heaven for a child. O, the silence of this world. when removed far from the busy haunts of men, is beautiful indeed! It must be sweet to die in—at least sweeter than that noise which is all worldly. The dying woman spoke; and though her words were slow and her voice faint, I could have heard them had they been softer. "Edith, my child," said she, "I am going to leave you, and I thank God that He has left one to protect you—you have been my pride and my comfort—and though it pleases Him to take me from you, He will be a Parent and a Friend to all who love him. Edith, dearest Edith, be a good girl—be dutiful to your earthly father, and you shall be rewarded by your Father in heaven—could you tell, Edith, how I loved you when you have been far—far—away from me,—how I have thought about the temptations you will be exposed to—and how sorely you must be tried amidst the gaieties of the world; and then, Edith, have thought if it should be as it now comes to pass,—that I should be taken away from you, and you should have no mother to counsel you, and your beauty should be a snare for temptations nd peril. Then, Edith, think what a mother's fears have been. Forsake the gay world—be a friend to your father; he wants some one to solace his old age, be good, and for my sake, Edith, do nothing that my spirit may not look upon." The dying woman seemed almost exhausted—and although Edith essayed to speak, her tears choked her utterance; for a time sobs—brief, stifled sobs—and those only were audible,—then there was a brief silence; it lasted not long when the clergyman entered—he conferred for a moment with the doctor;—and as he said in a low solemn voice, "Let us pray,"—every one present knelt humbly and reverently whilst he offered up a supplication to heaven for the sick, for the suffering woman, for the parent, for the child, for mercy unto her who was about depart, and for grace unto them who were still left to contend against the vanities and passions of their mortal career—that the parent might be received into the heavenly rest of a blessed Redeemer,—that the child might follow her, and that they might all be reunited in a happier world, where there shall be no more partings from those we love.

The pastor faltered as he administered the sacrament to the dying woman—he had known them long as an upright example of lovely merit;—and much as he approved the principle which induced a lady to patronise the pretty Edith, he feared that from the school of frivolity and affectation the heart could not escape to return as free and as pure as it had once rambled in the fields around her village home. Hamilton himself was overcome—lost in that deep-seated wretchedness of heart that finds no sympathy in ostentations compassion; and as his pastor and friend pressed his hand and bade him "be of good cheer, for not one sparrow fell to the ground without knowledge of his heavenly Father," the old man did return that pressure, and would have spoken but he could not; for his voice failed him—and a tear ran down his furrowed cheek. For an hour the spirit of the dying woman flickered as if unwilling to depart. Her strength was ebbing fast; she looked as if she would speak, and took the hand of her child; but the silent motion of the lip and the anxious eye were all that her dying energies were equal to. Edith had never witnessed aught like death before; and it bore down upon her with more poignancy, that the first she should ever witness was of that being she most loved; wildly pressing the hand of her mother to her lips, she prayed earnestly and sincerely, that this cup might pass from them; but with a sob she added, "Oh, God, thy will be done!" and when she had ceased—that hand was stiff and lifeless, those eyes were glazed with the mists of eternity, that cheek was blanched with the palid hue of death, yes the visitor of the mighty as well as the humble had summoned another spirit to the world unseen.

Words will but faintly picture out the sorrows of an everlasting parting; and they who had sought to soothe, retired to let the sufferers give vent to griefs they felt exquisite.—Edith and her father were alone; and the long dull silence of twilight was not broken by a word. Sometimes a half suppressed sob, a stifled sigh, or a tear fell upon the floor, and again all was still. Evening came, and then night: the minister returned, and offered to lead Hamilton from the chamber of death; but when he went up to the old man to rouse him from his lethargy, he shrunk back when he touched his hand, and drew his own across his forehead as if to be certain of his consciousness: and again he laid hold of the hand that had fallen from his grasp—it was cold as marble—when he procured a light, he found that from him too life had departed, for his spirit had sunk into sleep—and he was dead.

Edith Hamilton was an orphan.

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CHAPTER II.

No, no, that picture suits thee not,
Sketched for a maid of yore;
She lives no more, or, darker lot!
Her virtues lives no more.
Wild flowers, they sought life's rude air,
Contagious blastments met them there;
Where is the maid—the virtues, where?
Thou art not she!
Ismael Fitzardam.

The opera was crowded—Sontag in all her glory: the public conceived it impossible that higher glories could be achieved by the human voice; and the acclamations of a proud and noble assemblage, the praise of the high-born and enraptured audience fell sweetly upon the gratified ears of the songsters, seated as they already were with almost superfluous commendation. In a box on the second tier, there sat a young female of surpassing loveliness; she was neatly, yet so elegantly attired that she seemed to be of a different stamp from those around her. It was Edith Hamilton: at her side sat her lover, alas, a lover no longer! Captain Marden: he was evidently proud of his companion: and the battery of upturned glasses from fop's alley amused him; for Marden was pleased that he could outvie every one in possessing so lovely a victim. To him it had been an easy conquest: how many such are constantly occurring! how many more such *must* occur! Mr. Marden had taken Edith from a lovely station of innocent happiness:—she had cultured the intellect, improved the taste, and established the understanding of the rustic: but it was all superficial—much to adorn, but little to improve. In the humble situation for which Providence had designed her, Edith might have been admired, contented and happy. A fashionable education had implanted much good and much evil; it had placed the flowers of the hot house on the brambles of the heath; and although the plant had become more showy, it was less sweet. Mrs. Marden had chosen a fashionable school for her protegee, and her education was made up of accomplishments: there was of course, a result of some good points, some bad ones. Of which, gentle reader, could fashion implant the most?

On her parents' death, Edith had become the companion of her patroness. An introduction into society during this period, and the flattering commendations bestowed on her person, had rendered her presuming; and after she had been initiated into the observances of fashionable life, Mrs. Marden was attacked with severe and sudden illness that rendered her life despaired of in a few days. Her dependent situation emboldened Captain Marden in his addresses to the favorite. Shall I say it, that for months he had secretly offered the incense of admiration at the altar of his victim, until Edith loved! He had offered her youth, beauty and unconquerable love: and before the remains of his mother were laid in the tomb, he had promised Edith his protection, or threatened to send her forth an insulted outcast into a harsh and cruel world. Edith had not a friend: she had no one to fly to, none to counsel her. On the one hand she saw the gratification of every wish; on the other, wretchedness and suffering. Here, she looked forward to the cold pity of a heartless world; and there she beheld the society and protection of one she loved, and who she fondly believed loved her. It was a task to decide; but with fashionable principles only, could she think twice?—It was soon over. She had become a thing she had once hardly dared to think upon: she was the guilty object of a licentious passion; and on her first appearance at the opera, she was gratified at the sensation she produced; for she was talented, imaginative and vain. She had learned to think, "whatever is, is right;" and she consoled herself in her infamy by a sophistry so specious!

There was another individual whose happiness was somewhat influenced by the fascinations of the beauty. It was Ryland Percival: he had been performing the duties of assistant at the parish doctor at C———, when he first saw Edith at her patents' funeral. He was struck with her beauty, captivated by her manners, and enraptured with her society. In a word, he was in love: yet before he had defined his passion, even to himself, Edith had departed forever from C———; and many months elapsed before his duties allowed him to visit London. In that period, the decease of an uncle had placed a competance within his reach; and after many fruitless endeavors to discover the enslaver of his reason, he saw her at the opera on the evening of his first visit. The presence of Marden whose character he knew, and the look of Edith, conjured up surmises that he hardly dared to think upon: for being possessed of strong feelings, he had cherished in secret a passion for the beauty, that now tinged his character with the melancholy sorrows of hope deferred. He hardly dared to believe that she had fallen: he could scarce trust his senses with a thought unworthy of one beloved; he waited therefore the conclusion of the performance that he might trace her home.

After a short and secret watching, Percival felt the dreadful conviction forced upon him, that she was fallen indeed. But who that ever loved can cherish harsh feelings against the object of that overwhelming passion? He

knew her to be guilty in the eye of a world whose goodness is little but veiled guilt; yet he wished to know whether Edith was indeed the same, and he lingered at the door of the house till he saw Marden lead her to a carriage, and waiting to catch the footman, he learned her address and retired.

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The scene was changed.—He was alone in a boudoir, whose meanest object was calculated to please. Edith's idea of the beautiful had been carried into effect so far as limitless extravagance could conduce to perfection. The light fell through a painted window, and disclosed an assemblage of all that is coveted or admired: it was an apartment that contained every thing that could dazzle the senses or subdue the understanding. Books of the rarest beauty—pictures of the best schools—sculptures of finest taste—and the boudoir opened into a conservatory, whose choice exotics made the air redolent with perfume. Percival looked around him with a pang. If Edith had been bought, she had certainly fetched a price: but alas! what price can redeem a ruined soul?—and as he listened to the rippling water and the warbling of birds, he lamented that one so favored should now be degraded to be only the minister to illicit desire. He shuddered when he thought of the prostitution of so much taste; and he was lost in thought when Edith entered. She was changed, though the same—more lovely perhaps, though less innocent.—She saluted him as a friend; and, as she reverted to old times, a tear trembled in her eye, and Percival's voice was less strong than usual. He felt the early wounds of his heart were already opened. Bleeding forth a flood of anguished feelings, and seizing her hand, he imprinted one kiss upon her cheek, breathed one "God bless you!" and tore himself away.

CHAPTER III.

I ne'er without a sigh beheld the tear
On beauty's cheek to love and pity dear!
Nor has the muse e'er framed a fabled lay,
To show the world how woman goes astray;
I would not give a guileless bosom pain,
Nor on unspotted honor cast a stain.
Though time has graved his wrinkles on my brow,
And rudely chilled the heart's enraptured glow,
I once could love—still highly prize the fair;
A friendly monitor, I cry "Beware!"
For them I write, for then record my tale,
As angels lovely, but as mortals frail. *Balfour.*

Percival had resolved on continuing his medical studies, and had passed a season at the Hotel Dieu; and during the summer vacation, he made a tour of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. He had ever thought of one whom he had loved: and he would have given worlds for an invisible cap, that he might be conveyed wither he would. How often then would he have watched the course of Edith Hamilton!—In his own mind he had often contrasted the race after pleasure, enervating, intoxicating, and debasing, with the serene course of retired life, where a due exercise of the sense produces enjoyment, whilst over exertion invariably leads to weakness of the spirit, and a yearning after excitements still more cloying.

At length he was at Florence, gay and sunny Florence—the city of palaces and pictures—the resort of the idle and luxurious—surrounded by vine-clad mountains, decked with innumerable villas, and washed by the meandering Arno. Here he rested for awhile, examining its architecture, its sculptures, and its beauties, reveling in a continuing excitement of intellectual delight. One evening he was sauntering upon the Prada, wiling away an hour in witnessing the sun setting gloriously behind the Tuscan hills. In a fit of musing, he heard his native tongue spoken with elegance unusual in a foreign clime; and looking around he beheld a party of English walking on the delightful spot he had himself chosen. Percival was pleased to find himself near those who reminded him of England. As they passed, he thoughtthem some of his country's aristocracy. for they bore with them the air of conscious rank and station: and when Percival looked upon the lady who formed the belle, and who seemed the fascination of the group, he recognized the well known features of Edith Hamilton.

She knew himtoo; and, with a look that none witnessed, but himself, she placed her finger on her lip. In a few moments they had passed; and Percival returned home to discover what was now the fate of the beauty. Summoning an inquisitive fellow, whom he had occasionally employed, and who fulfilled the office of valet, courier, messenger, or lacquey (many of whom are to be found where English wealth is spent,) Percival gave him directions to trace out the fair one, and learn what he could of herself and her companions. He then went to the opera, and found the object of his first love decked out in the fullest elegance of capricious fashion, and forming a source of attraction equal to the Prima Donna herself. During the performance, he refrained from noticing her more than common curiosity for reigning belle might have prompted, and he retired early to learn from his inquisitive attendant, that Lady Altonmore, and his lordship, were staying a few weeks at a villa in the campagna with a party of English. He learned also that his lordship was "*un magnfico*;" and that his residence was a continued scene of merriment and diversion.

For a time Percival wavered in his mind whether he should watch her progress or fly from her fascinations. He had nerved his heart sufficiently to feel no regret that another reveled in the possession of those beautics, which had once enslaved him; but his was no transient passion; he felt that her presence even now possessed a power of entrancing his senses; and he feared lest he should be again sufficiently unmanned to become the slave of passion.—Weighing his own feelings, therefore, he resolved to fly from the presence of a being whose power over him was too great for his comfort; and, taking a last walk on the banks of the Arno, he started to find himself in company with the assumed Lady Altonmore. She was alone. "Is it you Edith?" he enquired as she approached him, and by her blush of recognition, told that his appearance at least was unexpected.—"Is it you, Edith, or am I suffering from mental delusion? Am I speaking to Miss Hamilton?"

"You are right, Percival," said the lady, "I am the same being though changed in name.—You know in whose company I am staying?" "I do," replied he. "I know him for one that never let female innocence stand in the way of his libertine passion,—as one that never yet shewed the nobleness of nobility, nor the honor of high birth. Are you his wife, Edith,—or—." Percival lingered on the word.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the unblushing Lady Altonmore. "Wives are quite unfashionable in the present state of society. The march of intellect has taught the *elite* of the world, that temporary marriages are by far the most agreeable."

"Is this your opinion, madam?" enquired Percival, "or is it a tale with which you would amuse me?—There was a time when these were not your sentiments, Edith. But you are changed now. I see but little respect for the lesson of a dying parent. Do you imagine," and Percival's voice grew serious, "do you imagine that you will ever meet that parent again, if the commencement of your life be in the company of the libertine Lord Altonmore? Forgive me, if I create a momentary pang in your bosom; but I cannot endure to see you participating in the licentious orgies of which common report announces you high priestess.—There was a time Edith, when I would have given worlds for your companionship,—but now——" He paused, for Edith was in tears, and Percival's cheek was blanched with mental suffering whilst he spoke; but after a momentary effort, she resumed her gaiety.—"Come, come, Ryland," she exclaimed, "no more of this; you blame me because you have never been subjected to the same temptations. You think yourself good because you have not yet fallen. Take care of yourself. You may live to pity me more than you condemn. I am too old to take advice, you too young to give it. Let us part friends. Addio!"

[Concluded in our next.]

Lately Married.—You see that prim-looking young man yonder, with smooth chin, countenance all in smiles, neatly trimmed whiskers, dove-colored stock, white vest, well blacked boots, new broadcloth coat and pantaloons, shining silk hat; on his arm a handsome new market basket, filled with the deliacies of the season. Yes,'—how careful he walks—erect, too as a May pole, his head as immovable as tho' it were stuck on a pivot—a smile for every body, and a crimson cheek for each friend he meets. He seems the happiest man alive, and in humour with all the world. 'Yes, well what of him?' Why—*he got married last week!*

From the New York Express.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

JONATHAN AMONG THE MILLINERS.

Advice to Jonathan from the homestead—Jonathan's criticism on his Brother Sam's last book—the ennui of Jonathan in good society—Jonathan's entre into a Milliner's establishment, and sad mistake about a side saddle.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esquire, Deacon of the Church and Justice of the Peace over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

Dear Par,—It raly makes me feel bad to have you keep a writing so much advice to me. I do want to please you; and I don't think there ever is a time in the world when a chap can know enongh to turn up his nose at his father's advice; but it's my ginuine opinion, that when you let a feller go away from hum, it's best to let him cut his own fodder. You've gin me a first rate education for your parts, and you've also told me to be honest and industrious, but sharp as a razor. The truth is, you've sort of cultivated me as you do our onion patches, but arter you've dug them up and put the seed in, and kept the weeds out till the genuine roots get stuck purty deep and the tops shoot up kind thrity, hain't you also found it to do best to leave 'em to grow according to notion with nothing but the night dew and the rich arth and the warm sunshine to help 'em along; and don't they get ripe and run up to seed and down to root, and bring in the hard chink jist as well as if you kept digging about 'em and trimming 'em up from morning till night? If you keep the weeds out when they're young and manure the arth well in the spring, there aint so much danger that the soil will grow barren all to once or that the weeds can spring up so quick as to choak a good tough onion. It ain't in natur. Now don't you be scared about me, if I do go to the theatre once in a while, or dress up like a darn'd coot of an injin jist to see what etarnal ninny hammers kings and queens and quality can make of themselves. I ain't in no danger I can tell you. A feller that's got his eye teeth in his head can ales see enuff to larf at in his sleeve and to make him pity human natur without forgitting that he's a man, and that he was born to do good, and not to spend his hull life in trying to cut a dash. Don't you nor marm worry about me—I may be a leetle green at fust, but I shall come out right side up with care yet, you may be sartin on it.

I feel sort of wamblecropped to day, par, for I've jist been a reading our Sam's new book about the Great Western. I was up to cousin Beebe's when he brought it hum, and begun to read it to Mary. He hadn't read more than twenty pages afore consin Mary made believe a head ache, as women always dowhen they feel uneasy about any thing, and she cut and run with about the reddest face I ever did see. I felt as streaked as a winter apple, and cousin John, sez he—

"Jonathan, if the folks off in Canada hadn't made Sam a judge, I'd stick to it that he wasn't a relation of mine; his book raly aint fit to read afore the women folks."

I wanted to stick up for Sam, but I'll be darned if I could see how to do it, for the book's an all-fired smutty thing, and that's the fact; but I thought what consarned rough words the printers sometimes put in my letters to you, when I've writ something very different,—and so, think sez I, I'll put it off onto the printers and publishers; for I'll be choked if I don't believe theyv'e made as much of a mistake in publishing the book as Sam did in writing it.—So sez I,

"Sam's fust book was a peeler, and a credit to the family; and I haint the least doubt that this one would a been jist as good, if Sam handn't strained to beat t'other, and so broke his bridle. The gunine grit aint all sifted out on 'im, I'll bet a cookey; and I haint the least doubt that the printers spiled this one. They're eternally twistifying my words into some darned thing or other that would make a minister swear. In my last letter, where I said that I run off like a *racer*, they printed it that I run off like a *ram;* and a good while ago, they turned some decent word into a *tom-cat*. It raly made me grit my teeth to read such things, and think the purty gals would believe that I writ them. I didn't blame my par, sez I, for writing me a great long letter of admonition about sich words; but he ought to have known better than to believe I put them there. It aint in my natur to write any thing that the most mealy-mouthed gal on arth mightn't read out loud afore all the chaps in creation; and if any on 'em see any thing that don't come right up to the chalk, in the way of gentility, they may be sartin it aint *mine*. So, my dear par, jist you keep easy about me,—and if you and marm want to jaw any body, jist haul our Sam over the coals and sarmonize him; you'll find fust rate picking on that goose,—but I haint but jist begun to put out my pin-feathers yit.

Wal now, I may as well give you a leetle notion of my goings-on here, since I went to that smashing ball; and eat presarves with a rale queen. Somehow I've begun to git sort of tired of the big bugs and the tippies, they're all too much alike, and arter a chap's been to a few of their parties, and balls, and so on, he gits kinder tired of their darned soft fine-fied nonsense, as well as of the cider and sweet sarse that they stuff a feller with. Going among quality is like boarding at a fust rate tavern. At fust a critter don't know what to do with himself he's so tickled with the nice things on the table, but by-and by his stomach begins to turn agin the chickens, and turkeys, and young pigs, and to git up a hankering arter pot-luck and plain pork and beans. This sort of feeling kinder settled on me arter the ball. I raly was eenamost sot agin the handsome critters that idle up and down Broadway, with leetle round things, made out of silk, about as big as a good sized toad-stool, stuck up before their faces, to keep the sun off; so I eenamost made up my mind to put on the old pepper and salts agin, see a leetle of human natur among the gals that git their own living, and work themselves to death to make them stuck up critters in Broadway look as handsome as they do. I'd heard say that there were lots of purty gals to work in the milliner's stores up in Division Street, and in the Bowery, but somehow I didn't exactly know how to git acquainted with any on 'em. I never felt a mite bashful about scraping acquaintance with stuck up critters, like my pussy cousin's wife and Miss Miles; but when I see a handsome innocent young gal a going out arly in the morning and a coming home late at night, and working like a dog to arn a decent living, somehow my heart rises up in my throat, and insted of shoving up to 'em, and talking soft sodder, as I do to the tippies, I feel sort of dashed, and as if a chap ought to take off his hat, and let them see that honest men respect them the more because they are alone, with nobody to take care of them. I never see one of them handsome young critters going along hum, arter working hard all day, to arn something to live on, and mebby to feed their pars and mars with, but I git to thinking how much a genuine chap ought to prize them for keeping honest, and industrious, and virtuous when they haint much to encourage them to do right, and generally have a good deal to tempt them to do wrong, instead of turning up their noses at 'em afore folks, or a trying to tempt them into sin and wickedness behind people's backs. It has raly made my blood bile more than ever to see foreign and dandefied chaps, like that hairy lipped Count, go by them gals in the day time, with their noses up in the air, and a looking as if them purty critters warn't good enough to go along the same stun walk with them, and the stuck up quality ladies; when any body that took pains to watch the eternal varmints arter dark, might ketch them a hanging round the dark corners of the streets, and a chasing arter them same working gals like so many darned yeller foxes scouting round a hen coop, arter the geese and turkeys; and chaps thatwould run a man thro' with a sword cane or a bagonet if he dared to look sideways at his wife or sister, will impose on an honest gal if they can git a chance, and think it's alfired good fun too.

Darn sich fellers! hanging's too good for 'em! I tell you what par, you may talk about people's being born free and equal, and about liberty, and independence, and all that, but its my opinion that there aint a place on arth, where the people try to stamp each other down to the dirt more than they do in York.

Wal, I wont finish off this ere sarmon, so your minister needn't get womblecropped, for fear, I'll cut him out. But I'll jist tell you what put all these sober notions into my head. Wal, you haint forgot that Judy White had a cousin that come here to York to larn a trade. She was a tarnal sweet purty critter when she come away from Weathersfield, as plump as a partridge, and with cheeks as red as a rosy—Judy made me promise a good while ago that if ever I come down to York I'd go and see her cousin, but somehow it does make a feller forget old friends to be always going to parties and dinners with these big bugs, and it warnt till tother day that I thought any thing about Susan Reed. Jest the minit she come into my head I up and went straight along the Bowery, determined to find the place that she worked at, and see how she was a gitting along. I had forgot the number, but when I come to a store that was all windows in front, and that had a smasher of a bonnet hung agin every square of glass, besides beautiful caps and ribands and posies, that hung up between, I made up my mind that I'd hit the right nail on the head, and so in I went as independent as a wood sawyer's clerk. A leetle bit of a stuck up old maid stood back of a counter all sot off with bonnets and feathers that looked tempting enough to make a feller's purse jump right out of his trouses pocket. She had on a cap all bowed off with pink ribands, that looked queer enough round her leetle wizzled up face, and a calico frock, figgered out with great bright posies, besides one of them there sort of collars round her neck, all sprigged and ruffled off as slick as a new pin. Her waist warn't bigger round than a quart cup, and she stuck her hands down in the pockets of her dashy silk apron, as nat'ral as I could done it myself. I was jist a going to ask if Susan Reed worked there, when a lady come in and wanted to buy a bonnet. At it they went, hand over fist a bargaining and a trying on red and yaller and blue bonnets.

The milliner she put one sort on and then another and went on pouring out a stream of soft sodder, while the lady peaked at herself in a looking glass and twistified her head about like a bird on a bramble bush, and at last said, she didn't know, she'd look a leetle further, mebby, she'd call agin if she didn't suit herself, and a heap more palavar, that made the leetle woman look as if she'd been a drinking a mug of hard cider. While the lady was trying to edge off to the door and the milliner was a follering her up with a blue bonnet and a great long white feather a streaming in her hand, I jist took a slant-indicular squint at the glass boxes that stood about chuck full of gim cracks and furbelows, for there was something in one of 'em that raly looked curious. It was a sort of a thing stuffed out and quilted over till it stood up in the glass box as stiff and parpendicular as a baby's go cart. I jist put my hands down in my pockets sort of puzzled and stood a looking at the critter to see what I could make out on it. Arter I'd took a good squint at it, up one side, down chother, and down the middle, right and left, I purty much made up my mind that it was one of them new fashioned side-saddles that I'd heard tell on, and I took a notion into my head that I'd buy one and send it to marm. So when the leetle old maid cum back from the door, I jist pinted at the saddle, and sez I.

"What's the charge for that are thing?"

"Why, that pair," sez she, a sticking her head on one side and a burying her hands, that looked like a hawk's claws, down in the pocket of her cunning short apron; "I'll put them to you at twelve dollars; they're French made, 'lastic shoulder straps, stitched beautifully in the front, chuck full of whalebone—and they set to the shape like a skin to a bird."

Lord a massey, how the little stuck up critter did let off the talk! I couldn't shove in a word edgeways, till she stopped to git breath, and then sez I, I spose you throw in the martingales, sir-single, and so on, don't you? "The what," sez she a stepping back and squinting up in my face sort of cross, as if she didn't like to throw in the whole harnessing at that price.

The martingale, sez I, and the sirsingle, but mebby you have some other name for 'em down here in York. I mean the straps that come down in front to throw the chest out, and give the neck a harnsome bend, and the thing to girt up in the middle with. Marm won't know how sue to this new fashioned thing if I don't send all the tackle with it.

"Oh, sez the milliner, I did'nt understand; you want the laces and the steel in front; sartinly we give them in. The steel is covered with kid and the laces are of the strongest silk."

"Wal, sez I," I never heard of a steel martingale, and I should be afeared they wouldn't be over pliable."

"Oh," sez she, "you can bend 'em double, they give so." Haw you talk, sez I, it raly is curious what new inventions people do have, but somehow it sort of seems to me that a silk girt might be a leetle too slimpsey, don't you think so marm?"

"Lor, no sir," sez she, they are strong enough, I can tell you; jest take a look at the Broadway ladies, they never use any thing else, and they girt tight enough, I'm sure."

I hadn't the least idee what the critter was a diving at, she see that I looked sort of puzzled, and I spose she begun to think that I shouldn't buy the saddle.

"Look a here," sez she, a putting her hands on both sides of her leetle stuck up waist; "I've got 'em on myself, so you can judge how tight they can be fitted."

"Gauly appolus!" sez I, a snorting out a larfing, and a eyeing the leetle finefied old maid; but I didn't think it was very good manners to bust right out so, and I tried all I could to choke in. Gracious me! think sez I, no wonder the York gals have sich humps on their backs, since hey've got to wearing saddles like horses. By-an-by, arter I'd eenamost bust myself a trying to stop larfing, it come into my head that the critter of a milliner was a trying to poke fun at me, cause I wanted to beat her down; for I couldn't believe the tippies quite so bad as to girt up and strap down like a four year old colt. Wal, think sez I, I'll be up to her anyhow: so I looked jist as mealy mouthed as if I believed her, and sez I, as innocent as a rabit in a box-trap, sez I, "if the wimmen folks have took to wearing saddles, I spose they haint forgot the bridles too; so I don't care if I take this ere pair for some old maids we've got in our parts. If I had my way, they'd all be bitted the minit they'd turned the fust corner. Darned talking critters them old maids are, marm," sez I, a looking at her sort of slanting, jist to let her see she hadn't got hold of quite so great a green horn as she seemed to think.

Lord a massy, how she did look! Her leetle wizzled up face begun to twist till it looked like a red winter apple puckered up by the frost. I didn't seem to mind it, but put my hand down in my pocket sort of easy, and begun to whistle Yankee Doodle. "You haint got no bridles then?" sez I, arter a minit; for she looked wrothy enough to spit fire, and sot up sich an opposition in the pocket line that I was raly afeared her leetle hands would bust through the silk, or break her apron strings, she dug down so.

"Bridles, no!" sez she, as spiteful as a meat-axe jist ground, "but I'll send out and git a halter for you, with all my heart."

"Golly!" sez I, "but you're clear grit—smart as a steel-trap."

Think sez I, Mr. Jonathan Slick, Esq., it's about time for you to haul in these horns of your'n. You aint no match for a woman, anyhow: there never was a critter of the feminine gender, that couldn't talk a chap out of his seven senses in less than no time.

"Golly!" sez I, "but you're clear grit—smart as a steel-trap—aint you? hut don't git too mad, it i'll spile that handsome face of your'n I swan! but I should think you was eenamost thirty this minit, if I hadn't seen the differenee

before you begun to rile up." Didn't the puckers go out of her face when I said this! She was notified down in a minit. I don't s'pose she ever had twenty years took off from her good fifty so slick afore in her hull life; but it ain't human natur to come too all to once,—at any rate, it aint an old maid's natur, when hur back once gits up. So when I see her darned thin lips begin to pucker and twist into a sort of a smile, I let off a leetle more sodder, that wilted her down like a cabbage leaf, in the sun; and then sez I, a pinting to the glass-box—

"Come, now, s'posing we strike up a trade. I've took a sort of a sneaking notion to that are new fashioned side saddle. So if you'll throw in the tackling, I'll give you ten dollars for it, cash on the nail."

"That what?" sez she, a looking fust at me and then at the saddle, with her mouth a leetle open and her eyes sticking out like peeled onions. "That what?"

"Why, that are saddle," I, beginning to feel my dander rise.

"That saddle," sez she, "that saddle; why, sir, did you take that pair of French corsets for a saddle."

With that she stumped down into a chair, and covered her face with both hands, and larfed till I raly thought the critter would a split her sides. The way she wriggled back'ard and fored, tee heeing and haw-hawing, was enough to make a Presbyterirn Missionary swear like a sea captain.

"That saddle!" sez she, a looking up from between her hands, and then letting off the fun again as bad as ever. "That saddle! *Oh dear, I shall die.* Did you really take that pair of *French corsets* for a side saddle, Sir? Oh, dear, I shall die a larfing!"

Didn't I feel streaked though. Only think what a darned etarnal coot I had made of myself, to take a pair of gal's corsets for a side sadle. "Blast the things," sez I, and it was as much as I could do to keep from putting foot to the glass case, and kicking it into the street. I felt the blood bile up into my face, when the old maid burst out again, and I see a hull grist of purty faces came a swarming to a glass door, that they'd hauled back a curtain from, I could have slunk through a knot hole, I felt so dreadful mean. But by-am by I began to think that they had more cause to be ashamed than I had. Who on arth would ever have thought them stiff indecent looking things were made for a delicate gal to wear? I felt dreadfully though, to think that I'd been a talking about a gal's under riggin, to a woman so long, but a few minutes I began to think that I needn't fret my gizard much about that. The woman that stuck them things out in the street for young fellers to look at, need'nt go off in a fit of "the dreadful suz," because a feller asks the price of them. "So who cares?" sez I.

The old maid jumped up, arter she'd larfed herself into a caniption fit, and out on it agin—and she run into the back room where the gals were. It warnt more than a minit before there was never sich a pow-wow and rumpus kicked up,—the gals begun to hop about like parched corn on a hot shovel. They did set up sich a giggle and tee-heeing, that I couldn't a stood it one minute longer. But all at once I heard somebody say, "my gracious its Jonathan Slick, from our parts!" At that they all choked in, and were as still as mice in a flour bin. I looked to the glass door, and there stood Susan Reed, a holding back the curtain with one hand and peaking through a square of glass to be sartin it was me. I tell you what but the gal looked like a picter, and a darned purty picter too, as she stood a holding back the heap of red cloth, in her dark colored calico dress, and black silk apron that made her neck and face look as white as a lilly. The rosy checks that she used to have in Weathersfield were all gone, and her eyes seemed as if they'd grown larger than they ever were before. I don't know when I've seen a gal that has took my notion as she did while she was a standing in that door. Arter a minit I see her fling her head back till the long shiney curls streamed in heaps over her shoulder, and I heard her say,—

"Oh, let me go out!—I'm sure its him"

"What of that?" I heard the old maid squeak out, as sour as vinegar; "he aint no relation, is he?"

"No, no," sez Susan, a dropping the curtain and a speaking as if her heart was brim full and running over; "but he comes from Weathersfield,—we went to school; he come from *home*,—I must speak to him!"

With that she opened the door and come towards me, a holding out her hand and a trying to smile; but the tears were a standing in her great blue eyes, and I raly thought she was a going to bust right out a crying. I knew she was a thinking about the old homstead, and when I remembered how them darned lawyers cheated her old mother out of house and hum, I felt so bad I could a cried too, jist as well as not.

I went right up and shook hands, and sez I—

"How do you do, Susan? I swanny! but the sight of you is good for sore eyes; it raly seems like old times, only jist to look at you."

She kinder smiled a leetle, and sez she, "how are all the folks in Weathersfield?"

"Oh, they were all so as to be crawling about when I come away," sez I. "Sally Sikes has got married, I s'pose you know."

"And how is cousin Judy?" sez she.

"Purty well, considering," sez I; and you can't think how all overish I felt to hear any body speak of Judy. I was jist a going to say something to keep her from asking any thing more about the gal, when the old maid she come out, and sez she—

"Miss Reed, I don't hire you to talk with young fellers in the front shop."

Golly! didn't my blood bile, I could a knocked the stuck up leetle varmint into a cocked hat, but Susan she looked sort of scared, and, sez she, "call and see me, Mr. Slick, at *my* boarding house; I shall be so glad to talk over old times." The tears bust right into her blue eyes as she spoke, and she looked so humsick I raly felt for her.

"What time shall I call?" sez I, a following her to the glass door.

"I haint a minit that I can call my own till arter eight o'clock at night, sez she; but if you'll call some evening I shall be glad to see you."

"I shall sartinly come," sez I, and arter shaking hands with her agin I went out of the store and hum to my office, a feeling purty considerably humsick.

I couldn't seem to rest easy till I went to see Susan. She boarded in a sort of a gloomy house, eenamost up at the Dry-dock. I knocked away at the door with my knuckles ever so long afore I could make any body hear. By-and-by Susan come to the door herself, and she took me up a pair of stairs, civered with rag carpeting, into a leetle stived up room with a stove in it. Two little squalling brats were a playing on the floor, and a han'some woman, but not over nice in her fixings, sot in one corner, a sowing on a round about. Susan she was dressed up jist as she was in the milliner's store; she looked peaked and eenamost tuckered out, but yet the minit I'd got seated, she took hold with the women and begun to sew away for dear life.

"You seem to be rather industrious," sez I.

She smiled sort of mournful and sez she, so low I couldn't but jist ketch the words,

"I'm obliged to be or starve."

Think, sez I there's something that aint right here, and with that I begun to talk about the prices of the work till I found out that with all her hard trying it was more than she could do to arn a decent living. I begun to talk about hum and the time when I used to lend her my mittens when she was a little gal and her fingers were cold; but all I could do she wouldn't chirp up, but the other woman, she got rale sociable and told me lots of stories about milliners and sewing gals, and as I was going hum I took it into my head that I'd write some of 'em out for the Express.

I mean to send one of 'em next week, but I raly think they ought to shell out more chink than they do for my letters, for I've had to study the dictionary two days already to sarch out long words and I haint got half enough yit. I went to consin Beebe about it and he said that, mebby, I'd better study some of the arly English writers before I begun to write stories, or else Washington Irving, Cooper or some of them chaps might cut me out. I didn't jist know what he meant by arly writers, but made up my mind that it was them had begun to write when they were shavers, so I went into a book-store and told them I wanted to buy a good book that was writ by some English youngster.

"Here's a work by Boz," sez he, a handing down a big book; "he began the youngest and writes the best of any across the water." I bought the book and went back to my office. Gauly Apollus but aint that Boz Dickens a smasher, if he don't beat all natur nobody does.

If I could write like him, I should bust my dandy vest, I should be so puffed up. That are Nicholas Nickleby too, about the beatumest book that I ever did read,—I eenamost cried.

Jonathan after this his perusal of the English classics and the Dictionary, appears as an author: writing the story of the Milliner—

TO BE GIVEN IN OUR NEXT.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

"Look here," said Rose, with laughing eyes,
"Within this box, by magic hid,
A tuneful sprite imprisoned lies,
Who sings to me whene'er he's bid.

"Though roving once his voice and wing,
He'll now lie still the whole day long;
Till thus I touch the magic spring—
Then hark how sweet and blithe his song."

"Ah Rose," I cried, "the poet's lay
Must ne'er ev'n beauty's slave become;
Through earth and air his song may stray,
If all the while his heart's at home.

"And though in freedom's air he dwell,
Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
Touch but the spring thou know'st so well,
And hark how sweet the love-song flows."

Thus pleaded I for freedom's right;
But ah, when beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
The doom of poets is to yield.

No more my heart the enchantress braves,
I'm now in beauty's prison hid;
The sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
And I, too, sing whene'er I'm bid.

The Farmer's Daughter.—There's a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm houses are dangerous places.—As you are thinking only of sheep or of curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns, and theatres, and large assemblies of the rich and titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breast-plate, and pass thro' the most deadly onslaught of beauty, safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, crosses a glade, leaps a stile; you start, you stand—lost in wonder and astonished admiration; you take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of nymphs or dryads to earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, 'Its only the farmer's daughter!' What! have farmers such daughters now-a days! Yes. I tell you they have such daughters—those farm houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is but another name for a tindery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old fashioned chimney corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton; of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe, and brown jug of October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife; of the parson and his family, his sermons and his tenth pig—over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapt in the delicious luxuries of custards and whipt creams; in walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a curtsey and a smile of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter!—a lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as May dew, rosy as the rose itself, graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window, sweet as a posy of violets and "clove gillivers," modest as early morning, and amiable as imagination of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming. You are lost! It's all over with you. I wouldn't give an empty filbert, or a frog-bitten strawberry, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation; and fancying farm houses only nice old fashioned places of old fashioned contentment.—*Heads of the People.*

Prompt Answer.—Chateaumont, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII, when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is." "My Lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1840.

To Correspondents.—The favors of "Adrian," "Vivian Grey," and other correspondents, will be given as soon as we can make room for them.

"*The Path Finder*"—by J. Fenimore Cooper. We have not yet seen this last forest romance of him who but a brief year ago, filled the public eye, and the public papers too, as plaintiff and complainant in libel prosecutions Judging from a chapter of it in the New Yorker he has done more by its publication, to repair the wear and tear of his character, than fifty libel suits could do.

We understand that Mr. C. has made a *resurrection* of the old Trapper whom he buried in the "PRAIRIE; and the "Path-Finder," the hero of the present romance, is none other than the old Trapper himself, restored not only to life but to youth. Before his death we had made his acquaintance not only as the venerable Trapper, but as the youthful *Hawkeye* in the Mohicans, and the sturdy *Leather Stocking* of the Pioneers, in all of which characters he was every inch a man. We welcome him to earth again as the Path Finder; particularly as he brings his old worshipped rifle "*Killdeer*" upon his shoulder; and sincerly hope that Mr. Cooper in returning to search for the beaten highway of his former fame, has proved himself as successful a *Path Finder* as his hero

A Mississippi Romance.—A correspondent of the Natchez Courier, writing from the seat of government of Mississippi, gives currency to the following story of adventure:

I turn from the legislature to give an item which smacks of romance and novelty. To day there arrived in the stage, in company with Judge Bodley, a fair faced and juvenile passenger in pantaloons arrayed, and on stopping at the mansion of Madame Dixon, the said personage was consigned to a room in company with Senator Thomas B. Rives.

In a few minutes suspicions were set afloat that the stranger aforesaid was a woman, whereupon Mrs. Dixon in a curious trepidation, repaired to the presence of her new guest. "You are a woman," said Mrs. D. "I know I am," replied the stranger, "but listen to my story." She then related an adventure that far eclipsed the dangers braved by the lover of Orlando; she had been cruelly treated, her husband had fled the country, and, resolved to find him she changed her dress and went to the Mississippi River, where she secured a berth on one of the steam boats as cabin boy; this life she followed up and down the western waters eight months; despairing of the object of her anxious pursuit she is now on her way to the bosom of her family in one of the eastern counties of the Mississippi.

When her sex was discovered several ladies and gentleman recalled her acquaintance, and by the kindness of her friends, she was soon transformed and conducted to the parlor, glittering in all the splendor of her sex. The stories she told were intensely interesting and all true—while a cabin boy she had two or three fights, in all of which she came off victorious! Who will say the Mississippi ladies are not brave and do not love? We intend to write the history of this lady for one of the annuals; the materials are ample, her beauty, chivalry, devotion, and other heroic qualities! Look out for the story of the "cabin boy wife."

The grandiloquence of some men is often a musing. "Gentlemen," said a Student, "it is extremely insalubrious to inhale the obnoxious effluvia which arises from the cadaverous carcase of a defunct horse." On another occasion when asked "where he was walking," he replied merely perambulating miscellaneously through space.

The best dowery to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she has in her countenance mildness; in her speech wisdom; in her behavior modesty; in her life virtue.

From Goodrich's Fourth Reader.

SAINT PATRICK.

There are so many absurd legends of this Irish Apostle, that his name has been brought into contempt, particularly among Protestants. But an examination of his true history, will lead every fair-minded person to a very different estimate of his character.

St. Patrick appears to have been a native of Boulogne, in France, and to have been born about the year A. D. 387. In his sixteenth year he was made captive in a marauding expedition by an Irish king, Nial of the Nine Hostages. Being carried to Ireland and sold as a slave to a man named Milcho, living in what is now called the County of Antrim. The occupation assigned him was the tending of sheep. His lonely rambles over the mountains and the forests are described by himself, as having been devoted to constant prayer and thought, and the nursing of those deep devotional feelings, which, even at that time, he felt strongly stirring within him.

At length, after six years of servitude, the desire of escaping from bondage arose in his heart. "A voice in his dreams," he says, "told him, that he was soon to go to his own country, and that a ship was ready to convey him thither." Accordingly in the seventh year of his slavery, he betook himself to flight, and, making his way to the south western coast of Ireland, was there received on board a merchant vessel, which, after a voyage of three days, landed him on the coast of Gaul.

He now returned to his parents, and after spending some time with them, devoted himself to study, in the celebrated monastery of St. Martin, at Tours. During this period it would appear that his mind still dwelt with fond recollection upon Ireland; for he had a remarkable dream, which, in those superstitious ages, was regarded as a vision from heaven. In this, he seemed to receive innumerable letters from Ireland, in one of which was written, "*the voice of the Irish.*"

In these natural workings of a warm and pious imagination, so unlike the prodigies and miraeles with which most of the legends of his life abound, we see what a hold the remembrance of Ireland had taken of his youthful fancy, and how fondly he already contemplated some holy work in her service.

Having left the seminary at Tours, he spent several years in travelling, study, and meditation; but, at length, being constituted a Bishop, and having at his own request been appointed by the See of Rome, to that service he proceeded on his long contemplated mission to Ireland.

Let us pause a moment to consider the state of Ireland at this period, that we may duly estimate the task which lay before this apostle, and which we shall find he gloriously accomplished. The neighboring Island of Britain, it will be remembered, was still under the Roman yoke; but no Roman soldier had ventured to cross the narrow channel between Britain and Ireland, and set his foot upon Irish soil.—To Ireland then Rome had imparted none of her civilization.

The country was, in fact, in a state of barbarism; the government was the same as that which had been handed down for centuries, and which continued for ages after. The territory was divided among a great number of petty chiefs, who assumed the title and claimed the sovereignty of kings, but who yet acknowledged a sort of nominal allegiance to the monarch of the realm. The disputes between these sovereigns were incessant, and the people were engaged in almost constant war. Among the rapid succession of princes, history tells us of but few that did not die by violence.

In such a state of things, it is obvious that there could be little progress in the arts of peace, or in that culture which proceeded from the diffusion of intellectual light. A limited knowledge of letters existed in the country, and there was, no doubt, much mystical lore among the druidical priesthood, who at this dark period of society, appear to have led both prince and people as their cheated and deluded captives, whithersoever they pleased.

The dominion, indeed of these artful priests over the mind of the nation, seems to have been absolute, and they exercised it with unsparing rigor. The whole people were subjected to an oppressive routine of rites and ceremonies, among which the sacrifice of human victims, men, women, and children, was common. The details of these shocking superstitions, are, indeed, too frightful to be repeated here. It is sufficient to say, that this mission of St. Patrick contemplated the conversion of a nation, wedded to these unholy rites, to the pure doctrine of the gospel.

He came alone, armed with no earthly power, arrayed in no visible pomp, to overturn the cherished dynasty of ages; to beat down a formidable priesthood; to slay the many headed monster, prejudice; to draw aside the thick cloud which overspread a nation, and to permit the light of heaven to shine upon it.

There was something in the very conception of this noble enterprise which marks St. Patrick, as endowed with the true spirit of an apostle. It is sufficient to say, that exercising no power but pursuasion, and using no weapon but truth, he proceeded from place to place, and in the brief space of thirty years, introduced Christianity into every province of this land, without one drop of bloodshed. Everywhere, the frowning altars of the Druids fell before him, the superstitious priest did homage to the cross, and the proud priest of the Sun bent his knee to the true God. Christianity was thus introduced and spread over Ireland without violence and by the agency of a single individual.

Where is there a brighter page in history than this? Where is there a life more enobled by lofty purposes, more illustrious from its glorious results than this of St. Patrick? Surely, such an individual is no proper theme for ridicule or contempt. If we Americans do homage to the memory of Washington, who aided in delivering our country from tyranny, the Irishman may as justly hold dear the recollection of him who redeemed his country from paganism.

Aside from the immediate benefits which St. Patrick secured to Ireland, he has left to all mankind the heritage of a glorious truth, that is, that in contending with human power, human passions, and human depravity, the minister of Jesus Christ needs no other weapon than truth, enforced by holy example. He has left us an imperishable lesson of wisdom, that moral suasion can overturn that dominion of ignorance and prejudice, which might for ever hold the sword at bay.

He also taught us another truth, worthy of universal remembrance, which is, that the Irish people, wedded as they may be to ancient customs, are still accessible to the gentle appeals of truth and reason. Would to Heaven that those who attempt to deal with what they consider the superstitions of the Irish, would follow the example of St. Patrick and treat them as rational beings.

Anecdote.—A husband was continually finding fault with his wife for her want of neatness, that his house was not always kept like mirrors. This was one day very warmly expressed, and comparisons were instituted between her management and that of a neighboring quakeress, whom the husband had seen on that day. The wife promised compliance with his wishes; and on the husband's leaving the house, she put every thing in the most exact and neat order; not an odious particle of dust being suffered to appear. The husband returned rather later than usual with a friend whom he had invited to dine with him. To his surprise he found the front door of his house locked—he knocked loudly, and with great vehemence demanded immediate admittance, when an upper window was raised, and out popped the head of his beloved spouse. 'Thee cannot come in at the front door—thee must go round by the gate to the kitchen." The husband sheepishly complied, and ever after suffered the wife to manage her household affairs as she saw fit.

Bishop Andrews' Comparison of Sleep and Death.—Bishop Andrews says, "Sleep is so like death, that I dare not enter on it without prayer;" and it would be well if we considered it in that light, and made our peace with God at the end of every day, as if it were the last we should enjoy. The habit of doing this would greatly lessen the horrors of that awful period, when we must make up our accounts, however painful it may be to us.

Gammon.—A pious old lady in Boston recently purchased a splendidly bound Scott's Family Bible of a pedlar. After he had gone, she put on her specks to examine her purchase, when it turned out to be a *back gammon board.*—*N. O. Pic.*

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE COVENANTER,

At the time of the death of that great persecutor of the Scotch Dissenters, Henry I.

Hark! afar o'er the mountain what loud notes are stealing?
Tell me why sounds the bugle so shrill and so clear?
Say is the quick echo but wildly revealing—
That the terror-spurred steed of "The Graeme" hastens near?
Hark! fitful and deeply
The glens are resounding!
While echo with echo
The wild blast confounding;—
All herald his coming;—he soon will appear.

'Twas "The Graeme!" he passed me all wearied and gory;
His dark iron features were restless and pale;
The blood of the slain was his ensign of glory;
And the dew drops of evening hung cold on his mail!
His dark locks dishevell'd;
His mantle all tore;
While the heart that had revelled
O'er streamlets of gore,
Was drunk with the slaughter, and orphan's lone wail.

And dark as a cloud which the tempest has riv'n;—
A hostile host swept by the spot where I lay;
While the hound to the slaughter that oft had been driven,—
Made the hollow wood start with his murderous bay!
They have pass'd! and the sound
Of their chieftain's shrill horn,
With the howl of his hound
From the distance is borne,
Like the last ling'ring ray, at the close of the day!

* * * * * *

Now the shadows of night are fast lengthening around me;
And the cold mist encircles the bleak mountain's breast;
I'll away to my cave, and I'll gather around me
My pallet of straw, and seek comfort in rest.
Through my fears I'll rejoice
That my Saviour is near;
And anew blend my voice
With the incense of prayer,
Till faith closes my eyelids, and sleeps on my breast!

I slept! and while night wrapped her sackcloth around her,
I thought my dark covert with light seemed illumed:
And my sunken eye glared in a transfix of wonder,
While a bright form of glory, the rock disentomb'd!
And more pure than the snow
On Ben Nevis' bald height;—
'Mid the bright dazzling glow
Of meridian sun's might,
Glanced that form 'mid the vapours its presence perfumed!

With a silvery voice thus he calmly address'd me—
"Rejoice! I have burst the bold bars of thy gloom!
The sword sleeps unsheath'd! nor shall foeman molest thee,
For thy royal oppressor lies cold in the tomb!
And no more the green sward
His proud minions may bend;
Tell the saints of the Lord,
From your hidings descend!
Does not Bethlehem's star thy broad orient illume!"

I woke 'mid the first gentle breathings of morning;
I spring from my covert, and swept through the glen;
And my cry was (a thousand glad echoes returning)
"The foeman has fled! let us worship again!"
And ere eve shed her gold
O'er the western sky,
Many an anthem had roll'd
To the Savior on high.
Who now burst the gloom, and smiled sweetly again!

Rochester, March 30, 1840. J. R.

OH! THINK NOT THE SMILE.

Oh! think not the smile and the glow of delight,
With youth's rosy hue shall for ever be seen;
Frosty age will o'erclose with his mantle of night,
The brightest and fairest of nature's gay scene.

Oh! think while you trip like some aerial sprite,
To pleasure's soft notes on the dew-spangled mead,
That the rose of thy cheek, or thine eye's starry light,
Shall sink into earth and their spirit be freed.

Then round the gay circle with joy we will smile,
And the bliss of young love shall the fleet hour bless;
While the pure rays of friendship our evetide beguile,
Above fortune's frowns and the chills of distress.

T. A.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

There is e'en in this vale of tears,
A boon to mortals given
That calms their doubts, dispels their fears,
Their hours of melancholy, cheers—
This boon, dear friend, is heaven.

Though trouble should our minds depress,
And friends from us be riven,
Yet, in the midst of our distress,
This boon will yield true happiness—
This precious boon is heaven.

Let all the gold by earth possess'd,
To mortal man be given,
'Twould never calm his troubled breast,
Nor yield his weary soul sweet rest—
There's nothing will, but heaven.

Should fortune ever on you frown,
And friends from you be driven,
Let nothing ever cast you down;
But, joys immortal ever crown
You, and your friends, in heaven.

Sweet peace, through life, may you enjoy,
At morning, noon and even,
Nor meet with ought, that will destroy
That calm, which will your spirit buoy
Up to a seat in heaven.

When time, with thee shall have an end,
And thou, from earth be riven,
May Jesus be thy better friend,
And, may he some kind angel send—
To waft thy soul to heaven.

J. BRADISH.

FOR EVER THINE.

In the range of English fugitive poetry, we have met with few pieces of deeper pathos or tenderer feeling than this, by Alaric Watts. It breathes the very soul of devoted affection.—*N. Y. Signal.*

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide,
For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast;
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love, till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate:
False friends may change, and falser hopes decline;
Though bowed by cankering care, we'll smile at fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

For ever thine; when circling years have spread
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow:
When youth's rich glow, its purple light is fled,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now—

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?
No! come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age, thine own, for ever thine!

For ever thine; at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline,
When balmiest odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me—thine, for ever thine!

For ever thine! 'mid fashion's heartless throng,
In courtly bowers—at folly's gilded shrine—
Smiles on my cheek, light words upon my tongue,
My deep heart still is thine—for ever thine!

For ever thine! amid the boisterous crowd,
When the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine,
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee in thought—for ever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound;
The depths of love could such rude hearts divine?
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine—for ever thine!

LINES,

Left upon a young Lady's toilette by R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Soft God of sleep, when next you steal,
To charming Celia's eyes,
To the sweet maid in dreams reveal
Who 'tis that for her dies.

But should the fair one be displeas'd
At the unwelcome theme,
Fly her, and let my heart be eas'd,
By finding it a *dream*.

SONG.

I gave my heart to thee for thine,
And now my heart's untrue;
I see with grief the fault is mine,
And mine the mis'ry too.

Give back my heart, and take thy own,
For falsehood has such blame,
That while the sin is mine alone,
Thou shalt not wear the shame. B. H.

Nearest Road to a Lady's Bedchamber.—Henry the Fourth of France was much enamoured of a lady who used to attend the Court. The Prince one day in a gallant humour, said to the lady—"Pray, Madam, which is the way to your bedchamber?" "Through the church," said she.

A Dutiful Son.—A rich old miser being seated at the dinner table with all the members of his family, and glancing round on them said,

"How the branches thrive from so old a stump."

"Yes," said one of the family, "and I think that the branches would thrive much better if the old stump was out of the way."

Creation—How gloriously the God of Creation shines in his works. Not a tree, or a leaf, or a flower; not a bird or insect, but it proclaims in glowing language, "God made me."

"If youth were to come again," said an aged gentleman, "I would be a scholar." Ay: and how many more would be? What a useful hint this is to youth.

Sweet Music.—Mr. Candy and Master and Miss Candy are giving Concerts, at Louisville and Miss Honey is the reigning star at the Cincinnati theatre.

Dignified.—The editor of a "down east paper is endeavoring to elevate pumpkins to a more dignified standing. He calls them "domestic citrons."

Breaking Locks.—The legislatnre of Ohio has granted Jesse Lock a divorce from Mrs. Lock, his wedded wife.

"I'm revolutionizing Turkey, and effecting the downfall of Greece," as the cook said when he roasted the gobbler.

"Still so gently o'er me stealing," as the fellow said when he was bitten by bed bugs.

"I have had my portrait taken," as the gentleman said when the thief stole his profile.

"A specimen of the colored race," as the fellow said when he saw the two negroes running

MARRIAGES.

In Henrietta, on the 30th inst., by R. Martin, Esq. Mr, REUBEN CASE, to Miss EMILY, daughter of Elijah Webster, Esq., all of Henrietta.

At Lyons, on the 24th instant, by Rev. S. H. Ashmun, Hiram Youngs, Esq. of Junius, to Miss Laura A. Moore, of the former place.

In Pembroke, on the 4th instant, by David Nay, Mr. Jonas P. Vaughn, of Darien, to Miss Harriet, daughter of Daniel P. Waite, of the former place

In Barre, on the 26th ult., Mr. Loren Parsons, of Mendon, to Miss Mary Bachelor, of Barre.

On the 10th instant, Mr. John Richardson, to Miss Lucy W. Ames, both of Barre.

In Bristol, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. S. Goodale Doctor S. D. Burnett, of Lima, to Miss Sarah A. Crandal, of the former place.

In Palmyra, on the 14th instant, by Frederick Smith, Esq. Adin B. Smith, to Elixa Ann Hitchcock, both of Macedon.

In Farmington, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shumway, Mr. George H. Smith, to Miss Abeline E. Smith. Also, Mr. Horace N. Barnes, to Miss Harriet A. Powers.

On the 12th instant, by H. Purdy, Esq. Mr. William P. Power, to Miss Alice Sheffield, all of Farmington.

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

LINES,

On the death of Miss C. C., who died a short time since at Ashtabula, Ohio.

I see the lustre of that eye,
Tho' dim beneath the ground,
In light and playful brilliancy
Beaming on all around.

I see her in a gay green garb
That she was wont to wear,
While floating down the festive hall
With footsteps light as air.

I hear that wild and merry laugh
Amid the joyous crowd,
Sent from a heart as pure and free
As the white summer's cloud.

And like that cloud that wanders on
So near the setting sun,
Unconsciously her sands of life
Their course had nearly run.

Again I see her, but how changed!
Naught can the truth conceal;
Upon that fair and placid brow
Disease has set its seal:

Nor friend sincere, nor mother fond
Can stay it one short hour,
Nor anxious look, nor throbbing sigh
Deprive it of its power.

Oh fleeting Time! who would not wish
To stay thy onward flight,
When thus the fairest flowers of earth
Receive thy withering blight?

How oft 'mid rude and angry storms
The bold ship rides the wave,
When the frail bark on that same sea
Is doomed to find its grave.

So has the aged tree been left,
When the low plant beside
Shed its mild perfume on the air
In modest humble pride;

When from above an Angel came
And plucked the tender stem,
And placed the lovely flower to bloom
In Heaven's diadem.

L.

From the London Old Monthly.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BEAUTY.

FROM THE AURORA MSS.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER IV.

Faded and frail and glorious form,
And changed the soul within,
While pain and grief, and strife and storm,
Told the dark secret—SIN! *M. J. J.*

Two years are fled, and where is the beauty now? Time has sped on with rapid pinion since Lady Altonmore was the belle of Florence; and though I shall not seek to follow her through all her protean forms, or the labyrinthine mazes of duplicity and deceit, I shall recount her next meeting with Ryland Percival.

Shall I confess a boyish admiration to account for any interest I might feel in the fate of one so lovely and so loved? I trust that, for the sake of human nature, it will not be necessary for me to do so. Would that on earth there might be an interest created in the bosoms of ninety and nine for every one that wanders from the path of rectitude. Would that every man now breathing could see into the deep recesses of the human heart, whilst he thoughtlessly ministers to the gratification of his own licentious passions, and supports a course of life that he ought to recoil from with horror. Tear off the mask of duplicity that hides human nature, and we find the world pouring forth all the vials of its indignation at the course of life led by those who have been more sinned against than sinning, yet secretly feeding the flame of indulgence, that burns upon a shrine already so polluted. Would to God that I could write up on men's hearts in characters of living fire! And I would pray for strength to write "Charity," till every soul was softened. I care little for that mockery of goodness, which tells me I am vicious because I sympathise with a race so outcast and forlorn. I care little for the worthless principle that sets me down as depraved, because I choose to think it no sin to examine the condition of the reckless and abandoned outcast. HE came to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and shall man neglect thousands perishing hopelessly around him?—No! I would ask, What difference is there in human hearts, that those who offend should be considered alien to our nature? I would tell those who blame me, to go out into the world—to image to their own feelings the wretchedness of being outcast from all that is good—to be scorned by some, and reviled by others—to endure the sorrowful consciousness of being more sinned against than sinning—to know that all reputable ways of earning bread are denied them—and if they do this—if they combat prejudice boldly and fairly, and then do not pity more than they condemn; then I say, in the words of St. Paul, "If ye have not charity, ye are but as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal."

—In a fashionable street, leading into one of our fashionable squares, a neat equipage was standing. The door-plate exhibited the name of Dr. Percival, our old friend, now happily married and settled in life. He was not a fashionable doctor; his own good sense taught him to despise the affectation of servility, which is but too often accorded to station. And as Percival recognised only an intellectual or a moral superiority in mankind, it is hardly to be wondered at, that his success in practice was slow, although in the end it would be certain. He was married too, to an amiable, elegant, and accomplished woman; one whom he valued for the quiet possession of those virtues which adorn the domestic circle. Here was no wondrous beauty to captivate his soul, no blandished spells of fascination to throw around him the witchery of sensual captivation, but there was that unwhispered love, founded upon a proper estimation of honorable virtue, that afforded more real happiness than could ever emanate from the most passionate regard. His wife looked upon his pure and lofty character with almost reverence. She adored him as a husband, and venerated him as a friend; and although the magic word of "love" had never passed Percival's lips, she set a higher value upon his esteem than she could have placed upon any thing that bore the name of passion. And Percival was happy,—happy in the enjoyment of that felicitous intercourse of thought, feeling and sentiment, which being founded upon the best and noblest feelings of human nature, ever leads to a long and an unruffled course of mutual happiness.

Evening was closing in, and Percival had not yet left the dinner table. He was not a fashionable doctor; for he could not endure the restless frivolity of *ennuied* patients—to him,

"The ever nameless—ever new disease"

was a monster that he detested. But if he slighted those who were ill at ease, no one ever applied his energies with greater skill than he did, when disease and distress were his antagonists. To him there was something exciting in the struggle when he could bring the whole of his experience to the contest, and by a liberal exercise of his purse and talents, grapple boldly with disease and vanquish it. It was for this, that his name was almost worshipped by the poor who knew him. To them he was ever kind, his services ever ready; and his carriage was now waiting a summons from a poor and wretched being, who was forsaken and abandoned by every one; yet *he* was ever ready to start as soon as he received word of any change occurring to her, and no one was ever more liberally rewarded than he felt himself to be by the honest conviction of his own bosom. It was on this evening, when he had witnessed one of these scenes of squalid misery, that lie buried as it were beneath the superfices of London society, that as Percival was being driven slowly up the Haymarket, he set his eye upon a figure that seemed familiar to him, and as he passed, the light fell full upon her face and revealed the flushed countenance of Edith Hamilton.

Percival looked again to convince himself: he could hardly believe that the bold and impudent air of wanton levity which sat upon every feature, could ever have assumed a place upon one whom he had once thought more beautiful than the boasted Florentine Venus, to whom he had compared her. But he saw that there was no error: he could not be mistaken in a face whose dimly defined characters were still shadowed upon his heart; and his pulse beat with a wilder throb than usual, while he communed with himself how he might best hold forth the hand of charity. Emerging from his carriage, he directed his servant to walk slowly homewards; and looking round him for a policeman who was not far off, he directed his attention to Edith; and, presenting his card and a handsome donation, Percival requested him to find out who and what she was, and report to him on the following morning.

Policeman A. 37, was punctual and particular; he told Percival all he had learned—the flash name and residence of the fair one, and all that he could pick up of her acquaintances. Percival determined to visit her that night: his heart was sick and could not rest. It was a November night, wet, foggy and dismal; the streets were nearly clear, none but those who were obliged by absolute necessity would leave the shelter of their own firesides, and Percival hailed these as good points, for he thought he should be sure to find the fallen one at home. Wrapping himself, therefore, in plentiful appliances for the protection of his health, Percival penetrated his way into one of the back streets of the Strand; and, having gained the house, he looked about to reconnoitre those outward visible signs of inward and *spiritual* doings, which are but too common in this great metropolis.

It was a snuff-shop that he was directed to and he scrutinized its external appearance before he entered, as he wished to preserve his incognito. In the window, were the usual variety of cigars and boxes, curled and twisted pipes, a blackamoor, the play bills of the day, and a few indecent snuff boxes. The shop had been partitioned to make a small back room; and this was partly of glass, curtained with dirty red stuff, occasionally moved by those within, as they were impelled by curiosity to look at an occasional purchaser. Percival thought that, disguised as he was, it would be a chance if any one could recognize him; so he walked in bold-

ly, and selecting a few "prime Havanas," he was politely requested by the lady in waiting to walk inside: her customer, however, preferred being nearer the air, and he lit one of the twisted weeds and sat down to wait the rain over. To his own heart he acknowledged that he dared not enter: he had already heard the voice of Edith in conversation with some fancy friend. He smoked in silence and listened to what was said.

"But I say, Fred, where the devil have you been this long while?" It was Edith that spoke.

"Why, Luce, to tell the truth, I've been down in the country."

"Well, and what the devil took you down there?" inquired she.

"O the coach—went to see the old un—raise the wind—get some brads—flare up, have a lark. eh."

"Yes," replied Edith; "you are always out upon your larks. When are you going to treat me to the play?"

"O the Lord knows, I don't," was the reply; "but how have you been? and where have you been? W. wouldn't blab—where's your ticker? Uncle? eh, nice man—friend of mine sometimes—deuced queer go—how is it?"

"Why," returned Lucy, "I've been regular down upon my luck, cleaned out, every thing gone, and my body in quod."

"In quod! you!" ejaculated Fred.

"Yes," replied Lucy, "I was something peckish one night. I'd been chaffing and lushing, not above half drest, Sal and I went down to the ham and beef shop to get some supper—passed the old cobbler's shop just below. He was just come home drunk, and caught hold of me. I slapped his face and ran on for the grub. When I came back, the ugly-mouthed beggar gave us both in charge for being out without bonnets. I was half drunk, so I kicked the lobster, got in the cage—locked up—next morning got a month of it, tramp, tramp, tramp—let out on Monday, and here I am."

"Pleasant," remarked Fred.

"Pleasant!" said Lucy. "Yes, ——— pleasant! and while I was away, W. seized all my things for rent. You must let me have a trifle, Fred; I hav'nt a rag to put on. Lend us a sovereign."

"A'nt worth it, 'pon my soul. Ten o'clock: so I'm off—see you on Sunday. Post the browns then. None of your gammon; here's a crown for you. Bye, bye. Where's W.? Give us a weed. I say, old cock"—here he addressed Percival—"why, you're a regular chimley, eh, passage for smoke! Toss ye for a go of gin? Won't!—my eyes! a'nt you a blessed shirk! [puff, puff.] Good night, Luce."

Percival had witnessed all this in silence and dismay. Memory pictured out what Edith had been. Lucy pictured out what she was. She approached him with the meretricious air of a courtesan; and when Percival looked her full in the face, she said not a word, but fell into a chair and wept. Percival went not away alone; he took the weeping fair one to an institution where she might yet be redeemed to good conduct if there existed one green spot, one little relic of olden time, one feeling not yet prostrated at the dreadful shrine of infamy and pollution.

CHAPTER V.

Turn, turn again—there yet is time
To offer up one heartful prayer.

The life of Edith Hamilton, is a tale that might soften the heart of a stoic. To trace Man in his long career of vice and infamy, to look upon the lord of creation, bowing his noble attributes to the foul shrines of intemperance and dishonor, or to trace the blight of each higher feeling in a course of libertinism and debauchery, each, all are bad; but dreadful as it is, Man, if it wills him so, is able to contend with the thraldoms that bind his spirit, he knows that the world will forgive the errors of youth, he feels that libertinism is a species of recognised and allowable failing; but with Woman it is otherwise: she has no holdfast to throw round her when she has once launched on the ocean of dissipation. The world makes no allowance for her errors, and refuses to palliate her weaknesses; the first step taken she can rise no more. How damning then must be the curse attached to him who takes advantage of one unguarded moment to plunge Woman into sin, and to render her future life one of bitterness and regret!

Percival was rejoiced, as all must rejoice, that Edith had not been wholly sacrificed. It afforded him pure and heartfelt satisfaction that she had been snatched as a brand from the burning; and he endeavored by every means that the warmest interest could dictate to revive the old taste and affections that once existed in her heart. He endeavored to present new objects and excitements to her mind, and, by affording her intellectual enjoyments, to wean her from regretting the loss of those sensual indulgences from which he had wrested her. At times, indeed, he fancied that he perceived her sorrowing, though he knew not why; and when the news reached him, that she had fled from the protection he had afforded her; he lamented his ill-requited labors more that they had failed in giving happiness *to her*, than that his own endeavors had been sacrificed in vain. A few days after, he received from her an apology for her doings, so touching yet so true, that it unfolded to him a page in the human heart, which as yet he had never read.

If mine were a tale of fiction, I might seek to unravel those mysterious threads that make up the strings of human feeling—those chords of exquisite sensibility, and but too often (like this) of mistaken feeling, from which arises so much of the false sentiment that pervades the whole atmosphere of society; but mine is a true tale, neither wrought up into bright scenes of happiness, nor deeply shaded in its dark career of sin:—a picture of life is all that I have aimed at. Should the reader require stronger food for his imagination, he must seek it in the page of fiction: mine is that of truth.

Percival's heart bled whilst he read the following:—

"Percival! the world would have deemed me an ungrateful wretch for flying from your bounty; but you will not do so; for you are always more ready to forgive than to condemn. *You* will excuse me for leaving a station of constant wretchedness, although to many it would have been one of happiness. Percival, I assure you, that every gratification with which I was surrounded, was embittered by the thought, that it was undeserved. You, who have not trodden in a career of reckless vice, can hardly judge of the fierceness and strength of every passion which it engenders: you cannot be aware of the loathing it produces for every thing that is noble and good; your kindness snatched me from a headlong course of infamy and guilt, you placed me in a station to be envied, you endeavored to draw me back to virtue, and plant anew the seeds of religion and virtue; but you were casting your seed upon a barren rock. You little thought to sow good wheat and to reap tares, or that one whom you knew in happier hours could be so utterly lost; but so it is—Percival, since childhood, I never had any strict principles of virtue taught me. I was taught the follies of the world, the admiration I might command, the superiority of pleasure. I became vain and arrogant.—Circumstances threw me upon the world. I could not give up the indulgences I had became accustomed to; and I was soon lost to virtue, then to honor, then to feeling, lost utterly but for you. Percival—when I first fell, my mind was so veiled with the dazzling glare of imagined pleasure and anticipated delight, that I had not sufficient reason left to know that I was falling, until I was too far gone to recede. It was then—when I awakened from my dream to a full sense of my wild career, when I felt all those pangs of anguish and remorse that steep the soul in a lethargy from which nothing but new excitements can awake it—when a pause in the course of dissipation awakened me to the damning torment that ensues from an unrestrained pursuit of forbidden pleasure—pleasure did I say? phantom rather—hideous phantom created in the sinning imagination, and invested with charms by the spirit of its maker, which at length overpowers its creator and leads him into wilder abysses of guilt than ever Frankenstein was led by the monster he created; so was it with me. The phantom followed me like a shadow—the blandishments which first invested it are forgotten, and the hideous outline of its lineaments remains, and then, when the racking brain and the aching heart tell of wasted hours and wanton desires, what remains to banish thought so maddening, but new excesses, new excitements and a new awakening to wretchedness and sin.

Percival, I dare not offer you the polluted thanks of a wretched and licentious being. I shall soon be lost in the degradation that waits me. In death I have a secret to tell, will you be a friend to me then? I know you will, seek not to find me till then; but forget and forgive the truant. EDITH HAMILTON."

CHAPTER VI

———Smiles
Play'd, meteor like, upon a hundred cheeks,
As if contagiously; while sparkling lamps
Pour'd forth a deluging lustre o'er the crowd,
And music, like a siren, weaned the heart
From every groveling and contentious thought,
From every care
But all was like a mask
That seem'd to veil the features of the damned.

For some months Percival heard nothing more of her; and he had almost lost sight of one to whom in spite of her errors, he would have offered every comfort his purse could afford: for he would have rejoiced more over one repentant sinner, than over ninety and nine who need it not. Her image was then suddenly conjured up before him by the warbling of a song that he had heard her sing in her happier hours. Percival had been visiting one whom he had known in better times, an industrious woman, who had been married to a man that had broken her heart; and he was walking from the court where she lived, when he passed one of those taverns technichally termed "night houses." It was in full illumination, and a loud burst of clamorous applause awaked the doctor from the current of his reflections. For a moment he listened, and he felt convinced that it was Edith's voice; and, in a few minutes, by the payment of a few pence, he was seated amongst the motley group assembled. To the casual spectator, the idler, or the careless, such a scene would have been passed over. To *him* it was full of interest; for during his pilgrimage he had learned to read much in the countenances of men, and could judge from outward manifestations much of what was passing within. Percival shuddered as he surveyed the easy path that sin presented to its victims. Here was a girl hardly seventeen, yet her eyes were brightened with intoxication' her cheeks bedaubed with paint, and her manners of wanton levity formed a strange contrast to the innocence that ought to accompany such years. "Probably," thought he, "she was once a parent's pride: she may now be his cursed child." Again, near him he saw a youth whose countenance he knew: his language told him to be a medical student; and his dress betokened mourning for one dead—it might be a parent, a sister, a friend,—and his sorrow was such, that whilst to the world he bore the outward tokens of regret, to himself and to his God, he showed only a heart worthless and depraved, and daily becoming more attached to the enervating orgies of folly and excess. Percival had some knowledge of him; and when he remembered who he was, and thought of his widowed mother, and his sisters who looked up to him for protection from the rebuffs of life,—when he considered all this, and the arduous struggle necessary to maintain a professional career, he saw before him a shadowy vista of disappointed hopes and wasted energies; and he hoped that he might be deceived in the youth's identity. But there were other things to be learned in that school of infamy. There was a girl a mere child, whose showy dress set off a person of juvenile sweetness. Close to her was an elderly bloated woman. Percival read their situations in a moment. It was a mother sacrificing a child to the passions of the heartless and dissipated. And for what?—To enable her to indulge in habitual intoxication at the price of a child' prostitution! Who would have thought that those sounds of revelry and riot were but the delusive covering for scenes like this? Who would have thought, that beneath the mask of joy and gayety which every thing assumed, so much vice and wickedness should lie concealed? But so it was.

Percival knew that vain would be any attempt of his to awaken the beauty in her career. He knew that it would be useless to exercise generosity or pity: but he thought of the hour when she would be laid a livid corpse without a friend to offer her the last rites of humanity. He shuddered as he saw the havoc time and dissipation were making on her beauty; and he tho't that soon she might need a pauper's pittance to consign her to the grave. At her side Percival perceived one whom he recognised as "Fred," a partaker in scenes like this! Tearing a leaf from his pocket book, he wrote as follows:

"Edith—A day must come when you will need a friend. I do not now ask you to leave

the life that is killing you; for, I have often asked you in vain: but promise me that when misery and privation have taken place of these scenes of hollow hearted joy, that when the cold pity of a heartless world leaves you to death and destruction, you will send to me: even then, Edith, I will be friend you. Send to me when you want help. Scruple not to send for me, even if you will not be turned from a career so wretched. He, whose I am, and whom I serve, forbids me to forsake you"

As he folded the paper and gave it to the beauty, she spoke not a word; but her rising bosom and speaking eye told Percival that gratitude was not altogether lost. He departed, a sadder yet wiser man.

CHAPTER VII.

For never was a story of more woe
Than this. *Shakspeare.*

Let us pass over two short years more. Another span in the duration of human existence; a lapse that we look forward to as an age, or look back on as a dream. Time, in its changeless cycle, moves on with steady step though stealthily. To some, how quick has been his flight! To some, the pomps and vanities of the world have rendered life an intoxicating torrent of revelry; to others, its every step has been attended with the dull pressure of affliction, or marked with the iron grasp of anxiety and doubt. To Percival the time had been beneficial. He was rising in his profession; and his path in life was smooth and changeless. Wholly occupied in professional duties, or sharing in the domestic circle, his felicity was without those strong exacerbations of joy and grief that leave their imprint behind them. He moved on in that even tenor of his way, doing good whenever he had the opportunity, feeling abundantly repaid by the earthly rewards he received, and looking forward to a distant period, when that happiness should be rendered everlasting.

But there was one to whom those years were ages. One whose very soul seemed consumed by the corroding canker of inward misery and outward guilt; to whom days were as years—nights almost endless, and who felt every thing embittered by the rank poison of sin, that seemed to have been circulated through every vein, till her whole being was like a tree scathed by lightning and left to perish; daily rotting and mouldering, useless and neglected; yielding at night-time a ghastly phosphoric light to show what she was. She was now a living mouldering trunk: a human dry rot had attacked her body, soul, and spirit, and she was now lingering without energy and without hope;—cursing her existence, and blasting with horrid imprecations the punishments entailed by a reckless abandonment to infamy and vice.

Edith Hamilton was on her dying bed, in an unused closet of one of the vilest dens of infamy that the dark obscurities of London only can contain. There—all unregarded and alone, racked with bodily torment and mental misery, until her brain whirled round with the maniac ferocity of unquenchable disease,—with her dying cries hushed by brute force, and the few comforts that might have softened death, withheld by the wretched hands that sometimes tended her—there, a victim to a life of wickedness, lay the remains of the beauty! A sad spectacle, even to those who had witnessed wretchedness from their youth upwards! Her long auburn tresses had been despoiled in an unseen moment of sleep—her few articles of wornout apparel stolen ere she was dead—and without a single human being to receive her last sigh, or to recoil from her last curse, there she lay, dying slowly and fearfully, with all the accumulated consequences of disease and neglect. Yes! there was all that was mortal of Edith Hamilton! without one to moisten her parched lips—without one to perform even the meanest offices for her—without one to receive her dying wishes: and yet but a few short years before, she had been the admired of all admirers; a few short years before, she had been bowed to and adored! The noble and wealthy contended for the honor of protecting her, and pampered every wish of her heart, until she had become the petted child of folly—the willing votary to illicit gratifications. Here was the consummation of that life—abandoned to the care of that God, whose mercy she so long had scoffed at.

But there was one near her who looked up to her as a mother, and that one was a little child, the offspring of a prostitute, to whom Edith had been a friend in brighter hours, and who bequeathed her child to her care. The child looked up to her as a mother, and running into the room—such as it was—awaked Edith from a transient lapse of half sleeping rest, which worn out nature had at last conceded.

"Mummer, mummer," exclaimed the child, "look here; pretty picture Charley got! Mummer, kiss Charley." Edith turned to look upon the child. She had pitied an infant whom fortune had consigned to such a scene for stamping the first impression of life; and as she turned she felt conscious that she had been long sleeping, dreaming or insane. Feebly did she whisper to the child to fetch a packet of letters from a drawer. And then she clutched them eagerly, as if those memorials of the past could ease the pangs of death. She unfolded the letters, and seeking out one, she sent the child for a pen, and directed it to Dr. Percival. The child took it to the woman of the house. She knew that Edith had seen better days; she thought, too, that from its being to a doctor, it might bring some comfort to the house, or at least remove Edith to a hospital to die. Then the woman thought of the funeral, and she sent the letter, lest Edith should die first.

The letter was sent, and Edith was again conscious,—she hoped that she might remain so till Percival came. She knew he would come, but the minutes seemed like hours. She would have prayed to God for help and support, but her tongue clave to her mouth, and her sorrows choked her. Then the hot scalding tears seemed dropping around her like liquid fire. She would have given—but she had nothing to give, so she did not get it—but had she possessed worlds she would have given them for one cup of cold water, to cool her parched mouth. She could scarce speak, and her throat was hoarse with the cries which her torture forced from her. At times when any one came near her, it was but to curse her noise, or to threaten her with the gag. Then they bound her with cords to prevent her violence; and after her moments of delirium she was sane again. Then the minutes seemed endless. She thought that Percival too had forgotten her, and she looked back at the period of her life when her path had been strewed thick with flowers. She felt their thorns now; and she thought till a new fit of madness came, and again she was worn out in vain attempts to break the cords that bound her.

At last Percival came. He had been from home, but on the receipt of the summons, he had set out; and when he reached her bed side he could hardly believe that the worn and altered woman before him was the ill fated beauty At the sight of him, her madness returned with three fold violence. She cursed every thing that was good, every one that was near her; and she intermingled her ejaculations with mutterings about those who had forsaken her. Percival shuddered at the violence of her manner. He ordered those who had intruded to retire.—He tried to open the window, but in vain. He bathed her temples, with vinegar, and sat by her for hours. But no consciousness returned.—During the early part of the night she lay in a state of insensibility, rocking her head backward and forward, on the pillow without ceasing, sometimes muttering names that Percival knew not; at others, she would start up for a moment, gnash her teeth, and throw the few bed clothes back; then tear off her garments, and with furious menaces sink down exhausted. Then again she would laugh with a wild hysterical chuckle, hollow and forced, a laugh worse than dreadful. Percival knew that life's fitful fever drew near a close. Her pulse accelerated; fits of madness followed in rapid succession; her features grew horribly distorted, and muttered curses revealed to Percival the horrid anguish, of her being, that even when uncontrolled by reason gave vent only to curses.

There were none in that haunt of reckless vice, that cared to bestow a single thought upon the dying woman. Sometimes, when a lapse of silence occurred, Percival heard those signs of concealed iniquity, that are but little seen by the casual spectators of the vicious and depraved. Doors opening at all hours of the night; the stealthy step of the slily cautious man; the loud laugh of the intoxicated prostitute; the constant supplies of liquor, and the lavish expenditure of money—lightly got and lightly gone. After a while Percival thought he perceived a moisture appearing on her forehead, and he argured it to precede a change. He had scarcely observed it, when he heard a heavy footstep ascending the stairs, and the confused sound of voices, as if in opposition or reproach.

"I will see Lucy," said the strong manly voice.

"Do be quiet, Fred." exclaimed one. "You can't see her—she's very bad," said another.—"He's deuced wild when he's got a drop," said a third. "I tell you, I will see her," repeated the man. "So ——— you infernal faggot, I'll down with you, if you don't let me pass in."

"She's dying, you brute, she is," returned the woman.

"Dying!" ejaculated he. "You be ———. It's a cursed lie."

"It's true Fred," interposed one of the fainter voices.

"Then, by ——— I will see her. So move, you confounded old ———." Then arose more remonstrances, followed by a scuffle. Percival went to the door just in time to hear a heavy fall, a loud scream, the cries of one or two women, and the heavy step of some one rapidly ascending. Keeping the door in his hand, he awaited the coming of the stranger. At first sight he recognized "Fred," now wildly and brutally intoxicated, degraded in manners, person, and sentiment.

"Who are you?" was his first inquiry of Dr Percival.

"Be silent," said Percival calmly. "She whom you seek is already in the hands of death. Go away, and let her die in peace."

"I suppose you're the doctor are you?" returned Fred. "Then I tell you what it is; it's all —— lies. Luce, Luce! give us a kiss. You'll be well soon."

Percival tried to turn him away, but it was in vain.

"Look here, Doctor," he exclaimed. "She led me into vice—I called it pleasure then.—She helped me then to spend more than I earned; and for her sake I robbed my employers. For her I cheated my parents, broke my poor mother's heart, forged on my poor father, and all for her; and yet you want to turn me out now she is dying. Why, Doctor, for her I have been degraded from society—made an associate with outcasts and wretches. Driven from good to bad—bad to worse—worse to worse—from that to the last extremes of vice, till I am what you see me—the bully of a brothel! She must say, 'God bless you, Fred!' Why, I have given up all for her. Lucy, Lucy!"

Percival perceived that it was useless to attempt to stop the torrent of his words. The reckless ruffin went up to Edith, and roughly awaked her. "Luce, I say Luce!" Edith stared round her wildly—returning conciousness seemed to awaken her to those who were around her.

"Fred, is it you?" she inquired in a low voice. "I am dying."

"No, no, ——— that. Not all up yet; eh. Doctor?"

"It is, it is!" raved Edith, suddenly seized with delirium, as she started up in bed. "It's all over, Fred; but come—one song more."—Here she attempted to sing. "Ah, Marden taught me that—Marden—hell fire seize him! Percival!" and she seized his hand with the energy of madness. "Percival, go to Marden.—Swear it. Go to him, and curse him with all the damning curses hell ever taught me. Blast him with all the evil wishes that ever burned in a maddened brain!" Here she tore from her bed, looked round with the fury of madness unrestrained, and seizing Percival by the hand, she took that of the suddenly sobered Fred.

"Fred," she exclaimed, "forgive me. Percival, you told me this would end me. Give my last curse to Marden. Tell him he murdered me. Tell him —"

Here with a fit of uncontrolled passion she sunk down exhausted. After a few moments she recovered.

"Fred," exclaimed she, "I see hell and devils dancing round me; and there's my poor old mother trying to scare them off! Ha, they'll have me—they'll have me! Help, help!"

Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the now sober Frederick, but he was awe-struck with the death scene of her he loved. For a few moments Edith was hushed—all was still. The dim gray light had just begun to render the flame of the candle ghastly. The clock chimed four, and again all was repose.

"Oh God," exclaimed Edith, vainly attempting to rise, "God help and pardon me! Father of mercy! Fred, Fred—look at *me*, and repent.

God of Heaven ———" At this moment she fell down on the bed—blood was gushing from her mouth and nostrils—there was a faint gurgling hiccup—a slight tremor of the flesh—and again all was still.

Neither Dr. Percival nor Frederick spoke a word. They were silent and dismayed; humbled in spirit and in heart at witnessing the last scene in the Life of a Beauty.

Reader, my tale is done. Would to God that I might have painted out the death-bed of a repentant sinner; but truth must take the place of fiction; and I leave it to the novelist to portray what experience rarely sees. My readers of the fair sex may charge me with violating the duties of society, in dragging forward the dark features I have outlined. Alas, nearly one-twelfth portion of their number in this great metropolis are as lost, as fallen as Edith Hamilton. And must the scenes of incarnate horror—the impenitent death-beds—the thousands plunging into eternity without one effort to save them—must all these scenes of awful wretchedness be veiled forever? No, lady the wound must be laid bare—it must be probed and cauterized, or it can never be healed. The Christian must light the lamp of active charity, and search diligently for the lost pieces of silver—those souls lost in moral darkness and destitution.—And vice too must be painted without the false sophistry of the novelist, or it can never make the soul recoil with horror. * * *

There is a plague-spot upon society—corroding and cankering its very vitals—fostered by its indulgences, and undiminished by its punishments. The young and the lovely wither beneath its blight, and all around them are contaminated by its influence. How few are they who cannot tell of a daughter or a friend undone, a son or a neighbor led into ruin by the fearful fascination of some erring beauty?—Alas that human nature should be so fallen! but so it is. The ruin of woman's honor fills the earth with sin, and hell with victims.—Legislation can afford no remedy. The only corrective is in a moral education. I would teach every Christian mother, that she may weave around her child a bulwark more impregnable than hardened steel—that virtue, as a principle of action, will place around her child a defence like a circle of living fire, dismaying the libertine, and disarming the vicious. I would tell her that an empty mind can ill withstand the attacks of the tempter; that in the long catalogue of female ruin, but few are found who have been distinguished for moral or intellectual cultivation. I would have her teach her child, that happiness is only compatible with goodness, that a swerving from rectitude is a voluntary embracing of misery and death; that vice is never so deadly as when arrayed in the colors of virtue; and that the first moment when she can look on vice without detestation she is lost forever. I know my words may appear superfluous; but when I think upon the thousands hurrying on in their career of sin—when I think how the daughter of a house is its honor and its grace—when I think of the father and mother that loved her—the brother who made her his pride, and the sister on whose bosom she slept—how all of them are utterly lost and dishonored by a daughter's degradation—when I think of these things—that I am writing to assist in the cause of woman's redemption—that I am seeking to gather souls from among the tares that have choked them—I feel that could I dip my pen in everlasting fire, and trace my thoughts in words of burning, they would even then be far from extravagant.

That a record of truth may awaken one to forgiveness—that it may lead many to HIM who condemned not, but bade the sinner sin no more—that it may affect the heart with something deeper than a mere passing influence, is the earnest and unvarying prayer of ION.

Preference.—"Where were you born, my man?" said a gentleman to a lad of the Emerald Isle, who offered his services as groom, and to do *every thing* else, as an Irishman always does. "Where were you born, in Dublin?"—"No, plase your honor," said Pat, "I was not. I might have been if I plased, but I preferred the country."

The Golden Rule of Love.—I am of opinion that in matters of sentiment there is but one rule, that of rendering the object of our affections happy; all others are invented by vanity.

From the New York Express.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

MISS JOSEPHINE BURGES.

BY JONATHAN SLICK, ESQ.

Miss Josephine Burges was as purty a gal as ever trod shoe-leather, but she was awfully stuck up, and got into all kinds of finefied notions, arter her par, the old shoe maker, died and left her his arnings. She was an awful smart critter though, and had a sort of a notion which side her bread was buttered on, as well as any body you can set your eyes on. Instead of spending the seven hundred dollars which the stingy old coot of a shoe maker left behind him, all in hard chink, she sot up a milliner's and dressmaker's store in the Bowery,—and it raly would have done the old chap's ghost good to have seen how she contrived to turn the sixpences and half dollars that he'd kept hoarded up so long in an old pepper-and-salt stocking, for fear of losing. A tarnal snug bisness Miss Josephine Burges was a doing, I can tell you. If she didn't know how to make things gibe, there wasn't a gal in the Bowery that did, you may be sartin. She raly had a talent for the bisness—a sort of a genius in the bonnet way. With her own handsome leetle fingers she cut and snipped, and twisted, and pinned on the shiney stuff and ribands, to all the caps and bonnets turned off by the ten peaked looking, slim young gals that recreated twelve hours out of every twenty-four in a leetle garret bed-room in the back of the house, where Miss Josephine Burges kept her store. How them peaked-looking young gals might have enjoyed themselves, if they'd only had a mind to! There never was such a prospect as they had to look out on, when they got tired. If they jist turned their bright eyes up to git a peck at the sky, there was a hull regiment of chimnies, all a sending out smoke like a company of Florida sogers; and if they looked down, there were ever so many back yards cut up into sort of pigpens, with lots of bleech boxes a pouring out the brimstun smoke, and old straw-bonnets strung out to dry, that made every thing look comfortable and like live. Miss Josephine Burges was a purty good boss, considering. She let her gals have half an hour to eat their dinners in; and if any on 'em didn't happen to get to the shop at seven o'clock in the morning, she never docked off more than half their day's wages. She was rather apt to git out of temper once in a while.—but then, instead of blowing the gals up, as some cross-grained critters will, she only blew up their work, and made them do it all over agin,—which was a nice, easy way of spitting out spite, and putting a few coppers into her own pocket; for when it took a half of a day to do the work, and another half to alter it, she only made the poor gals lose a hull day's wages; and if they didn't like that, she'd always give them leave to git a better place,—which, considering that one quarter of the sewing gals in York are always out of work, was raly very good natured and considerate in her. Besides this, she had many other ginerous leetle ways of turning a copper. When the peaked, haggard, young critters come down from the work-room, at twelve o'clock Saturday nights—for Miss Josephine Burges was awful pious, and it wasn't only once in a great while that she made the gals work over onto the Sabberday morning—as she paid them their wages, Miss Josephine always found out that some mistake had been made in the work—a piece of silk cut into, or a bit of Leghorn burnt brown in the bleeching, which melted down the twenty shillings which they ought to have had apiece, to eighteen, or, mebby, two dollars,—all of which must sartingly have been to the satisfaction and amusement of the pale troop of gals who had two dollars to pay for board, besides clothes, and washing to git along with, out of the twenty-five cents that was left; and if they didn't seem to like it, Miss Josephine wasn't a going to fret herself about that. She always contrived to tucker them out with hard work before she settled up, so that there was no fear of their saving much agin what she took of their wages. Sometimes the tears would come into their eyes; and some on 'em that hadn't no hum to go to, except the leetle garret bedrooms, which they were over head and ears in debt for, would bust out and sob, as if they hadn't got a friend on arth; but crying is a good deal like drinking—it hurts those that take to it more than it does any body else. Miss Josephine Burges didn't care a copper for tears and sobs; she'd got used to 'em.

Miss Josephine Burges raly *had* a talent for her business; nobody ever larned so many prudent ways of laying up money; she used to dress up like a queen, and her Sunday-go to-meeting clothes were the ginuine things, and genteel all over. Eenamost every Sabber day she would go to meeting in a bran fire new bonnet; and if some of her good natured customers that staid to hum because theirs wasn't finished, had one jist like it, come to the door on Monday morning, the leetle gal that waited for the band box only had to say, that she sarched and sarched a Saturday night, but couldn't find the house. It don't hurt a dashing bonnet to wear it eenajist once; and Miss Josephine never kept her customers a waiting over more than one Sunday, only when they were nation easy and paid beforehand. Folks that are always a minding other peoples' bisness, used to talk about Miss Josephine, and called her extravagant and stuck up, but the varmints didn't know what they were a talking about more than nothing. If she had her silks and satins made up every month, the making cost eenamost nothing. The working gals always expected to set up till twelve o'clock Saturday nights in hurrying times; and when it wasn't hurrying times, Miss Josephine always had a frock to finish off for herself or something of that sort. The frocks answered jist as well to make bonnets out on arter she'd dashed out in 'em once or twice, and the sleeves and waist cut up scrumptiously for ruffles and furbelows.

Miss Josephine Burges understood the soft sodder principles like a book. She had a way of bartering off her bonnets and gim-cracks that was raly curious. If a customer happened to take a notion to any color or shape of a bonnet, she would insist upon that she should try it on afore the glass; and while the lady was a gitting good natured and a beginning to feel stuck up with the looks of herself, Miss Josephine would twist about the bow, and spread out the ribands, and tell how very nice it was, the face and the bonnet agreed so well. She had jist *that* face in her mind when the bonnet was underway—so delicate—so graceful—so—so—*very* handsome. Some people hadn't the least notion of harmony and grace. It raly did one's heart good to make things for a lady who knew which was which. She always kept them sort of hats for her most fashionable customers. She wouldn't have 'em git common for any thing—raly she couldn't tell how that one got out on the counter; but shop gals were the most careless critters on arth—sometimes she did feel as if she couldn't git along with 'em—but in these hard times it raly went agin her heart to turn 'em away, so she got along as well as she could.

Here Miss Josephine Burges would break short off and let the customer look at herself in the glass, only jist throwing in a word once in a while to help along. Then she'd pull the bonnet a leetle fored, tuck away the lady's curls under it, and stick her own head a one side to take an observation; arter that she'd kinder put up both hands and say "beautiful," jist as if the word bust right out, all she could do to help

it. By-am by Miss Josephine Burges would sort of fold her hands over her black silk apron and step back a leetle to give her customer time to twistify afore the glass, and wonder whether the milliner meant the bonnet, or her face, or both together, when she said "beautiful." The hull of it eenamost always tarminated by Miss Josephine Burges selling the bonnet, and the lady's swimming off chuck full and brimming over with soft sodder, like a darned turkey gobbler, stuffed out with wet injun meal.

If a customer did *not* take a notion to the bonnet, or seemed to hanker arter something else, Miss Josephine had nothing to do but alter her tune for another sort of a dancer.

'Folks with homely faces,' sez she, "ought to be squeamish about colors; in fact they couldn't help it if they wanted to look decent; but some folks raly seemed to look handsome in any thing; it was the face, arter all, that sot off the bonnet. Some people had sich clear skins that could bear a bright orange color, and look purty as pinks arter all" Once in a while Miss Josephine sartinly did over do the business a leetle, but she almost always made out to trade somehow, without her customer turned out to be some sly coot of a sister milliner, a running round to hunt up patterns, or some darned critter out a shopping on a fore pence hapenny capital.

Besides tending her shop, and cutting, and trimming, and all that, Miss Josephine Burges found time to do a leetle courting, overwork, with a finefied sort of a 'pothecary feller, that sold doctor stuff over the way angin her store. But she didn't let this take up much of her time, nor no such thing; she warnt a gal to let her heart run away with her head, any how they could fix it. While the finefied stuck up leetle 'pothecary shut up his shop over the way, and sot more'n half the time a twisting up the thread and leetle bits of riband, that Miss Josephine Burges snipped off with a pair of sharp pinted scissors, hitched to her side by a black watch-guard, and kept a pucking up his mouth and a talking darned finefied nonsense, as sweet as the jujube past and the peppermint drops that he brought in his trowsers pocket; she sot as independent as a cork-screw, with one foot stuck up on a bonnet-block, a twisting up bows and a sticking pins and feathers into a heap of silk and millinary stuff. Once in a while she found time to stick a pepperment drop into her leetle mouth and to turn her eyes to the 'pothecary with *sich* a look. So soft and killin, it went right straight through his heart, jist like a pine skewer through a chunk of the butcher's meat.

There never was any thing went so slick as these two critters did, arter they took to hankering arter each other; it raly was better than a play to see how they got along. The 'pothecary chap was a sneezer at figures. He'd cyphered through Dayboll's arithmetic three times, and could say off the multiplication table without stopping once to ketch breath. So he sometimes overhauled the milliner's books, not because he wanted to know any thing about them, but because women folks are so apt to be imposed on; he writ out her little bills, and kept a sort of a running notion of cash accounts, for she wasn't much of a judge of money, and so always sent her bank bills over to his shop to know whether they were ginuine or not. She did all these leetle trifles in a delicate and natral sort of a way, that was sartinly very gratifying and pleasant to the 'pothecary; and he raly begun to fat up and grow pussy on the strength on't, it wouldn't been human natur if he hadn't.

Miss Josephine Burges was a setting in her back shop, a thinking over the 'pothecary chap and the dollars and cents that she'd skinned out of the gal's wages that week, a making them work at half price, because the *times were so bad*, when the 'pothecary come a tiptoeing thro' the store a looking as tickled as if he'd found a sixpence. He took two ball tickets out of his vest pocket, and held one on em out to the milliner and stood a bowing and a grinning like a darned baboon till she read the writing on it.

"I raly don't know what to say," sez she "I never have been to the Tammany balls, and I —I—"

"It'll be the top of the notch, this one," sez the chap. "They're a going to be awful particular who they invite,—nothing but the raly genteel will git tickets, I promise 'em."

Miss Josephine Burges puckered up her mouth and said she didn't know—she was afeared she might meet with some of the working classes—she—

"Don't say no—it'll break my heart, it will sartinly," sez the lover. "Don't drive me to taking pison on your account—oh don't."

Miss Josephine kinder started up and give a sort of a scream, and said she wouldn't drive the 'pothecary to take pison, and that she would go to the ball. The minit she said that, the leetle chap went right off into a fit of the dreadful suz; he slumped right down on his marrow bones, and begun to nibble away like all natur at the four dear little fingers that stuck out of Miss Josephine Burges' right hand mit.

"Oh, say only jist one thing more, and I shall be so happy, I shall want'er jump out of my skin," sez he, all in a twitteration.

"Oh, dear me, what do you mean? I swanny I'm all in a fluster," sez she.

"Here down on my knees I ask, I entreat, I implore, I conjure, most beautiful of wimmin folks," sez he, "that you be my partner, not only at the ball, but through this ere mortal life, that lies a stretching before us like a great paster lot, covered over with tanzy, wild rubarb, and senny roots all in bloom. Don't blush my angel, but speak."

Now Miss Josephine Burges knew as well as could be that it was the fashion to feel dreadfully at sich times, to git up a caniption fit, or any how, to give right up, and set covered all over with blushes, but the bit of cotton wool that she used always put on her blushes with, was tucked away in the top of her stocking, and she couldn't git at it handy without being seen. So she puckered up her mouth and looked as if she'd jist lost her granny.

"Give me *one* word of hope, now do," sez the anxious 'pothecary, a squeezing the milliner's hand, mit and all, between both of his, and a twisting his head one side and a rolling up his eyes like a hen that's jist done drinking.

"Oh, dear suz, what *can* I answer?" sez Miss Josephine Burges, a wriggling her shoulders and covering up her face with one hand. "I never felt so in my life. Dear me."

"Don't spurn me away from these ere leetle feet—nobody will ever love you agin," says the leetle chap, and with that he struck his hand sort of fierce agin his heart, that was floundering away under his yaller vest like a duck in a mud puddle.

"Get up, oh do," sez Miss Josephine Burges, catching a sly peak at the 'pothecary through her fingers.

"One word of hope," says the chap, a giving his bosom another tarnal dig. "Say that you will be mine."

"I'll think about it," says Miss Josephine Burges, a sighing through her fingers.

"Say that you will be mine, or I will die on this ere very spot, and be sent down to posterity a living monument of wimens' hard heartedness," sez the apotnecary, a running his fingers through his hair, till it stuck up sort of wild, every which way, over his head. "Do you want to make this ere body a morter, and pound my loving heart to pieces with the pestle of delay? If not, speak, and say that my love is returned."

"It is," sez Miss Josephine Burges, kinder faint from behind her hand.

"Angelic critter," sez the loveyer.

"Now leave me," sez Miss Josephine Burges.

"Harnsomest of created wimmen, I will," sez the 'pothecary.

"Oh how my heart beats," sez Miss Josephine Burges.

"And mine," sez the 'pothecary, a getting up and a spreading his hand out on his yaller vest.

"Leave me now," sez Miss Josephine Burges.

"My dear critter, I will," sez the 'pothecary.

With that he made tracks across the street, opened his empty money drawer with a sort of a chuckle, as much as to say, if you're starved out in this way much longer, I lose my guess, and then he drank off a glass of cold water, with a leetle brandy in it.

Miss Josephine Burges sat still as a mouse till the 'pothecary chap made himself scarce, then she let down her hand and took a squint in the glass, to see how her face stood it. Arter that she went to a big drawer where she kept her slickest dry goods, and cut off a lot of shiny red velvet, which she took up stairs, and told the gal that had charge of her work room, to have it made up into a ball dress afore the hands went home. The ten poor, tired young critters were jest a beginning to think about going hum to supper, but they sot down agin, and looked in each other's faces as melancholy as could be, but said nothing. The young gal that had charge of the work room happened to say that in the course of a week or so they would have a prime lot of red velvet bonnets to sell. At this Miss Josephine Burges looked as cross as if she'd swallowed a paper of darning needles, and told the young gal that had charge of the work room, to hold her tongue and mind her own business. At this the young gal drew up and was a going to give the milliner her charge agin; but jest that minute she happened to think that taking sarce from a stuck up critter was bad enough, but that starving was a good deal wuss, and so she choked in and went to work at the dress, with her heart a swelling in her harnsome bosom, like a bird when it's first caught.

"Don't let them gals get to sleep over their work," sez Miss Josephine Burges, as she was a going down stairs.

The young gal who had charge of the work room, said something sort of low about people's having no feeling.

"What's that you say?" sez Miss Josephine Burges, a coming back as spiteful as could be.

"Nothing," sez the young gal who took charge of the work room.

"It's well you didn't," sez the milliner. With that she went down stairs, and the poor tuckered out young critters didn't get hum to supper till ten o'clock at night, because they had to stay and finish off Miss Josephine Burges' ball finery.

Miss Josephine Burges was a sitting in the leetle room up over her store, ready dressed for the ball, when the leetle apprentice gal cum up and told her that the gentleman from over the way was a waiting down stairs. The milliner jumped up and begun to wriggle about afore the looking glass, to be sartin that the red velvet frock, the golden chain and the heap of posies that she'd twistified in her hair, were all according to gunter. Arter she'd took a purty gineral survey, she went down stairs, about the darndest stuck up critter that you ever sot eyes on.

The 'pothecary stood afore the looking glass a trying to coax his hair to curl jest a leetle, and a pulling up fust one side of his white satin stock and then 'tother, to make it set up parpendicular. He'd got a leetle speck of dirt on his silk stockings and his shiny dancing pumps a coming over the street, so he took his white handkecher out of his pocket, and begun to dust them off; but the minute Miss Josephine Burges cum in, he stopped short, stepped back again the wall, and held up both hands, as if he raly didn't know what to do with himself, and sez he,

"I never did! talk about the Venus De Medishe, of the New York beauty. Did ever any thing come up to that are?"

Arter this bust of feeling, he gin a spring fore'd and ketching her hand, e'en a most eat it up, he kissed so consarned eager. It did'nt seem as if there was any contenting the darned lovesick coot. But when he hung on too hard, the milliner's vartuous indignation begun to bile up, and so he choked off and begged her pardon; but said, he could'nt help it, as true as the world he could'nt, his heart was brim full and a running over.

I ruther guess the people stared a few when the leetle apothecary walked along the Tammany ball room with Miss Josephine Burges, in her red velvet and gold chains, a hanging on his arm. Sich dashers did'nt show themselves at every ball, by a great sight. There was a ginuine touch of the aristocracy in the way the leetle apothecary turned up his nose, and flourished his white gloves; and when they stood up to dance, Miss Josephine held out her red velvet, and stuck out her foot, and curcheyed away as slick as any of the Broadway gals could a done it. But jist as she was a going to dance, who should stand afore her in the same reel but the very young gal that took charge of her work-room. The milliner had just took a fold of the red velvet between her thumb and finger, and was flourishing out her foot to balance up as genteel as could be, but the minute she ketched sight of the working gal, she gin her head a toss and reaching out her hand to the apothecary, walked off to a seat in a fit of outraged dignity that was really beautiful to look at. Arter this, Miss Josephine Burges said she would'nt try to dance among sich low critters; and so she and the apothecary sidled about, eat pepperment drops, and talked soft

sodder to one another—ales taking care to turn up their noses when the handsome working-gal come within gun shot of 'em.

"Who can that gentleman be, that's a eyeing me so through his glass?" sez Miss Josephine Burges to the apothecary, "what handsome whiskers he's got—did you ever?"

"I don't see any thing over genteel in him, any how," sez the apothecary, a looking sort of uneasy; "I really can't see how you ladies can take a fancy to so much hair."

"But how nicely he's dressed," sez she.

"I ain't over fond of shaggy vests and checkered trowsers," sez the apothecary.

"Dear me, he's a coming this way," sez the milliner, all in a twitter,—"I hope he wont think of speaking."

"I hope so too," sez the apothecary, a looking as if he'd jist eat a sour lemon without any sweetning.

"Shan't we go to t'other end of the room?" sez the apothecary to the milliner, kinder half whispering; and a eyeing the strange chap as savage as a meat-ax. "Not yet," sez the milliner, giving a slantingdicular sort of a look at the strange chap. He wasn't a feller to be sneered at in the way of good looks any how; nor a man that was likely to lose anything; for it warnt more than three minits afore he asked the milliner to dance, and led her out as crank as could be, right afore the apothecary's face. Did't the poor leetle chap look womblecropped when he see that. There he stood, all alone in a corner, feeling as sick as if he'd swallered a dose of his own doctor stuff. and there he had to stand; for arter the tall chap and Miss Josephine Burges had got through dancing, they sot down together by a winder and begun to look soft sodder at one another, and talk away as chipper as two birds on an apple tree limb in spring time. It did't do no good for the apothecary to rile up and make motions to her—she did'nt seem to mind him a bit; so he stood still and grit his teeth, for it seemed to him, as if the milliner, and the red velvet, beside the account books, the stock in trade, and the hard chink too, was a sliding out of his grip like a wet eel.

"Darn the feller to darnation," sez he, arter he'd bore it as long as he could—and with that he went up to Miss Josephine Burges, sort of humble, and asked her if it wasn't time to be a going hum?

The milliner said she wasn't in any hurry about it, and went to talking with the tall chap agin. It was as much as the poor loveyer could do to keep from bursting out a crying, or a swearing,—he warn't particular which; he felt all struck up of a heap, and went off to his corner agin as lonesome as a goose without a mate.

By am by the milliner she cum up, and told him she was about ready to go hum; the tall chap he went down stairs with them, and stood a kissing his hand to her till she got into the street. The apothecary raly felt as if he should bust, and he gin her a purty decent blowing up as they went along Chatham street. She didn't give him much of an answer though, for her head was chuck full of the tall chap's soft sodder, and she didn't know more than half of what he was jawing about.

The leetle apothecary went hum and hurried up to bed, but all he could do he couldn't git a wink of sleep. He got up arly in the morning, but he hadn't no appetite for his breakfast, and kinder hung about his shop door a keeping a good look out to see if any body went to the milliner's, and a wondering if it was best for him to go over and see how she seemed to sit arter what he'd said to her the night afore. So he brushed up his hair and was just a taking his hat to go over and try his luck, when a harnsome green buggy wagon hauled up just agin the milliner's, and out jumped the tall chap with the whiskers.

The apothecary he turned as white as a sheet and begun to cuss and swear like all natur. He had plenty of time to let his wrothy feelings bile over, for it was more than three hours afore the green buggy wagon driv away agin. The minute it was out of sight, the apothecary snatched up his hat, and scooted across the street like a crazy critter. Miss Burges was a sitting in her leetle back room dressed out like any thing. This made him more wrothy than he was afore, for she never dressed out when he was a coming, so he went straight up to her, and sez he, sort of wrathy,

"Miss Josephine Burges, what am I to think of this ere treatment?"

The milliner looked up as innocent as a kitten, as if she had'nt the least idea what he meant.

"What treatment?" sez she, as mealy-mouthed as could be.

The apothecary felt as if he should choke, he gripped his hand and the words came out of his mouth like hot bullets.

"Oh you perfidious critter you," sez he, "how can you look in my face arter you've been a sitting three hull hours with that darned nasty tall coot that you danced with all the time last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean more than nothing. I danced with a gentleman last night, and he has been here this morning; but I raly don't see why *you* should trouble yourself about it," sez Miss Josephine, a taking up her work and a beginning to sew as easy as she ever did in her life.

The apothecary was so mad, he couldn't but jist speak out loud. "Look a here, Miss Burges," sez he, a speaking sort of hoarse, "aint we as good as married? didn't you engage yourself to me? and wasn't the day eenajist sot afore that consarned etarnal ball?"

"Not that I ever knew on," sez Miss Burges, a pinning a pink bow on to a silk bonnet she was to work on, and a holding it out to see how it looked, "I raly don't know what you mean."

The apothecary begun to tremble all over, he was so tarnal mad to see her setting there as cool as a cucumber.

"You don't know what I mean, do you?" sez he. "Look a here, marm, haint I been to see you off and on for more than a year? Haint I footed up your books and made out bills and done all your out door business, this ever so long? Haint I give you ounces on ounces of jujube paste, emptied a hull jar of lemon drops, and more than half kept you in pearl powder and cold cream?"

"Wal, you need'nt talk so loud and tell every body of it," sez the milliner a going on with her work all the time, but the little chap had got his grit up, and there was no "whoa" to him. On he went like a house afire.

"Wasn't it me that stopped you from taking them are darned Brandreth's Pills. Didn't I tell you that they warn't no better than rank pisin, and that no rale lady would ever think of stuffing herself with sich humbug trash? I'll be choked if I don't wish I'd let you swallow fifty boxes on 'em—I wish I had—I do, by gracious!"

"Don't make sich a noise," sez the milliner. "It won't do no good, I can tell you."

"Won't it, though? won't it? I ruther guess you'll find out in the end—I'll sue you for a breach of promise—if I don't, jist tell me on it, that's all."

The apothecary was a going on to say a good deal more, but jist as he begun to let off steam agin, some customers come into the front shop. Miss Josephine Burges put down her work and went out, as if nothing had happened. The apothecary waited a few minits, a biling over with spite, and then kicked a bonnet block across the room, upset a chair, and cut off through the shop like all possessed. The milliner was bargaining away with her customers for dear life—she looked up and larfed a little easy as the poor fellow streaked through the store, and that was all she cared about it.

The poor coot of an apothecary went over to his shop and slammed the door to hard enough to break the house down. Then he went back of the counter, and took down a jar of corrosive supplement and poured some on it out in a tumbler, but somehow there was something in the thought of dying all of a sudden that didn't exactly come up to his idea of comfort, so he poured back the pison and took a mint julip instead—that sort of cooled him down a trifl So he made up his mind to put off drinking the pisin till by am by.

Every day for three weeks that buggy wagon and the tall man with whiskers stopped before Miss Josephine Burges's door. The apothecary grit his teeth and eyed the pisin with an awful desperate look every time the buggy hove in sight; and when he heard that Miss Josephine Burges was a gitting her wedding frock made, and was raly a going to be married to a foreign chap as rich as a Jew, that had fallen in love with her at the Tammany ball, he filled the tumbler agin brimming full, and then chucked the pisin in the grate and said he'd be darned if he made such an etarnal fool of himself any longer; the critter wasn't worth taking a dose of salts for, much less a tumbler brim full of pisin. Arter this he bore up like a man; and one day when he saw the green buggy come a trifle arlier than it ever did before, and saw the tall chap jump out all dressed off to kill, with white gloves on and a white handkercher a streaming out of his pocket, he just put his teeth together and looked on till he saw Miss Josephine Burges come out with a white silk bonnet on and a great long white veil a streaming over it, and see her take a seat in the buggy waggon with the tall man in whiskers. It wasn't no news to him when he heard that Miss Josephine Burges was married and had sold out her shop; but when he heard that the overseer of her workroom had got some relation to buy out the stock for her, the apothecary brightened up like any thing; and he was heard to say, that arter all, the young gal that took charge of the workroom wasn't to be grinned at in a fog; for his part, he thought her full as handsome as Miss Josephine Burges.

There was no two ways about it,—Miss Josephine Burgess was raly married to the tall man in whiskers, and she sold out all her stock in trade to the young gal who had taken charge of her work-room. About three days arter the wedding, the tall man with whiskers sot in the leetle room over what had been Miss Josephine Burges' store, and she that had been Miss Josephine Burges, herself, sot in the tall man's lap with one arm round his neck. Her purty slim fingers had been a playing with his whiskers so long, that some of the black color came off, and made them little fingers look sort of smutty. Once in a while the bride would put down her face and stick out them plump lips of her'n, and then the tall man bent sort of for'ard and then there was a noise as if a bottle of Newark cider had been uncorked softly, and arter that, Miss Josephine Burges (that had been) would pat the tall man's cheek and call him a naughty critter, and ask him how many ladies he'd been in love with afore he see her; and the tall man would say —"not one, upon my honor!" at which she would pat his cheek agin, and say she did'nt believe a word on it. Then the tall man in whiskers would begin to look as if he raly had been a willing critter with women, and would say he wouldn't deny it—he had now and then had his leetle flirtations, like all men of rale fashion,—but he'd never, in his hull life took *sich* a notion to a critter as he had to her. With that, Miss Josephine Burges (that was) would fling both of her arms round the tall man's neck, and declare that there was not so proud and happy a critter on the hull arth as she was.

Wal, arter this, the tall man in whiskers took hold of the chain that his bride had on round her neck, and sez he "my dear love I raly can't bear to see you rigged out in these ere old fashioned things. When you was only a milliner, they did well enough, but now you mus'nt wear no jewelry that aint at the top of the notch; just pack all on 'em up, and that watch of your'n and all, and I'll go and swap 'em off for a set of mosaic work. When I take you hum among all my folks, they'd larf at these awkerd things."

With that the bride begun to look steaked enough, so she sot to work and lugged out all the gold things she had; her watch and great heavy chain, ear rings and ever so many gimcracks. Sothe tallman put them all in his pocket and took up his hat and, sez he "I'll soon gitrid of these ere things, and bring you something worth while.

Miss Josephine Burges, that was, said there never was so kind a critter, and jist to let her see that she wasn't much out in saying that are, he cum back from the door and sez he,

"Seeing as I'm a going out, I may as well take that are leetle sum of money and put it in some bank for you. Of course I don't want any thing of it, but it raly don't seem jist safe here, among all these sewing gals." Miss Josephine Burges, that was, went to her chest of drawers and took out a heap of bank bills, and gave them to him. The tall man in whiskers put the bills in his trousers pocket, buttoned it up tight, then give the pocket a leetle slap and was a going out again. But Miss Josephine Burges, that was, she followed arter, and sticking her head through the door, she sung out sort of easy, and sez she,

"My dear darling you've forgot something."

"You don't say so," sez the tall man in whiskers, and he looked as straight as a loon's leg, "what is it—any more jewelry my pet?"

"Can't you guess," sez Miss Josephine Burges, that was, sort of sly, a twisting her head a way one side and pussing out her mouth awful tempting.

"O!" sez the man in whiskers.

"You'll come right straight back dear," sez Miss Josephine Burges, that was, a running to the door agin,—"you will, won't you!"

"Sartainly, my sweet love," sez the tall man in whiskers, a stopping on the stairs and a kissing her hand over the railing.

"By-by," sez Miss Josephine Burges,—that was.

"By-by," sez the tall man in whiskers.

Miss Josephine Burges, that was, sot by the window, and looked arter the tall man till he got eenmost down to Chatham square. She waited a full hour and he did'nt come back;—then she waited two hours; then all night; and the next week, and the next, till she a' been a' waiting three hull months,—and arter all, the tall man in whiskers did'nt seem to hurry himself a bit.

About a year arter the Tammany ball, the leetle apothecary was a sitting in the back room of what once was Miss Josephine Burges' millinery store, his wife, the young gal that used to take charge of the work room, stood close by; and the apothecary was a looking over his wife's day book. Jist as he was a' adding up a tarnal long row of figures, one of the hands come down stairs and was a' going out.

"Look a here, Miss Josephine Burges, or Miss What's your name," says the 'pothecary, "if you're detarmined to go home jest the minit your hour is up these hurrying times, its my idea that you'd better look out for some other shop to work in."

The color riz up in the poor woman's face; but it was her turn to be snubbed and drove about, without daring to say her soul was her own. So, instead of riling up, she spoke as meek as could be, and, says she, "I ain't very well, I've got a dreadful headache."

"Can't help that," sez the 'pothecary, "we pay you twenty shillings a week, fust rate wages to *work*, so you may jest step back to the work room with your headache, or I'll dock off fifty cents when it comes Saturday night. if you don't. Go! trolop—I'll have you to know you aint mistress in this shop, or master neither."

Miss Josephine Burges, that was, had a temper of her own, but she owed for her board, and so she choked in and went up stairs as mad as natur.

The 'pothecary's wife was a good hearted critter, and it raly made her feel bad to see her old boss used so.

"Don't speak so to her," sez she to the 'pothecary, "she raly looks tired and sick, don't hurt her feelings."

"Humbug!" sez the 'pothecary, stretching himself up, and a buttoning his trowsers pocket as pompous as could be, "humbug! what business have sewing gals with feelings?"

"I was a sewing gal once," sez the 'pothecary's wife.

"Yes—and how did that darned stuck up critter use you? tell me that," sez he.

The 'pothecary's wife didn't answer; but the minit her husband had gone out she went into the kitchen, and took a bowl of genuine hot tea up to the work room. Miss Josephine Burges, that was, sot on a stool, looking as mad as a March hare; she begun to sew as soon as the 'pothecary's wife cum in, as grouty as could be; but when the kind critter gin her the bowl of tea, and told her it would be good for her headache, the poor sewing girl boohooed right out a crying.

Every thing in England now is "a la Prince Albert," from locomotive steam-engines down to mouse traps and penny whistles. In the window of a cheap dirty cook-shop, in the vicinity of Whitechapel Church, is a paper displayed, setting forth that "Halbert soope tuppense hapeny a pint" may be had within. In one of these bye streets running from Hounds ditch to Petticoat lane an enterprising sugar-plum and bull's eye manufacturer advertises "Albert lollypops two a penny," and in the Bethnal green road, one Jeremiah Riggs, a poetical barber, exhibits a flaming placard in his window, surmounted by the royal arms, with the following choice and important announcement: "Gentlemen's hare cut and dresed a la Albert, only tuppence: ladies ditto a la Reine, 3d. The best Albert hair hile only 6d a bottle."

Illumination Joke.—On the night of the illumination in honor of her Majesty's marriage, at No. 16 Queen Square, London, was a transparent painting of some vessels sailing about, with motto "Success to Smacks."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1840.

To Correspondents.—We have on hand several original articles, for which we tender our thanks to the contributors. Our columns are so crowded, that it is impossible to publish them in this number. A part or the whole, (of those accepted,) shall appear in the next number.

Ærolites.—One of these bodies it is said by a Michigan paper, has recently fallen among our neighbors over the line. The story is, that on the night of the 17th March, the family of a Mr. Daniels, of Cook's Manor U. C., were awakened by a tremendous shock like that of an earthquake. In the morning it was found to have been produced, by the falling within eighty rods of Mr. Daniel's house, of an Ærolitic body about three times the size of an ordinary farm house. It had struck the earth with a force which buried its entire bulk eight inches below the surface.

Some of our exchange papers seem to think this account utterly incredible. We see no reason to discredit it. Such a phenomenon is by no means new.

It will be recollected that great astonishment was some years ago, created among the good people in the south part Connecticut, by the falling of a similar body, or rather of fragments of a much larger body, among them. A few moments before the concussion produced by the striking of the fragments upon the earth, the heavens were suddenly illuminated, and a report was heard, such as one would think, might be produced by blowing up a mountain with gun powder.

The surfaces of the fragments, which were evidently parts of the original surface of the body from which they were broken, were *sections of a sphere;* and from mathematical calculations made on the sphericity of the largest of the fragments, by Professor Silliman, it was found that the original globe must have been a half a mile in circumference. The explosion of the body doubtless took place within a few miles of the earth; and the other fragments were probably thrown into the neighboring Sound or the more distant Atlantic; or perhaps, if the explosion took place at an altitude sufficiently great, were some of them, hurled by its earthquake force, into the forests beyond the Mississippi.

The notion that these bodies are ejected to the earth from lunar volcanoes, seems to have no foundation in philosophy or analogy. Why should the volcanoes of the moon cast out with a force sufficient to propel them within the overcoming attraction of the earth, bodies of such a size and *perfectly formed spheres*, too, when the far more powerful volcanoes of the earth, do no such thing? We say the terrestrial volcanoes do no such thing, because were they to eject such bodies they would sometimes fall where they would be discovered; which they never have done. It cannot be said that they are projected to the moon, in return for those supposed to be sent from the moon to us. For the moon is not, in one case in a thousand, in a position to exert its attraction upon them, even should the vastly superior attraction of the earth, allow them to be projected beyond the line where the attraction of the moon becomes the stronger.

The Aerolites must, therefore, be as well as most other meteoric bodies, small globes or asteroids, revolving like the moon itself, about the earth as their common centre. If from any cause, a planetary body whether great or small, have its *centrifugal* force weakened by being checked in its motion in its orbit, the *centripetal* force at once prevails, and it is drawn to the body around which it had revolved.

If then, we suppose these Aerolites to be revolving just without the atmosphere of the earth, and at their perihelion when the atmosphere at that point is expanded to a greater height than ordinary, to dip into it, we have a clue to the cause which brings them to the earth. They would be obstructed by the resistance of the atmosphere, and the force of their motion in their orbits, weakened; when the attraction of the earth would prevail, and they be drawn to its surface.

The friction of their passage through the atmosphere with a velocity constantly accelerating, would be sufficient to heat them red hot, or even to ignite them or cause their explosion.

The small meteors which are so often seen to fall toword the earth apparently in a state of ignition, and which disappear before reaching it, are probably consumed in mid air, by their own heat. This sufficiently explains why none of these messengers from the upper air, reach their apparent destination. Vestiges of some of them, are reported to have reached the surface in a few places, but the accounts seem not to be very well authenticated. Be that as it may, the cases have been exceedingly rare.

In respect to the larger ones which have reached the earth, either entire or in fragments, it is a sufficient explanation to say that their superior size prevents their combustion.

If any of our scientific readers wish to controvert the above opinions, we shall cheerfully see them do so.

Thieving Crows of Ceylon.—I breakfasted at the fort with Lieut. Dalgetty, part of which meal we were nearly deprived of by a crow that flew in at the window; but it was fortunately saved by the timely entrance of a servant. These birds are so audacious, that all persons who desire to be secure from their marauding incursions must be very careful neither to leave doors nor windows open unwatched. When the natives are carrying home baskets of provisions on their heads, they are frequently attacked by a flock of these voracious birds, who pounce upon the contents; nor will they desist from the work of spoliation until the basket is set down, and they are literally driven from it by force of arms. The bold thieves plunder children [still more mercilessly, actually snatching the food from their hands; and it is amusing to witness the art they use to dispossess a dog of a bone. No sooner has the animal laid himself down to enjoy his meal at leisure, than a predatory covey descend and hover over him; one more daring than the rest then alights beside him with the most unwelcome familiarity. The dog, startled and annoyed, suspends his labors, and growls out his displeasure, but in vain; the crow advances with the self-possession of an invited guest; until, at last, the exasperated owner of the prize lets fall his bone, shows his teeth, and makes an indignant snap at the pertinacious intruder, who dextrously eludes the bite which he has so cunningly provoked, while at the instant the dog's attention is diverted, another crow, which has been vigilantly watching the opportunity, seizes the coveted treasure, and bears it off in triumph.—*Holman's Voyage round the World.*

A gentleman bachelor, getting tired of making propositions to the ladies, observes, almost in despair, "Satin has given the girls a spite at me, I think. I've been turned off nine times by the jades—five young girls, three widows, and one old maid—until I begin to think 'tis time to take a civil hint!"

A rich man's son frequently begins the world where his father left off, and ends where his father began—pennyless.

BURNS.—A DREAM.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

Not long ago, 'twas in my sleep,
The time, the place, I now forget,
I dream'd that on a mountain steep
The Muses all together met,
To choose a Queen from out their train
O'er them a century to reign.

In pomp the herald strode along,
And, as she passed, proclaimed
The Muse in all that lovely throng
Could boast the bard most famed,
Should win the sceptre—mount the throne,
Of those proud dames the proudest one.

Then many an eager form sprang forth,
And told, with kindling eye,
Of Pope's renown, and Shenstone's worth,
"That were not born to die,"
Of Thompson's rural, breathing name,
And Milton's glorious race of fame.

While thus contending for the crown,
The hours on wings fled by,
'Till Sol's last ray was sinking down
Behind the Western sky;
And his bright eye had not yet seen
One of their number chosen Queen.

When last of all that tuneful train
Stept forth a gentle form;
Her eye not speaking could disdain.
But modest, melting, warm:
But still methought it might inspire
A savage with poetic fire.

A pictured mantle o'er her flung,
Showed scenes sublime and grand—
Displaying, as it graceful hung,
The hills of Scotia's land;
I was not near, and 'twas so dark,
No more than that could I remark.

"I come not hither," now she said,
To gain renown,
Nor hope to place upon my head
The envied crown;
A simple Scottish Muse am I,
Of lowly birth;
Yet of a race that never fly
The lords of earth.

"As wandering o'er my native land,
By Ayr's bright flood,
I saw a youthful ploughman stand
In pensive mood;
I liked his pleasant *sonsie* face,
And manner too;
And o'er his form of manly grace
My mantle threw.

"And soon was heard through Scotia's dales
His rustic song;
Her heathy moors and winding vales
Responded long;
And he became her noblest pride,
And known to fame;
I was his Genius, Muse and Guide,
Coila my name.

"I saw him laid within the tomb,
Disconsolate;
And now o'er earth I listless roam,
And mourn his fate.
Let others tell of Shakspeare's art,
Or boast their Sterne's,
But who can ever touch the *heart*
Like ROBERT BURNS?"

She ceased—and murmurs soft went round;
All seemed in spells of wonder bound;
Then on her head they placed the crown,
And knelt in joyful homage down,
— O'er Eastern hills the morning broke,
The vision fled—and I awoke!

REFORM.

We clip the following capital hit from one of our exchange papers:

How well it is the sun and moon
Are placed so very high,
That no presuming ass can reach
To pluck them from the sky.

If 'twere not so, I do believe
That some reforming ass
Would soon attempt to take them down,
To light the world with GAS!

Conjugal Affection.—Cyrus had taken the wife of Tigranes, and asked what he would give to save her from servitude? He replied, all that he had in the world, and his own life in the bargain. Cyrus, upon hearing this, very generously restored her, and pardoned what had passed.—All were full of joy upon the occasion—some commended the accomplishments of his mind, others those of his person. Tigranes asked his wife whether she did not greatly admire him? "I never looked at him," said she.—"Not look at him!" returned he. "Upon whom then did you look?" "Upon him," replied she, "who offered his own life to redeem me, from slavery."

A Diplomatist's Motto.—M. Guizot, the new ambassador of France in England, has for his motto, "the *straightest* line is the *shortest* line," a remarkable and peculiar motto for a diplomatist.

From the London Saturday Journal.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away
Thou form without a name;
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame:
Stripp'd of thy garments who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destined to obey!

The light of that fix'd eye is set,
And all is moveless now;
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow:
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clench'd the cold and lifeless hand,
As it grasp'd the battle brand.

Tho' from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonor'd and forlorn:
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven character of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And thro' the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there in vain,
The evening fire shall trim;
And gazing on the dark'ning main,
Shall often call on him,
Who hears her not—who cannot hear:
Oh! deaf for ever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sign farewell;
The heart bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee?

Singular Law.—There prevails at Lucerne a very extraordinary custom, a custom that makes one shudder, and that exists no where else. The law directs that sentence of death shall not be pronounced upon any who have not confessed their crime. Convicted criminals, from whom no confession can be obtained, are punished with hard labor only. But what a horrible condition is tacked to the miserable life which is left them! At the next execution, the last condemned criminal is compelled to repair to the spot where the scaffold is erected, to catch the head as it falls, and carry it to the grave, in the presence of the whole population. Some months ago an unfortunate young woman was convicted of infanticide, and executed. Her accomplice sentenced only to forced labor, because he would not confess his crime, was therefore obliged, as the last person condemned, to take the head of her whom he had loved, whom he had seduced, whom he had ruined. At the sight of that pale and livid head, of that blood stained hair, he started back in horror and affright. In vain he refused to obey; the application of the whip forced him to perform the task imposed by the law.

Terrible!—Forty weddings were recently consummated in one week, in one of the counties in Mississippi.

MARRIAGES.

In Greece, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Alcott, Mr. HIRAM DOTY, to Miss ELLEN AYKROYD, both of that town.

In this city, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. David S. McDonald, of Ontario county, to Miss Mary E. Billings, of this city.

At the Legation of the United States, at Constantinople, on the 30th of January last, Mr John P Brown, Drogoman of the United States Legation, to Miss Mary Ann Porter, niece of Com. Porter.

In this city, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Fillmore, Mr Samuel P. Wotkins, to Mrs. Julia Thompkins, all of this city.

On the the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. Erra B. Booth, to Miss Hannah L. Alworth, all of this city.

In this city, on the 8th instant, by Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. William Udell, to Miss Mary M. Hawkins, all of this place.

In this city on the 5th instant, by the Rev. W Van Zandt, Mr. John Baird, to Miss Bridget McClousky, all of this city.

In Gates, on the 1st instant, by S. A. Yerkes, Esq. Mr. Edwin E. Howard, to Miss Ann Field, all of the above place.

On the 2d instant, by the same, Mr. Simeon Goodwine, to Mrs. Caroline Snowbank, all of Chili.

In Ogden, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. Cochran, Mr. Samuel Church, to Miss Margaret R. Kane, daughter of the Hon. P. Kane, both of the former place.

A VENETIAN ADVENTURE.

Leonardo, a young Venetian noble, whose family name the chronicler has suppressed, from respect for his exalted kindred, being requested by a friend to lend his apartments for a private interview with a young lady, concealed himself in an outer room, and thus saw the beautiful face of the fair damsel, as her lover impatiently snatched off her veil upon her entrance. Soon afterwards a marriage was arranged for Leonardo with the only child of a wealthy and powerful senator. The nuptial day arrived.—Towards sunset the relations and friends of both families assembled in the mansion of the old senator. Leonardo, according to Venetian custom, awaited the several guests at the door of the palace, and was the last to enter the saloon. The nobles occupied seats placed around in guise of an amphitheatre. At the further end, a priest in pontifical robes, knelt in fervent prayer before a magnificent altar. Trophies of all kinds of arms hung against walls blackened by time, and the brilliancy of the abundant wax lights, could scarcely dissipate the obscurity of the ample saloon. As Leonardo entered, the inner apartments, wherein the bride, encircled by noble matrons, awaited the moment of celebration, opened. The bride steps forward unveiled, and, amidst the general exclamations of enthusiastic admiration, the cry of pained surprise which escapes Leonardo at her sight, is unheard; the beautiful girl, who comes forward half-veiled in white drapery, with every symbol of a spotless life, is no other than the paramour of his friend. * * * He hesitated a moment, whether publicly to disgrace her who dared to bring him infamy as her wedding portion; but the aspect of her father, the thought of his despair, pity for the exquisitely beautiful girl herself, and the generosity of his soul, determined him rather to incur the reproach of absurd capriciousness; and as the bride, after receiving her father's blessing, drew near to him, he receded a couple of steps, and commanding silence by a gesture, exclaimed, "She cannot be my wife! Never will I be her husband!" The rejected bride swooned; her infuriated kinsmen rushed upon the insulting bridegroom; the festal scene, the nuptual altar itself, seemed about to be polluted with blood. The venerable senator, controlling his own anger, employed the whole force of his eloquence and of his authority to prevent this outrage. Having succeeded, he thus addressed Leonardo, "Go; I renounce all self-revenge, committing redress to Him who punishes the wrongs done to gray hairs." A few days passed, and Leonardo fell, mortally wounded by the dagger of an assassin.

Equivocation is a mean expedient to avoid the declaration of the truth without verbally telling a lie. We had rather a man would tell a good, plump lie right out, than undertake to whip the devil round the stump of equivocation.

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

AFFLICTION.—A FRAGMENT.

* How prone are all to think
Their individual troubles greater far
Than those of others! and thus, link by link,
They forge the chains which bind them to the car
Of fell despair, thus cloud the kindly star
Of Hope in darkness!—Is it well to bend
Beneath our sorrows thus? no, burst the bar!
And up to Heaven our thoughts and wishes send;
Though ever with the strain some earthly note will blend.

Who ever had his wish fulfilled on earth—
Who ever deeply drained the cup of Joy—
And did not find some drawback to his mirth,
Some dregs, at last, some balancing alloy,—
To mingle with his gladness, and annoy
E'en while he would be happiest?—Is it wise
To be seduced thus, by each earthly toy,
From the straight path? No, let us upward rise
Above the Earth, and place our hopes on Paradise.

There, and there only, can we hope to reap
In joy, the fruit whose seed was sown in sadness;
Oh! when misfortune causes us to weep,
Let not our sorrows goad us on to madness—
But tune we then our harps to holy gladness;
For by these firey trials we are made
Fit candidates for Heaven. *

* * * * * *

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

AN EXHIBITION OF CHARACTER.

I have often thought that the human character was as completely exhibited in the comparatively trifling events which are daily taking place in the streets of the city, and which are open to every passenger, as in the most important scenes of life. It is impossible to walk our principal streets for ten minutes during a pleasant day, without witnessing some unequivocal developement of character. And it is worthy of remark, how much the traits of selfishness and heartless oppression predominate over those of kindness and fellowship, though both are common.

To mention one instance from a thousand. This morning I was passing up Washington street, and I met a little girl, perhaps 7 or 8 years old, carrying a small tin pail and accompanied by a dog. I noticed that she seemed to be in trouble, and hovered over the dog as if to protect him; and looking around for the cause, I saw a loafer standing at a few rods distance, whistling and beckoning to the dog to follow him. He was evidently a stranger both to the girl and her dog, and was endeavoring to torment her by oppressing her little four footed friend.

"Don't go, Dashy! don't go!" expostulated the girl in a low voice.

The loafer continued to call.

"Don't go, Dashy!" repeated the little girl in a tone of suppressed emotion, as she placed herself before the dog, and stooped down to caress him.

The loafer turned round, put his hands in his pockets, and walked off. I cursed his brutality and passed on my way. I had gone but a short distance, when I heard him whistle again, and turning round I saw him beckoning to the dog as before. The girl had set her pail on the sidewalk, and was making use of all her little arts to prevail on him to stay—the dog was in a quandary, and his mistress was very fearful for his fidelity.

"Don't go with him, Dashy, don't go with him!" tenderly expostulated the girl.

"Here dog! here dog!" called the loafer.

"Stay here, Dashy, stay here, don't go with him, Dashy! he'll hurt you."

The loafer whistled—Dash stood still.

"Dashy!" murmured the girl, as though to reproach him for his inconstancy. Dash did not appear fully to understand the difficulty, but he rather sided with his mistress.

The loafer walked on a few steps, and turned and called again.

"This is not a safe place for Dashy," thought the girl; "he must go home."

"Go home, Dashy," said she kindly.

The loafer whistled—Dash stood still.

"Dash, go home! go home!" commanded the little girl.

The dog walked back a few steps—"go home, Dash!" repeated his mistress, and he ran off. The loafer called, but the dog ran the other way.

The loafer walked off—I thought the difficulty was over and continued my way down town.

The girl stood still and watched her little companion till he got nearly to Buffalo street, she thought it was safe then to call him back—"Dashy! Dashy!"

Dash obeyed; he ran towards his mistress; she stooped down to pat his head; the loafer had stopped on the corner of Washington and Ann streets, and just at this moment he whistled for the dog.

"Go home, Dash! go home!" exclaimed the frightened girl.

The loafer called again.

"Go home! go home!" said the girl. The dog obeyed. The girl stood and watched her little favorite as he skulked back again by the side of the fence.

I was at Buffalo street; the girl was half way down to Ann street, and as I saw her standing alone, unprotected and defenceless—terrified for the safety of her companion, striving to protect him, and anxiously watching his retreat, while her pail stood by, and her errand was forgotten, I wondered that I had looked on so long as a quiet spectator of oppression. I involuntarily remembered the dirk in my pocket, and was thinking what I should do—when the loafer turned the corner and disappeared.

TOWZER.

Could we but look *into* many domestic circles with all their *outward* show of finery, what scenes of misery would present themselvs to our view, all originating in the rage for gentility; or the silly ambition of figuring in a higher station than that to which they belong.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE SPECTATOR.—No. 1.

In the character of a Spectator, I desire a small space of your paper occasionally.

There is much to amuse, to interest and to instruct in this world. The looker-on finds enough in the follies, the vices and the virtues of those around him, to muse upon. "The greatest study of mankind is man," says the Poet, and this I think is true, whether we view him abstractly or collectively—whether we study his individual powers, peculiarities and varieties, or whether the movements and operations of the masses are contemplated: the subject is one curious and deeply interesting. The mysterious inner man is beyond our comprehension or knowledge. We cannot positively read the secrets of the heart, nor trace the workings of the mind; and yet the immortal is so united with mortality—the spirit so blended with and gives to cold senseless clay such a strange vitality, that it is oftentimes, nay, always, a difficult task to hide the workings of the soul. The villain must have schooled his heart in deception when he can conceal the guilty look, and face boldly and with steady eye, the honest man. The guilty spirit stamps, by its mysterious power, its own convicted self upon the animated clay; and so innocence, by the same potent, undeniable test, vindicates herself. This fact gives the careful observer and the vigilant spectator a knowledge of the secret springs of action, and teaches him to trace moral effects home to their real causes and motives.

We cannot well—I, at least, will not, in these papers—attempt to sever man from his fellow man, and contemplate him in his isolated, individual majesty. When viewed alone, every man has a great importance, which vanishes, or rather is lost sight of, when he is taken in his connexion with the great family of which he forms but one member. He loses dignity and sinks into insignificance, by comparison with the whole of his race; and still he is no less a man, because of the millions of like men around him. It is our business to look at man as a social being, related by a like divine impress and a common origin, and similarity of mental and physical nature, with the whole mass of community, and not as an accountable, independent individual.

Among the mental (if so they may be called) qualities which give to man a social character, are the passions. Reason is the potent, distinguishing quality; but alone, it would hardly make us fit beings even for earth. We should be a cold abstraction, mighty and still alone, majestic and yet powerless. The passions, those active agents, are not in this view evil geniuses. They are the stimulating qualities of the soul. They give character and cast to individuals, and impress upon them their peculiarities. They make the proud and haughty, the meek

and humble. They form the fop and dandy, the insolent and submissive, the bold and daring, the miser and the profligate—all owe their peculiarities to the preponderance and abuse of the passions.

This is the doctrine of the "Spectator," and thus crudely sketched, they form the first number of his papers. Such is the introduction, kind reader, of one who hopes to visit you often, and be not offended if he now and then speaks plainly of your faults and follies. Honeyed words are not always safe counsellors—smooth speeches do not always contain wisdom. I shall be grave or gay as suits my fancy—you will find me at times with the student and the scholar—I shall visit the poor and needy, the young and old, the farmer and mechanic, the butterflies of fashion and the victims of dissipation and folly, and shall endeavor to do justice to them all.

VIVIAN GREY.

WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE.

[Correspondence of the New York Express.

WASHINGTON, April 11, 1840.

The marriage of the "Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of all the Russias," has been the great *event* of the week among the gossiping part of this gossiping metropolis. M. D. Bodiscoe and Madame are now the lions of the day, and as much a curiosity and conversation with the gaping crowd as the late marriage of Prince Albert and Victoria. The Ambassador is a man of titles, of honors won, and acquired by wealth, and what is better, I believe, of a character much better than that of some of his "illustrious predecessors." His age varies from fifty to threescore and ten,—he is kind, affable, graceful, learned, and would pass for an elegant man in Paris, St. Petersburgh or London. His appearance is by no means propossessing, for, after the fashion of the times, he carries a weight in his wig, whiskers and mustachios that would weigh down the heaviest head in the nation, divested of this covering. Honors and fortune, however, will make him young as an Adonis. The lady is but sixteen—young, beautiful, fresh, and as clear "as morning roses newly washed with dew." No one of her admires is allowed to give any but poetical description of her appearance, mien and manner. Her graces are those natural ones which extinguish art. Her form is wand-like straight. In movement she is another Juno. Her hands are of that lily whiteness that make them seem like "an April daisey on the grass." Her skin is whiter than snow, and as "smooth as monumental alabaster." Her locks "hang upon her temples like golden fleece." The curtains of her eye are deeply fringed, and sweet beauty in all her face! The Ambassador calls his wife an angel, and well he may if this description of her beauty be true, which, by the way, is not mine. I have but connected the eulogiums I have heard together, in order to give substance as well as spirit to the bride, who seems to have as much power over the Russian Bear as Europa had with Jupiter,—

"Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When on his knees he kissed the Cretan strand."

The parties have selected the poets' month for their marriage and bridal *fetes*. "A day in April came so sweet" to this Ambassadar of, and in, love.

Henry Clay, I hear, gave away the bride, as the oldest and best friend of the Russian Minister. A brilliant Soriee followed in the evening, attended only by the choice friends of the parties. A public ball follows a week from Monday, which will be more elegant and costly than any thing of the kind we have had in the country. The Russian Minister has no rival this side of Paris in his entertainment.

Washington once called upon an orderly lady, whose little grand daughter, at the close of the call, waited on him to the door, and opened it to let him out. The General, with his customary urbanity, thanked her, and laying his hand gently upon her head, said—"My dear, I wish you a better office." "Yes, sir, to let you *in*," was the prompt and beautiful reply.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A STUDENT'S LAST.

It has been well said, your last speech is the one remembered; and by a parity of reasoning, we might say, your last book is the one remembered. The student has just finished the closing page, and shut the lids, when up he jumps, thoroughly understanding its contents after the protracted study of an hour; after which does he make a call or write an essay, his conversation or theme, "just as natural as can be," is on or about the subject of his last reading—it affords both matter and manner. Was it a novel? Oh, his words are so honeyed and smooth, his manner so fawning, and tones so subdued, any one would imagine him a proficient in the science of Suction. Perchance he has glanced his eye over the pages of a Biography, and anon he brings forth—shut your eyes on the daub—O spare that gaze! He has been reading some Mathematical or Metaphysical work, and he comes out full of arguments, inferences, logical deductions, and syllogystical concatenations on this sublime science. His manner is stiff and awkward, gestures jerking, voice thick—foggy is his essay.

I have thought it proper to premise thus much, in view of a few original extracts with which I shall favor you this evening, from a manuscript work entitled

A CHAPTER ON THE FEET.

All admire, especially the ladies, a well turned boot or shoe; and we have a fair index of a person's character and habits in the covering of his lower strata; for are the feet graced with rusty, slouchy shoes, or do the ends of straps dangle round his heels, you may mark that young man as heedless and careless; and should he ever request a loan of money or a book, it will be convenient not to have either on hand; for to him you may as well give as lend. But if men who are so indifferent as to matters of dress, observe these things, what shall we conclude are the opinions of the ladies, who are such critics in every thing of this kind? Their modest eyes, when first they fall on your neglected extremities, will not honor you with another glance; but turning away, the least their pure minds can body forth is, "*he is not much.*"

Just imagine how amazingly uneasy you would feel should you chance to meet a particular young lady, in such a plight. Her head would be down from disgust—yours from shame; and past you would rush, looking for all the world like a dog that had lost his master. But had those fine eyes rested upon the nether man well adjusted, they would involuntarily have stolen a glance at your features; when conscious of your own dignity and feeling *at home*, you could meet that gentle gaze with a thrilling reciprocity of look.

Remember, then, that much depends on first appearances, and would you keep your head up in this world, you must not neglect your blackball.

Again: while the head, the heart, the hands, and in fine, all the other parts of the body, are more or less cultivated, the poor feet are left to take care of themselves; and a sorry piece of work they make of it. Let no one say they are too insignificant. They perform an important part—who ever walked without feet? If, then, they are so necessary to locomotion, let them have the advantages of science. Let us have a Prof. of Peripatetics.

A practiced eye can judge quite accurately of a person, by his manner of walking. Does he *toe in*, or does he swing his brawny feet as though they hung only by the skin, or do they dangle along, twisted and turned every way, you may set him down as wanting in those qualities which go to make up a generous, magnanimous mind. Let, then, these awkward habits be rectified. Remember you are men. Set yourselves resolutely to work, and you can accomplish any thing you choose. As the Venetian bard has truly sung,

"Nihil mortalibus arduum est."

Would you have a graceful and easy tread? When you step, give the toes a slight angle outward, keeping the cords of the ankle in proper tension. Try it; and after a little practice you will find no difficulty in the matter. Observe that lady—how elegantly she glides along; how noble and free! At every step she captivates you with her pretty feet.

There is one situation in which an awkward manner makes a very disagreeable impression. It is when

"We speak in public on the stage."

And in no department are students more wanting than good posture habits. Let, then, the advice of our beloved Prof. sink deep into your ears. If you would appear well before the world, cultivate good habits in private.

DOWN EASTER.

FIELD OF WATERLOO, AT NOON, ON THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to a litter, and beaten into the earth—and the surface trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the connon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirrasses, shattered fire arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancer caps, and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, fifes, bugles; but, good God; why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field! Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heigthened, it would be by witnessing the researching of the living, amidst its desolation, for the object of their love.—Mothers, wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty, and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt of recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of the French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier where scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner fires. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay side by side together, and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here in columns, that favored corps, on whom his last chance rested had been annihilated, and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a fallen mass of Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempting to meet the British, and gain time for their disorganized companies to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.

MY BIRTH DAY.

BY MOORE.

My birth day! what a different sound
That word had in my youthful years,
And now, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like a pastime to grow old;
And, as youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said "were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done."
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth days speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells
Lavished unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsels mock'd—of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft like Israel's incense laid
Upon unholy earthly shrines—
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That crossed his pathway for his star!
All this it tells, and could I trace
The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all would melt away,
All—but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships on my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comfortless, and stormy round.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

A CHAPTER ON SCREWS.

Mr. Editor—I have taken up a subject which I acknowledge I am incompetent to go to battle with; for who does not know that this is an age of *screwing?* Mankind are literally doing little else than "putting the screws" to each other—from the half inch screw that worms out enough for a peach pedlar to live on, up to a U. States Bank, where they "do business with the big auger." There is many a man who has lived to be quite old, and has never been out from under the screws. There's the drunkard—why, he has the screws put to him worst of all other men—and the dishonest man, too—he is constantly under the screws; besides thousands of others whose groans come up on every wind to tell the accumulated weight of screws that press them to the very dust. But I intended this time to give only one single illustration of my caption, in a familiar dissertation.

Take, for instance, the article of cotton—its growing, manufacture, sale &c., and see what a chapter of screws we find.

First of all, see the grower—why, he hires men to screw the planting, raising and putting up of it, out of his fellow creatures of a dark skin—and you know *some* of these are very excruciating screws. Hark! I hear the cries of distress and the crack of the cart whip!—What meaneth it? It is the screws upon the back of a poor black man who is refusing to do but *one* day's work in 24 hours, for his tenderly beloved master!

But here comes the buyer of the cotton in bales. "I can't," says the raiser, "screw down lower than so much. Negroes are high and abolition is working against us." The bargain is struck, and the man goes his way. "I have screwed him down some," says the buyer, as he communicates his purchase to his partner.

Then comes the workman. "Cotton is high," says the employer, "and wages must be screwed down." So he screws down the poor little boys and girls that rise at 4 and work till 8 P. M., and thus he oppresses the poor and give not the hireling his wages. And thus he is under those dreadful screws which the good book speaks of.

Then comes the merchant, and he must have his price screwed down. His neighbors are selling out "at cost," and he cannot compete with them unless he can buy low, gets eight months' credit, and then sells at cost, too.

Then comes the customers. "Misther, ye're monstrous high wid your facthory. I buys at cosths, and gets tread too, of them there men wot breaks to make money, sure. And its hard for a poor widdy to pay so much." And thus she screws down the price, like many others who would be willing to buy at half the cost, and who care nothing about the merchant.

Then it is hard times, and the good housewife, anxious to eke out the piece of cotton, makes smaller shirts, shorter skirts and scantier sleeves, and thus the subjects that wear them are indeed "screwed up the worst way." Or if she puts the shirts out to make, she not unfrequently screws the poor female, who is obliged to make them or starve, down to one shilling and six pence a piece!—the most *outrageous* of all screws, and a course that has driven many a well disposed female to licentiousness.

Now we have the cotton upon the backs of the laborers, and some that do not labor as much as others. In the many screws and ups and downs of life—and what, with the washings and poundings that cotton is heir to, at length it falls to rags, and is stuffed into some old pillow case, and hung up in the cellar-way, as being a good moist place.

Rap, rap, goes a heavy whip upon the door.—"Walk in," says the matron—when in comes a thing with more whiskers than brains. By the bye, I wish to remark here, that I have never seen any of these hairy bipeds, with long nails and small boot heels, without finding them either without much brains, or if with brains, without much honesty or truth! Let that gentry take either horn they please. "Do you want any dry goods, or tin, or essence?" says Whiskerando. "No," answers the good lady, "unless you'll take rags at six cents a pound."

Here follows a whole chapter of screws, as Whiskerando tells how cheap his goods are.—Why! he bought them at auction—his goods are not the first price of the cotton—his tin ware is lower than the tin could be bought in the streets, and he must have the cash. But the exchange is made. Whiskerando cheats in weight and measure, and the good wife in price; and so two cheats make an even bargain.—"Aha!" says Whiskerando, as he goes off, "I've shaved that woman, no mistake." While madam thinks in turn—"Blast the pedlars—they're such liars they ought to be cheated to death—the rags were not worth two cents a pound"—and so *she* has a good bargain. But poor Whiskerando is only half through with his job. He has to lie thrice as much when he sells the rags to the book merchant—and then the book merchant to the paper maker—and again the paper maker to the book merchant—and who does not know that each screws the other with more than common energy?

Then we poor newspaper writers and newspaper printers, oh! Mr. Editor, how they put the screws to us! But we cannot dwell. We skip over various minor screws and hasten to the conclusion.

See you yon portly man with scowling face and a keen black eye, that looks out from under a pair of dark lashes that intimate a darker mind? He is wrapped in flannel, fine broad cloth and camblet, and he "fares sumptuously every day." He is an epicure—an avaricious poacher—and while the marble is there for a good statue, there is there also, for the woes and sufferings of poor human nature, the *feelings of marble!* That man is a lawyer—a solicitor—a——but I forbear. He has a small half sheet of paper which he places in the hands of the sheriff—and now the worst of all screws is put to some unlucky debtor, who has to walk into the meshes and submit to the tender mercies of the law and the lawyers! Poor fellow—but in these days of "short corn"—when notes and bills and mortgages all lie over, there is much company.

This cotton works itself into numerous dunning letters, and summons, and executions, and warrants, and notes of hand, and all that, which screw, and screw, and screw us poor mortals, till we look all colors, get into all shapes, play all kinds of somersets, and do such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as make the Angels weep.

Light be the screws that bind us
In these protested days;
Few be the dues that find us
Scratching all sorts of ways!
And fewer still the iron fetters,
Of Lawyers in the shape of debtors!

But, Mr. Editor, I am "screwed up," and have only to add my prayer, that none of these thing may fall upon you, and that I am,

Yours, &c. ADRIAN.

BORROWING A WOMAN.

"Hello, there Mister—won't you lend me one of them are things?"

This question was directed by a chap whose appearance gave stong testimony of soap-lockism, to a gentlemen who was crossing the Maumee bridge with a lady on each arm, on Sunday last.

"Hello, there stranger, I say, lend me one of them are traps of yourn,"

"Stop your brawling there!" What do you mean?"

"I want to borry one of them are wimmin to cross this bridge. I'll take either, for I an't proud nor particular as to age, nor looks, provided she an't a nigger."

"You scoundrel!—What do you insult us for?"

"No, no, no, no insult, no, by no means—I only wanted to borry one of these ere wimming, to cross this bridge. You see, this old case that sits at the receipt of custom, don't charge meetin goin folks any thing on Sunday, and you look like a meetin goin man and will go clear as a whistle—I don't look like a meetiner, and shall stick fast until I'm pried out with two cents. Now it would give me a sort of sanctimonious appearance like, and I could pull the wool over the eyes of old Twopence there, and go it as if I was greased."

The gentleman was disposed to be angry, but the novelty or the proposition seemed to strike one of the ladies favorably, and she offered to walk beside the chap across the bridge, provided he would save her from the sin of aiding in a deception, by going to meeting efter he was safe across the bridge. To this after some demur, he assented, and the two pairs proceeded onwards to their destination. But the Cerberus at the bridge had had an eye upon the whole proceedings. It struck him they were not K. G. (*according to Hunter,*) and he looked in his instructions and could'nt find any precedent for cases *clandecent* and *onkarekterous* as those appeared to be.

"Don't mean you no *intranquility,*" said the descendant of St. Matthew, slamming the gate in the faces of Mr. Soaplock and his lady, "but I'll take four cents of yourn, Mister."

"*No you don't*; I'm a single gentleman, and this lady's a meetinizer, so here's my two cents, and open your port holes.

"You can't come it, no how; I seed the whole contraption—you two goes together, for better or wus—if you don't like the tarms, you can go back and try the river—four cents is my demand, so shell out the chink and go it genteel, like other geutlemans does when they waits upon the ladies."

Soaplock was nonplussed, but he could'nt do no better, so he shell'd out his four coppers, which happened to be all his funds on hand, and went off cursing the whole concern.—*Maumee Express.*

BEAUTY AND THE WAVE.

Beauty sat tracing with sportive finger,
Names, on the ocean's sand, one day;
Watching how long each wave would linger,
Ere it had washed the print away.

First, Hope's she sketched—the waves just kiss'd it,
Then sank to ocean's breast again,
As half regretful to have miss'd it,
And with the maid let Hope remain.

Next, Friendship's name, so fond yet fleeting,
The maiden on the sand enshrin'd—
The wave flowed on—but soon retreating,
No trace of Friendship left behind.

Love's then appeared, 'twas deeply graven
On that frail page, by Beauty's hand;
The wave return'd—ah! silly maiden,
Love's vows were ever writ on sand.

When one by one, each name had perish'd,
Beauty grew wearied of her play;
Finding that all most priz'd and cherish'd,
Some passing wave will sweep away!

THE GREEK LOVERS.

The soft rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust, and the glorious summer's sun pours its radiance on the festive hall and on the battle field. There was the still valley with its sparkling streams and its shady groves, and the gray hills that closed it out from the rest of the world; but the streams were now dyed with blood—the groves were deserted—and higher than the highest palms, rose the black, heavy smoke of burning cottages. For Hassan had been there—Hassan had found that one peaceful spot, and with the slaughter of Greece before him, had ravaged that lovely valley. The frightened Greeks fled from their blazing huts; to resist, was but to die—but to be taken, was to be sent in triumph and in scorn to the Turkish sultan, and to pine as a slave, instead of to fall as a freeman.

One young Greek had, with determined fury, defended his father's hut. Alas! he could not but delay its fate; and as the old Demetrius fell into the arms of his son, pierced with a hundred bullets, the young Constantine would have blessed the hand which had directed one to him. When the Turkish soldiers rode gaily off from that scene of havoc, he envied the very slaves they were bearing away so proudly.

* * * * * * *

Beneath a rugged pile of rocks, stained with moss, and festooned with ivy, lay a group of Turkish soldiers—their crooked scimitars placed by their long guns, as they rested after their day of fury. One sat apart, and grasping the hilt of his sabre, looked out with watchful glances on every side, which showed that he was neither careless nor weary; his dark eye sparkled as he thought on the deeds of the day, and the scornful curl of his lip betokened that pity was a stranger to Hassan. One more figure completed the group, and she was so shaded by the projecting rock, as scarcely to be perceived.

But even there, as she stood shrinking from her fierce associates, with hands clasped in terror, her body could not be hid. The soft dark eye, shaded by the long eyelashes, the long brown tresses which had fallen around her slender waist, the glowing complexion, and the graceful form; these could only belong to Alcmena, the pride of that once happy, but now devastated valley.

"Ah! wo is me, I am helpless," said she in her native tongue: "I am alone. Shine not so brightly, proud sun; mock me not with thy dancing beams. The heart of Alcmena will soon break—hasten it not."

Hassan turned and gazed upon her: his proud eye had never softened before, but now he felt pity. The first thought of pity to a hard heart is like the first pearl to a Persian diver—it gives hope of more.

"She shall not be a slave," said he, "to stand despised in the Turkish markets, but she shall reign in my harem: wealth and pleasure shall be at her feet, and she will not refuse the love of the dreaded Hassan."

* * * * * * *

Morning rose on the vale of Arete, and Constantine was seeking among the scattered ruins some trace of his beloved Alcmena; for he could not bear to think that she was the slave or the favorite of some wealthy Turk. There was no one to be found. Her silver woven veil alone clinging to the bough of a lofty palm, and the print of horses feet near the same place, told the lover that Alcmena was gone.—He took his resolution in a moment, and looking round on the mountains, still and calm, and wreathed in mist, he bent over his father's grave to shed tears for his fate, and to vow vengeance on his foes; he glanced at the sparkling streams that now bore no token of the fray, and he left the place of his birth and sorrows, to seek through Greece his lost Alcmena.

* * * * * * *

The step of Hassan was stately through his lofty halls, his attendants bowed before him, and his favorites rejoiced at his presence, but Alcmena refused his proffered love.

"You are noble and rich," said she, "seek another bride."

"You alone rule my heart," replied Hassan; "I never before sought the love of woman."

"If I were to wed a Turk," said Alcmena, "the tears of Greece would rise up before me; and before I wed a Musselman may Azrael fold me with his gloomy wings!"

Hassan looked on his glittering palace, and felt that, without Alcmena, it was nothing.—The proud conqueror was subdued before the timid Greek. He gave her magnificent apartments, and bade her name her wishes, that he might grant them.

His sword hung idle in its sheath, and his pages wondered that he now never threw the javelin. He would often visit Alcmena, that she might teach him what had made her so virtuous; and he listened with wonder as she painted to him the sacred beauties of her religion, and called on him to believe; and Hassan did believe, and he became a Christian, but not openly—for although he could brave danger, he could not endure scorn.

* * * * * * *

Alcmena was sitting on golden cushions before her open window, thinking of the vale of Arete. The sun was setting in a blaze of glory, and the closing flowers sent forth their last perfumes. She took her lute, and sang of her native land to her own wild music.

"Such a sunset as this glowed upon the field of Marathon when Greece was free, and lighted the conquering chiefs to their joyful homes, (so sang the Greek maiden,) and as bright a one glowed over the vale of Arete, and showed the spoiler's hand and the tyrant's boast. No," said she, as she dropped her lute, "I will never be Hassan's bride. I can forgive him, but I can never be his."

She raised her eyes and saw a young Turk, who, attracted by the melody, was standing near the window. She arose in terror; but it was no Turkish voice that met her ear, and no Turkish hand that clasped hers, as Constantine sprang to her side. He had wandered far, but had he toiled a thousand leagues, such a meeting would have overpaid his labor.

"Fly with me, Alcmena," said he; "and we may still find some spot in Greece as yet unknown to the destroyer."

"Hassan has been kind to me, and has protected me;" replied Alcmena; "shall I fly without bidding him farewell?"

"He will detain you and slay me," said Constantine; "we must speed, or he will part us forever."

Hassan had been walking on the terrace, and listening to the last sounds of Alcmena's lute; as they died away, he approached the window, and as the lovers stepped upon the terrace, he stood before them.

"Will Alcmena leave me?" said he; "and will Hassan detain her? No."

Alcmena told him of their early love, and of all their misfortunes.

"Hassan caused them all," said he; "leave him, then, and fear not that he will disturb Greece more."

Unbuckling his scimitar, he threw it into the lake before him.

"I am a Christian," said he; "I fear not now to own it. When you need a friend and protector, seek out Hassan." And Hassan wept as he joined their hands, and prayed that they might be happy.

The way to win a Kiss.—The late Mr. Bush, used to tell this story of a brother barrister.—As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

SAND STORM IN THE DESERT.

The following terrific description is by Mr. Frazer, the traveler in Khorasan:

"It dawned at last, and morning found me still in a wide and trackless waste of sand; which, as the sun arose, was only bounded by those flitting vapors which deceive the thirsty traveler with the belief that water is near, and have thence obtained the name of "the water of the desert." In vain I looked for the marks by which my friend Salim had taught me to recognize a place of refreshment.—There was but too much cause to fear that I was now in one of those terrible tracts of dry and moving sand, in which no water is found, and which sometimes, when set in motion by the wind, swallow up whole caravans and their conductors.—Alas! the morning light, so earnestly expected, only dawned to prove that I was surrounded by dangers I had never dreamed of.—The wind, which, had blown so piercingly all night, lulled, as it generally does, towards morning; but the hazy vapor, loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose as red as blood, gave warning that the calm would not continue long; nor had I pursued my course another hour before the roar of the desert wind was heard, columns of dust began to rise in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with drifting sand.

"As the wind increased, the whole plain around me, which had been heaped by former tempests, into ridges, like the waves of a troubled sea, now got in motion; the sand blew from off the crests, like spray from the face of the waters, and covered myself and horse with its dense eddies: while often unable to distinguish the true course, my horse toiled over the ridges, sinking up to the very girths in their deep baffling substance.

"I continued for hours to persevere, struggling against the fury of the gale, when my alarm became increased by observing that my horse, which hitherto had stood out with admirable perseverance, even when his progress was the most painfully impeded by the deep sand, now became terrified, and restive. He snorted, reared, and appeared unable, as well as unwilling, to face the drifting of the still increasing storm. In vain I soothed him, or urged him on with heels and hand; the animal, which hitherto had obeyed my voice almost like an intelligent being, now paid no attention either to caresses or blows. In the severe squalls that drove past at intervals, he fairly turned his back to them and would not move; and even when the wind lulled for a little, he could hardly be forced to advance a step.

"I scorned to yield my life without a struggle, yet saw not the means of preserving it.—To abandon my horse, would have been, in fact, to give up hope; for I could not have proceeded a single mile on foot; yet to remain stationary, as I was forced to do by the terror of my animal, involved manifest destruction. Every thing that offered resistance to the torrent of sand, which sometimes poured along the earth like a rapid stream of water, was overwhelmed by it in an incredible short time; even while my horse stood still for a few moments, the drift mounted higher than his knees, and, as if sensible of his danger, he made furious efforts to extricate himself.

"Quite certain my only hope lay in constant motion, and in the chance of gaining the lee-side of some hillock or mass of rock that might afford a shelter till the storm should blow over, I gave up my true course, turned my back to the wind, and made all possible efforts to press forward; and at last just when both man and horse were exhausted, during a partial squall, I observed something like a rock or mound of earth coming through a dusky atmosphere. On approaching, it was discovered that it was the bank of an inconsiderable hollow, which was now nearly filled with sand, and the opposite side of which, being exposed to the wind, had by the same means become nearly an inclined plain; beneath this bank I fortunately retired, resolved to trust to its protection, rather than run the risk of a farther progress with the imminent peril of perishing in the drifting sand, where vision could not extend for a space of many yards."

From the Knickerkocker.

THE IRON FOOT-STEP.

"What may this mean, that thou, dead corse! again
Revisit 'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous!

Most families, I believe, have their traditionary ghost story; which, when narrated to the group that gathers round the wintry fire-side, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, terror, sympathy, doubt, incredulity, or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances: the story is kept alive, and recollected in after life; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of untried being, which approaches toward us with its slow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before in the Island of Dominica.

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that island, in the year ——, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff of land that forms one point of a crescentular bay, and overlooks the town and harbor. Inland, toward the east, a small plain extends itself; while on the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long one story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, and consisting in all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side toward the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade during the earlier part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other by means of a side door, which was occasionally left open for the freer circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third whose name I cannot at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with irom; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the irom ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The calker's hammer stroke, as it flies from the dock yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth; the songster has it, in the line,

"His very step hath music in't,
"When he comes up the stairs;

and the gentle Lamb felt it, when he said of his physician, that "that there was healing in the creak of his shoes," as he approached his apartment. Associated with this measured movement of the Major, was his deep cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

The sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The Major was confident of recovery; and indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not concious of any distressing thought or dream which should have occasioned this shortened slumber; and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and foud it only past one o'clock He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said, "Poor Hamilton! Well, God have mercy upon us!"

He felt at the moment that some one near him said "Amen!" with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, "Who is there?"

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was opened that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, "It's all mere imagination," and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the pizza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause; as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down; the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks, at the foot of the bluff, was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful "It is very remarkable!" said he; "I could have sworn I heard it!" He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguished nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and though a brave man, he could not imediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being, and thought for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him, presented arms.

"Have you been long stationed here?" said Captain Gordon.

"Half an hour," was the reply.

"Did you — did you happen to see any one on the paizza, during that time?"

"I did not."

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties—"My old comrade," said he, "what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends.—kind hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?"

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread, by the recurrence of the same well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was therefore with great earnestness that he exclaimed —"In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you?"

A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sunk deep into his soul:

"Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful! Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary, for the adjustment of your affiairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. —, Jermyn street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney piece and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!"

Capt. Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose, it was broad day. He dressed himself and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days, he applied for a furlough; but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having however brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn street. He found the papers as he had expected.—He relieved the widow and the orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death, and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronized by the Queen of England and early obtained a commission in the army to which he was attached, at the time this tale was told to me.

It is also known that Captain Gordon rose high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.

JOHN WATERS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Every lady wears black; that is, *almost* every lady. Next to velvet robes those of moire and satin are run upon. Then comes the robe of black lace over lilace, or over straw colored satin, or even over black satin. These dresses look well, and are in vogue. Those who can't afford lace put tulle as a substitute, wtih two orlans, the berthe, and pagodas on dentelle.

A simple and pretty dress is a robe of organdie, embroidered with white and red roses. It is cheap, and shows off a nice figure.

Flowers are much worn on dresses. Trimmings of oak leaves, and gold beads or buttons, instead of acorns, look fanciful and rich.

The hair is worn plain in front, and tied negligentlp in a loose knot behind. Gold pins fasten it np.

Handkerchiefs are more richly embroidered than ever, and are wove with lace.

Scarf turbans, in gold and silver lace, combined with velvet, are the *ton*. Toques of velvet, with gold barbes de dentelle, falling low to one side, fashionable. Gold ornaments are profusely worn in the hair and on the head dress.

Bonnets are worn small. In points d'Angleterre, and trimmed with flowers, they are favorites. Velvet turbans are wom at eveing parties, the opere and the theatres.

THE SMUGGLERS.

I had been a soldier even from my childhood —I had been in many a battle—upon my breast, upon my brow, deep scars were visible. I lost a limb, and bethought me of my mountain-home—the stream—the dark woods—the cottage on the green hill-side. I returned to that pleasant home—I took to my bosom a fair young wife—she made me the father of a beauteous boy: on her white breast she nursed that boy, and she fondly cradled him in her arms. I forgot that I had been a man of blood, and was happy in my peaceful cottage. Our neighbors were peasants; their limbs were brawny and muscular. Many of them were smugglers; nor did they regard their calling as criminal. Their fathers had lived and had died in its practice; they regarded the wretched trade of smuggling as a birthright; and they loved it the better, for its dangers. In the sides of the hills, near to the clear streams, they dug themselves huts, where, in the darkness of the night, amidst the storm, in the wild wind, they met to prosecute their lawless calling.

It was winter: snow was upon the hill—upon the wood—upon the ice-bound river. In every village arose smoke from distilleries licensed by the law; but no smoke arose from the fireless hearth of the wretched smuggler; and even had there been fuel, there was no food for the smuggler's board: a draught of water from the half-frozen spring—a cake of oaten bread—such was his children's fare. Yet would the young mother raise her meek eyes to heaven; and, ere she broke the bread, would bless it with a mother's blessing. The arm of the law was now stretched forth to desolate the smuggler's huts. From the arms of the fond wife, from the breast of the pale bride, those miserable, those wild, uneducated men, were dragged, to become things of shame. With tears did the wife water her lone couch—with tears did the babe call upon its father's name: he was in prison—ay, in prison, and when those mourners assembled at their sad meal, their hearts were broken. Yet the smugglers, those dwellers of the hills, were peaceful men; and from their thatched roofs I have oftimes heard arise the sounds of heart-ejaculated prayer.

Sarah Beaton was a maiden of rare loveliness: meekness and purity beamed forth from her face of beauty—from her dark loving eyes: her long black hair fell in braided tressess. To the old pair with whom she lived, Sarah was somewhat between a child and a domestic.—They loved her much—who would not have loved her, that gentle girl? and dearly they did love her, as they beheld her in the light—the loveliness of her young charms! Sarah was the daughter of a smuggler: dear to her were those law-forgetting people; and she wept in purity and in maiden pity over their proscribed and desolated state. I had heard that a party of soldiers were about to be sent into our quiet glen. I felt for those devoted men; for I had seen dark unquiet looks among them; and I feared that they would rise up in wrath, and that blood would be shed. One of the peasants—I knew him well—wandered from house to house, begging for alms. He seemed to be lame and maimed; but under the disguising beard, the matted hair, I recognised the fiery eye, the wide nostril, like that of the war horse—the high manly forehead of Alan Grahame. He was a youth of much promise: gentle to the guiding hand, when in kindness it was extended; but, where insult offered to his young blood, his bold spirit, like that of the wood-lion, would rise up within him. I saw him wandering, from hut to hut, in secrecy and in disguise. I spoke mildly to him: with a dark look he turned away On the morning the soldiers were expected in our glen; there was a spirit of mystery stirring abroad; and as I stood in the door of my cottage, groupes of men passed by. They seemed restless and troubled: they spoke in low whispering; their eyes glared, and they looked as though they thirsted for blood. They were armed in something of war like fashion; a rusty sword—a broken musket—an oaken staff; the weapon mattered not. They passed onward, firmly, steadily; bounding, with active strength, across the brook—over the hanging cliff—on—on to the dark wood. Before the hour of noon sixty men were concealed beneath its branches. Then came upon the ear strains of martial music—the hoars thunders of the drum—the shrill whistle of the fife; and then, over the high hill, was seen a file of soldiers, marching with the firm step of British veterans, their muskets glittering in the sun, the scarlet of their dress gleaming up richly from the white snow. They have crossed the ford—they are beyond the mill—they are in the dark wood; and now the smugglers are returning to their huts to clasp their wives in their blood-stained arms. From their frantic joy I turned away sadly and in silence. I went up to the dark wood: blood, was all around me: the earth was crimsoned with that life-stream: I heard low, heart-rending moans; they were uttered by a wounded soldier. I took him to my home—I laid him upon my bed—I dressed his wounds—and I prayed to the giver of life that he might live.

Ere that night fell, I saw Alan pass my door. Irons were on his wrists; he was guarded by soldiers; his head had sunk down low on his broad chest; he walked feebly, supported by a soldier's arm. Whither had his young strength fled! After some time, the judge came to the trial of his wretched prisoner. He was a mild, melancholy man—his forehead was pale and calm—his large and downcast eyes told that he was occupied with inward musings—his stooping figure indicated by-gone sorrow—it might be sin. Many witnesses were examined, but on the evidence of Sarah Beaton hung Alan's life. It matters not to my story how this happened. She was there—that sad maiden—pale, motionless as marble. Had it not been for the convulsive movements about her mouth, she would not have looked like a thing of life.—The counsel and the judge questioned her; and there was a working in her breast, and in her throat, as though she felt the death-struggle within her heart; but she had to speak the truth before her God, and her words were fatal to the unhappy man: she spake in low, broken sounds: once even her large lustrous eyes turned towards Alan. His head was bent upon his folded hands; from his forehead started the sweat-drops till they ran down his cheeks like rain. Upon his face Sarah once looked—the soul of a sorrowing, loving woman was in her gaze—then she bent low her head, and folded her arms upon her breast and left the court with a sad step.

Alan's brother was a fierce, unhappy lad: his passions were wild as the course of the mountain stream; and, as Sarah passed him, his dark brow was bent frowningly upon her, and his wide chest heaved like a sea, and he uttered curses and threats of vengeance. She hears him not! Sarah Beaton had nothing now to do with life. On the following morning she went forth—in her beauty she went: as in our fathers' days, went the damsel Rachel, to the well of Haran, so went Sarah Beaten to draw water from the spring. In summer, it was a place of wild loveliness; those clear waters bubbling up from the rock in the depth of the lone glade, the birch trees bending in their leafy fragrance over the cool stream: now, the trees were leafless, like ghosts of their former selves, and the clouds lowered, and the wind blew. Sarah moved slowly on in her pale sweetness; her black hair waved in the blast: ere she stooped the pitcher into the well, she threw back her arms to bind up those long tresses; from the wood came a flash—a sound—a bullet—another—and the maiden fell back upon the earth, and the blood gushed from her breast, and its crimson tide mingled with the snow!

Perseverance—Macklin's advice to his son—I have often told you that every man must be the maker or marrer of his own fortune. I repeat the doctrine. He who depends upon incessant industry and integrity depends upon patrons of the most exalted kind. They are creators of fortune and name, and never can disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and turn even the vicissitudes of fortune's tendency to a contrary nature. You have genius, you have learning, you have industry at times, but you want perseverance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly—*Perseverance.*

The Doctor.—"Pray, sir, is the section of country, in which you are about to settle sickly?" said an old gentleman to a couple of young physicians who were displaying their learning on board a steamboat. "Very much so, indeed," observed one of them; "I expect to witness many a death bed scene in the course of next summer." "I have no doubt but that you will," replied the old gentleman, "*provided you get much practice.*"

THE SCHOOL MASTER ABROAD.

The Baltimore Clipper tells us a good story, of which the following is the substance. A board of "School Commissioners," who encumbered a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for "a well disposed, moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey." After a fortnight of this advertising had been elaborated, a rawboned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and pine stick in one hand, and a Cape Cod protection, alias a card of gingerbread in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

"Well sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requirements for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," answered Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the committeemen, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick again, rounding the end of the stick with his knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the chairman.

"Quimbo hic squashicum 'et punkintum limgum,' said Slick drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ish dat Latin? Who's te author?"

"Josephus," replied Slick; "he says in his life of Gov. Hancock, 'sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quad erat demonstrandum.'"

"Dat's goot!" exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "tere never vas better Latins."

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the District of Columby?"

"What state is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer, we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western point of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us know how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it be good corn land?"

"Why, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess you might as well tell a fellow how many grains to the hill."

"Five."

"Then, accordin' to Euclid, it would be 742 feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent! Pray, sir, where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the Bay State—and I can do most anything."

"No doubt—but there is one thing you cannot do; you cannot humbug us. You can go."

The death of the young.—Beautiful is that season of life, when we say in the language of Scripture, "thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of the flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and his form seems something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes: Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us—and we shall not be long. They have gone before us—and are like the angles in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave, to welcome us with the countenance of affection, which they wore on earth—yet more lovely—more radiant—more spiritual.—*Knickerbocker.*

Mechanics.—"It is a mistaken notion a great many mechanics entertain, that they cannot be duly respected because of their being mechanics. Only silly and weak minded persons turn up their noses at mechanics."

Don't be affrighted if misfortune stalks into your habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the prescence chamber of kings.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1840.

☞ Our correspondents must be patient.

THE $5 PRIZE.

AN EXTENSION OF TIME.

Circumstances have induced us to extend the time for procuring subscriptions for the prize until the first of July. We hope that many more will thus be engaged in the matter.—We give the following notice, and assure those interested that the time will not again be altered.

FIVE DOLLARS.—Our agents, subscribers and others, are informed that we will pay to the individual who shall procure the greatest number of subscribers for the GEM, previous to the first of July, the sum of FIVE DOLLARS, exclusive of the regular percentage, or a set of SHAKSPEARE'S, or HANNAH MOORE'S, or any other standard author's works, beautifully and substantially bound. The money must accompany the order, or no attention will be given to it.—Postage, as usual, must be paid.

The letters must be mailed as soon as the first of July; we shall then wait until the 15th, and immediately forward the prize to the successful agent and publish his name.

Who will try?

N. B. All the back numbers will be furnished; or rather, all subscriptions *must* commence with the volume.

Egypt.—The land of the "forgotten Pharaohs" seems, under the administration of its enterprising though rebellious Pacha, [pronounce that word *Pashaw*, gentle reader,] to be regaining its long lost arts and civilization. Sculpture is reviving, and the Pacha has so far overcome the prejudices of his Islamism, as to present to the Pope a set of magnificent columns for a new cathedral at Rome.

The more useful arts, also, are again called to contribute to the sustenance and comfort of man. Agriculture has resumed its ancient and long deserted fields upon the banks of the Nile, and the Delta again yields its luxurious harvests as when Egypt was the granary of the world.—Manufactures go hand in hand with their sister arts, and commerce revives with the elements of traffic. Cotton and other productions of the soil, are exported in large quantities, and Alexandria is again becoming the great mart of the Mediterranean; while learning is revisiting the land of its birth, and wandering among the mighty ruins of the temples in which its infancy was cradled.

The Phrenological Journal,—For April, is a number of unusual interest and talent. One may acquire more knowledge from this one number than from the same quantity of matter of any other publication that we have ever seen. It contains cuts representing all the organs, and dividing them into natural groups. This work is very cheap; and it gives more light upon the philosophy of mind than any other periodical in the world.

The Ladies' Companion.—Is again before us, containing as usual, a large amount of interesting original reading. As the May number will be the commencement of the second volume of the current year, it is a favorable time for new subscriptions. Every lady who wants a work of real worth, neatness and beauty, may find her wishes realized by subscribing for this.

Charity finds its own reward in the blessing it dispenses.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

TO THE CLAYTONIA—["Beauty of Spring."]

We greet thee with a welcome warm, thou harbinger of Spring—
Of all its bright and blooming things, the earliest offering;
The first and fairest of the forms waked by the south wind's breath,
The earliest and the sweetest flower of Flora's vernal wreath!
Thou'rt welcome to our clime again, thou loveliest of flowers,
Thou'rt welcome to our woodland glens, and to our forest bowers;
Thou tellest that the wintry storm hath ceased to scourge the earth,
And speakest of the op'ning Spring warbling her song of mirth.
Thou didst not come till Winter's wail was heard no more on high,
Nor till the tempest's clarion notes were silent in the sky;
Thou didst not rise till th' early bird had tuned its joyous song,
Till blue bird's glee and lark's wild lay floated the air along;
And then amidst the festive scene, roused from thy cold, dark bed,
By whispers low of new-born Spring, and incense round thee shed,
Thou rear'dst in beauty's confidence, thy fair and fragile form,
Unfearful of the tempest's power, unmindful of the storm.

And who, thou peerless little flower, hath called thee from the dead,
And reared with guardian watchfulness, thy young and tender head?
Whose voice, heard in each passing breeze, hath called thee into birth,
When Spring her mantling spreads on high, and o'er the fresh'ning earth?
And who with more than artist's skill, hath clad and decked thee o'er
In garb more exquisitely rich than Israel's monarch wore?
Ah! who in nature's earliest green, thy slender stem hath dressed,
And tinged with sunset's blushing hues, thy modest little crest?
And who hath stilled the tempest's roar, and Winter's sullen wail,
And giv'n to fan thee into life, the south wind's incense gale?
And canst thou tell, thou senseless thing, of the Omniscient One
Whose praise thou hast no tongue to speak, whose name thou hast not known?
Ah! yes; in voiceless eloquence, thou speakest of the power,
That called thee forth to bud and bloom, Spring's earliest, sweetest flower.
Thou tell'st of the creating God, whose kind, parental care,
Prepared for thee thy forest home, and reared thee brightly there.

And art thou still within his hand? Will his almighty arm,
Still with a parent's tenderness protect thee from the storm?
And will his eye look on thee still, through clouds that o'er thee rise,
When night her sable drapery has hung upon the skies?
And will he still bend over thee, when tempests gather fast,
And demons of the storm career upon the rushing blast,
While skies are rent and earth is rocked by bursting thunder's power—
Then will he not forget to shield the humble little flower?
And when the hurricane hath passed, upon its wreck-strewn path,
Shall not thy ravished form be found, a trophy of its wrath,
All scathed and torn and trampled down, all faded crushed and dead,
And left to blacken back to dust, far from its native bed?

In nature's voice thou answerest, that He who reigns on high,
Who notices the sparrow's fall, and hears the raven's cry,
Will still protect the humble flower, though storms heaven's arch-way rend,
Though wing of whirlwind circles wide, and strong oaks 'neath it bend;
That He will still watch over thee, though night's unfolding cloud
Is spread upon the earth and sky like nature's funeral shroud.
And to his throne thou seem'st to look with an abiding trust,
That he will ne'er desert the flower he cherished from the dust;
While for his kindness and his care, methinks I hear thee raise,
To Him, the High and Holy One, a grateful song of praise.

J. B. C.

Rochester, April, 1840.

The Grave of L. E. L.—The following extract from the journal of Capt. Herspath, published in the London Railway Magazine, will prove interesting to many of our fair readers, who have been charmed with the poetry of Miss Landon:

May 1st. Arrived at the castle, and was conducted by a soldier to the apartment of Captain Maclean, the Governor. I delivered the newspaper sent by Messrs. Kings, and his Excellency appeared very much affected on seeing the lines it contained, written on the death of Mrs. Maclean. Having heard that the remains of Mrs. Maclean were interred in the castle-yard, I gave a soldier a trifle to show me the spot. She is buried in that part of the court yard facing the sea, close to the ramparts; no stone marks her grave, and were it not for the few recently placed bricks, it would be difficult to find the spot. It is not even raised above the level of the yard. I thought, while contemplating the narrow space she now occupies, of her own words:

"The beautiful! and do they die
In you bright world as here?"

It will be something to say in England, "I have visited the grave of 'L. E. L.' on the coast of Africa."

An Instance of Napoleon's Tenacious Memory.—This organization, these immense preparations (for the Russian war) were terminated about the month of February, 1812. I had several times written from the dictations of the Emperor; and I had occasion to admire his inconceivable memory, and the precision with which, without having recourse to the lists, he bore in mind the effective force of the several corps in, order to determine the means of raising them to the complete war establishment according to their wants. One day, having lain before him a general table which he had desired me to give him, and which he ran through very rapidly, the distribution of conscripts, founded on this statement, of the effective force of all the corps of the army, without once hesitating, and stated the actual force of each of the corps and their position. He walked rapidly up and down, or stood still before the window of his cabinet. He dictated with such rapidity that I had scarcely time to set down the figures clearly, and to indicate by abbreviations the notes which he added. For full half an hour I had not been able to take my pen from the paper on which I wrote. I had no doubt but that he had before him the general table which I had given him; when he paused a moment, and I was able to look at him, he perceived and laughed at my surprise. "You thought," said he "that I was reading your table; I don't want it; I know it all by heart. Let us go on."—*Count Dumas's Memoirs of his Own Time.*

"There's a chiel among ye takin Notes," as the pick pocket said when he was mingling in the crowd at the Railroad depot.

☞ The following persons, whose names have been heretofore omitted, are Agents for the Gem:

A. E. Lyon,	:	Casadaga,	: N. Y.
J. Sherman, p m	:	East Palmyra,	N. Y.
H. Jones,	:	Farmer, :	: N. Y.
H. S. Hubbard, p m	:	Rochester,	: W.T.
J. T. Wells,	: :	Woodbourne,	: N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 29th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Goodwin, Mr. WILLIAM H. BEACH, to Miss ALVIRA MORGAN.

In Greece, on the 29th ult., by Elder J. B. Olcott, Mr. BENJAMIN ARNETT, to Miss CHLOE SEXTON, both of that town.

In Henrietta, by the Rev. Mr. Connel, Mr. Henry Loomis, of Windsor, Conn., to Miss Elizabeth Stone, of the former place.

At Port Gibson, on the 28th instant, by the Rev. C. M. Butler, Albert Barnard, Esq of Buffalo, to Miss Elizabeth A. Jenkins.

From Blackwood's Magazine for February.

SONG OF A RETURNED EXILE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

Sweet Corrin!* how softly the evening light goes,
Fading far o'er thy summit from ruby to rose,
As if loth to deprive the deep woodlands below
Of the love and the glory they drink in its glow:
On, home looking Hill! how beloved dost thou rise
Once more to my sight through the shadowy skies;
Shielding still, in thy sheltering grandeur unfurl'd,
The landscape to me that so long was the world.
Fair evening—blest evening! one moment delay
Till the tears of the pilgrim are dried in thy ray—
Till he feels that through years of long abscence not one
Of his friends—the lone rock and grey ruin—is gone.

Not one:—as I wind the sheer fastnesses through,
The valley of boyhood is bright in my view!
Once again my glad spirit its fetterless flight
May wing through a sphere of unclouded delight,
O'er one maze of broad orchard, green meadow and slope—
From whose tints I once pictured the pinions of hope;
Still the hamlet gleams white, still the church yews are weeping,
Where the sleep of the peaceful, my fathers are sleeping;
The vane tells, as usual, its fib from the mill,
But the wheel tumbles loudly and merrily still,
And the tower of the Roches stands lonely as ever,
With its grim shadow rusting the gold of the river.

My own pleasant river, bloom skirted, behold,
Now sleeping in shade, now refulgently roll'd,
Where long through the landscape it tranquilly flows,
Scarcely breaking, Glen-coorah, thy glorious repose!
By the Park's lovely pathways it lingers and shines,
Where the cushat's low call; and the murmur of pines,
And the lips of the lilly seem wooing its stay
'Mid their odorous dells; but 'tis off and away,
Rushing out through the clustering oaks, in whose shade,
Like a bird in the branches, an arbor I made,
Where the blue eye of Eve often closed o'er the book,
While I read of stout Sindbad, or voyaged with Cook.

Wild haunt of the Harper!† I stand by thy spring,
Whose waters of silver still sparkle and fling
Their wealth at my feet,—and I catch the deep glow,
As in long vanished hours, of the lilacs that blow
By the low cottage porch—and the same crescent moon
That then ploughed like a pinnace, the purple of June,
Is white on Glen-duff, and all blooms unchanged
As if years had not pass'd since thy greenwood I ranged—
As if ONE were not fled, who imparted a soul
Of divinest enchantment and grace to the whole,
Whose being was bright as that fair moon above,
And all deep and all pure as thy waters her love.

Thou long vanish'd angel! whose faithfulness threw
O'er my gloomy existence one glorified hue!
Dost thou still, as of yore, when the evening grows dim,
And the blackbird by Douglas is hushing its hymn,
Remember the bower by the Funcheon's blue side
Where the whispers were soft as the kiss of the tide?
Dost thou still think with pity and peace on thy brow,
Of him who, toil harass'd and time shaken now,
While the last light of day, like his hopes, has departed,
On the turf thou hast hallow'd sinks down weary hearted,
And calls on thy name, and the night breeze that sighs
Through the boughs that once blest thee is all that replies?

But thy summit, far Corrin, is fading in grey,
And the moonlight grows mellow on lonely Cloughlea;
And the laugh of the young, as they loiter about,
Through the elm shaded alleys rings joyously out;
Happy souls! they have yet the dark chalice to taste,
And like others to wander life's desolate waste—
To hold wassail with sin, or keep vigil with woe;
But the same fount of yearning wherever they go,
Welling up in their heart depths to turn at the last
(As the stag when the barb in his bosom is fast)
To their lair in the hills on their childhood that rose,
And find the sole blessing I seek for—REPOSE!‡

* The picturesque mountain of Corrin, (properly Cairn-thierna, *i. e.* the Thane or Lord's cairn,) is the termination of a long range of hills which encloses the valley of the Blackwater and Funcheon, (the Avonduff and Fanshin of Spenser,) in the county of Cork, and forms a striking feature of scenery, remarkable for pastoral beauty and romance.

† One of the most beautiful bends of the Funcheon is taken through the demesne of Moorepark, near Kilworth, close to a natural grotto or cavern, called from time immemorial the cave of Thiag-na-fibah—(Tim or Teague the Bard.

‡ "Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna. For instance, '*Martini Luighi implora pace.*' Can any thing be more full of pathos? These few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life—all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore*."—*Lord Byron.*

ALL THINGS LOVE THEE—SO DO I.

Gentle waves upon the deep,
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Little birds upon the tree,
Sing their sweetest songs for thee!
Cooling gales with voices low,
In the tree-tops gently blow,
When in slumber thou dost lie,
All things love thee—so do I.

When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee!
While the glorious stars above
Shine on thee like trusting love:
From the ocean, earth and sky,
All things love thee—so do I.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE SEXTON'S SONG.

BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

——"The theme is old,
Of 'dust to dust,' *but half its tale untold.*"—Byron.

Through the live-long day, at the church-yard gate,
With his mattock and spade, the sexton sate;
And his eye still flashed, though his head was gray,
And the school boys trembled to pass that way.
For they knew his face was haggard and grim,
And they feared to cast a glance at him;
And the ancient dames, all trembling and pale,
Had told them many a marvellous tale,—
How he summoned the ghosts from their graves at night,
And danced with them 'neath the pale moonlight:
Of the fearful lights that were seen to glide
Around the grave of the murdered bride,
And the ominous sounds on the ear that fell,
Like the wail of spirits released from hell,—
And amid those shrieks, that the brave heart stirred,
Was the voice of that hoary sexton heard!

Yet silent sat he—that man of death—
With a sullen brow, and a murmuring breath,
Till some sad mourner his stipend paid,
And sent him forth to his gloomy trade;
Then he blithely sang as he plodded along,
And this was the gray old sexton's song:—
"The monarch may boast of his power to day,
But the glare of his glory will pass away;
He may scorn me now, but soon or late,
I will bear him forth from his bed of state,—
And little care I for his lordly sneer,
For he'll scorn no more when I've laid him here!

"I remember a youth of fancy and song,
And noted him oft as he passed along,
For he shrunk away from the haughty and proud,
And his heart seemed sad 'mid the jovial crowd.
He had sought for fame,—there was none for him,
And his cheek was pale, and his eye was dim;
So he turned him to rest on his feverish pillow,
But disease crept on, and his peace was o'er;—
I spread him a couch 'neath his fav'rite willow,
And I'll warrant he'll sigh and sorrow no more!

"I saw a fair lady go rustling by,
With a curling lip and a scornful eye,
And deep in her heart she silently said,
'I fear thee not thou man of the dead,
For the blossoms of health and youth are mine,
And the rainbows of hope above me shine;'
But they brought her to me, all despoil'd of her bloom,
And I laid her down in the damps of the tomb,
And the greedy worms are rioting now
On her withered form and her faded brow!

"A titled 'squire dwelt over the way,
And loudly he talked of his wealth and renown,
And he rolled in his gay calash, by day,
And he rested at night on his bed of down;
But they stripped him of all his costly robes,
In his denth-cap and shroud they array'd him,
And he never slept so sound before,
As he slept in the bed where I laid him!

"I have seen a dull knave, rich in glory and gold,
And I've seen the pure hearted go hungry and cold;
And the proud and the poor, and the guilty and gay,
I have gathered them all to their dwellings of clay!
I have herded with mourners for three score years,
And I hear not their wailings, I heed not their tears;
While they sigh and look doleful, I laugh in my glee,
For the sound on the coffins is music to me!
The noise of my spade warns the old of their doom,
I am shunned by the young like a phantom of gloom,
And they fly from my path on the footsteps of fright;
But they soon will be mine! for I've buried from sight
The idol of beauty, the searcher for fame,—
O, well may they shudder to hear my name!

"Ha! little care they to know, I ween,
Of the gay and ghastly sights I've seen;—
Or the sounds of mirth, or the shrieks of wo,
That ring through the vaulted halls below!
When the skies are dark, and the storms are loud,
The dead leave their coffin-beds, each in his shroud,
And I know their limbs are nimble and fleet,
For I heard the clank of their skeleton feet,
As they tripped it light o'er the marble floor,
And their music rang 'mid the tempest's roar!
And I listened long to the echoing tread,
And my spade kept time to the dance of the dead!
Then the clatter of bony hands I heard,
As they clasped each other with never a word,
For the tongues of the dancers no sound could repeat,
Strange music was there, but their voices were still,—
Yet nimble and fleet were their skeleton feet,
As they lightly wheeled in a gay quadrille!"

An Angular Duel.—At Pyrmont, in the principality of Waldeck, according to a journal of the country, a duel lately took place, in which one of the combatants stood within the principality of Lippe, and his adversary within that of Waldeck, and one of the seconds within the kingdom of Hanover; the balls were afterwards found in the Duchy of Brunswick. The affair, consequently took place at the convergent angles of four different states.

A tavern keeper in Illinois advertises a young lawyer who has left his house without paying his bill, under the following expressive caption:

"Absquatulando damnum et Swartwoutandium in transitu, non est inventus and Ibitum scape goatum, non comeatibus in swampo."—*Louisville Jour.*

From the St. Clairville (Ohio) Gazette.

Physical Nature of Death.—The idea of the intense suffering immediately preceding dissolution is, and has been so general, that the term "Agony" has been applied to it in many languages. In its origin, the word means nothing more than violent contest or strife, but it has been extended so as to embrace the pangs of death and any violent pain. The agony of death, however, physologically speaking, instead of being a state of mental and corporeal turmoil and anguish, is one of insensibility. The hurried and labored breathing, the peculiar sound of respiration, and the turned up eye ball, instead of being evidence of suffering, are now admitted to be signs of the brain having lost all, or almost all sensibility to impressions.—Whilst the brain is possessed of consciousness, the eye is directed as the will commands by the appropriate voluntary muscles of the organs; but as soon as consciousness is lost, and the will no longer acts, the eye ball is drawn up involuntarily under the upper eye lid. And the indications then, of moral strife, are such in appearance only, even the convulsive agitations, occasionally perceived, are of the nature of epileptic spasms, which we know to be produced in total insensibility, and to afford no real evidence of corporeal suffering. An easy death—enthanasia—is what all desire; and, fortunately, whatever have been the previous pangs, the closing scene in most ailments is generally of this character. In the beautiful mythology of the ancients, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep. She was the only divinity to whom sacrifice was made, because it was felt no human interference could arrest her arm; yet her approach was contemplated without any physical apprehension.

A Bold Fellow.—Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers "who behaved the most intrepidly during the contest?" The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are all mistaken," replied the king; "the boldest fellow was a fifer whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease to vary a note the whole time."

"The three most beautiful words in the English language, are Mother, Home, and Heaven."

The above we cut from an exchange paper. A young married man at our elbow says, that all the beauty and happiness connected with the above three words, are associated with the single word *Wife*. Get married.—*Boston Journal.*

MARRIAGES.

In Riga, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Nutting, Mr. ROSWELL PARISH, jr. to Miss JULIA GOODRICH, all of that town.

In Barre, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Crawford, Mr. Harlow W. Lee, of Albion, to Miss Lydia Thurston, of the former place.

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow."—Job 14, 1st and 2nd.

He springs in the morning's path
Bright as the new blown rose:—
His life is a dream of pain,—
No joy his bosom knows.

As a flow'r he cometh forth,
When all is fair around;
When the smiles of joy and love,
Of honest hearts surround.

With no wrinkle on his brow,
No thistle in his way,
As a flow'r he springs to life,
But oh! how short his day.

It flies in its longest length,
Quick as the shadow's flight;
It flies as the tempest wind,
In darkest hour of night.

Woodhouse, U. C., April, 1840. W. G.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE SPECTATOR—No. 2.

Kind and gentle reader, did you ever watch by the side of a sick friend—one who had twined about the warmest feelings of thy heart—whose existence concerned thy happiness, and whose life was dear to thee? Is not such a place a chastened one? How deep the sorrow enters the soul, and how it operates upon and inspires it! The long drawn sigh, the groan, how they touch the sympathy! The pale emaciated face, the sunken eye and the white cold hands, how painful and yet how profitable to look upon!

That stricken and wounded creature, racked with pain, helpless and spirit broken, a few days ago was like yourself animated with the freshness of life and the vigor of full health; but the limbs have lost their power, a raging fever has crushed its wild and reckless way through those veins and arteries, and now the muscles and nerves refuse to do their work.

How soon the machine runs down—how soon this fashioned and animated clay may become like the dust of the valley! How frail and weak a thing is man, and yet how strong and mighty! The world around own his supremacy, and bow to his superior wisdom; and still proud and great as he is, invested with his immense power and his great influence, he has bounds and limits set him. Life, the mysterious principle that animates the body, depends upon a frail tenure. We have no guarantee that it will last a day or an hour. The most trifling cause may make the blood cease its revolutions and the heart its palpitations, and then dust goes back to dust and the spirit to God who gave it.

How little do the gay multitude think of these things! How many strive to drive such reflections from them! It is while we keep our vigils by the side of the sick—when we bend over the wasted body of the dying, that such thoughts come home to our hearts. The reality then comes before us, and we feel the frailty of our humanity. The complex machinery of the body, so perfect as a whole, and yet each part so necessary and so connected, that we are at all times liable to derangement, exposed to danger and subject to death! Vain man, look upon thy own body, and cease thy boasting, and lay aside thy vanity! Go to the dying bed of thy friend, and let the philosophy of the place and the moral of the scene, sink deep in thy heart. It will make thee wiser; you will be better prepared to live, if not to die.

The solemn silence of the sick room, the hushed breathing of the attendants, and the anxious, care-worn looks of friends, have ever—aside from the sympathy of the heart for the suffering victim—made it hallowed ground to me.—Deep and solemn thoughts arise. The heart improves and the mind enlarges under the schooling, and one feels stronger in virtue and better fortified to resist the follies of life, after such a lesson; but how soon these impressions wear away! Other cares and other scenes claim their place, and the sufferings and the pains of our fellow creatures are remembered only as a dream. This, by a law of the mind, is to be expected, and is right. Serious and sombre thoughts ought not always to predominate, no more than gay and trifling ones. Intense grief, if long continued, would soon make life insupportable. So continued reflection upon death, would soon give the mind a sickly temperament, and render existence miserable. We were never made to be always sad, and we equally mistake our nature by being always gay.

The mind seems formed for a variety of parts. It can pour out its relieving, generous sympathy, with the sick and afflicted, and it can laugh and make merry with those who are light-hearted and happy. It can amuse itself with vanities, and also grapple with its giant power, subjects of grave and serious importance; and it needs the exercise of both, in order to its full and perfect developement. Great scholars are oftentimes great dunces, and religious zealots often become poor Christians because they direct their whole mental power and zeal to one object. Without recreation and relief, it soon loses much of its beauty and vigor.

Let then the gay and trifling visit the sick—let them go to the house of mourning—let them look upon the face of the dying and dead.—Such things will make them better. So let, also, the serious and downcast, the stricken in heart, and the sorrowing, go out into the world and mingle with their fellows in rational amusements—let them visit the green fields and listen to the music of the birds. They will find that the happiness around them, the quiet of nature and the cheerfulness of the warbling songster, have a contagion about them which will impart a portion to their own troubled spirits; and thus they will be soothed and comforted.

Penn Yan, May 1. VIVIAN GREY.

The Valley of Paradise.—It was near mid day when we reached the base of the hills; the heat was tempered by ample shade and by the sea-breeze that had just set in. The country seemed to smile around us in its reckless richness. We found ourselves on a bright green sward, half encircled by a bend of the rocky stream, and shadowed by a deep border of that constant ornament of running waters, the friendly Chenar. The foreground presented a master piece of nature's art, which a Salvator Rosa or a Byron alone, was worthy to look on. A troop of Palicars, though there was no village nor even house in the vicinity, had chosen this siuation for their encampment, and fixed their habitations among the trees. They were allured only by the amenity of the place, the abundance of water and shade. and their innate taste. Each Palicar had woven for himself a pallet of green boughs covered with fern which, according to his fancy, he supported by stakes driven into the bed of the stream or its banks, or nestled in the forks of the massive trunks and branches of the trees, or to catch the cool current of air, suspended from the boughs crossing each other from the opposite side of the stream. Their goats—for every soldier has one or more—were resting under these pallets, or standing in the water. Some of the Palicars were bathing-some, in their rich picturesque and warlike costumes, seated cross legged, smoking; some grouped round fires preparing their food, while the smoke rising through the thick foliage, passing over the trunks or curling round the light green smooth branches, caught and reflected the rays that had penetrated through the canopy and verdure, and produced a thousand beautiful effects. The sharp tingling of a single tambouriki, softened by the murmur of the tumbling torrent, formed a happy accompaniment to the dream, for such it seemed.

The Platanus, the Chenar of Persian poets, is a tree so elegant in its form, so docile in its growth, that it gives beauty to all that surround it; shooting up like the poplar when confined, spreading when at liberty, like the oak, and drooping like the weeping willow over streams, it adapts itself to every position of soil, and assimilates itself to every style of landscape. The foliage, by the broadness of the leaves and their springing at the extremity of the branches, is bold and massive, without being dense or heavy. Vast and airy vaults are formed within, excluding the strong light and the sun's rays; and through these verdant domes, the round, long, naked boughs, of a light green hue and velvety texture, meander like enormous snakes.—*Urquhart's Spirit of the East.*

Hon. Henry Muhlenburgh—At the first interview Muhlenburgh had with his majesty of Austria, as minister plenipotentiary, ect. of the United States, he was determined to show Ferdinand what stuff a Yankee was made of, and let him see, as the lamented Sam Patch said, "that some things can be done as well as others." After the ceremonial of the presentation was over, Muhlenburgh took his hands out of his breeches pockets, and made a long harangue to his Austrian majesty, in praise of American institutions, &c. in Pennsylvania Dutch. Ferdinand was thunder struck. Turning to Metternich, he quietly observed in German, that he was not acquainted with the American Language, and begged to be favored with a translation of the Yankee minister's speech!

The above anecdote was related to us by the late Col. White, of Florida, who was abroad at the time the occurrence took place. The Col. stated that the affair caused much mirth among the corps diplomatique.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE GAMBLERS' QUARREL.

"Come, gentlemen," cried the banker, "there is still a stake or two to be made up."

The players sat motionless, looking at each other, but made no reply.

"I make the rest, sir," said Alfred, unconcernedly, willing to try whether the sad forebodings with which his mind had been haunted during the day, had the slightest foundation.—And then, without further thought on the subject, he leaned against the door of the saloon, searching amongst the crowd of faded forms, resplendant with jewelry, features heightened with rouge, and eyes sparkling with artificial lustre, for the charming little head, and the sweet look of his lovely Marietta. The harsh voice of the banker recalled the young sailor from his reverie.

"You have won, sir," said he, in a sharp and grating tone. And the banker pushed towards him a heap of gold.

"I?" said Alfred, approaching the table, 'nay, but that cannot be possble."

"He refuses," cried one of the players, leaning his elbow on the table, and grasping with his eyes the glittering pile of Louis d'ors.

"Psha! are such things ever refused?" sneeringly cried another.

The young sailor cast a rapid glance at the players, whose eyes were all fixed upon him, and addressing the banker, said, "This, sir, I take it, is a joke. It is quite impossible that all this can belong to *me*."

"But it *is* all yours, sir," replied the banker, in the same cold tone—adding, with a bitter smile, "You held the bank, and the cards pay!"

"Then, gentleman," exclaimed Alfred, "the deal is void."

A prolonged murmur of astonishment ran through the assemblage.

"I was not aware that I was playing for so high a stake," continued the young seaman; "and had I lost, most assuredly I would never have paid."

The banker was a man, as yet in the prime of life, but grown old before his time by care and frequent watchings, and indulgence in the baser passions; with livid, hollow cheeks, and a restless and cunning, though sunken eye, imparting to his looks a character at once false, forbidding, and sinister. "Ah!" said he, leaning back in his chair, his pallid lips curling with a faint laugh of scorn and derision. "Indeed, young gentleman! but you would most certainly have paid it, though; and that too in good hard Louis d'ors, such as these, or in powder from the royal arsenal!"

Alfred made a convulsive spring backwards: "Liar!" he exclaimed, in a hollow voice.

The banker sat motionless; but his thin lips quivered with oppressed emotion; the same sardonic smile still played on his features, but their paleness had faded to a yet more livid and ashey hue. In an instant the players were on their feet, and grouping round the two actors in this strange and unexpected drama. Alfred was standing up, his hands convulsively clenched, his eyes dilated, and his whole figure shaking with rage. The banker, on the contrary, was rocking himself easily backwards and forwards in his chair, and casting round on the spectators a look of self possession and complacency, at the same time playing with the pile of gold heaped upon his right. "Sir!" said he, at length measuring Alfred from head to foot, with the coolest effrontery, "it is more than probably you do not know who I am; that, indeed is to me sufficiently clear. And as for these gentlemen here," he added, with a wave of his hand towards the spectators, "I have every reason to suppose that, knowing them, you would not have taken it upon yourself to give me the lie in their presence. Pray, sir, what may be your name?"

"Insolent fellow!" cried Alfred, with concentrated indignation.

"Just as it may please you," replied the banker, with imperturbable calmness. "Then you are equally unacquainted with *my* name. I have the choice of weapons, sir. Now 'tis as well you should know, that the lizard hunter of these mountains is not more sure of his rifle, than I am of my pistol."

This was said distinctly, coolly, and with an air of conviction that caused a shudder amongst the spectators. The man was really frightful, with his measured phrases, and his *sang froid*. The players listened to him, one and all, with a kind of dread; Alfred himself was scarcely proof against it.

"You have a mind to frighten me!" said he, very impatiently.

"I! not in the least, replied the methodical banker, with apathetic indifference, and the same cold sneer and smile of duplicity. "But I cannot feel it in my conscience to assassinate you." And so saying, he felt slowly in each of his pockets from which he drew at last a small rifle-barrelled pistol, which he placed before him on the table. A death-like silence pervaded the whole room.

"There, sir!" he continued, turning directly opposite to the young sailor, and crossing his legs, as though he was about entering on the most common place conversation imaginable! "This is the best thing I have to propose; indeed, it is all that I can possibly do, in order to accommodate matters. Bring the dice," he continued, in the same tone of voice, turning half round on his chair—"and shut that door."

The door of the play room was closed, the dice placed upon the table. The sound of the orchestra and of the festive ball only reached the room as a suppressed and distant murmur. "Now, then," said he, "here we have dice and a pistol; the highest thrower kills the other. We shall settle it thus, eh?"

The young sailor approached the table, seized the dice box in mere desperation, shook it with convulsive energy, cast one furtive glance towards the ball room door—and threw! As if bowed by an electric shock, every head was simultaneously bent over the cloth—the action of this terrific drama had passed so rapidly—the *denouement* was so near at hand, that one could scarcely believe in the reality of the atrocious scene thus enacting without noise or interruption, around that accursed table. The banker in a loud voice reckoned up the points.

"Six and six are twelve, and one—thirteen: a good throw, a very good throw, upon my word, young gentleman—a good throw!" He took up the dice, replaced them in the box, and with an air of the coolest effrontery, addressing the spectators, "Thirteen?" he exclaimed, "a very good point!—but it's always an unlucky number. Come, gentlemen, who bids fifty louis d'ors on me? Fifty Louis on the life of that gentleman yonder?" he continued, fixing his eye with a malignant and deadly glare on the young lieutenant, who quailed involuntarily beneath it.

The players turned pale and remained silent.

"Well, then," said he with a smile, "as there seems to be no bet, here's for myself"—and the dice rolled upon the table. "Fifteen! You have lost, sir. A pity, too, with so good a point: the affair, gentlemen, was well contested, at all events. So then, sir, your life belongs to me. Are you ready?"

All present drew back in terror. The banker, still stretched out in his chair, was quietly engaged in adjusting the lock and carefully examining the priming of his pistol.

"I am ready," replied the young man, standing motionless before him.

"A little more room, if you please, gentlemen," said the banker, at the same time bowing to the spectators, and motioning them with his arm to stand on one side.

They obeyed mechanically, gaping with mute astonishment, each vacant face paralyzed with a stupid stare, and betraying nought save a feeling of instinctive dread. The banker, with his arm resting on the table, and his head supported in his left hand, took a steady aim at the young lieutenant.

"Fire," exclaimed Alfred, uncovering his breast, his countenance beaming with intrepidity and unshrinking resignation. The banker withdrew his hand, and raised his head. The spectators breathed once more. This unnatural scene had been protracted too long, and for an instant there was hope. "We have not chosen seconds," he remarked. "But as for that matter," he added, after a moment's silence, "these gentlemen may serve as witnesses in case of need." He levelled again and fired. The young lieutenant lay gasping on the floor in the last agonies of death.

"The cards pass, gentlemen," cried the banker, as he laid the pistol still smoking, on the table.

"I say, Pat, what are you writing there in such a large hand?" "Arrah honey, and is'nt it to my poor mother, who is very deaf, that I'm writing a loud letter."

The Wife and Mother.—As a mother we behold woman in her holiest character; as the nurse of innocence—as the cherisher of first prineiples of mind—as the guardian of an imortal being who will write upon the records of eternity how faithfully she has fulfilled her trust. In assuming this new and important office, she does not necessarily lose any of the charms which have beautified her character before. She can still be tender, lovely, delicate, refined and cheerful as when a girl; devoted to those around her; affectionate, judicious, dignified and intellectual, as when a girl only; while this new love, deep as the very wells of life, mingles, with the current of her thoughts and feelings, giving warmth and intensity to all, without impairing the force or purity of any.

An Impossibility.—Dip the Mississippi dry with a tea spoon—twist your heel into the toe of your boot—make the postmasters perform their promises—send up fishing hooks with balloons, and bob for stars—get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet—when a rain storm is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella—choke a musquitoe with a brickbat. In short prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never coax a woman to say she will when she has once made up her mind to say she won't. —*Picayune.*

A stump orator out west, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, did it in this wise: "I have heard," says he, "some persons hold the opinion that just at the precise instant after one human being dies another is born; and that the soul of the deceased enters and animates the new born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerneng my opponent *thar*; aud I find that for some honrs previous to his nativity, nobody died! Fellow citizens you may draw your own inference!"

From the Liverpool Correspondent of the N. Y. Star.

European Fashions.—In female fashion there has been very little change of late. Flowers continue to be very much worn in the hair and in bonnets. The Rachel turban is in vogue.—It is composed of white crape entwined with gold bands; the ends descending tie very loosely on the bosom, and are finished with gold tassels. Lace is not as much worn as it has been, and furs are nearly out.

Doing things in a hurry.—"We are born in a haste," says an American writer; "we finish our education on a run; we marry on the wing; we make a fortune at a stroke, and lose it in the same manner, to make and lose it again in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, going at the rate of twenty five miles an hour; our soul is a high pressure engine; our life is like a shooting star, and death overtakes us at last like a dash of lightning."

Delicate Compliment.—A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection she had to the union with him was the probability of his dying before her, thus leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood; to which h ingeniously replied:—Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled.

The Life of the Mind.—There are two lives to each of us—gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other! the life of our actions; the life of our minds; the external the inward history; the movements of the frame; the deep and ever restless workings of the heart! By the last we are judged, the first is ever known.

An advertiser in a western paper, who rejoices in the various occupations of doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, and dry goods merchant, adds the following to his list of pursuits and qualities:

N. B. Auctioneering of the lodest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism.

A printer, on seeing a sheriff closely pursuing an unfortunate author, remarked, that it was a new edition of the "Pursuits of Literature," *unbound and hot pressed!*

A witty gentleman, observing a citizen who had lost an arm, passing, said he presumed he might be called "*an off-hand man.*"

SONNET TO A CHILD.

BY MISS S. J. CLARKE.

Oh! thou art fair and beautiful, sweet child,—
To our fond hearts beyond expression dear,
And when thy azure eye is slumbering clear
In childhood's momentary musing mild;—
Or when as tales of grief, or carnage wild,
Are breathed into thy eager, list'ning ear,
It glistens with soft pity's pearly tear;—
Or when thy fairy step is sounding near,
And thy young form, attended by each grace,
Comes bounding onward with a sylph-like air,
With light winged zephyrs tossing from thy face
In playful dalliance thy silken hair,—
Thou seem'st some sinless being of the skies
That lingers here in erring mortal's guise.

From the New York Express.

JONATHAN SLICK IN WASHINGTON.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

Dear Par—Where on earth do you think I've got to? Jist now put on your thinkers and guess. Captin Doolittle says you are a prime old critter at guessing, and that you can see as good as any body through a white oak board; but I'll be darned if I believe you can coax up the least notion of the place where I'm a writing this ere letter. It'll make you stare a few, I reckon, when you come to find out, and if you don't think that I've got hitched up a peg or two in this free-born Land of Liberty, you aint of my notion, that's all. Wal, I s'pose its about as well to out with it all to once. You've hearn tell of Washington City, the seat of Gineral Government. Wal, if I aint in that very identical place, as large as life and twice as nat'ral, you needn't call me a genuine Slick any more. Now, between you and I and the post, Par, don't you think this is a leetle of a boost up for a chap like me, that's only been in the way of writing genteel literature about six months. A feller that cum from hum about as green—ah gauly! as green as a bell punking on the fourth of July. I can't but jist keep from snickering in my sleeve once in a while, to think how easy it is to poke your way up among the big bugs in York; and as for the gals, gauri! the minit folks begin to talk about a chap, and puff him up in the newspapers, he has prime picking among them tfinified critters!

Wal, arter writing that story about the Bowery Milliner I begun to think York was a going to be rather too hot to hold me. All the boss miliners in York got into a tantrum and kicked up sich a darned rumpus that I raly begun to be afear'd that they'd cum down to my office in Cherry-street, and get up a fourth of July oration or a she caucus, and girt me to death in a pair of them darned french corsets. But the peaked leetle working gals, they were cenamost tickled to death with that story, and there warn't no cend to the frisky sweet critters that cum to my office a crying and yet half a smiling, to thank me for taking up on their side. One thing though made me feel bad enough. That eternal leetle stuck up old maid got so alfired wrothy that she jist turned Susan Read out on her place and cheated her out of some of her wages too. Darn her! it makes me gritty only jist to think on it. But she'd better look out, I can tell her; for if I take her up again, consarn me if I don't use her up till she aint bigger than the tip eend of a pine stick whittled down to nothing.

Wal, as the spring come on I begun to git peaked, and every morning felt sort of wamble cropped in my stomach when I woke up. I s'pose it was cause I couldn't git pork and dandelines and prime fresh young onions right out of the arth, as I used to to hum. The editors of the Express, they wanted me to take an emetic, but I told 'em I couldn't think of sich a thing, it was again natur. I looked sort of solemn, jist as I always do when they use any of them French words that I don't understand, and made up my mind to look in Boyer's dictionary, and find out the meaning of emetic, the fust thing arter I got hum.

"Wal," sez they, "if you don't like that, Mr. Slick, s'posing you take a trip to the Seat of General Government, and see how them political chaps are a carrying on there, it 'll answer all the same."

"Wal," sez I, ater thinking it all over purty well, "it seems to me as if I was kinder hankering arter the green trees and the grass and the cows and the wind that comes right straight down from heaven, where you can breathe it out on your own hook, and not take it second hand, as we do in York. I raly think I should feel like a new critter if I could only go hum a spell and weed onions." With that I begun to think about the humstead, and how it was a gitting towards planting time; and think, sez I, par 'll miss me about these times, and marm too, for she wont have any body to do her milking when it rains, nor to bring water and all the leetle chores that I always did for her. Then I seemed to see our orchard all a leaving out thick and kivered over with apple blows; and it seemed to me jist as if I was a setting on the stun wall, jist as I used to when I was a leetle shaver a looking how fast the grass grew, and a wondering how long it would be afore green apple time. There was the well crotch and the pole and the bucket a hanging to it as plain as day, and the peach tree that grows by it chuck full of purty pink blows.—There was you a gitting out the oxern to go to ploughing, and there was marm out in the medow at the back door picking plantin leaves for greens with her old sun bonnet on, and a tin pail to put the greens in.

Oh, dear, how humsick I did feel! I could a boohooed right out, if it would a done any good, when I sort of come to, and found out that I was setting in the Express office, with nothing but picters of that old critter, General Harrison, and a heap of newspapers scattered every which way over the floor, to look at.

"Wal," sez the Editor, sez he, "Mr. Slick, what do you think about it? you raly ought to to go Washington, to see the President and the lions."

I put one leg over t'other, and winked my eyelids for fear he'd see how near I come to crying; and arter a leetle while sez I—

"I haint no kind or doubt that that are Washington is a smasher of a city; but somehow, if you'd jist as lives, I'd a leetle ruther go hum"

"Yes," sez he "I haint the least doubt on it, but then, if you git out of the city, it don't make much difference which way you go."

I see that he'd made up his mind to have his own way; but, think sez I, you don't git it without another tough pull, anyhow; so sez I—

"I raly feel as if I must docter a leetle; and when a feller feels tuckered out, or down-hearted, there is no place like hum, if it's ever so homely,—and no body can take care of a feller like his own marm. Now I know jist how it'll be—the minit I git hum, the old woman will go to making root beer; she'll sarch all over the woods for saxafax buds to make tea on, and there'll be no end to the snake-root and fennel seed bitters that she'll make me drink. I raly feel as if I must go; so don't you say any more about it," sez I; "I shall come back agin as bright as a new dollar."

If there is any thing on arth that holds on hard, its a York Editor; a lamper-eel is nothing to one on 'em. They'd have their own way, if the Old Nick himself stood afore them as big as the side of the house.

By am by the hull truth come out: sez the Editor, sez he, a speaking as soft and mealy-mouthed as could be, sez he—

"But Mr. Slick, you can't write any letters for *us* in Weathersfield; so jist make up your mind to start right off. You can go hum any time."

"But I want to doctor," sez I.

"Oh, take a box of Sherman's cough lozengers," sez he, a smiling; "they cured you last winter, you know." With that, he let off a stream of soft sodder: sez he, "a man of your talents oughtn't to bury himself in the country, the members of Congress are all on a-tip-toe to see you, and so are the gals in Washington—the Russian Embassador's new wife and all."

It warnt in human natur to stand agin this; so I sort of relented.

"Oh, you're a joking," sez I, a hitching on my chair; "I don't rally s'pose the Washington gals ever hearn of me, in their hull lives,"

"Haint they, though," sez he.

"Wal," sez I, "I don't care if I go, jist to see what Congress people look like. I've a sort of a notion that mebby I shall run for Congressman myself one of these days. I don't believe there's a feller in all York better quallified.—When I come away from Weathersfield, I could lick any feller there, big or leetle; and I've a sort of a notion that I can dress out any of them varmint in the Capitol, if they do practice a leetle more."

The Editor of the Express, he larfed a leetle kinder easy, and sez he, "Wal, Mr. Slick, its all settled then—and the sooner you start, the better."

Wal, I went hum to my offiee and brushed up my dandy clothes till they looked cenamost as good as new, and packed 'em all up in one eend of the saddlebags that you give me, par, and put a card of lasses ginger bread and a hunk of cheese in tother eend. Then I sewed all my money, but a leetle loose change, that I put in my trouses pocket, up tight in the lining of my vest with the yaller sprigs. Then I scoured up the brass buttons on my old blue coat till they shined like a nigger's teeth. Then I put the critter on, with my old pepper and salt trouses, and if I wasn't rigged off about right for going away from hum. I've seen young chaps go off a travelling dressed out as if they were going to a party, but it always seemed to me as if the varmints hadn't got but one suit of clothes on arth, and had jist got trusted for them. Ketch me a mashing up my Sunday go to meeting coat in any of them pesky cars and stages, I ruther think I see myself a doing it.

Off I sot, lickity split for Washington, and such a time as I had on the way you never heard on, I mean to tell you all about it by am by, when this eternal grinder gits through aching, but I raly cannot do it jist now, for as I was riding in the railroad car overnight it begun to rain cats and dogs. I was as sound asleep as a black bear in the winter, all the time, but somehow I ketched the darndest ager in my jaw that ever you did heard on, and when I got to the tavern here, where I was a going to put up, my face was swelled up like a punkin. I've put up at Mr. Brown's tavern, he keeps an alfired nice house, as big as all out doors, and it raly beats all nature how polite he is to me. The minute he found out who I was, up he cum, full chisel, to the room where I sot, and it raly would have tickled you and marm to see how awful perlite he was. I raly don't know when I've seen a feller that's took my notion so, he's a gintleman every inch on him. He took me up into a darned harnsome room, and when I told him how peskily my tooth ached, he went off and sent a darned nice nigger woman to take care on me. I haint been out of doors yet, for it raly would make me go off the handle all to once, if any of the Washington gals was to see my face a looking so; but my eyes aint so much bunged up as they were, and I think as like as not I shall be as chirk as ever to rights if I don't git no more cold.

I can see a leetle of Washington City out of the winder, but it aint no more like York than pork's like cheese. The nigger has jist cum up with a lot of biled hops to tie onto my face, so I can't tell you any thing about the way I got here till by and by. I think of marm a good deal when I'm shut up here all alone. Niggers are good enough when you let 'em alone, but arter all they can't any of 'em pull an even yoke with marm at doctering the ager. Give my love to the dear old critter, and take some yourself. In Washington or York I'm all the same. Your loving son till death,

JONATHAN SLICK.

From Washington City, clear down South.

THE EIGHTEEN GIRLS OF NIDWALDEN.

A LEGEND.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Yet in this tale, brief though it be as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sang of old in hall or bower
To minstrel's harps at midnight's witching hour!"
Rogers.

The MS. from which the following narrative is subjoined was originally in the possession of a pupil of the philanthropic Pestalozzi, and supposed to have been written by the boy's mother, who was herself an eye witness of the dreadful scenes described in it; scenes which shall render back to France and to her Generals an immortality of hatred whenever a free spirit or a gentle heart pauses to contemplate them.

"It was evening," so commences the Legend of the Eighteen Girls of Nidwalden. "An evening such as we only find in Switzerland during its brief summer. Around us waved the golden corn fields and green pastures, while far above, the white dazzling peaks of the distant glaciers smiled down upon us in their cold and solemn beauty like presiding spirits.

It was customary at that time for the girls of Nidwalden to meet together at intervals, when the glad recollections of our early days when we used to sport with each other upon the mountains or gather flowers in the lower valleys, were renewed with an almost childish eagerness and delight. On the evening in question there were eighteen of us reckoning myself—eighteen happy and joyous girls just budding into womanhood, with all those vague hopes, and delightful dreams so peculiar to that period of life fresh in our hearts. Some stood knitting in picturesque groups, their busy fingers moving almost as nimbly as their tongues. While others sat upon the ground weaving garlands of the blue gentiana which they twined with untutored grace amid their flowing tresses, or hung carlessly upon the bough of the trees above their heads, while a few of the younger ones danced merrily on the green turf to minstrelsy of their own sweet voices.

Amid the darkness of after years how vividly does the memory of that hour flash back upon my mind—how fondly I seek to linger over the one bright spot in my night of gloom! Sweet friends and companions of my happy childhood! I see you once more as you were then, ere the withering blight of care had fallen upon your hearts. I listen to the loud glad music of your mingled laughter—and my spirit bounds within me at the recollection!

Among that merry band there were five sisters, all beautiful and somewhat proud of the admiration which their appearance together never failed to excite, but with such perfect love existing between them that each one scarcely ever thought of herself separate from the rest. Aileen, the youngest, was the favorite, not only of her sisters, but the whole Canton. She had all those qualities which we find to be the usual characteristics of the beings most loved in this world—gentleness, affection, and a light and joyous spirit. It seemed impossible that Aileen should ever give offence to any one, so caressing were her manners, and so winning even in their waywardness. There was another too whom we all loved, an orphan, one of those passionate and imaginative beings for whose future happiness we involuntarily trembled, dreading the moment when the slumbering energies of their souls shall be unchained from their deep repose to bless or destroy, according to the object around which they cling. But why particularize any more? after all the early history of most girls is pretty much alike, and the same thoughts and feelings, however carefully concealed, will generally be found to actuate their conduct.

As the evening closed in, those who had wandered farther away among the mountains, and the merry dancers upon the plain, wearied with their exertions, and infected with that sobered train of feeling which is apt to steal over us in the hour of a summer twilight, joined their graver companions, and we twined our arms around each other's waists with holier feelings of affection and began to fancy, as girls are apt to do, the many circumstances that might happen to divide us before another summer. There are three things which the young have to dread at such times as these—marriage, with its host of new ties and sympathies, which generally succeed in weaning us so effectually from all the old companions and associations of our girlhood. Death, and change, but of the last we knew, and thought nothing. Many a fair cheek glowed at the possibility of the second, and when we spoke of the first, I observed that one fair girl, whose sisters had all died of the consumption, stole away and wept, praying for forgiveness as she did so—she was very young to die! Poor Louise! you were not destined to perish thus.

Those who had no lovers veiled their girlish envy by laughing at their more fortunate companions; and those who had felt too happy to heed the playful mirth that was directed against them. One young girl, with a saucy toss of her beautiful head, amid the dark tresses of which the fading blossoms of the gentiana peeped dimly out like stars in a dark night, laughingly assured us that Nidwalden contained not one whom she could ever love. And yet, six months afterward, we followed her to the village church, and saw her the happy bride of a young farmer, whose cottage joined her father's; showing how little faith is to be placed in the proud boastings of an unengaged heart. Aileen sat upon the ground at the feet of her second sister, with her arch and mischievous eyes uplifted with provoking mirth, as she sang the old Swiss ballad, of a

'Youth who came from fair Piedmont to win an Alpine maiden.'

And the low sweet tones of her voice, the beautiful picture which she presented, her joyous face seen in contrast with the downcast eyes and blushing consciousness of her sister, had rivetted all our attention, when it was suddenly diverted by the appearance of one of those wild Bohemian women, whose periodical visits to our Cantons are looked forward to with such trembling eagerness by the younger portion of the inhabitants. She wore a crimson petticoat reaching a little above the ancle, and over that a still shorter garment of pale blue cloth, surmounted by a velvet jacket, which was profusely covered with small gilt buttons. A crimson handkerchief twisted about her head, and but ill concealing a profusion of grey matted hair, gave a picturesque wildness to her whole attire, and contrasted finely with the dark, weather stained hue of her complexion. Her eyes were singularly bright and keen, and we shrank back with a momentary feeling of awe as they glanced rapidly over us.

Aileen ceased her song and was the first to come forward and approach the wanderer, entreating that she would make a trial of her skill, and tell how long it would be before she found some one that she could love better than her sisters?

The Bohemian did not reply, but a shade of sorrow passed over her face.

"How old are you my child?" she asked, as Aileen somewhat impatiently repeated her request, holding up as she did so, a small silver cross as a reward.

"I shall be fifteen in a few days," was the quick reply.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said the gipsy turning away her head. "So young—so early doomed! keep thy cross child, for in that blessed emblem you must place your whole trust!"

"I know it," said Aileen, kissing it devoutly. "And had I given you this, I have still another left, the last gift of my sainted mother. But if you will not be bribed to tell my fortune," she added with that winning smile, which so few could withstand, "do it for love!"

"Maiden, if I refuse thee, it is in pity," said the Bohemian.

Aileen looked disappointed, for she was not used to have her wishes disputed, but it was evident that the angry feeling was not of long continuance, for I watched her a few moments afterward steal round to the bank on which the wanderer had flung her empty wallet, and place in it the bread and fruit which had been prepared for her own supper, together with the only coin she possessed, which small as it was would be sufficient in a hospitable country, such as Switzerland then was for the most part, to last out for many days.

To all who addressed her, the old woman was equally reserved, refusing to make trial of her skill though richly tempted by the lavish offerings of the impatient group whose eagerness to pierce into the unknown future was increased by the opposition which they had so unexpectedly met with. At length the keen eyes of the Bohemian rested on the spot where I stood, and she beckoned me toward her, withdrawing a little apart as she did so, and I followed her trembling with curiosity and impatience. She took my hand in her withered ones and appeared carefully to examine it, while from time to time she looked up in my face with a dark and troubled expression.

"You love and are beloved!" said the Gipsy at length.

I remained silent, too timid to confess, and too conscious to deny the truth of the assertion, and she continued,

"It is well, the object is worthy of you, and you will attain it. In the short space of two years you will be a wife, a mother and a widow!"

There was a long pause, during which my better reason struggled with the superstitious fears that overwhelmed me.

"But why," said I at length, "have I alone been singled out to listen to your dark revealings? No fate which you might prophesy for my companions could be worse than that marked out for me."

"Hear me," said the Bohemian with impressive solemnity, "two years hence, not one of those seventeen beautiful and happy girls shall be left alive upon the earth! The doom is upon every one of them, and you are destined to see it out!"

I started and uttered an irrepressible scream of horror, but she bade me be calm, and hide carefully within my own breast the desolating secret which I had wrung from her's.

A little way off stood the merry group, curiously regarding us, and fearing they might read in the pale horror-strieken expression of my face their own fearful destiny, I turned away from the Gipsy with a wild laugh and rejoined them immediately.

"Well," said Aileen, passing her arm gently around me and looking archly into my eyes, "Any news of Priest John?" and then seeing that I looked unhappy, she kindly added—"After all, my dear friend, this is but nonsense, and the God of the future only knows what is in store for us."

"Poor Aileen! for thy sake I prayed thatit might not be so."

With delicate considerstion no other questions were put to me, my gentle companions judging from my sadness, that I had nothing pleasant to relate. All through the remainder of that memorable evening I felt as a mortal may be supposed to do, moving amid a band of happy spirits—henceforth I was alone—they must all die, but I should survive!

Another summer came, and we met again.—Many that had had lovers were now wives, and and a change had passed over all. Of the five fair girls two were married, but the youngest and most beautiful of them all, still loved no one better than her sisters. The orphan too had fulfilled her doom—the doom of a too sensitive spirit, a blighted and broken heart! But the pride of her woman's nature struggled powerfully with its weakness, and no laugh was louder in the joyous circle than that of the pale and, heart-stricken Clemence. Louise had passed the fatal age, on the attainment of which, her fair sisters had dropped one by one into their untimely graves, and catching the wild hopes of her parents and friends, that she was not destined to fall a victim to that fearful disease which had swept away so many, she gave herself up to those fairy hopes and anticipations with which the young love to look forward into the future. For myself, I could only rejoice as I gazed upon them that the prophesy was as yet unfulfilled; only one year remained of the time mentioned by the Bohemian, and it seemed to me impossible that they should all die in that short space—but nothing is impossible to God! One part of the prediction which related to myself, had however come to pass, and I was the happy wife of one of the best of men.

My son, for whose eyes this narrative is written, has only to consult the various histories of the times, in order to form some idea of the vigorous manner in which the French Republic worked out their avowed purpose of subjugating Switzerland. A free people, as they styled themselves, fighting against a nation that had, from time immemorial, preferred liberty to life itself. I shall confine myself, therefore, to what passed in my own immediate neighborhood.

In the month of July 1798, General Schauenburg and the French commissioners, sent orders for all the people to assemble in every Canton, and take an oath at once repugnant to their feelings, and dangerous to their long cherished independence. But they at once refused to comply with the demand, entreating to be left

to the peaceable enjoyment of that liberty which they had so dearly purchased; and offering to make a solemn promise, never to take up arms against France, or join the ranks of its enemies. But this was not deemed sufficient, and Schauenburg repaired to Luzerne with fifteen thousand men, ready to invade the forest Cantons. Had they remained firm and united, all might yet have been well, but Schwitz first, and then Uri, began to waver in their resolution, until the small Canton of Unterwalden was left alone in the struggle. The Obwalden was surprised by the entrance of a French column, and forced to make a passive resistance; and the beautiful Nidwalden only remained to resist the combined forces of France. And if it fell at last, the victim of a power a thousand times exceeding its own, the glory is still with those brave men, and undying shame upon the conqueror!

The little valley of Martyrs, as it has since been called, felt that determination of purpose which is produced by a feeling of right and justice; and a hope that even though they perished, the memory of their struggle, and the desire to avenge their deaths, might have a beneficial effect in awakening the mind of their countrymen from the slavish lethargy which was fast stealing over them, and that a flame might be kindled from the ashes of the brave, by the help of which, not Nidwalden only, but the whole of Switzerland should be purified and freed.

Sustained as I was by the unshrinken constancy of my noble husband, I shuddered at the fearful prospect before me, and instead of rejoicing over the birth of my fair and beautiful boy, wept to think that another of the Behemian's prophesies had been accomplished.

Early on the morning of the memorable 9th of September, my husband entered my chamber where I sat, pale and sorrowful, and commanded me to pack up as quickly as possible, such little valuables as I might desire to preserve, and join a party of my countrywomen, who, terrified at the increasing horrors of the times, which spared neither sex or age, were about to take refuge at Sarnen.

"And you John," said I, clinging fondly to him, and looking into his pale, beautiful face with streaming eyes. "What will become of you?"

"I am going now to perform mass, and the God whom I serve will protect me," was his reply, as he bent down and kissed my forehead for the last time, and kneeling at his feet, I submissively received his blessing and departed to join my child, who was already at Sarnen.—A strange sort of resolution sustained me in that fearful hour, and I felt that it was in vain to struggle against fate.

The pale group without only waited my coming, and with trembling steps and by a circuitous path, we passed hastily out of the devoted city. There were above thirty of us, including old women and children; but of those capable of doing any thing in their own defence, but eighteen—the same eighteen who two years ago on that very day, had met together thoughtless and happy girls, in the peaceful valley of Nidwalden—and every one of them doomed!

About half way between Stanz and the place of our destination, stands the chapel of St. Jacob, the white walls of which were already in sight, when a troop of French soldiers, maddened with conquest and thirsting for blood, suddenly emerged from the cover of a neighboring wood. In that dreadful moment, the pale and broken hearted Clemence was the first to think on what was best to be done, and hurrying the feebler portion of our little band into the chapel, we placed ourselves resolutely with our backs against the wall, resolved to die in their defence. We were all armed with scythes, which we had found left by the frightened inhabitants, and I noticed that the foremost soldiers involuntarily shrank back at the first sight of our formidable weapons. We knew that it was in vain to appeal to their mercy, but nevertheless Aileen made the effort. Poor girl! she had been taught to believe that no one could refuse her any thing, but they drove her back with threats and curses, like a frightened bird.

Clemence, who from being the least happy, became the more courageous, and fearless of death, spoke a few brief words of hope and encouragement, reminding us that the lives of our aged parents and helpless children depended upon our beating back our enemies, and concluded with the last sentence of the memorable declaration of Bern, which was then on every one's lips, "We may cease to exist, but our honor must be preserved to the last."

You may wonder, my son, how I could remember all this, but I will venture to say, that not one word uttered by that pale and fragile girl, as she stood proudly in the midst of us, with her eyes flashing and her cheeks glowing, will ever pass away from those who heard it.—And when reason shall have resumed her sway in the hearts of her murderers, when peace shall restore them to their homes and children in fair France, I can wish them no deeper curse than that the recollection of this scence, and the tones of Clemence's clear, silvery voice may be undying!

At the first sweep of our glittering weapons the French drew back in disorder, and then turning with rage and shame, renewed the attack with an impetuosity that left us no hope but death. Clemence was the first to fall, and gradually of the four sisters, who kept so careful a watch around the beautiful Aileen, but one was left, and she, pale and wounded, could only ward off the blows of the fierce soldiers with her feeble arm. When I looked again they had both disappeared, and of the eighteen but seven remained! For myself, I had no fears, but I knew that *they must all die!* Gradually, however, my strength failed me—I grew sick with the sight of blood; and the screams of the frightened children within the chapel—the groans of my dying companions—and the wild shouts and curses of the soldiers grew less and less distinct, as I sank fainting on the ground.

The day was far advanced before I again unclosed my eyes, to find that of the eighteen I alone was left alive! The soldiers thinking us all destroyed, and somewhat ashamed perhaps of the victory they had achieved, departed without farther outrage; and finding all quiet, the little band of childless mothers, and weeping orphans had gone to carry the fearful tidings of their bereavement into Sarnen.

With a sudden hope that all might not be quite dead, I moved over the slippery ground and began to examine the altered faces of my companions, and to place my hand upon hearts that had a short time since bounded so joyously, but which were now cold and pulseless. The five sisters laid together where they had fallen with their arms flung over each other; and a smile seemed to hover on the parted lip of the youngest, as if she felt it happiness to be with them even in death. Louise, fearfully mangled, laid at a little distance off. Poor Louise! the fate of thy many sisters perishing one by one upon their peaceful beds, surrounded by kind friends and loving voices, was to be envied—not feared. One young girl stood up rigidly against the white walls of St. Jacob's Chapel, which were sprinkled with her blood, but she was quite dead, and on my touching her, fell heavily to the ground; and sick with horror, I went a little way apart, and finding myself upon my knees, prayed that God would have mercy both on them and me—the dead and the living!

It was thus that the little band of brave spirits, who had come to ascertain the truth of the horrible tragedy related to them, found me and conveyed me to Sarnen, where my worst fears were confirmed, and the last shock given to my breaking heart—thy blessed father died as he had lived, at God's altar!"

Thus somewhat abruptly ends the legend of the eighteen girls of Nidwalden. And on referring to the different histories of the times, we find that on the day to which the closing scene alludes, fifteen hundred are supposed to have fallen victims to the brutal ferocity of the soldiers. And that a Priest while in the act of saying mass, was struck dead by a shot, the mark of which in the altar by which he stood, is still shown to the traveller. In the churchyard of Stanz, a chapel has been built consecrated to the memory of four hundred and fourteen inhabitants of the town, including women and children, and once a year mass is said in the old chapel of St. Jacob, for the repose of the souls of the seventeen girls of Nidwalden!

Toothache.—The following is a safe and speedy relief for this most excruciating complaint. Take alum and common salt, pulverise them, and mix them up in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and place it in the hollow tooth. A sensation of coldness will immediately follow, which will gradually subside, and with it the torments of the toothache.

From the New York Star.

The Book of Jasher.—We shall shortly have a literary, or rather a Biblical curiosity, to present to the American reader, which we feel confident in predicting will excite great interest among those who take pleasure in reading and studying the Scriptures. It is the Book of Jasher, referred to in the Bibie in Joshua, and in the second book of Samuel, and which has been in the progress of translation from the Hebrew for several years in England, and is now completed, and will be published in a few days in this city, in a very elegant stereotyped edition. There have been several simulated Books of Jasher, a notice of which we find in the Rev. Mr. Horne's Commentaries on the Study of the Sriptures; but they bear no analogy to the present work, which is written in the purest Hebrew, and translated with an elegance and fidelity highly creditable to the eminent scholar who has been so long engaged in the work. The preface to the Hebrew edition speaks of it as having been brought from Jerusalem with other sacred rolls and manuscripts, at the destruction of that city, and carried into Spain, where the Jews had their most celebrated colleges up to the eleventh century. On the discovery of printing the manuscript was copied, and carried to Venice, where it was printed by order of the Jewish Consistory of Rabbins in 1613, and is now for the first time translated into the English language and published.

The Royal Asiatic Society had a copy in Calcutta, and gave orders to the Rev. Mr. Adams to translate it; but it was abandoned on hearing that a translation was already in progress. It is full of interest, and written with a warmth of piety and sacred devotion worthy of taking an equal rank with any of the missing books not strictly canonical. It does not differ with the Bible in a single instance, but amplifies the events recorded in scripture, with the single difference in chronology of some 50 years, by making Noah and Abraham contemporary—commencing with the creation of Adam, and ending with the death of Joshua.—Josephus refers to this book, and the great Mendelsohn extracts copiously from it. Recently the Book of Enoch has been discovered, translated from the Ethiopic and published in England. Professor Stewart has lately reviewed it. The discovery of missing books referred to in Scripture, and the many yet to be discovered, joined to the singular signs of the times in relation to the chosen people, give great interest to this and similar works. This book, which makes nearly three hundred pages, clears up some points somewhat obscure in the Bible, and is very full in detailing the events of the reign of Nimrod; the building of the Tower of Babel and confusion of tongues; the causes preceding the destruction of the doomed cities; the sacrifice of Isaac, and the life of Joseph; and has some curious facts about the deluge. As we shall have occasion to refer frequently to this book hereafter, the present notice will be deemed sufficient to call public attention to it.

We have carefully read the book mentioned in the preceding article, and fully agree with the Star, that it is a great literary curiosity.—If its authentieity can be established, as an ancient work it is also extremely valuable; for in addition to the minuter details it affords of events recorded in the Old Testament, and its greater precision in fixing the order of those events, it mentions also many occurrences recorded in profane history, and gives the time at which they took place, with reference to prominent events in the history of the Jewish nation. For example, it describes the rape of the Sabine women, and the wars of the Romans and Carthagenians.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Connubial Bravery.—As a newly married couple from the land of pumpkins and baked beans, were one night lying in bed talking over matters and things, a heavy thunder storm arose. The loud peals of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fearful apprehensions. Suddenly a fearful crash caused the loving pair to start as though they had received an electric shock. Jonathan, throwing his arms around his dear, exclaimed, "Hug up to me, Liz—let's die like *men!*"

"It's more blessed to give than to receive," as the schoolboy said ven the master flogged him.

From the Detroit Advertiser.

SECRET DEVOTION.

'But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet,' &c.

Sweet is repose to the peasant's breast,
When the labors of day are done;
And sweeter still is the soldier's rest,
When the batt'e is fought and won.

And dearly prized is the quiet sleep
To the wearied seaman given,
When still and calm is the watery deep
And silent the winds of heaven.

But dearer than these—oh! far more sweet;
Is the blissful calm the Christian feels,
When far from the sound of busy feet,
And the stir of life, he homeward steals;

And in his lonely chamber kneeling,
With none to hear him but his Lord,
Confesses every wayward feeling,
Trusting the promise of his word.

Oh! if on earth one ray of heaven
E'er shoots athwart the darken'd air,
That ray is to the Christian given,
Whose soul pours forth in fervent prayer!

VIATOR.

THE LATE JUDGE WHITE.

A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Express, thus speaks of the lamented Judge White:

I send you below a more extended notice of the late and lamented Hugh L. White, of Tennessee. His friends in Congress, publicly and privately, have rendered all that outward homage and respect due to talents of a high order, to unsurpassed excellence of character, to sterling honesty, and unquenchable devotion to the interests of the country. The good men do live after them, and the good example of Judge White will be the guiding star of hundreds who knew him but to love, and to receive all those benefits resulting from the friendship of one whose public services were of long duration and whose private character was without spot or blemish. I have told you of the respect paid to the memory of the dead by the Senate, of which body Judge White was so long a conspicuous member. The members of House of Representatives officially could do nothing to testify their sorrow for the loss of one who filled so large a space in the public eye. The personal friends of the deceased, however, have held a meeting in the Capitol during the present week, and agreed with perfect unanimity to pay that tribute of respect and affection called for by the loss of one so much beloved and respected. The Hon. John Bell, as the senior member of the Tennessee delegation, made a beautiful, simple, and touching eulogy, a copy of which I send you. The eloquent narration related in the simplest manner and, therefore with tenfold effect, found a response in every heart. Though many were present there was not a tearless eye or a heart not beating with emotion. The feelings of the speaker, who has lost a teacher and a friend in Judge White, were too strong to allow him to say all that he designed to say in behalf of one whose cause he had advocated with zeal and devotion.

Mr. Bell said:

As the senior member of the Tennessee Delegation, now present, it may be expected that I should state the object of this meeting; which is simply to give some suitable manifestation of our sorrow for the death of the late Judge White, and to pay such tribute of respect to the excellence of his character as I am sure will be equally grateful to our own feelings, and to his numerous relatives and friends wherever the may be.

Not having been a member of the House of Representatives, the precedents do not author ze the announciation of his decease in that body, nor admit of customary proceedings in honor of departed fellow-members. The deep and unaffected concern with which the melancholy intelligence of his death was received by every member who had formed a personal acquaintance with him in the course of his public service, and the anxious solicitude they expressed that some mode should be adopted by which they could testify their feelings to the world will perhaps, after all, be regarded as a higher testimonial of his worth than any we can now effer.

Many were of opinion that his long and useful public services, the venerable age at which he had arrived, and, above all, the unblemished purity of his whole life, were sufficient to set aside all precedents, and to justify an extraordinary proceeding in the House. But, on reflection, it was concluded that nothing should be attempted which, under the excitement of the times, could be attributed to any possible motive except the desire of doing homage to the virtues of the deceased.

I must confess, however, there is something very unsatisfactory to the feelings in the customary proceeding of the two Houses upon the occasion of the decease of a member. They are, for the most part indiscriminate—there is the same routine in every case—oftentmes the duty of speaking their eulogy is devolved upon one who has neither the heart to appreciate, nor, perhaps, the inclination to do justice to his memory. I, therefore, on every account prefer the mode of our present meeting. Here there is no involuntary or exacted homage. None give their attendance but those whose feelings would not allow them to be absent. Here, too, we can give full scope to our friendship and admiration, unrestrained by the fear of giving offence to the taste of the cold and indifferent; and, besides, it is not the member of Congress whose death we now deplore—to whose memory we offer the tribute of our sorrow and our tears. It is to the man—the public officer—the statesman—who was an honor, and a bright and shining one, not only to the State in which he lived, to the country he served so long, so ably, so faithfully, but to human nature itself. For, if there be truth in the proposition that the noblest work of Deity is "an honest man," then was the late Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee, one of the noblest specimens of Divine workmanship. Altogether he formed a character of rare perfection—though determined in his purposes, of ardent and decided attachments, though engaging freely and actively in all the business concenrs of life, there was nothing in his whole career, no infirmity, no act, public or private, over which his friends need draw a veil in charity.

The history of his last days we all know. Retiring from the Senate in obedience to his principles, and that inexorable sense of duty which had influenced his whole life, though suffering from the effects of indisposition at the time, he resolved to set out immediately for his residence in Tennessee. Incapable, from long habits of self denial of personal indulgence, the entreaties and warnings of his friends who had but too clearly foreseen the perils of so long a travel, in a season of such uncommon severity, were unavailing. The exposures and privations of his journey were fatal to his health, Disease fastened on a vital part of his system, and he finally sunk under it, with signal composure and fortitude.

Thus terminated a life of uncommon usefulness, and one which, I trust, when it shall become more generally known, will leave a salutary impress upon the whole country. Judge White was, indeed, in many respects, a man of most rare and felicitous endowments, some of which may have passed unobserved even by many of those who enjoyed his friendship during the latter years of his existence. His manly patience and fortitude, under the severest afflictions, are known to but few. Though tender and affectionate, to the last degree, in his domestic relations, yet his patient endurance under the greatest and most overwhelming domestic bereavements was almost superhuman. By calling to his aid the *will*—that faculty which, with him, when once summoned into action, was absolute and invincible—he could appear among his friends with serenity upon his brow, while his heart was pierced with the keenest anguish.

It may not be generally known that this venerable patriot was, late in life, destined to the affliction of beholding the objects of his early paternal care, the pride and joy and hope of his affections, fall, stricken by the "insatiate archer," one by one, in succession, until two only of a lovely and cherished group of ten children remained; and, what seemed yet a harder and more relentless fate, all these sank into the tomb at full maturity—his sons in the vigor of manhood, and giving high promise of all their father was—the more tender and lovely members of his family in the full bloom of youthful beauty. Yet so stern was his sense of public duty which always governed this eminent citizen that, at its bidding, I have known him to allow himself but a single hour in which to weep the early doom of still another "daughter dear."

By a singular and unfortunate coincidence, a measure of great importance in the Senate, of which he had charge, and which he alone, from his intimate acquaintance with the subject, was able to explain and enforce, was set for the very day on which he received the melancholy tidings of this new bereavement. The measure was urgent, and admitted no delay. One moment I saw him with his heart wrung by inexpressible anguish; the next, he appeared in the Senate composed and resolute, and a moment afterwards he entered upon one of the ablest and most effective speeches ever delivered by him in that body.

One other illustration of those less conspicuous and perhaps less useful qualities, yet still so characteristic of the man, I cannot forbear to give. I would speak of his gratitude—a virtue which he highly prized in himself and the violation of which in others he was less able to bear than any man I have known. Yet this cup, bitter as it is, he was, near the close of his valuable life compelled to drain to its very dregs.

It gives me great pleasure to see in this assembly so many of those who assisted, upon another but very different occasion, to consecrate and canonize the last public act of this distinguished public servant. The generous sympathy—the just measure of approbation and applause you bestowed upon his public course, and upon the principles and sentiments he avowed in that, his last intellectual effort in this capital—in this world—contributed to make the close of his public career the proudest and most glorious event of his life. I am sure it will long be a subject of pleasing reflection to each of you to be informed that the recollection of the friendship and admiration so kindly manifested by you on that occasion continued to animate and console him during the remaining but too short period of his life. It supported him in his long and painful journey home as the letters which now lie before me fully evince. It continued to be the frequent theme of his conversation and of his pen in the last days of his affliction, and it afforded a gleam of light to illumine the darkness of his last hour. This will not appear extraordinary when we know that, next to the approval of his own conscience he valued and coveted the good opinion of his countrymen. This was his passion; and surely no man in our times, through so long a life, and filling so many important stations, has lived so well and so successfully up to the standard his ambition had prescribed for the regulation of his conduct.

It is no common place or unmeaning eulogy to say that Aristides himself was not more just. He was in truth, a model to two generations, for the moral conformation of the youth of the country around him—a mirror in which to dress themselves out in all the moral excellencies of our nature—in all those qualities which make the eminently useful and distinguised citizen.

When we reflect upon the keen sensibilities of our lamented friend, his leading passion, the moderate though noble measure of his ambition, judge what must have been the intensity of his emotion when—after a life of nearly forty years spent in the public service, filling, with the unanimous approbation of the whole people for so long a period, the highest and most responsible stations, without censure or reproach, or question of his fidelity, and at a time, too, when in the course of nature, he verged toward the close of his public labors—he was abruptly driven from the public councils, dismissed the public service he had so long adorned, not only with indifferenee, but with personal indignity and invective superadded. We can better imagine than embody in words the effect of such treatment upon a man constituted as he was. In truth it came near riving his noble heart. For a moment it quite vanquished him; for one moment his inflexible spirit seemed to give way, but only for a moment. The consciousness of having discharged every duty faithfully to the last, and a strong sense of the unmerited censure which had been cast upon him, soon came to his relief, and restored him to the exercise of his accustomed fortitude and power of endurance.

Taking a Cold Check.—A disconsolate lover thus tells the fate of his first essay in love affairs—

I sighed and told her all my love,
And how my yearning heart had trusted;
I whispered of my stock in banks—
"K. K.,"* said she, "the banks is *busted*."

* "Can't come it."

"Going on my own hook," as the butcher said when he hung himself in his own shop.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1840.

☞ The next number of the GEM will appear in a new dress.

THE $5 PRIZE.

AN EXTENSION OF TIME.

Circumstances have induced us to extend the time for procuring subscriptions for the prize until the first of July. We hope that many more will thus be engaged in the matter.—We give the following notice, and assure those interested that the time will not again be altered.

FIVE DOLLARS.—Our agents, subscribers and others, are informed that we will pay to the individual who shall procure the greatest number of subscribers for the GEM, previous to the first of July, the sum of FIVE DOLLARS, exclusive of the regular percentage, or a set of SHAKSPEARE'S, or HANNAH MOORE'S, or any other standard author's works, beautifully and substantially bound. The money must accompany the order, or no attention will be given to it.—Postage, as usual, must be paid.

The letters must be mailed as soon as the first of July; we shall then wait until the 15th, and immediately forward the prize to the successful agent and publish his name.

Who will try?

N. B. All the back numbers will be furnished; or rather, all subscriptions *must* commence with the volume.

The Knickerbocker.—The May number of this ever welcome periodical, is before us. Among its original articles, is a sketch by Irving of the career of Abderahman, "the Washington of Spain," as the author calls him, albeit a Moslem Conquerer and King during the Arabian sway in that country. His claims to the proud appellation which the author has given him, are derived from his exploits and successes in rescuing Spain from the tyranny and misgovernment of the Caliphs, each of whom had made himself an absolute monarch in his province; in uniting the different principalities into one government of which without usurpation, he became the head, and in establishing quiet and good order by the enactment of humane and wholesome laws. The name of the author gives sufficient assurance of the ability with which the romantic memoir is written.

The Editor of the Knickerbocker announces that the next number will contain the first of a series of original letters from Rome, written for that publication, by GEORGE W. GEENE. Esq. for a number of years past, the American Consul at the Capital of the ancient masters of the world. The editor remarks in respect to Mr. Greene, that—"Writing in a calm and thoughtful spirit, surrounded by the ruins of seventeen centuries, with the past and the present ever rising to his view, we may well anticipate an intellectual repast of no common order."

C. MORSE, of this city, is Agent for the publication, with whom all orders for the work can be left.

Never Marry.—The following interesting piece of advice was given by the housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty, who at last thought of entering into bond:—Take my advice ma'm, and never marry. Now, you lay down master and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband and the very first week of our marriage, ma'm, he snapped me up because I put my *cold feet to his'n!* You don't know the men, ma'm, as well as I do.

Master Humphrey's Clock.—The first number of this latest production of the inimitable "Boz," has come to hand. It is embellished with a splendid portrait of the author, Charles Dickens, Esq., and engravings interspersed through its pages, of some of the principal scenes described. The number before us contains twenty-four pages of letter press, and the work is to be continued in numbers until completed, at one shilling each. A supply of the present number is received at Wilson's Bookstore, where subscriptions will be received, and the succeeding numbers delivered.

Wilson has also just received, Cooper's new novel, "*The Path Finder;*" "*The Duke,*" by Mrs. Grey; "*Guy Faukes,*" with engravings, by Ainsworth; "*The Town of London,*" by the same author; "*Lady Jane Grey;*" *The complete works of Boz*, (Dickens,) elegantly got up, and the completed works of England's sweetest songstress, Mrs. HEMANS, with a memoir by her sister, Mrs. Hughes, and an essay on her poetry and genius, by her sister songstress of America, Mrs. Sigourney; the whole presented by the publishers, in a style of external beauty becoming the intrinsic merit of the production.

THE DINNERS OF RICHELIEU.

During the time Cardinal Richelieu had such tyrannic sway in the legislative concerns of France, an old military officer, who resided upon a small estate in Normandy, had occasion to visit Paris on some private business. He had been some days in the Capital, when, on returning to his hotel, one evening, he found on his table a note addressed to himself, in the hand writing of the Cardinal, which proved to be nothing less than an invitation to dine at the Chateau de Rnel the next day. So great an honor was as surprising as it was unexpected. He, however, attributed this high distinction to some friend at court, and set out in time to arrive at the hour appointed.—The old soldier commenced his journey on foot, and having ascended the hill of Neuilly, he perceived a cabriolet approaching. Having some doubt whether he had taken the right road, he enquired of the occupant of the vehicle his way to Ruel.

"To Ruel!" answered the stranger, "if you will accept of a seat in my chaise, I will be happy to drive you thither. That is my destination also."

With many thanks for this politeness, our officer entered the cabriolet, and began to converse freely with his companion.

"I am going to dine with the Cardinal," said the latter.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the veteran;—"How very singular! I am about to do the very same thing; yet I am at a loss to know how I deserve so high an honor, for never, to my knowledge, have I served his highness in any way; neither have I been introduced to him."

"How!" exclaimed the driver of the cabriolet, with surprise—and then, changing his manner, he said, slowly and sorrowfully, "You have never seen the Cardinal, and you and I are to dine with him to-day. I pity you."

"Good Heavens! what has made you change countenance?"

"Call up every circumstance from the recesses of your memory," said the stranger, with great earnestness. "I conjure you to recollect yourself. Have you never directly or indirectly had communication personally, or otherwise, with the prime minister?"

"Indeed, never to my knowledge."

"Try again, I implore you," continued the gentleman with increased anxiety. "That circumstance is of the greatest importance to you although you may not believe it."

"Sir, you alarm me," ejaculated the veteran.

"Not unnecessarily, I can assuse you;—Scrutinize your conduct well. Have you never alluded to the Cardinal in any public way?"

"Not that I remember."

"O, I beg pardon. Yes, I had forgotten. When at court, some time since, I published a few poems—Among them was an epigram not very flattering to his highness."

"I thought so. Listen to the fatal lot that awaits you. The Cardinal has discovered in you an enemy. His vengeance is terrible. He never invites me but when some horrid crime is to be performed. You are the victim to-day."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the old officer.—"How may I believe you?"

"I am the best authority for what you have learned. In me you behold—

"Who?"

"The executioner. I feel happy in warning you—in saving at least one victim from premature death."

"How, can I reward you?" said the veteran.

"Only by keeping the secret of having saved your life, and not forgetting me. Fly. Leave Paris with all speed."

The officer lost no time in descending from his cab, and making the best of his way to Paris, from whence he set out on the same evening on the route to his residence in Normandy; and it was not long after he had the double satisfaction of learning the death of Richelieu, and expressing his gratitude to his friend, the executioner.

This, then, is the history of the snug dinners at Ruel. They were always tete-a-tete parties, consisting of only three guests—the Cardinal, the executioner, and the victim. The cheer was capital—rare dishes, and excellent wines, which were enhanced by the affability and *bonhommie* of the host. After dinner his excellency would propose an adjournment to a neighbouring apartment. He entered first, then the executioner, and lastly the victim, who was instantly precipitated into a vault, under the floor, which was raised by the executioner, by means of a spring. This was quickly closed, and the "finisher of the law" returned home, while the Cardinal retired to enjoy his dessert.

The Jew's Love of Judea.—The most interesting circumstance which presents itself to my mind, in recalling what I saw of the Hebrew nation in the East, is the universal diffusion of the love, the undying love of the Jews for their own Judea, the Canaan of their fathers. Who could see without emotion, thousands of poor Israelites, who from the remotest parts of Europe have made their way, by long and weary pilgrimages—through privations incalculable, and sufferings without end—often shoeless and almost clotheless—friendless, penniless, that they might see the city of David, and lay their bones in the bosom of Jerusalem. What multitudes are there among them who have sold their last possession—having gathered their little, their insufficient all—and have started, marching towards the rising sun, from the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Danube, on a journey as long as perilous. How many have perished, exhausted on their way! How many on landing at Joppa, or crossing the Taurus at Antioch, have been unable, from over-exhaustion to reach their longed for goal. How many have sunk in sight of the Mount of Olives! and how many have closed their eyes in peace and blessedness when the privilege has been vouchsafed to them of treading within the walls of Salem. —*Dr. Bowring.*

Elegant Compliment.—When Fontenelle was ninety seven years of age he happened to be in company with the then beautiful Madame Helvetius, who had been married but a few weeks. Fontenelle was a great admirer of beauty, and he had been paying the bride many compliments, as refined as they were gallant. When the guests were sitting down at table, however, he passed her, and sitting himself down without perceiving her. "See now" said Madame Helvetius, "what dependence is to be put in all your fine speeches; you pass on without looking at me." "Madam," said the gallant old man, "if I had stopped to look at you, I never should have passed on."

Bragging.—It takes us Yankees to outbrag all creation. A jockey at a late race in England asked a Yankee if we had such swift horses in this country. "Swift!" said Jonathan! "why I guess we have—I *seen* a horse at Baltimore on a sunshiny day start even with his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat!"

Any man so base as to strike a woman, should be placed on the back of a hard trotting horse, and made to collect newspaper accounts for the balance of his life.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

SPRING.

"For lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

Hear'st thou sweet music thro' the glad earth ringing,
From hill and valley, field and forest lone;
From gushing rills, and leaping cascades, bringing
Their wonted, joyous, free, yet solemn tone?

See'st thou the earth new robes of verdure wearing,
And buds unfolding in the fervid ray;
The leaf expand, the tender shoot appearing,
And lovely blossoms bursting from the spray?

Hast thou beheld the clear soft light of heaven—
The seraph clouds that float upon its breast;
And brilliant hues that gild the sky at even,
When day's refulgent orb hath sunk to rest?

Has the mild breeze from southern climes caressed thee,
Startling afresh the current from thy heart;
Have sunny smiles and dew and fragrance bless'd thee,
And do these all a thrill of joy impart?

There is a voice with earth's sweet music blending!
On every leaf, and opening bud, a line:
Wood, field, and stream, soft notes to thee are sending,
Listen; they breathe of life and love divine.

Mark, how decay and death have gathered o'er us,
Beneath the cold and cheerless reign of sin:
Its icy hand with fetters strong has bound us,
And nought but desolation dwells within.

But when the Sun of Righteousness appeareth,
In all the melting fervor of his rays;
New robes of beauty then the spirit weareth,
And breathes to heaven a song of joy and praise

Soft dews descend, and gentle showers, to nourish
The soil where grace fertility restored;
Plants of celestial birth take root and flourish,
Making the waste a garden of the Lord. A. C. P.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE VOICE OF A FRIEND.

Sweet is the voice of the bird,
That sits on yon spray;
Oh oft are its bland notes heard
To gladden the day.

Blandly through morn's crimson sky
Breathes the zephyr's song—
Sweetly soft her thrilling cry,
The echoing groves prolong.

Sweetly o'er the silver tide,
When the daylight's gone;
Doth the lute's song gently glide,
With enrapturing tone.

Oh! when tolls the vesper bell,
At the parting day;
Sweet its soaring chimings swell,
Through the aerial way.

Sweeter than the thrushe's note,
Or the zephyr's hymn
Sweeter than the soft toned lute
Or vesper bell's chime.

Sweeter, oh sweeter by far,
The voice of a friend!
When the thorn of trial and care,
The bosom doth rend.

When pleasure transports the mind,
Untouched by alloy;
I greet the voice of a friend,
With transport of joy!

Woodhouse, April, 1846. W. G.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE FIRST OF MAY—"MOVING DAY."

Bustle, bustle, clear the way.
We moves, we move, they move to-day;
Pulling, hauling, fathers calling,
Mothers bawling, children squalling,
Coaxing, teazing, whispering, prattling,
Pots and pans, and kettles rattling,
Tumbling bedsteads, flying bedspreads,
Broken chairs, and hollow wares,
Strow the street—'tis moving day.

Bustle, bustle, stir about,
Some moving in—some moving out;
Some move by team, some move by hand,
An annual callithumpian band.
Landlords dunning, tenants shunning;
Laughing, crying, dancing, sighing—
Spiders dying, feathers flying,
Shaking bed rugs, killing bed bugs,
Scampering rats, mewing cats,
Whining dogs, grunting hogs,
What's the matter?—moving day.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Is there when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With earth's music heaven-ward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime?
Is there, of the rounds that float
Minglingly a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen; and be now delighted
Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,
Life and light are re-united,
Amid countless carolings;
Yet delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all—the human voice!

Organ, finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone;
Than the winds or water dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth his own,
But of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers—
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round;
Heart deep laughter, that I heard,
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer;
Her's, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Her's the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Her's to hoard a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes; a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense,
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint and fine inflection,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honey'd tones untaught
Loveth she, in loving thought;
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens—with her heart!

Connecticut Historical Festival.—In concluding an account of the ceremonies on this occasion, the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says:

"But though less intellectual, perhaps, there was a brilliant affair connected with the festival, on the preceeding evening, which was not less interesting, while it was appropriate and beautiful in its conception, and exceedingly picturesque in its effect. It was a fete given by the Hon. Thomas Day, President of the Society, and his lady, to the members of the Society, the guests from abroad, and the ladies of Hartford, which was in part a masquerade—the first doubtless, ever seen in "the land of steady habits." The masquers consisted of several gentlemen, dressed in the ancient costumes of the Puritans, and twelve or fourteen young ladies, habited in the rich brocades of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, in generations that are passed. Nor were these habits fancy dresses, made up for the occasion, but real *bona fide* dresses of the olden time, which have been nicely and with holy reverence preserved. The thought of bringing them forth from the old oaken drawers was bright and sudden, and the parts assumed were enacted to the life."

A Merry Suicide.—Suicide in France, it would seem, is becoming a good joke, even to those committing it. The Gazette de Tribunanx tells us of a Mr. C——, a retired tradesman of seventy, who suffocated himself the other day with charcoal, according to the Parisian fashion. He was a gay good humored old man, in good health and circumstances. He had been missing for some days, and on the door of his room being opened his body was found, and a letter on the table in the following words:—"Having made up my mind to take leave of this world, I have shaved and put on my best coat, not forgetting a clean shirt and a cravat; for after crossing in Charon's boat, "I would make a decent appearance in the other world." In another letter addressed to one of his friends, he invited him and a dozen more of his intimates to embark in the same boat. I should be very happy," he said, "if my friends would give me this proof of their regard; and in case they cannot set out now, I hope they will not lose much time in joining me in the toher world."

A fellow whose countenance was homely enough to scare the old one, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who asked him "if he did'nt fall into a brook when young."

"What do you mean, you impertinent scoundrel?" was the reply.

"Why, I did'nt mean nothing, only you have got such an all-fired crooked mouth, I thought as how you might have fallen in the brook when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry."

Excessive.—The Iowa girls are so very modest that they will not court during daylight, nor at night either, unless the lamp is extinguished.

MARRIAGES.

At Grace Church, in this city, on the morning of the 7th instant. by Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, Captain MARTIN SCOTT, U. S. A., to Miss LAVINIA McCRACKEN, daughter of Gardner McCracken, Esq. of this city.

In Perinton, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. RICHARD AYRE, of Lewiston, to Miss SALLY PARKER, daughter of Ralph Parker, Esq. of the former place.

On the 6th instant, by Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. John Leach, of Seneca Falls, to Miss Isabella Elizabeth Tate, of this city.

In Greece, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Olcott Mr. David Vaughn, to Miss Sarah Ann Cornall.

Also, by the same, on the 6th instant, Mr. William J. Lambert, of Rochester, to Miss Sarah Locke.

On the 5th instant, by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Loved Rider, to Miss Laura M. Culver, all of Brighton.

At Newark, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. David Cushing, Mr. JAMES F. WIGHT, of Chicago, to Miss CATHARINE, daughter of Maline Miller of the former place.

At friends meeting in Henrietta, on the 30th of 4 mo. Lewis Smith, of Mendon, son of John Smith, formerly of Half Moon, Saratoga county, to Phebe B. Chase, daughter of Benjamin Chase, of Williamson, Wayne county, New York.

At Twinsburgh, Ohio, on the 11th of March last, Mr. William Richardson, of Twinsburgh, formerly of Barkhampstead, Conn., to Miss Hellen C. Hayes, of the same place, formerly of Penn Yan.

At Johnstown, Fulton county, on the evening of the 1st instant, by the Rev. Hugh Mair, Henry B. Stanton Esq. of the city of New York, to Miss Elizabeth S Cady, daughter of the Hon. Daniel Cady, of the former, place.

At Chili, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Haynes, of Scottsville, Mr. Chauncey D Graves, of Scottsville, to Miss Elizabeth Cook, of Chili.

On the 29th ult., by the Rev: Mr. Suttle, at the residence of John McVicar, Esq. Rev. Charles Jones, of La Forgeville, Jefferson county, to Miss Calcina Gardner, of Fayetteville.

DEATH.

At Hulberton, Orleans co. N. Y. HORATIO COPELAND, son of Samuel Copeland, aged 20 years.

The deceased was a young man of much promise—possessed a good mind—was universally esteemed by all his acquaintances, and his loss is deeply deplored—but still his friends are not left without some consolation—for he died in the full assurance of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.—[COM.

THE GEM AND AMULET

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ROCHESTER GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

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Final Charge of the Guards at Waterloo.

"UP GUARDS, AND AT THEM!" is one of those memorable sentences, standing for the symbols and representatives of great events, which—like Cæsar's report, "Veni, vidi, vici," and Nelson's signal, "England expects every man to do his duty,"—have imprinted themselves, in capital letters, on the page of history and been admitted amongst the mnemonics of nations. At the sound, fancy sees the hill-top, on which Death had sat, like a crowned monarch, through all the dreadful day of Waterloo, swarming with the life as of a sudden resurrection,—and hears the answering shout, when the hurricane of war swept down its slopes, that tore into shreds the banner of France, and laid an empire in the dust!

The last Charge of the British Guards, on the 18th of June, besides being, necessarily, rich in picturesque effect, is an incident of the most dramatic interest, as being the point of crisis is one of those great actions by which the destiny of nations is conspicuously moulded. But, more than such incidents in general, it derives a particular interests of its own from the circumstances by which it has been preceded. Perhaps, of all the fields on which British valor has ever made its most conspicuous displays, there never was one so remarkable as Waterloo for that peculiar characteristic of the national courage which distinguishes it from the courage of other races of men, and singularly contrasts it with that of the nation which was its immediate opponent on the day in question;—we allude to its constitutional quality of calm and patient endurance. A more gallant nation than France the sun does not rise on; but a Frenchman's valor is nourished upon its own action, and must be permitted to breathe itself, or it dies. It is better formed for brilliant achievement than silent resistance. With French troops, or any other troops than British, it may well be doubted if Wellington could have won the field of Waterloo; and part of his great merit consists in his perfect knowledge of the materials with which he had to work, and the entire confidence with which, since a system of tacties so desperate and trying seemed necessary to the success of his operations, he reposed on the unyielding constancy of the British soldier. Twenty times, during that dreary day, would his combinations have been thwarted by irrepressible impatience of men as gallant but more impetuous, under the irritatios that goaded almost to madness, and sounded more startlingly than trumpets to the charge. The Battle of Waterloo was a continued succession of tremendous charges by the French columns on the British squares; and hour after hour did these gallant heroes, amid all the maddening excitements of the scene, stand to be mowed down on the spots where they had been placed, watering unmurmuringly with their blood the ground on which a glorious harvest was about to be reaped, though well they knew that *they* should not be at the gathering.

The duty of each exposed square was like the desperate one of a forlorne hope. "When will we get at them?"—was the passionate cry of the Irish Regiments, when death blew through their ranks, and their temper at times all but failed.—"The loss of individual Regiments, under circumstances so maddening," says an historian of the scene, "was prodigious. One had four hundred men mowed down in square, without drawing a trigger; it lost almost all its officers, and a Subaltern commanded it for half the day."—Another, "when nearly annihilated, sent to require support; none could be given; and the Commanding Officer was told that he *must* stand or fall where he was." Knowing the tremendous sacrifice that was going on, Napoleon calculated on wearying the British into defeat. Ever and again the masses of the enemy came dashing against the British squares, and were rolled back as from stone walls—but not without making fearful breaches in the living masonry, which were instantly and steadily filled up. Never was a state of inaction so dreadful and so dreary.—Oh! for one blast of the bugle that should have broken that fearful paralysis of the limbs of war, and sounded to the charge! And it came at length!—awakening the myriad energies that had slumbered through all that long and desolating day, into one tremendous and irresistible burst of action, and gathering the hoarded vengeance of its weary hours into one vast impulse, beneath whose discharge dynasty perished from the earth!

It was after the Prussians had begun to debouchee from the woods of Saint Lambert, that Napoleon, seeing the day was lost, unless he could make an instant impression on the British front, led on his Old Imperial Guard to the front of the hill, behind whose crest the British Guards lay couched like lions. Here he paused, on the remonstrances of his Staff, and Ney headed this last great venture up the hill. The hour was come when the sleepy spell was to be broken, and the fearful nightmare which had, all day, sat amongst the British squares, at length shaken off. Gallantly, amid showers of grape and canister-shot, the Imperial Guard swept on, and gallantly they crossed the ridge of the hill. Then it was that the word of power went forth—"UP GUARDS AND AT THEM!" The tide of war, which had flowed all day towards the British lines, was rolled back; the Cavalry came pouring in the track of the gallant Guards, and the Duke closed his telescope, and gave the final order for the whole British line to advance. When was ever order so exultingly obeyed? Wounds, fatigue and hunger, were all forgotten. With their customary steadiness they began to cross the ridge; but Nature had been strained to her extremest point of forbearance and when they saw the French before them, a cry arose that seemed to rend the heavens. When Silence again descended on that field, to sit there with his natural ally, Death, the stars to which Napoleon trusted had fought against him in their courses, as they did against Sisera of old,—the eagles were low on the plain, from whence they never soared again, and the flag of the silver lilies was waving to the breezes of France!

THROW YOUR SHOULDERS BACK.—Professor Bronson, in one of his lectures, at the Marlborough Chapel, on oratory, music, dorsal and abdominable muscles, and all that and other sorts of things—remarked that it was very common to hear a teacher say to one of his juveniles, "Sit up straight;" but he thought "Throw your shoulders back" would be a much better phrase for Dominie to make use of, and the Professor is, in this matter, undoubtedly more than half right. Let all children be trained to throw their shoulders back, and keep them back, and round-shoulders and tender-lungs would not be so plenty as they now are. When the shoulders are thrown back, it is impossible for the person to whom they belong, either to sit as though he was "doubled up," ready to be "put by," or to walk along through the streets, "or elsewhere," with his head projecting like that of an old gander, as though he was anxious that it should "get there" two or three minutes in advance of his heels.—*Boston Transcript.*

Sunflower cigars are manufactured in Philadelphia, and are said to be very pleasant to the taste, while unlike tobacco, they are decidedly healthy, particularly for consumptive persons.

Iron Boats and Houses.

The armed steamer Nemsis lately launched at Grenock, Scotland, was constructed solely of Iron. This vessel is provided with a single steam engine of 120 horse power, and is armed with two 32lb. canonades, fore and aft, on solid swivel carriages. Her crew is 40 men—her draft of water under four feet.

We learn from England that the fruiterers of London are about to build six iron schooners of from 150 to 200 tons burthen. The objects to be gained are from 15 to 20 per cent. in the capacity of the vessel by the use of iron instead of wood, and the superior condition in which oranges, lemons, &c. can be delivered.

It is not generally understood that a vessel of iron draws much less water than one of wood, and also costs much less. Such, however, are the facts. The Valley Forge Iron Steamer, built at Pittsburg, carried 150 tons with four feet draught of water, and is a superior sailer.

In Loudon's Architectural Magazine, explanatory drawings are given for houses to be constructed of iron. The writer contends that it is preferable to any other material for the purpose—is cheaper, safer, and capable of greater display of taste. He predicts that all our rules of architecture which have been founded upon the necessary use of the bulky materials, will soon be exploded, and a new system be established, as much superior to the present in elegance and convenience, as was the existing system in its origin, to the rude huts and caves of the barbarians.

With these facts, and this prospect before them, it is to be hoped that our capitalists will direct their attention to the manufacture of anthracite iron. Nothing, as it appears to us, would better, or with more certainty, reward industry and enterprise. Individual attention and economy, however are essential to complete success.—*Inquirer.*

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.—An affecting spectacle of insantity, followed by a melancholy result, was witnessed a few days ago at the lunatic hospital at Saumur. A lady and gentleman went to visit the establishment, accompanied by their child, a little girl of five or six years old. As they passed one of the cells, the wretched inmate, an interesting young woman of twenty-five, who had irrecoverably lost herr eason, through the desertion of a seducer, and the death of her illegitimate offspring, suddenly made a spring at the little girl, who had approached within her reach. In the height of her delirium, the poor creature fancied the strange's child her own lost darling, and devouring it with kisses, bore it in triumph to the further end of her cell. Entreaties and menaces proving equally ineffectual to induce her to restore the child to its terrified mother, the director of the establishment was sent for, and at his suggestion the maniac was allowed to retain peaceable possession of her prize, under the impression that, exhausted with her own frantic violence, she would fall asleep, when the child might be released from her grasp without the difficulty of the employment of harsh measures. The calculation was not erronenus; in a few minutes the poor sufferer's eyes closed in slumber, and one of the keepers, watching the opportunity, snatched the child from her arms, and restored it to its mother. The shriek of delight uttered by the latter on recovering her treasure, waked the poor maniac, who perceiving the child gone, actnally howled with despair, and in a paroxysm of ungovernable frenzy fell to the ground—to rise no more. Death had relieved her from her sufferings.—*Galignani.*

A man has been bound over in the sum of $50, at Richmond, Va., for kissing a married lady! "O, human nater!"

From the New Monthly for February.

ANNETTE, OR THE GALERIEN.

A TALE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Anetta Moran was the prettiest girl at a village in the department of the Isere, famed for the beauty of its female inhabitants. She was the only person who doubted this fact; and her evident freedom from vanity, joined to the unpretending simplicity and mildness of her nature, rendered her beloved even by those of her sex who might have felt inclined to contest charms less meekly borne by their possessor. Among the many candidates for the hand of Annette, Jules Dejean was the one who had won her heart. Their marriage had been long agreed on, and they only waited to have a sufficient sum laid by, the fruits of their earnings and economy, to enable them to commence their little *menage*. Annette might be seen every evening busily engaged in spinning the yarn that was destined for the linen of her future establishment, whiles Jules sat by her, reading aloud, or indulging with delight in anticipations of their marriage. How often did he endeavor, during the period of their probation, to persuade his Annette that they already had sufficient funds to commence housekeeping. Charles Vilman and his Marie, with many other notable examples, were produced to prove that a couple might marry and be happy with less than five hundred francs; and Annette, half convinced, stole a timid look at her mother, who answered it by shaking her head and saying, "Ah! that's all very well, because Charles and Marie have no children as yet, so that they are as free to work as if they were single. But people are not always so fortunate as to be married three years without having a family; and when a young woman has one child in her arms, and another beginning to walk, she can attend but little to her work."

This reasoning never appeared quite conclusive to the comprehension of the lovers, though it brought a tint to the cheeks of Annette, and a roguish smile to the lips of Jules, and neither seemed to think it was peculiarly fortunate for married persons who loved each other not to have children, though they did not dispute the point with *la bonne mere* Moran.

About this period, the *cure* of the village died, and his place was supplied by a young clergyman, who came from a distant part. The regret felt by all his flock for the good pastor, was not lightened by seeing in his successor a man whose youth excluded the hope that his advice or experience could replace that of him they had lost. Nevertheless, the urbanity and kindness of Le Pere Laungard soon reconciled them to him, and he became popular. Le Pere Laungard was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and some natural abilities; but with passions so violent and irregular, that they rendered him most unfit for the holy profession he had adopted. Like pent-up fires, they raged but with more violence because they were concealed; and hypocrisy and artifice were called in to assist him in hiding feelings that he took more pains to conceal than to suppress. Some irregularities had marked his conduct at the *cure* he had left, and these had been represented to the bishop of his diocese; but that prelate refused credence to any statements against the young priest, and looked on him as a persecuted son of the church, whom he was called upon to protect against its enemies. Le Pere Laungard had no sooner seen Annette than he became enamoured of her, and it required all his powers of duplicity and affected sanctity to veil his passion, while in his heart he cursed the profession that rendered this duplicity necessary. When he became acquainted with the engagement of Annette and Jules, the most ungovernable jealousy was added to the stings of unlawful passion; he abandoned himself to plots for breaking off the marriage, and a thousand fearful and horrid thoughts passed through his ill-regulated mind.

At times, actuated by the stings of conscience, he would throw himself on the earth, and with burning tears bewail his wretched fate, and having humbled himself to the dust, he would pray for power to conquer this fatal and unhallowed love. But some innocent proof of affection given by the lovers in his presence, would soon excite afresh all the evil of his nature, and he would look on them as did the serpent in Paradise, envying the happiness of our first parents, until overpowered by the feelings that consumed him, he would rush into solitude, and abandon himself to all the violence of his disposition.

He used every effort in his power to insinuate himself into the good graces of Annette, and, by the softness and impassioned earnestness of his manner, he succeeded in exciting an interest in her mind—the more readily accorded, that her whole heart being engrossed, and the passion that filled it being fully reciprocated, left her disposed to think well of, and feel kindly towards, all the world. Often did Annette, in the innocence of her mind, and with that complacency which a mutual affection engenders, observe to Jules, what a pity it is that Le Pere Laungard, a good-looking, amiable young man, with so much sensibility, should be for ever excluded the pale of conjugal ties. "To live without loving," said the pure Annette, "appears to me to be impossible; and though he may like all his flock, as I do my friends and companions, still that is so different, so cold and unsatisfying a feeling in comparison with that which you, dear Jules, have awakened in my breast, that I cannot but pity all who are shut out from entertaining a similar one." Jules felt none of this pity or sympathy for Le Pere Laungard, for with the instinctive perception of quick-sighted love, he had observed the furtive glances of the young priest directed to Annette, his disordered hair and changing countenance, his agitation and tremulous voice, when addressing her, and he liked not the flashing of Laungard's eye whenever, as the affianced husband of Annette, he availed himself of the privileges that character gave him of holding her hand in his, or encircling her small and yielding waist with his arm. The purity and reserve of Annette imposed a restraint on Le Pere Laungard, that but increased the violence of his passion, and as the time approached for her nuptials, it became more ungovernable.

According to the usages of the Roman Catholic religion, persons about to be united confess to their priest the night previous to the marriage ceremony, and receive the sacrament the next morning prior to its celebration.

Annette went to the church, which was about two miles distant from her home, accompanied by a female neighbor; and on arriving, was told that Le Pere Laungard could not receive her confession until a late hour in the evening. Her companion becoming impatient to return to her home, quitted Annette, who informed her that Jules would come to conduct her back to her mother.—Her friend left her in the twilight, in the church, reposing on a bench, and met Jules on the road, whom she advised not to interrupt the devotions of his *fiancee*, as it would be some time ere she would have finished. He loitered about, and at length becoming impatient, proceeded to the church; where not finding Annette, and concluding that she returned by another route, he hastened to the house of her mother. She had not arrived here, however, and the most fearful apprehensions filled his mind. He returned again to the church, and knocking loudly at the house of Le Pere Laungard, which joined it, demanded when Annette had left the sacred edifice. The priest replied through the window, that she had left the confessional at nine o'clock, and that was all he knew. Agonized by the wildest fears and suspicions, Jules aroused all his friends in the village, and they proceeded in every direction, calling aloud for Annette; and the night was passed in vain searches for the luckless maiden.

Morning, that morning which was to have crowned his happiness for ever, by making Annette his own, saw Jules pale and haggard, distraction gleaming in his eyes, and drops of cold perspiration bursting from his forehead, approach with his friends the bank of the river, which they proposed to draw with net, as being the only place as yet unexplored.

While employed in this melancholy office, we must return to the female friend who had left Annette at the church. She sought an interview with the servant of the priest, whom she closely questioned, as she maintained that the unhappy girl had decided on returning by a certain route, and had she done so, she could not have failed to meet Jules, and consequently suspicions of foul play were excited in her mind.

The servant stated that Le Pere Laungard had given her a commission to execute at the village the evening before, and had told her she might remain there till 12 o'clock. This unsolicited permission struck her as something extraordinary, and she did not avail herself of it to the full extent. She returned about nine o'clock, and having let herself in, was eating her supper, when she heard a violent struggle in the room above that where she was sitting, and a sound of stifled groans. She ran up stairs, and finding her master's door fastened, she demanded if he was ill, as she had been alarmed by hearing a noise. He answered that he had merely fallen over a chair; but there was a trepidation in his voice which announced that he was agitated.

This was all th at the servant could state; but it was enough to point the snspicions already, exeited still more strongly against the priest.

The river was drawn, and close to its bank was the corse of the beautiful and ill-fated Annette; her disheveled hair, and torn garments, bore evidence of the personal violence she bad sustained, ere she had been consigned to a watery grave, and the livid marks of fingers on her throat, induced a belief that her death had been caused by strangulation, ere she had been plunged into the river. Fragments of her dress, found attached to the briers, and locks of her beautiful hair caught in them gave indications of the route by which her corpse had evidently been dragged along, and were traced even to the door of the priest's house; but when the servant came forth, with a fragment of the kerchief Annette had worn, and which she had found in the ashes where the rest had been consumed, there was no longer a doubt left upon the minds of the spectators, as to who was the perpetrator of the horrible deed.

The murderer fled, pursued by the villagers: but having rushed to the river, he gained the opposite side in safety ere they arrived to see him again resume his flight. He passed the frontier entered and Piedmont, and there overcome with the sense of his guilt, and nearly dead with fatigue, he gave himself up to the authorities. He was soon after claimed by the French, tried, and condemned to the gallies for life; where he still drags on a miserable existence, not daring to lift his eyes from the ground lest he should meet the glance of horror his presence never fails to excite in those who see him, and know his crime.

Jules no longer able to remain in a spot rendered insupportable to him, gave up his little fortune to the mother of his Annette, enlisted at Grenoble, and soon after met his death, gallantly fighting at Algiers.

The house of Le Pere Laungard, has been razed to the ground by the inhabitants of the village; and a monument has been erected to the memory of the lovley but unfortunate Annette.

UNIVERSAL ATTRIBUTES OF WOMEN.—I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found they are the same, kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings: that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; nor haughty nor arrogant nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent answer. With man it has been often otherwise.

In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, throughout honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appelation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with double relish.—*Leonard's Siberian Jour.*

WELLERISMS.—"I am light-headed," as the fellow said when his hair was on fire.

"I'll ring your nose," as the man said to the hog that was rooting in his garden.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," as the convict said when he was running from prison.

"The Eyes have it," as an M. C. said when he hit a brother member a punch in the peepers.

"Well this beats me out," as the rye said when the fellow hammered it over the head with the flail.

GOOD FRIDAY.—An attorney in the Supreme Court, on Thursday, was anxious to bring a cause to trial, and went to inquire of the Chief Justice if he would not sit on Friday. "No, sir," said the Chief Justice, "no Judge ever sat on Good Friday but Pontius Pilate.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

BY ALEXANDER FRAZER.

THE HIMALAYA.

One of the most interesting works recently issued from the London press, is that of Maj. LLOYD and Capt. GERARD, in 2 vols., entitled *Tours in the Himalaya*. The work has been carefully written, and is illustrated with maps and charts. The volumes are full of interesting information concerning the Himalaya, and accurate and scientific observations of their various phenomena; and they abound in spirited descriptions of the glorious scenery of these magnificent regions, and striking details of the inhabitants, their customs, and modes of life.

The Himalaya, literally, *the peaks of snow*, rank indisputably as the most wonderful of all those stupendous ranges of mountains which in the wise economy of Providence, are rendered so beneficial and useful to man. The careless observer is only struck by the mingled sublimity and beauty of the scenes they present. Ascending from the parched plains, he attains the most delightful climate in the world, and sees around him fruitful valleys and vine clad hills, interspersed with numerous villages. Mounting still higher, he reaches the limit of cultivation, and views, on every side, impenetrable forests of pines, and, high above, peaks clad in eternal snows, the regions of storm and winter, which seem more inaccessible to man than even the poles of the earth. At his feet are precipices extending "sheer down" for 2000 or 3000 feet, while torrents dash down their sides, and rivers roll in the gulfs beneath. Standing himself in a temperate clime, he beholds above, eternal winter, and below, plains scarcely visited by its icy breath. In the prospect of these, the mightiest wonders of the world, there is sufficient to admire; but the philosophic observer regards them with a higher and deeper feeling of reverence than mere admiration of their sublimity can inspire. He views them as scources of mighty rivers which, extending for a thousand miles, and often more, fertilize lands in their course, connect distant provinces together, and, in these latter days, serve so materially to extend the blessings of commerce, civilization, and Christianity.

Forming the northern frontier of Hindostan, the Himalaya separate Britsh India from Chinese Tartary. The highest peaks are supposed to be from 27,000 to 30,000 feet in height. Several of the most celebrated passes, which are accessible only at particular periods of the year, are from 14,000 to 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Cultivation ceases at heights varying from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, it extending 1,000 feet higher on the N. E. than the S. W. side. Trees extend 1000 feet higher, and often further, while the average limit of perpetual snow appears to be about 1500 feet. The inhabitants are a simple race, living peaceably, wholly addicted to agricultural pursuits. The second volume of this work consists wholly of Captain Gerard's tours among the most noted of the Himlaya passes; and we shall be only doing him justice to say he has presented us with a far greater amount of authentic and valuable information concerning these interesting regions, than any previous traveler. He wandered among them for some months, was furnished with the best instruments for making correct observations, and frequently periled his life in his zeal for discovery and the advancemement of science. In his various tours it would be useless to attempt to follow him, as his movements can only be understood by a careful reference to the charts which accompany these volumes, and we shall, therfore, only extract a few of those passages which are likely to be both intelligent and welcome to the general reader. We quote first—

A VISIT TO THE YOOSOO PASS.

June 14.—The ground, and even our beds, were frozen, the thermometer was 24 degrees, and from having no firewood, being exposed to the bleak and chilling winds from the vast snow-beds, and the sun being concealed by lofty cliffs, our situation was neither comfortable nor cheering; a few buiscuits supplied the place of a warm breakfast, and cherry-brandy was a capital substitute for tea; our attendants seemed like ghosts, and we could not get them to stir before eight o'clock.

We sent our baggage to Leetee, a stage a little above the limit of trees nearest Boprendo, trusting that we should fall in with them in the evening.

We then set out on our visit to Yoosoo; we formed a motley group:—first went the three guides, who promised to conduct us to the pass; they looked not unlike banditti, which indeed they formerly were; but we knew well that they could be trusted; they were clothed in a brown colored coat of woollen: as a girdle they wore a rope of many folds, made of goat's hair in which was stuck a hatchet to cut steps in the snow, and a knife in form of a stiletto; their cap was of black woollen stuff, like a cone, and upon the whole, they made a savage and formidable figure. Next came my brother James and myself, just as terrific as the guides; we had long beards, our clothes were partly Asiatic, partly European, and all the skin was taken off our faces by the sun and glare from the snow; behind us were eight of our servants, with the perambulators, theodolites, barometers, &c. We found the ascent extremely tiresome, although the road was pretty good; but whether from the little rest we had the night before, or from what, we were so completely exhausted at first, that we halted every hundred yards; we observed the thermometer every minute almost, in order to show the people we were doing something.

We purposed several times to turn back, and we certainly should have done so, had we not been ashamed before so many people, some of whom we got to accompany us by much entreaty; after ascending a mile and a half, we partly got rid of this debility, and pursued our way to the pass.

We crossed several inclined snow-beds in the ravines, and the last mile and a half lay over a field of snow; we reached the crest about eleven completely tired; the mercurial column was 16,940, the temperature of the mercury 55 degrees, and that of the air 35 degrees' which, calculated from cotemporary observations, made at Soobathoo, gives 15,877 feet for the height of Yoosoo Pass.

The peaks on each side seemed about 800 feet above us; the rocks, inclination and direction of the strata, are almost exactly similar to those at Shatool. Gneiss is most prevalent, but there is some granite, and a good deal of mica-slate.

At the top there is a plain, covered with snow of 400 or 500 yards, and the ground then slopes suddenly to the valley of the Sutluj. This Pass is situate far in among the Himalaya, and we consequently had not a good view.

We left Yoosoo at noon, and proceeded directly down the snow-beds; we sometimes ran, sometimes slid, and in a short time reached our former camp; after a halt to observe the thermometer, we commenced the ascent of Bundajan, and, with frequent rests, we arrived at the top in one hour; the snow sunk from four to six inches, which was a great convenience to us. I before noticed, that the angle of inclination is sometimes 34 degrees, and I think this is the utmost that a person can ascend upon snow, unless it be furrowed, or steps cut; hence we descended upon broken slate, intermixed with snow, and at two P. M. observed the barometer 18,655, upon a level with the highest juniper, answering to 13,300; after descending, often steeply, for three miles, on the bank of a rivulet, we fell in with the direct road from Janglegg to Boorendo, whence to camp was an almost imperceptible ascent, along the face of a range with the Pubur a short way below us on the right. This day's march was upwards of twelve miles, and it was late when we arrived.

Bivouacking among these dreary solitudes could have been any thing but cheerful. The record of one night may serve as a specimen of many:—

A NIGHT AMONG THE HIMALAYA PASSES.

June 16.—The thermometer at sunrise was 22 degrees. As is usual at these elevations, we slept but little, and were troubled with headaches and extreme difficulty of respiration; the night was calm, and its solemn stillness was only interrupted by the crash of falling rocks, and by the groans of our attendants, who had no shelter, but were abundantly supplied with fire-wood. Now and then the fall of a nearpeak, split in pieces by the frost, alarmed us, and made us start out of bed, our situation was very disagreeable, and we sighed for daylight, that we might see our danger. The guides left us at sun-set, and passed the night at the highest trees.

A TARTAR VILLAGE—NISUNG.

Nisung is elevated above 10,000 feet from the sea, and in summer possesses an agreeable climate; the thermometer at sun-rise was 54 degrees, and the maximum of the day 75 deg. The tenants are Tartars, who are the slaves to superstition.—Each house has its durchut, or pole and flag, on which are neatly printed mystic words in different colors, each alternating with the other. A black yak's tail is always fastened above the flag; cylinders, as before described, are frequently attached to the pole, and are constructed so as to revolve by the action of the wind, a very convenient agency for mitigating the more rigorous exercise of manual devotion. In the vicinity are many tumuli, consecrated to the Deotas, by sprigs of juniper, pieces of quartz, or rags, to which travellers add their offering. I remarked a custom here similar to that of the Scotch farmers, who, on commencing harvest, plait some of the first cut stalks of corn, and fix them over the chimney-piece till next harvist. The Tartars fasten three stalks of barley over the out side of the door, the ear hanging down; every door in the village was thus ornamented. Several kinds of head-dress are worn here; the women are bareheaded, the hair flowing loose about their shoulders; some of the men wear the common Bussahir cap; others, caps similarly shaped, but of red blanket; a few have hats like our own, but with a narrower rim; they are of yellow cloth, fringed with red worsted thread, diverging in radii from the crown, and hanging loose all round; this last form of cap is very neat.

TARTAR PROVISION FOR TRAVELLING.

I had ten days supplies ready, and I might have got more grain had I waited longer. I was anxious, however, to set off for Speetee, so I told our friend Putee Ram that I might be detained fifteen or twenty days, by a fall of snow or other circumstances, and I asked his advice:—he replied,—"Never fear, I'll equip you for a journey of thirty or forty days, and make a real Tartar of you."—I told him to be quick, and he said he would have every thing ready in the evening; I doubted his words, but to my surprise he returned about sunset with a large flock of sheep, exclaiming, "this is the way we Tartars travel" he bade me dismiss the porters I had to carry the grain, who might return by the route of the Sutluj, where they were sure to be supplied with provisions. I accordingly did so, and he said the plan was to load the sheep, with the grain, and when it was finished, the sheep were to be killed and eaten.

TATRARS OF SPEETEE.

The Tartars of Speetee are the finest fellows I ever met with; more familliar than those of Bekhur or Shipke, without being in any degree intrusive. I conversed with them all day; but they never remained with me when I wished to get rid of them, and always departed apparently much pleased.—On learning that I was unwell, each seemed desirous of affording me some little assistance, and brought a variety of medicine, beside ghee, nebisse, and tea. Their kindness, however, became troublesome, although the intention was good.

The people are stoutly made, well favored, and many of them are handsome. They dress comfortably, in black blankets: the outer garment resembles our great coat. They make use of the same sort of smoking apparatus as the Chinese; a piece of quartz serves for a flint, and a flower that flourishes near the perpetual snow supplies the place of a match, to which it is even preferable from its facility of lighting. They all wear boots of two colors. The head-dress in Manes is generally a hat of yellow cloth, fringed with red worsted; but the inhabitants of Peno have all black woollen bonnets, not unlike those of the Scottish Highlanders.

The language here differs nothing from that spoken in the higher parts of Koonawur, and which is the common dialect as far as Teshoo, Loomboo, and Lahassa, and over the whole of Ludak; but westward of this tract there is a jargon of Tartar, Hindee, Persian, Poshtoo, and Kashmerian, strongely mixed together. Towards Yarkund it becomes corrupted with Toorkee (Turkish,) a language spoken in that country.—The natives and residents of Spcetee herd great droves of horses, yaks, sheep, and goats, which are their chief support; all the land capable of cultivation not yielding sustenance for the one half of them; yet part of the grain is exported to Leh and Koonawur. The wool is remarkably fine; that of the sheep is very soft, and the blankets made of it are warm and substantial. It is only the inner coat of the goat's fleece which furnishes the shawl-wool, and this is equally fine here as at Garoo, but much less in quantity. The inhabitants of Sseete trade pretty extensively with their neighbors on the other side of this great snowy range in the valley of the Sutluj. The exports are wool, blankets, borax, lead, and salt; and they receive in return the produce of the plains, and a great deal of iron. Speetee borders upon Lahoul-of-Kooloo, and is separated from it by the Paralasa range.

"Oh, *Nanny*, wilt thou gang wi' me," as the feller said ven he was trying to steal the *goat*.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

The Great Arctic Problem Solved.

The long mooted geographical problem of a North Western Passage to the Pacific Ocean from the Atlantic, is at length solved: there *is* such a passage. The honor of this discovery belongs to Messrs. Dease & Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1837, and again in 1838, they attempted to complete the exploration of the Northern shore of this Continent, by descending Coppermine river, which empties into the Arctic Ocean—in longitude about 110 West, and from its mouth proceeding Eastward until they should arrive at the Westernmost point reached by explorers from the Atlantic. In both years they skirted along a great extent of coast, though much impeded by ice, but failed to accomplish their pursuit. Now at lenght their perseverance has been rewarded. They have ascertained that Boothia is an island, and that it is separated from the main land by a strait 3 to 10 miles wide, which connects the Gulf of Boothia, (partially explored by the Fury and Hecla,) with the Artic Ocean, in in about lat. 68 33, and long. 98 10. The entire passage from the mouth of Coppermine River to the Atlantic, (extending near 30 degreers of longitude,) lies to the Southward of lat. 79. But we will not detain our readers from their narrative. After descending Coppermine River, with their party they reached Cape Franklin on the night of 20th July last, and rounded Cape Alexander on he 28th in doing which, they encountered great teril from a violent head wind and drifting ice.—The narrative proceeds as follows:

From Cape Alexander, situate in lat. 68 deg. 56 min. North, long. 106 deg. 40 min. W., to another remarkable point in lat. 68 deg. 33 min. N., long 98 deg. 10 min. W., the Arctic coast may be comprised in one spacious bay, stretching as far South as lat. 67 deg. 40 min., before it turns off abruptly northward to the last mentioned position. This vast sweep, of which but an inconsiderable portion was seen by Mr. Simpson last year, is indented by an endless succession of minor bays, separated from one another by long projecting points of land, enclosing an incalculable number of islands.

From this description it will be evident that our route was an extremely intricate one, and the duties of the survey most harrassing; but, whilst perplexed beyond measure in finding our way through these labarynths, we derived great advantage from the protection afforded by the islands from the crushing force of the seeward ice, and the weather was generally clear. In fact, the most serious detention caused by ice on this part of the voyage, was from the 1st to the 5th of August, on a point that jutted out beyond the insular chain.—White Bear Point, as it was called, lies in lat. 68 deg. 7m. 85 sec.. F., long. 103 deg. 36 min. 45 sec. W., variation 54 deg: 45 min. E. These bays and masses of islands present a distinct succession of geological features which can be best illustrated by our series of specimens of the rocks that compose this wild and barren coast. Vestiges of Esquimaux, mostly old, were met with wherever we landed. They appear to subsist in single families, or very small parties, and to travel inland for the deer hunt in the month of June, not returning to their sealing Islands till the ice sets fast in October. A river twice the size of the Coppermine, which falls into lat. 68 deg. 2 min. N., lon. 104 deg. 15 min. W., is much resorted to by reindeer and musk oxen in the summer season.

Finding the coast, as already remarked trending northerly from the bottom of the great bay, we expected nothing less that to be carried round Cape Felix of Capt. James Ross, contrary to the conjecture hazarded by Mr. Simpson in his narrative of last year's journey. On the evening of the 10th August, however, (at the point already given,) we suddenly opened a strait running in to the southward of east, where the rapid rush of the tide scarcely left a doubt of the existance of an open sea leading to the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. This strait is ten miles wide at either extremity, but contracts to three in the centre. Even that narrow channel is much encroached upon by high single islands, but there is deep water in the middle throughout.

The 12th of August was sigualized by tee most terrific thunder storm we have ever witnessed in these regions. Next day it blew roughly from the westward, with a very dense cold fog, but we ran rapidly south-east, passed Point Richardson and Point Ogle of Sir George Back, and continued on till the darkness of the night and the increasing gale drove us ashore beyond Point Pechell. The storm shifted to the north-east, and lasted till the 16th, when we directed our course with flags flying to the Montreal Island. On its northern side our people, guided by Mackay, soon found a deposite made among the rocks by some of Sir George Back's party, but, as Mackay seemed to think, without that Officer's knowledge. It contained two bags of pemican and a quantity of cocoa and chocolate, all perfectly rotten, besides an old tin vasculum, and two or three other trivial articles, of which we took possession as memorials of our having breakfasted on the identical spot where the tent of our gallant though less successful precursor stood on his return from Point Ogle to the Great Fish River that very day five years before.

The arduous duty we had, in 1836, undertaken to perform, was thus fully accomplished; and the length and difficulty of the route back to the Coppermine would have amply justified our immediate return. We had all suffered more or less from the want of fuel, and the deprivation of warm food, and the prospects grew more cheerless as the cold we then stole on apace; but having already ascertained the seperation of Boothia from the American continent, on the western side of the Great Fish River, we determined not to desist till we had settled its relation thereto on the eastern side also. A fog which had come on dispersed towards evening, and unfolded a full view of the picturesque shores of the estuary. Far to the southward Victoria Headland stood forth so clearly defined, that we instantly recoghized it by Sir George Back's exquisite drawing. Cape Beaufort we almost seemed to touch, and with the telescope we were able to discern a continuous line of high land as far round as north-east, about two points more northerly than Cape Hay, the extreme eastern point seen by Sir George Back.

The traverse of the furthest visible land occupied six hours unremitting labor at the oar, and the sun was rising on the 17th, when we scaled the bluff and singularly shaped Rocky Cape, to which our course had been directed. It stands in lat. 68 deg. 3 min. 56 sec. N., lon. 94 deg. 35 min. W. The azimuth compass, by Jones. settled exactly in the true meridian, and agreed with two others, by the same maker, placed on the ground. From our proximity to the magnetic pole, the compass had latterly been of little or no use; but this was of the less consequence, as the astronomical observations were very frequent. The dip of the needle, which at Thunder Cove, (12th August) was 89 deg. 29 min. 35 sec., had here decreased to 89 deg 16 min. 40 sec. N. This bold promontory, where we lay wind-bound till the 19th, was named Cape Britania, in remembrance of our glorious country. On the beetling rock that sheltered our encampment from the sea, and forms the most conspicuous object on all this part of the coast, we raised a pile of ponderous stones, 14 feet high, that, if not pulled down by the natives, may defy the rage of a thousand storms. In it was placed a sealed bottle, containing a sketch of our proceedings, and possession was taken of our extensive discoveries in the name of Victoria I., amidst the firing of guns and the enthusiastic cheers of the whole party.

On the 19th, the gale shifted from N. E. to E. S. E. and after crossing a fine bay, due east, with no small toil and danger, the coast bent away northeast, which enabled us to effect a run of forty miles. Next day the wind resumed its former direction, and after pulling against it all the morning among the shoals and breakers, and gaining only three miles, we were obliged to take refuge in the mouth of a small river.

From a limestone ridge, about a league inland, we got a view of some very remote blue land in in the northeast quarter, in all probability one of the southern promontories of Boothia. Two considerable islands lay far in the offing, and the others, high and distant, stretched from E. to E. N.E.

Our view of the low main shore was confined to five miles in an easterly direction, after which it appeared to turn off greatly to the right. We could, therefore, scarcely doubt our having arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and with numerous indentations stretching down southward till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays. The exploration of such a gulf, which was the main object of the Terror's ill-starred voyage, would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having a starting or retreating point much nearer to the scene of operations than Great Bear Lake; and it was quite evident to us that any further foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the great object already attained, together with that of the whole party. We must be allowed to express our admiration of Sir John Ross' extraordinary escape from this neighborhood, after the long endurance of our ships, unparalleled in arctic story. The mouth of the stream which bounded the last career of our admirable little boats, and received their name, lies in lat. 68 deg. 28 min. 27 sec. N., long. 97 deg. 3 min W.; variation of the compass, 16 deg. 20 min. W. The strong wind that had forbidden our advance gave wings to our retreat.

The same night, the 20th of August we landed once more at Cape Britania, and next morning crossed the inlet direct with a heavy sea. On the 22d we explored a long narrow bay on the east side of Point Ogle, which extends to the 68th parallel of latitude. The north wind blew roughly, with sharp frost, and next day we got no farther than Richardson. Thence we crossed over on the 25th, to what had from the continent appeared like two islands, but which we rightly conjectured to form part of the southern shore of Boothia or, to speak with greater precision, of that land on which stands Cape Felix of Capt. James Ross. This shore we had the satisfaction of tracing for about sixty miles till it turned up to the north, in lat. 68 deg. 41 min. 16 sec. N. lon 98 deg. 22 min. W. Only fifty seven miles from Ross' Pillar the dip of the needle was 89 degrees 15 min. 45 sec. N., the magnetic pole bearing N. N. E., distance ninety miles. The variation, as shown by the azimuth compass and the horizontal bar needle, was 45 deg. east. The objects seen here are easily enumerated—a low uninteresting limestone tract, abounding nevertheless in reindeer, musk oxen, and old native encampments. To the westward a good deal of ice appeared, and vast numbers of snow-geese passed high overhead in long triangular flights.

Whilst engaged in taking observations, our men constructed another durable memorial of our discoveries which was saluted in the usual manner. Then re-crossing the strait on the 25th, we resumed for some time our outward route, only keeping more along the seaward verge of the islands, so as to shape a straighter course.

The weather, from being threatening and unsettled, soon became unequivocally severe. On the 29th of August, a snow storm began, that lasted for seven days, during four days of which we were fixed to a single spot by the violence of the N. W. gales; while the frost was so keen, that the pools among the rocks on which we lay became solid enough to bear up a man. A more moderate interval succeeded this fierce outbreak. Quitting the continent again, at the large river already mentioned, we struck N. N. W., for an extensive island, twenty-two miles off, which we coasted N. W. for twenty miles; and shortly before sunset, on the 6th of September, stood out thence due N. for the nearest point of Victoria Land, which proved equally distant. We have never seen any thing more brilliant than the phosphoric gleaming of the waves when darkness set in. The boats seemed to cleave a flood of molten silver; and the spray, dashed from their bows before the fresh breeze, fell back like showers of diamonds into the deep. It was a cold night, and when we at last made the land, cliffs, faced with eternal ice, obliged us to run on for a couple of leagues before we could take the shore with safety. The coast of Victoria Land, which we explored for upwards of 150 miles, is incomparablythe boldest we have meet with in these seas. Often, near the shore, no bottom could be found with thirty-five fathoms of line; and the cerulean blue color of the water every where indicated a profound depth. There are several noble bays, the largest of which, N. W. of Cape Alexander, is twenty miles wide, and equally deep, backed by snow-clad mountains. It attains to 69 deg. 40 min. N., the highest latitude of this voyage. At length we reached the extreme point seen by Mr. Simpson from Cape Franklin in 1838, where the coast of this large country begins again to tend northward of west, Cape Barrow lying by computation S. S. W., distant fifty miles. On the 10th September, we crossed this magnificent strait, with a strong E.S.E., or side-wind, and a rough sea, in which our gallant boats, old and worn out as they were, acquitted themselves beyond our most sanguine hopes. Our return from Cape Barrow was miserably retarded by furious N. W. winds, and severe stress of weather. Winter permanently set in on the 15th September: and next day, to the undisguised joy of the whole party, we re-entered the Coppermine River, af er by far the longest voyage ever performed in boats on

the Polar Sea. Leaving one of our little craft, together with the remains of the permican (which through age and long exposure was become quite mouldy,) and various other articles, as a prize to the first Esquimaux who may visit the Bloody Fall, we ascended the river with our double crew in four days, abandoned our tents, and every thing but absolute necessaries, crossed the barren grounds, up to the knees in snow, having unluckily left our snow-shoes on the coast, and safely reached Fort Confidence at dusk on the 24th.—The fisheries had failed sooner than ever, and we had good reason to congratulate ourselves on not being doomed to pass a third winter within the Arctic Circle.

After settling with the Indians, liberally rewarding the most deserving, and supplying all with ammunition gratuiously, we took our departure on the evening of the 26th, in two inland batteaux: one belonged to the expedition, the other came from Fort Simpson, sixteen days before our arrival.

Our passage of Great Bear Lake was most boisterous and inclement. In crossing the body of the Lake, and other considerable traverses, our boats, with every thing in them, and even the very clothes on our backs became converted into shapeless masses and concretions of ice. It was high time for us to escape from Great Bear Lake, for the temperature, which was at 4 deg. below zero, when we landed at the head of the river, on the evening of the 4th of October, fell 10 deg. lower in the course of the night, and the next day we descended the rapid stream in the very midst of the driving ice. On entering the Mackenzie's we experienced a temporary mitigation of this excessive cold; but we should most assuredly have stuck fast above Fort Norman, had not the northern gales again rose in their strength, and while they shattered and dispersed the rapidly forming ice, enabled us to stand the current under close-reefed sails. At noon, on the 14th of October, after forcing our way, with no small risk, through the torrent of ice forced out by the rivers of the mountains, we reached this place, [Fort Simpson,] and were cordially welcomed by our valuable friend, Chief Trader M'Pherson, who had for some time, given up all hopes of our arrival.

Most of our people are still afflicted with acute pains and swellings in the limbs, caused by cold and exposure; and we are assured by Mr. M'Pherson, that he has never known or heard of so early or vigorous a commencement of winter in Mackenzie's River. On the other hand, so fine a spring as that of 1839, seldom visits these frozen regions; and to this favoring circumstances, under Providence, ought our signal success to be partly ascribed.

October 30—The state of the ice at length enables us to despatch couriers to Slave Lake. In the meantime, Gov. Simpson's highly valued letter of the 17th of June, which unfortunately missed us in our way hither, has cast up over land. We rejoice in having anticipated the Russian expedition, and secured to our country and the Company the indisputable honor of discovering the North-west Passage, which has been an object of search to all maritime nations for three centuries. When our expedition was planned at Norway-house, in 1836, it was confidently expected that Sir George Black would have achieved the survey of the Gulf of Boothia with the Terror's boats, and that our meeting at the mouth of the Great Fish River would have left no blank in the geography of northern America. That officer's failure, the exhaustion of our men and means, and the necessity of a new wintering ground, render a fresh expedition indispensable for the examination of the Gulf of Boothia, the circuit of which to the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, according to the Esquimaux accounts, cannot be less than 400 or 500 miles. It only remains for us to recommend to your approbation the plan proposed by Mr. Simpson to perfect this interesting service; which, as he had no wish to avail himself of the leave of absence granted; he is prepared to follow up whenever the limited means required are placed at his disposal.

We have the honor to be your most obedient humble servants,

PETER W. DEASE,
THOMAS SIMPSON.

To the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Committee of the Hudson's Bay, Co., London.

Pretty Thick.—A friend writing to us from New Orleans, says—"the weather here is excruciatingly hot, and the musquitoes are about *twenty to the cubit inch.*"

From the Texas Morning Star.

AQUATIC SCENERY.

During the hardest of the storm the day before yesterday, we took a lounge down to the steamboat landing:—while standing on the bank of a deep gulley that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gulley, where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combatting his fate manfully, and in calculating his chances of escape, gave utterance to the following:—

"Haynt this a orful sitivation to be placed in no how? If I wos a steamboat, a rail, or a wood pile, I'd be better worth fifty cents on the dollar than I'll ever be agin. Unless I'm a gone case now there haynt no truth in frenology. I've weighed all the chances now like a gineral, and find only two that bears in my favor; the first is a skunk hole to crawl into, and the second a special interposition of Providence; and the best chance of the two is so slim, if I only had the change, I'd give a premium for the skunk hole—thems my sentiments. If I could be a mink, a mushrat, or a water snake, for about two months, perhaps I would'nt mount the first stump tother side of the Bio, and flap my wings and crow over everlastin' life, skientifically preservated. But what's the use hodin' on this root? there haynt no skunk hole in these ere diggings; the water is gitting taller about a feet, and if my nose was as long as kingdom come, it would'nt stick out much *longer.* Oh, Jerry! Jerry! you're a gone sucker, and I guess you're marm don't know you're out; poor woman! won't she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin' Jerry has got the whole of Bufferlo Bio for his coffin? What a pity 'tis some philanhtropis or member of the human society never had foresight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water! If they'd done it in time, they might have had the honor and gratification of saving the life of a feller being; but it's all day with you, Jerry, and a big harbor to cast anchor in. It's too bad to go off in this orful manner, when they knows I ollers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant whiskey. I feel the root givin' way, and since I don't know a prayer, here's a bit of Watt's Doxologer, to prove I died a christian:—

"On the bank where droop'd the willer,
Long time ago."

Before Jerry got to the conclusion, he was washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that had just started for the steamboat; his eye caught the prospect of deliverance, and changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of "heave to! passenger overboard and sinking with a belt full of specie! the man what saves me makes his fortune!" Jerry was fished ashore by a darkey; and to show his gratitude, invited Quashey "to go up to the doggery and liquor."

The Emperors Charlemagne and Napoleon.—Upon opening the tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, his skeleton was enveloped in a Roman dress, and the double crown of France and Germany surrounded his fleshless brow; by his side, near his pilgrim's scrip, lay *Joyeuse*, that good sword, with which, says the Monk Saint Denis, he cut in twain a completely armed cavalier. His feet reposed upon the massive gold buckler, which was given him by Pope Leon; and from his neck was suspended the famous Talisman which rendered him victorious in battle. It was a relique of the true cross, presented by the Empress Irene, and was contained in an emerald attached to a heavy gold chain, which the good people presented to Napoleon when he entered their city. In 1811, he threw it around the neck of Queen Hortense, acknowledging to her that he had worn it upon his breast at the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, just as Charlemagne had done 900 years before. Since then the precious Talisman and chain has never quitted the possession of the Duchess of St. Leu, who regards it with the confidence reposed in it by its imperial honor.—*N. Y. American.*

A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquires. "Good God!" I never heard of it—what was her disease?"—"Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

Invasion of Locusts.

The writer of the "Alligator Hunt," quoted from Sillman's Journal a few days since, gives also the following lively sketch:

"At the time of our expedition against the alligator, the periodical visitation of locusts, which occurs about once in sever years, was devastating parts of the Island; and on the following day the place where I resided was doomed to share in the distress. We were flattering ourselves that the scourge would not come near us, when dark clouds were seen, far over the lake, approaching noiselessly, save in the rushing of wings, and soon the sun was hid, and night seemed coming before her time. Mile upon mile in length moved the deep broad column of this insect army; and the cultivator looked and was silent, for the calamity was too overwhelming for words. The sugar cane, the principal crop of that country, gave promise of unusual productiveness, when the destroyer alighted. In a moment, nothing was seen over the extended surface but a black mass of animated matter, heaving like a sea over the hopes of the planter. And when it arose to renew its flight, in search of food for the millions who had no share in the feast, it left behind desolation and ruin.—Not a green thing stood where it had been, and the very earth looked as though no redeeming fertility was left to it. Human exertions availed nothing against the enemy. Wherever he came he swept like a consuming fire, and the ground seemed scorched by his presence. Branches of trees were broken by the accumulated weight of countless numbers; and the cattle fled in dismay before the rolling waves of this living ocean. The rewards of government and the devices of the husbandman for his own protection were useless. Myriads of these insects were taken and heaped together, till the air for miles was polluted. The typhon was the irresistible agent which at last terminated their ravages, and drove them before it into the Pacific. This remedy prostrated what the locust had left, but still it was prayed for as a mercy and received with thanksgiving."

Remarkable Anecdote.—The particulars of the following very striking incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge, and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers.

In a seaport town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached on Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of strict observation of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed, when he suddenly paused, leaned his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said that before entering on his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Among those that came hither that evening, were three young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in his pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'why need we listen any longer to 'the blockhead?—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'let us see what he makes of this point?'—The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he cried, 'ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which bro't them there.' At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged many years ago at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail in this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is about to address you—*listen to him.*"—*The Watch Tower.*

EULOGY ON KOSCIUSKO.

In October, 1817, Gen. Thaddeus Kosciusko—who had signalized his devotion to the cause of liberty in two hemispheres—died in a small village in France.

The news of this event reached the United States during the session of Congress; and soon after it was received at Washington, the subjoined resolution was offered in the House of Representatives, by General William Henry Harrison of Ohio:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed jointly with such committee as may be appointed on the part of the Senate, to consider and report what measures it may be proper to adopt to manifest the public respect for the memory of General Thaddeus Kosciusko, formerly an officer in the service of the United States, and the uniform and distinguished friend of liberty and of the rights of man.

On submitting the resolution, General Harrison said:

"The public papers have announced an event which is well calculated to excite the sympathy of every American bosom. Kosciusko, the martyr of liberty, is no more! We are informed that he died at Saleure, in France, some time in October last.

"In tracing the events of this great man's life, we find in him that consistency of conduct which is the more to be admired, as it is so rarely to be met with. He was not at one time the friend of mankind, and at another the instrument of their oppression; but he preserved throughout his whole career those noble principles which distinguished him in its commencement—and which influenced him, at a very early period of his life, to leave his country and his friends, and go into another hemisphere to fight for the rights of humanity.

"Kosciusko was born and educated in Poland, of a noble and distinguished family—a country where the distinctions in society are perhaps carried to a greater length than in any other. His Creator had, however, endowed him with a soul capable of rising far above the narrow prejudices of a caste, and of breaking from the shackles which a vicious education had imposed upon his mind.

"When very young, he was informed by the voice of Fame that the standard of liberty had been erected in America—that an insulted and oppressed people had determined to be free, or perish in the attempt. His ardent and generous mind caught with enthusiasm the holy flame, and from that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty.

"His rank in the American army afforded him no opportunity greatly to distinguish himself.—But he was remarked throughout his services for all the qualities which adorn the human character. His heroic valor in the field could only be equalled by his moderation and affability in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers for the goodness of his heart, and the great qualities of his mind.

"Contributing greatly by his exertions, to the establishment of the independence of America, he might have remained, and shared the blessings it dispensed, under the protection of a chief who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a grateful and affectionate people.

"Kosciusko had, however, other views. It is not known that, until the period I am speaking of, he had formed any distinct idea of what could, or indeed what ought to be done for his own. But in the Revolutionary war he drank deeply of the principles which produced it. In his conversations with the intelligent men of our country, he acquired new views of the science of government and the rights of man. He had seen, too, that, to be free, it was only necessary that a nation should will it; and to be happy, it was only necessary that a nation should be free. And was it not possible to procure these blessings for Poland?—for Poland, the country of his birth; which had a claim to all his efforts, to all his services? That unhappy nation groaned under complication of evils which had scarcely a parallel in history. The mass of the people were the abject slaves of the nobles, torn into factions, were alternately the instruments and the victims of their powerful and ambitious neighbors. By intrigue, corruption and force some of its fairest provinces had been separated from the Republic, and the people, like beasts, transferred to foreign despots, who were again watching for a favorable moment for a second dismemberment. To regenerate a people thus debased, to obtain for a country thus circumstanced, the blessings of liberty and independence, was a work of as much difficulty as danger. But, to a mind like Kosciusko's, the difficulty and the danger, of an enterprise served as but stimulants to undertake it.

"The annals of these times give us no detailed account of the progress of Kosciusko in accomplishing this great work, from the period of his return of America to the adoption of the new Constitution of Poland, in 1791. This interval, however, of apparent inaction, was most usefully employed to illumine the mental darkness which enveloped his countrymen. To stimulate the ignorant and bigoted peasantry with the hope of future emancipation—to teach a proud but gallant nobility that true glory is only to be found in the paths of duty and patriotism—interests the most opposed, prejudices the most stubborn, and habits the most inveterate, were reconciled, dissipated, and broken by the ascendancy of his virtues and examples. The storm which he had foreseen, and for which he had been preparing, at length burst upon Poland. A feeble and unpopular Government bent before its fury and submitted itself to the Russian yoke of the invader.—But the nation disdained to follow its example; in their extremity, every eye was turned on the hero who had already fought their battles, the sage who had enlightened them, and the patriot who had set the example of personal sacrifices to accomplish the emancipation of the people.

"Kosciusko was unanimously appointed generalism of Poland, with unlimited powers, until the enemy should be driven from the country. On his virtue the nation reposed with the utmost confidence, and if it is some consolation to reflect, amid the general depravity of mankind, that two instances, in the same age, have occurred, where powers of this kind were employed solely for the purpose for which they were given.

"It is not my intention, sir, to follow the Polish Chief throughout the career of victory which, for a considerable time, crowned his efforts.—Guided by his talents, and led by his valor, his undisciplined, ill-armed militia charged with effect the veteran Russian and Prussian; the mailed cuirassiers of the great Frederick, for the first time, broke and fled before the lighter and more appropriate cavalry of Poland. Hope filled the breast of the patriots. After a long night, the dawn of an apparently glorious day broke upon Poland. But, to the discerning eye of Kosciusko, the light which it shed was of that sickly and portentous appearance, indicating a storm more dreadful than that which he had resisted.

"He prepared to meet it with firmness, but with means entirely inadequate. To the advantage of numbers, of tactics, of discipline, and inexhaustible resources, the combined despots had secured a faction in the heart of Poland. And, if that country can boast of having produced its Washington it is disgraced also by giving birth to a second Arnold. The day at length came which was to decide the fate of a nation and a hero.—Heaven, for wise purposes, determined the last of Polish liberty. It was decided, indeed, before the battle commenced. The traitor Poniski, who covered with a detachment the advance of the Polish army, abandoned his position to the enemy, and retreated.

"Kosciusko was astonished but not dismayed. The disposition of his army would have done honor to Hannibal. The succeeding conflict was terrible. When the talents of the General could no longer direct the mingled mass of combatants, the arm of the warrior was brought to the aid of his soldiers. He performed prodigies of valor.—The fabled prowess of Ajax in defending the Grecian ships was realized by the Polish hero.—Nor was he badly seconded by his troops. So long as his voice could guide, or his example fire their valor, they were irresistible. During this unequal contest Kosciusko was long seen, and longest to their view.

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

"He fell covered with wounds, but still survived. A Cossack would have pierced his breast, when an officer interposed. "Suffer him to execute his purpose," said the bleeding hero; "I am the devoted soldier of my country, and will not survive its liberties." The name of Kosciusko struck to the heart of the Tartar, like that of Marius upon the Cimbrian warrior. The uplifted weapon dropped from his hand.

"Kosciusko was conveyed to the dungeons of Petersburg, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Empress Catherine, she made him the object of her vengeance, when he could be no longer the object of her fears. Her more generous son restored him to liberty. The remainder of his life has been spent in virtuous retirement. Whilst in this situation in France, an anecdote is related of him which strongly illustrates the command which his virtues and his services had obtained over the minds of his countrymen.

"In the late invasion of France, some Polish regiments in the service of Russia, passed through the village in which he lived. Some pillaging of the inhabitants brought Kosciusko from his cottage. "When I was a Polish soldier," said he, addressing the plunderers, "the property of the peaceful citizen was respected." "And who art thou," said an officer, "who addresses us with this tone of authority?" "I am Kosciusko."—There was a magic in the word. It ran from corps to corps. The march was suspended.—They gathered around him, and gazed with astonishment and awe upon the mighty ruin he presented. "Could it indeed be their hero," whose fame was identified with that of their country?—A thousand interesting reflections burst upon their minds; they remembered his patriotism, his devotion to liberty, his triumphs and his glorious fall. Their iron hearts were softened, and the tear of sensibility trickled down their weather-beaten faces. We can easily conceive, sir, what would be the feelings of the hero himself in such a scene. His great heart must have heaved with emotion to find himself once more surrounded by the companions of his glory, and that he would have been on the point of saying to them,

"Behold your General, come once more,
To lead you on to laurel'd victory,
To fame, to freedom."

"The delusion could have lasted but for a moment. He was himself, alas! a miserable cripple; and, for them! they were no longer the soldiers of liberty, but the instruments of ambition and tyranny. Overwhelmed with grief at the reflection, he would retire to his cottage, to mourn afresh over the miseries of his country.

"Such was the man, sir, for whose memory I ask from an American Congress a slight tribute of respect. Not, sir, to perpetuate his fame, but our gratitude. His fame will last as long as liberty remains upon the earth, as long as a votary offers incense upon her altar, the name of Kosciusko will be invoked. And if, by the common consent of the world, a temple shall be erected to those who have rendered most service to mankind—if the statute of our great countryman shall occupy the place of the "Most Worthy," that of Kosciusko will be found by his side, and the wreath of laurel will be entwined with the palm of virtue to adorn his brow."

Conundrums.—Why is Fanny Elssler like a Brewer? Because she gets her living by *hops*.

Why is she like an absconding sub-treasurer? Because she makes rapid use of her heels.

Why is she like an old woman at her wheel? Because she is spinning her tow, (toe.)

Why is she like a celebrated racer? Because she is a "Lady Lightfoot."

Why is she like a skillful painter? Because she *draws* good houses.

Why is she like a life boat? Because she is buoyant.

Why does she stand higher than the Belgian Giant? Because she excels him in *toe-toe* (toto.)

Why is she like a Government defaulter? Because she carries away lots of the people's money. —*Bost. Eve. Trans.*

A little unbreeched fellow, the idol of his mother, and plague to his father, went to the post office and inquired if there was a letter for his "*Drampa?*" (grandpapa.)

"For whom?" inquired the Post Master.

"For drampa," answered the little fellow.

"Well, what is your grandpapa's name?"

"Why, drammama calls him Josh"—

"Well, what does your grandfather call her?"

"He says, 'Oh thunder, Bet, do keep your clack still for once.'"

The Post Master, baffled by the urchin's simplicity, dismissed him with the request that he should return home and ask his *Dranmama* her name.

Appointments become debts; I owe you punctuality if I have made an appointment with you, and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

A Hero.—A young man named Alexander Clark, was arrested and held to bail in N. York, for kicking a female in the street.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1840.

OUR NEW DRESS.—We this week have the pleasure of presenting the GEM to our readers in a dress of new type, except the nonpareil, (in which the poetry is set.) The next number will be entirely new. Our sheet will now present as fair an appearance as any in the country; add to this the extra care which we shall hereafter devote to the editorial department, in both original and select articles, and we think it will not be in vain to indulge the hope that the circulation of the GEM will be much increased upon the strength of its real merits.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES.—*D. Hoyt Rochester, Agent.*—The May number of this sterling periodical is before us, rich as usual, with the stores of medical science collected from the ample fields of experience, experiment and observation.

The subjects treated in the present number, are numerous and various; all of them, we should judge from such perusal as we have been able to give them, of importance to the members of the profession, while many of the articles will be found interesting to the general reader.

The report of a series of observations and galvanic and other experiments made upon the body of a criminal before and after execution, is well worthy the perusal of the man of general science, and the *Phrenologist*, if we may be allowed to make that distinction.

The sensible article on *Dyspepsia* by Professor Chapman of Philadelphia, pretty effectually controverts by the arguments of experiment and experience, a part at least, of the theories of Dr. Graham on diet; and should be read by all who are afflicted or *in danger* of being afflicted with dyspepsia.

Among the selected articles, is the statement of the case of *Lady Flora Hastings*, by her physician Sir JAMES CLARKE. The illness of that young lady, it will be recollected, was suspected by Sir James and others, to have originated in a cause which the patient would naturally be unwilling to disclose; and when the suspicions were ascertained to be unfounded, a vast amount of morbid sympathy and mawkish sentimentality was expended upon the case, not one jot of which, had the patient been a cotter's daughter, would ever have found utterance. As it was, the young lady was heralded to her grave as the victim of slander and heartless cruelty, and Sir James was denounced as her murderer, when in truth, the disease which led to the suspicions, had marked her for certain death, before they were even whispered.

The statement of Sir James makes this latter fact entirely manifest, and establishes the justification of himself and the ladies of the court in entertaining the suspicions, and in taking the course in the premises which has been so harshly and irrationally censured.

The Agent of the Journal in this city, receives subscriptions as well as delivers the work, and is prepared to supply subscriptions or calls to any extent.

A WISE SAYING.—It was a wise saying of Cicero, and should be remembered by young men of the present day, that as length of life is denied us, we should at least do something that shall show that we *had lived.*

An article in the London Magazine shows that the British troops in India, during long marches and excessively hard service have been infinitely more efficient under an abstinence of spirits than under its stimulus.

A VETERAN PEAR TREE.—There is now growing, or if not *growing*, at least *standing* in full leaf at the corner of Third Avenue and Eleventh Street, in the city of New York, a pear tree which was brought from Holland and planted where it now stands, in 1647, by Governor Stuyvesant himself! The field where it was planted belonged to the worthy old Hero of Knickerbocker, and was then far out of the renowned capital of "*Nieu Nederlandts.*" But while through the lapse of two centuries, the pear tree has been growing, New Amsterdam has been growing too. Besides changing its name once, and its nationalities twice, it has stretched itself away from Wall street, then the extreme northern *frontier*, to the very shores of the *Harlaem*, and covered the valiant old Governor's fields, and surrounded his pear tree with pavements and huge piles of brick and mortar!

"Twenty years ago," says the editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, "we had occasion to speak of the vigorous old age" of the tree in question; and closes a notice of the relic of other centuries, by the remark—"we are sorry to say it begins to give evidence of declining years."—And it is surely time that it should do so. A pear tree that has ministered to the appetites of successive generations of the votaries of Pomona, thro' the lapse of centuries, without once caring for itself except to increase its capabilities for contributing to the enjoyments of others, may surely be allowed to depart in peace.

And what changes has this old pear tree witnessed! To say nothing of the changes in its native Europe, it has seen more and mighter in "the land of its adoption," and even on the few hundred acres around the spot where it was planted, than the "old Church Bell" which Russell sings of, that

"For full five hundred years has swung."

AN OLD PENSIONER.

A corresponcent of the Salem (Mass.) Gazette says that a venerable soldier, and patriot, named *Lemuel Winchester*, now resides at North Danvers. He was born at Tewksbury, (Mass.) in the 1740, and consequently is now *one hundred* years of age. He was in the army under Wolfe, and fought at the Battle of Quebec, in which that General fell. After the close of the "old French War," he returned to his farm in Amherst, N. H., but was roused by the battles of Lexington and Concord—and joining the Provincial troops, was present at the battle of Bunker Hill. He has always worked on the soil for a living, until within the last three years, when, by reason of a stiffness in the joints, he has not been able to toil. His health for the most part of his long pilgrimage, has been remarkably good. He has never been troubled with a physician or medicine but once in his life, and that was at the age of 20, when he had a slight fever.

Sergeant Winchester has been twice married; his present wife, now living, is 86 years old. By his first wife he had 12 children, 4 of whom are now living; six of his children are twins; he has 41 grand children, 39 now living; 92 great grand children children, 80 now living; *great great* grand children 2; whole number of his descendants, 157. He rode out on Wednesday morning and called on some of his descendants, and other friends, without fatiguing him, and says he 'guesses' he shall go to Salem on the 4th of July to Independence.

POTATOE GLUE.—Take a pound of potatoes, peel them, and boil them well, pound them while they are hot in three or four pounds of boiling water; then pass them through a hair sieve; afterward add to them two pounds of good chalk, very finely powdered, previously mixed with four pounds of water, and stir them both together. The result will be a species of glue, or starch, capable of receiving every sort of coloring matter, even of powdered charcoal, of brick, or lampblack, which may be employed as an economical means of painting door posts, walls, palings and other parts of buildings exposed to the action of the air.

Nature is satisfied with little; grace with less; but lust, with nothing.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

At the present period of general derangement in almost every department of business, it is natural for all inquiring minds to cast their eyes around them in search of some pursuit calculated to yield them a support, or to advance their pecuniary resources. And where, let me ask, does the mind meet a certain response except from the productions of the soil; and where else can one look for stability, as to the safety of his investments, and an ample return for his labors? What other pursuit can offer to him a sure guarantee of a comfortable support for his family, and permanent provision for his children? In commercial pursuits all is chance and uncertainty, and he who can boast of being on the ascendant to-day, can only claim to occupy the reverse position on the morrow. The history of whole streets in our mercantile cities is but a record of the rise and the downfall of their occupants. It is a melancholy reflection, that such are the uncertainties attendant on commerce, and on mercantile affairs generally, that every six or seven years witness a complete revolution in the mercantile class of the community. And yet such has been the folly and absence of proper discrimination among parents generally, that it apparently has been their most anxious desire to devote their sons to mercantile pursuits, and to risk their prosperity on chances as fluctuating and more uncertain than the turn of the die. It is by this gross misdirection of the mind that many branches of agriculture have to this day been totally neglected, although offering the most bountiful returns to those who would engage in them. Providence planted the vine only in Persia, Syria, and in North America.

To France and Italy he tendered no such bounty. And yet we see France, whose climate was so uncongenial to the vine at its first introduction, that it could barely survive on its most southern shores, now become enriched beyond every other nation by the immense accumulation of wealth which for ages her vintage has poured into her bosom. We see that country becoming affluent and powerful, not from the natural productions of her own soil, but from those which she has borrowed from more favored climes.—Look at her olive groves, and the whole race of oleaginous plants from which she derives the immense quantity of her choicest oils, sufficient almost for the consumption of the whole earth.—Look at her groves of almonds, figs, prunes, and almost every other fruit calculated to give support to her citizens, and amplitude to her commerce. And lastly, look at her immense and increasing plantations for the silk culture, rivalling in profit all her other pursuits. Not one of these invaluable productions is the gift of nature, but all are exotics transplanted to her soil. For ourselves we may claim both the vine and the mulberry, as prominently our own, and planted on our soil by the God of nature. And thus favored, shall Americans succumb and yield precedence to nations possessing few natural advantages? Shall we shrink from the developement of those resources which Providence himself has marked out as peculiarly calculated to enrich our country, and extend our sphere of comfort and happiness? We trust not. We trust that we shall not have, for the future, any recreants among us, who doubt the triumph of American skill, enterprise, and industry, where any other nation dare claim success. It is such men who retard the national advancement, and are a clog to its prosperity.—They are worse than drones, for they impede the labors of the industrious. Men, professing such opinions, ought to receive the withering scorn and derision of a nation which claims to have no superiors in knowledge and the arts, and which acknowledges no consummation to her labors but that which ensures for them the most triumphant success.

PROFIT OF THE OPIUM TRADE.—The Sir Edward Ryan has returned from an opium cruise on the eastern coast of China. She proceeded on the expedition with 15 guns and a complement of 70 men, and having successively disposed of her cargo, returned with seven lakhs of rupees in specie independently of the sums which she had intetermediately remitted. The net profit of this undertaking, which has been completed in little more than five months, is rated at above five lakhs of rupees, or £50,000 sterling.—*East Indian Telegraph.*

Strawberries are selling in Washington at 37 1-2 cents a quart. Green peas at 25 cents a peck. In Philadelphia, 75 cents.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Cohoes Falls.

WRITTEN AT COHOES VILLAGE, JULY, 1839.

Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible earth!
How glorious in its action, and itself!
But we who name ourselves its sovereigns—we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence, make
A conflict of its elements.—BYRON'S MANFRED.

Where the meandering Mohawk river,
Far down below old Hudson views,
Many broken crags its waters quiver,
And rattle down the wild Cohoes.
To thee Tom Moore once woke his shell,
As on his ear thy echoes fell;
And weaving thy sweet name in song,
Made thee well known to Europe's throng,
With all thy lovely scenery,
Thy rocks, and cliffs, and waters free,
Thy caves, and chasms, and dashing spray,
And dancing, bubbling waves, that play
And boil, and foam, and flash, and gleam,
And down the dark rocks wildly stream;
The varying tints, so passing fair,
That crown thy ruffled bosom there,
The waving woods of oak and pine,
And many a clambering, clinging vine,
That fringe thy steep and rocky shore,
And all, save thy eternal roar.

I, too, have stood upon thy verge,
And listened to thy sounding surge,
And through the mantling mists did view
The rainbow's richly mingled hue,
Beheld thy flood roll clear and bright,
And pure as the ethereal light,
With scarce a ripple on thy breast,
As peaceful as an infant's rest.
One moment! and adown the steep,
With many a dash and frantic leap,
'Tis broken in a thousand waves,
And like the midnight tempest raves;
Its voice the thunder, and its stream
The winged lightning's dazzling gleam.
The while its ocean surges roar,
Like billows on the sounding shore,
Their mingled sound forever blent
With the far echoing firmament;
Then down its bed it sweeps along,
Till winding verdant dales among,
The Mohawk's tired, trembling tide
Is claimed as mightier Hudson's bride.

The past! alas, the sterile past!
A world without a history:
Time's withering frost and noiseless blast,
Have mantled all in mystery.
Columbia! on thy mountains,
Thy forests in thy rivers glassed,
Thy lakes, that like the ocean roll,
And shores that stretch from pole to pole,
On nature's page her wars we trace,
But nothing of the human race,
Save unknown homes in desolation,
The relics of some long lost nation:
In olden days the forest child,
Alone admired this torrent wild:
Wild as the changes of a dream,
Strange as some comet's transient gleam;
And pondering o'er its beauties well,
Within his bosom felt the swell
Of admiration—and adored
His fabled Maneto, the Lord—
For in its awfulness he saw
His whelming might and sovereign law:
Heard in its deep and sullen roar
His voice that shakes the mountains hoar:
Saw in its clouds of glittering spray,
His dark, mysterious drapery;
And in the sun-bow's gorgeous dyes,
A glance of envied Paradise.

Then was Columbia's golden time,
When red men rul'd these haunts sublime,
And lorded o'er this solitude,
With noble souls, though manners rude.
And waged fierce conflict with the bear,
Or rous'd the cougar from his lair,
Or traced the scared deer's winged flight,
Through glen, o'er rock or craggy height,
Long ere the pale face cross'd the sea,
And boasting of STRANGE Liberty,
Unsheathed the sword with iron hand,
And swept him from his native land!

Then fell the noble forests grey,
The red deer wandered far away—
The gaunt wolf left its dismal den—
The black fox its secluded glen—
The gay wood bird its wind rock'd nest—
The snowy swan the lake's calm breast—
They fled far o'er the mountains dun,
'Mong regions tow'rd the setting sun.

No more shall dusky warriors muse
O'er thy rude beauties, wild Cohoes;
Nor from amid the weary chase,
To watch thee in thy headlong race;
Nor wild buck, as he glances down,
Shall shrink back, startled at thy frown,
And plunge amid his greenwood shades,
In search of stiller, lonelier glades.

Ah no! as flies the morning dew,
That gems the roses azure hue,
Before the blazing star of day,
So flourished, and so fled away
That age of pure, primeval bliss,
Compar'd with the dull joys of this;
And now we mourn those days of yore,
When nature all her garlands wore,
And like a bride serenely slept,
Fair as the Eden Adam wept:
Yet though the pale face holds thee now,
Before whose march the forests bow;
With grand, majestic, headlong sweep,
Still wilt thou rumble down the steep;
Pale echo mock thy roarings loud,
And rain-bows span thee mid the cloud.

D. W. C. R.

CAPTURE OF THE SHARK.—In the mean time, the first mate, after holding a consultation with the captain, came upon deck, and commenced immediately to make preparations, which soon drew all the crew around him. He took the hook, which had long been unused, and had it sharpened at the point until it was nearly as piercing as a needle; to the ring of which he attached a fathom of light chain, which again was fastened to a rope of considerable length and thickness. Another rope was then made into a running noose, and placed so that it could be slipped when occasion required, along the former. When all this was done, he ordered a live fowl to be brought from the hencoop, and this he fastened to the hook in such a manner that the wings were left entirely free, and, lest the weight of the chain should drag it down, a small inflated bladder was then tied to the lower part. When all this apparatus was ready, the mate ordered the free end of the rope to be securely fastened to the mast, and threw the bait overboard. Had it been, as formerly, a mere piece of beef, I do not think the shark would have touched it. The fowl, however, was a much more tempting morsel, for no sooner did it feel the water than it began to flap and flutter its wings, and thereby attracted the notice of the monster. For a moment it seemed doubtful to us, who watched the proceedings with intense anxiety, whether he would seize upon it or not, for he approached, swam round, and then seemed to pause. The struggles of the fowl, however, decided him. He turned on his back, opened his monstrous jaws, and fairly took it in. A murmur of delight broke from the crew, and was answered by a stern smile from the mate.—He waited for one instant, until he was sure that the bait was fairly swallowed, then struck with all his force, and Blue Billy was hooked at last. —*Old Sporting Magazine for March.*

A PHILADELPHIA LADY'S CAPE.—The U. S. Gazette of the 14th inst. says:

"A friend left with us a lady's cape, foond in the street. It needs an owner."

Now we, the Natchez Free Trader, kissing our only uplifted hand towards that fair and resplendent city of beautiful and courtly ladies, do most respectfully claim that cape as owner. If the bosom whose deep tides of feeling and billows of affection have ever heaved under that cape were also ours, we should be the happiest of men!—*Free Trader.*

The cape it appears was claimed, and the ownership of it proved by an aged and decrepid grand dame and her complexion was *jet black.*

ABOUT A VEST.—A vest-ryman in the vest-ibule of a church, by rights in him vested, invested two dollars western money, in one yard of vesting to make a vest. Being too near vested to be a good investigator, the investment proved a bad one, and the vestryman is divested of his vest, and there is not a vestige of it left.

GRATIUDE TO A HORSE.—The late Dr. PARRISH, of Philadelphia, who died last month, greatly lamented, made an express provision in his will that $150 of his estate be annually expended in making his old horse comfortable as long he lives. The will requires that he shall be quartered in Burlington, be liberally fed, have a bed of straw every night, be regularly curried and kept clean, and used just enough for his own agreeable and healthy exercise; no more than this. This fact demonstrates the benevolence and kindness of the good doctor.

SPRUCE BEER.—The proportions are ten gallons of water, three quarts of molasses, a tea cup full of ginger, the same of allspice, three ounces of hops, three ounces and a half of the essence of spruce, and a half a pint of good yeast. The hops, ginger and allspice must be boiled together till the hops fall to the bottom, the molasses and spruce are then to be dissolved in a bucket full of the liquor, the whole strained into a cask, and the yeast well stirred in; when the fermentation ceases the cask is to be bunged up.

SINGLE WOMEN.—Chamber's Journal says it is among the most vulgar of errors to consider women useless because they are single. Only look round your acquaintance—who is the one universally useful, the one applied to in every time of difficulty and trial? The single sister of the family.

PRETTY WOMEN.—"Of all other views, a man may, in time, grow tired, but in the countenance of women, there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance." The divine right of beauty (says Junius) is the only divine right an Englishman can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.

When we see a girl standing one fourth of her time at the glass twisting her hair into ringlets, which they term "beau catchers," we rather guess the "beau she catches," will find himself caught in an evil net.

Look on slanderers as direct enemies to civil society—as persons without honor, honesty, or humanity. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

"We have met at *length*," as giant Porter said to giant Bihin. "It was *high* time," answered Bihin. "How *long* shall we be together?" asked Porter. "Just sixteen feet," answered Bihin.

SCENE IN THE WOODS.—"Heh! Jim, what you creeping so softly after that squirrel for, when you gun got no lock on 'm? "Hush! hush! squirrrel don't know dat you nigger."

Nature is satisfied with little; grace with less; but lust, with nothing.

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From the Lnodon Britannia.

THE LITTLE FISHMONGER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

People who live amid the hurry and bustle of large cities are seldom able to study the various shades of human character, like those who, having fewer objects to divert their attention, have also more time to observe. In great cities people come and go—you do not meet the same face perhaps more than once a-year—and then, except that time may have underlined the stronger features—the face is dressed exactly in the same manner—the same smile—the same expression, whether it be born of pain or pleasure; and, it may be, the same phrase is repeated, either in the way of question or reply; for those "greetings in the market-place" are all generally alike. In the busy world your sympathies have no time to take root—the wheel revolves—the kaleidscope is shaken—you forget and are forgotten—the more wide your field of observation the less leisure you have to observe—and though you have a moral certainty that every creature you meet has a distinct and positive character of his or her own, they dwell in your memory only as black, brown, or fair! There is the little Fishmonger, for instance, who lives with his small fry of children, in that little, bleak, lonely cottage near the canal. I have passed that man scores of times—hear his voice in the distance every morning of my life—know the names of every one of his children; and even of his little ugly cur dog Tickle—a mis-shapen, blear-eyed, cross-grained brute, as ever infested a high-road or narrow lane and whom every cat in the village, acting upon the combination system, sets up her back at, be she at the street-door, or staring with her great green eyes out of the first-floor window. I thought I knew the character of the little Fishmonger, whose very name of Job was given, it would seem, in derision and defiance of every rule of Christian patience, for Tickle and Job are well matched. What the dog is, that is the master—and what the master is, that is the dog. Job is as lame upon his two legs as his canine follower is upon double the number—as ready to snarl and growl, and quarrel with mistresses of the various cats, as the cats are with Tickle; in fact, the little Fishmonger's approach is the signal for a sort of running fire from cottage to cottage; every one quarrels with Job, every one buys from Job—for his fish is good, and he lays it nicely out upon a snow-white cloth, and covers it with fresh-cut grass. He is, of course, a violent Radical, and *was* still more so; but, at a beer shop where politics are talked over, regularly and strongly, some one told Job that a new prerogative was to be given to mankind under the title of Socialism, which bestowed more liberty than Radicals, or even Chartists, had ever dreamed of before, inasmuch as men were to exchange wives, and wives husbands, at pleasure. Job presupposed a case—and, which (considering how ill he had often treated his kind, gentle, and still pretty Mary) was very natural—he supposed that if Mary pleaded incompatibility of temper, and took unto herself another husband, what was to become of him, the three young Jobs, and Tickle. Job went home that night a silent man—did not visit the beer shop the following night—hinted that he thought things were going to far—and that perhaps he might join the temperance society.

Still Job has not foresworn his opinions; and if any of his village customers, with the charitable intent of irritating *the little Fishmonger*, ask him what he is, he says, "What I always was, in a tone that effectually silences any further inquiry at least for the time. Job has, I believe no friends; the gentle, patient creature who shares his toils and bears with his temper, seems as much in awe of him as any one else, and his children skulk out of the sunshine and into the shade when they hear his footstep. He has now three little children—eighteen months ago he had six, but the scarlet fever carried off three in one week; the little coffins, covered with decent black, left Job's lonely, bleak cottage in the snow of a December morning; the coffins were placed upon a hand-barrow, the undertaker supporting the front handles, and a kind neighbor bringing up the rear; while Job followed with his dog and his weeping wife. Very sad, indeed, the humble procession looked, so desperately dark upon the silver snow; but Job shed no tear, nor even thanked his neighbors who attended; if he felt, the iron of his stern-built frame suppressed the emotion. Of all men in the parish Job has long been instanced as the most hard—the most severe—the most unyielding—but honest and true. His word was never doubted, nor his honesty questioned. He is, in short, a character over whom circumstances have no influence—he never moved his sealskin cap in his life to any of the powers that be—he never went to see a sight but one, and that was a huge sturgeon, exhibited in Hungerford market three years ago—and then said, "he was a great fool, for it was nothing but a big fish after *all*."—He never laughed, nor cried,—except "Fine haddock and live sole," or "lobsters,"—with variations peculiarly his own, laying a long, strong emphasis upon the word "Lob-bb;" and ascending by thirds into "sta-hi-hi-ers,"—and, strange as it may seem, the cry was by no means unmusical.—"You cry lobsters very pleasantly, my mistress says," said the cook to him one day as he was not *shouldering*, but, if I may be permitted to coin a word, "*heading*" his lobsters. "Does she?" quoth he, jerking the basket on his head,—"Eagh! it doesn't much matter—my cry's my own—and I shouldn't change it."

Still, notwithstanding his ungraciousness, Job felt the compliment, for he always stops at the corner, and gives the "Sta-hi-hi-ers," with as perfect melody as possible, and then jerks the basket, as much as to say—"I know I did *that* well." Now, would any suppose from what I have said of the little Fishmonger, that there was a tender chord in his bosom, which reverberated as gently as the tones of an Eolian harp, if breathed over by the evening breeze—he who had followed three children to the same grave without a tear—who had uniformly treated his wife harshly—who was the bugbear of the neighborhood—who was disliked by every housekeeper who bought his fish—whose surliness was a byword—who often ill-used the ill-favoured but most faithful cur that trotted at his feet; even Job had a tender morsel in his ossified heart:—and thus I know it.

There is an immensity of privations endured by the lower classes. As an Irish woman, I see it less than others, because the peasantry of my own country suffer and bear so much more. Still there is a great deal, even in neighborhoods were the rich spend much time, and more money, in visiting and relieving the distresses of their humble fellow-creatures. Somehow, no one liked to visit Job; although it was observed, and being observed, talked about, that Job carried herrings instead of haddocks, and shrimps instead of lobsters—that his cheek was less ruddy, and that poor Tickle not only eyed the butcher's shop, but absolutely purloined a bone, for which he was soundly thrashed by his master. Mrs. Job was not met going to market as of old, and when questioned said, "she bought at night." Just when things looked "*suspicious of poverty*," Job fell and broke his arm; his pale pretty wife hawked the fish about for a time—and sad it was to hear her low, gentle voice roused to the energy of a cry, in the cold winter's mornings. People bought from her though they did not want, for every one liked her. One of the ladies of our district committee met Mary and offered her assistance, which she thankfully accepted, and the same lady called at the cottage to repeat the gift; Job was unfortunately alone, and to the kind question of "Can I be of any use to you?" answered a gruff "No!" that offended a kind, but warm tempered visitor.

A pebble will sometimes turn the current of sweet charity.

Job got better—well, the people said; but even the small stock of herrings dwindled into half a basket of sprats.

"Job," inquired a cottager's wife—"Job, will you warrant these sprats?"

"No!" roared the little Fishmonger; and off he went, followed by the hairy shadow of what had been Tickle.

The question was repeated once and twice.—Job had been imposed on, but was too honest to impose upon others.

"No," he vociferated for the last time; "and I'll carry them no longer," and he threw the sprats into the nearest ditch.

Lonely as his cottage had always been, it was more lonely than ever. The bed and beadstead, the chest of drawers, the clock, whose stroke had marked the hour each child was born, and whose iron tongue had knelled the time of the departure of three from a world of trouble—all were gone. His wife and children were cowering over the ashes of a miseaable fire, looking into the embers, with hungry eyes, that did not dare to look into the face fo him whose harshness but increased their misery; when Job strode into what had been their bedroom, and locked the door; in a corner stood or rather lay, a box covered with dust—he opened it, and brought forth an old violin.

Rizzio himself, in the presence of Mary, never touched a harp with more tenderness than Job, when he drew the dusty bow over the two last strings of his long cherished instrument.

"Hush!" whispered his wife to her eldest living child. "Hush" and then she burst into tears, while the young starveling said, with blue and quivering lips "Mammy, *shall I dance?*—daddy never played music till now, since brothers died!

Job came out after a time—the violin and bow had been carefully dusted and replaced in the box, which the little Fishmonger carried under his arm.

"Job!" exclaimed his wife, "you are not a going to sell that, are you? Job, you have often said you would die to part with it; you've had it seven-and-twenty years. Oh! Job, the only times you've been kind to us, when you played it—*it softened your heart like*—it was a friend to us. I thought *the time might come* when you'd play it again."

Job made no answear but quitted the cottage.

The little Fishmonger proceeded on his way but not rejoiceing. Any one who observed his firm and dogged step, his bent head, and the determined gathering together of his entire frame, could perceive that he was resolved to go through whatever he had undertaken, and that the undertaking was (to him) of consequence. We are all too apt in this hastily judging world—we are all, I say, too apt, according to the old proverb, to measure our neighbor's corn in our own bushel, to fancy our own privation great, and our neighbor's small—to think, if the peasent girl place a field flower in her hair, that she trenches on our prerogative—indulges in a superfluity. But I must finish my story, and cease moralizing. The little Fishmonger plodded on to the beer-shop, where he had first heard of the advantages of Socialism. "If," he thought within himself, "these people wish us all to share and share alike, surely they will take a shilling chance in a raffle for my poor violin."

Job entered the room. One fellow, the orator of the party, was making a speech, while another, acting on the principle of equal right to be heard, was singing a song. It was evident there did not exist amongst them even the rude courtesy that is shown by one laborer to another; each wanted to be first; none would be last. Some took the part of the orator, others of the singer, and the little Fishmonger, pressing his treasure more closely to his side, squeezed himself into a vacant seat, and waited the issue, or rather waited for a pause in the contest, that he might propose a plan, which was to save his children from immediate starvation, and deprive him forever of his cherished instrument; he was right glad of the tumult—for it seemed to diminish that which raged in his own bosom—pride and independence had been tugging at his heart—and when, for a moment, he closed his eyes, to shut himself in, as it were, with his own considerations, his wife's ghastly face, and the blue, quivering lips of his youngest born, rose before him. This forced him into action, much against his sullen nature, and, to the astonishment of the "company," he sprang upon the table, and in a voice hoarse with unusual emotion, declared his desire to dispose of the cherished treasure of his soul by raffle, charging a shilling for each chance. There was an immediate desire to see the instrument.

"Shillin' a piece for that 'un!" exclaimed a coal heaver—"vy, I would'nt give y'e a shillin' for the whole—box and all."

"Play on the two strings, Job; let's hear the music," said another, sneeringly.

Job looked as though he could have knocked the speaker down.

"John Cummins," quoth the pot-boy, "sold a gayer looking one than that, last week, for five bob and a pint of purl."

"I tell you what, Job," said the butcher, who had often declared that, but for Job's fish, he could sell more meat, and consequently did not regard him with particular favor, "put it up at a silver fourpence a chance, and I'll begin by taking three;" and he struck the table with his fist, and looked round, as well as to say, "I've made a liberal offer."

"Too liberal!" exclaimed another, "the whole *concarn* ain't worth it."

"If it was not worth it," answered Job, sturdily, "I should not bring it to be raffled for, tho' God knows, I—!" the little Fishmonger was about to make a confession of his poverty, but he could not, and quietly stepped down off the table.

"God knows what?" inquired the butcher.

"*All things!*" was the laconic reply, as he prepared to quit the house.

"Halloa!" said the landlord, 'wont you stand any thing?"

"No" shouted Job—"There y'e are all of ye, pretending to more liberality than the rest of the world—and—but no matter, God knows all things.' He rushed from the house, and walked towards the town; the consciousness that he had acted too hastily pressed him still more deeply into misery; and, now, when no eye was there to bear witness against him, heavy and bitter tears coursed each other down the rough furrows of his cheeks; he came to the bridge which is thrown across the canal—twilight had deepened into night, and the young moon threw a line of silver light upon its waters, that seemed a peaceful and secret bed for those whom earth rejects from her cares and sympathies. He laid the box on the wall and leaning his arms upon the parapet, looking down upon the deep and narrow channel.

"If I was out of the way," he thought, "the neighbors would all look to Mary and the children; it's me they can't bear; but no one ever could bear me but poor Mary! After all, it's a dirty way of ending one's days; all mud, and not one good fish from one end to the other of it. So near home, too!—and after a lengthened pause, having, as it would seem, changed his purpose, he took up the box, and proceeded along the back road across the fields, passed Earl's Court until he came to a lane where the Eagle saw-mills exult in noise and smoke, through Thistle Grove, that *olla podria* of suburban architecture, across the Fulham-road, down Milman's row, and there flowed the Thames. Apparently the poor fellow had resolved to throw himself off Battersea bridge; but, on presenting himself at the toll-house, the man demanded a half-penny. Alas! he had it not.

"Are you coming back?" asked the keeper.

"No," muttered Job; "I hope not."

"Because if you were you might leave that box in pledge," observed the man.

The *little Fishmonger* paused. "Well, I will, he answered.

"Stay," persisted the guardian of the bridge; "let me first see its contents."

Job stood half under the shed, and opened it.

"Why," he exclaimed looking down on the venerable instrumeut, "it ain't worth a halfpenny!"

"Yes it is," said a voice behind them. Both men were surprised, but the keeper touched his hat, for the new comer was an eccentric but well known character, residing not quite a half a mile on the Surrey side of the venerable bridge.

"Let me look at that instrument," said the gentleman.

Job placed it in his hands without speaking, but fixed upon his countenance the earnest anxious look of one whose life depended upon his decision.

The man turned it over, tapped it gently with his knuckle, to ascertain if it was sound, peeped into the interior, again turned it over, smiled, and looked at the little Fishmonger, while taking the bow he held towards him.

"The bow is new—that is to say, new compared to the other," observed Job. "It's a good bow."

"Psha!" said the old gentleman, returning it.

"I bo't it myself," added Job, rather offended.

"And the violin?"

"Ah! my father had it of an old Italian gentleman, who died suddenly—his things were sold by the landlady—and *having a turn for music*, he took it in part for wages due;—he used to play on it to me when I was a child, to dance to it—to dance! God help me!"

There was a world of misery in the sound of that last sentence—"*To dance! God help me!*" But the old gentleman did not heed it.

"And you will sell it?"

The little Fishmonger was a chapman; but still he had suffered too much of prolonged sorrow during the past days—too much of intense agony during the last few hours—to think of his craft—and he eagerly answered, "Yes!"

"Before you tell me your price," said the gentleman, "let me ask you if you know what it is?"

"Ohugh!" grumbled Job; to be sure I do—it's a fiddle."

"Ah!" said the stranger, drawing out his purse; "what do you want for it?"

"I would not part with it if I could help it—no money can pay me for it; but many that heard it said it was *prime*; perhaps—thirty shillings—"

"For *that!*" exclaimed the toll-keeper, contemptously.

The gentleman emptied his purse into Job's hand—one, two, three, four, five golden sovereigns, and placing his card upon them, said—call upon me to-morrow, and you shall have the full value of your instrument."

He then buttoned it up carefully, as if it were an infant, inside his cloak, and departed with the air of a man who had obtained his heart's desire.—Job was for a moment as one palsied, but perceiving the stranger had forgotten the bow, he seized it, and ran after him.

"It is of no value," said the gentleman; "call on me to-morrow at twelve."

What Job received beyond the five guineas, I do not know—but this is upon record—that the gentleman, a distinguished musical amateur, now boasts of the possession of a *real* Cremona, and the little Fishmonger has declared his intention of taking a shop in Victoria-road, and commencing business in a first-rate way.

He has engaged a man to carry his basket—Mary goes to market by day-light—and Tickle has grown so fat as to have lost much of his disposition towards worrying cats. Job also is decidedly better tempered, and absolutely laughs when he cries "Lob-bb-stairs" at the corner.—Prosperity has extracted much acid from his nature, and though the expression of his countenance remains the same, there is the evidence of a better spirit in the tones of his voice. In short, prosperity has improved our little Fishmonger.

INDUSTRY.—Industry prolongs life. It cannot conquer death; but can defer his hour; and spreads over an interval a thousand enjoyments that make it a pleasure to live. As rust and decay rapidly consume that which is not kept in use, so disease and sickness accumulate on the frame of indolence until existence becomes a burden and the grave a place of rest.

Perhaps the quality most desirable for a man to possess in this world, is impudence, unblushing, unmitigated impudence. It will often carry a fool to distinction, a beggar to a palace, gives the rogue the reputation of an honest man, and dresses vice in the habiliments of virtue.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of June 4.

FALL OF ANOTHER BASTILE.—In passing through Liberty street this morning, we saw a work of destruction in progress, calling to mind the first great act of the French revolution, viz:—An army of laborers breaking down the massive walls of the gloomy old SUGAR HOUSE. It has long stood as an unsightly specimen of the architecture of the past—its high and heavy walls of stone, small and iron grated windows, reminding one of the castles of the warlike chiefs and barons of feudal times. Its interior was gloomy withal, and in looking among the ruins this morning, we saw arched door ways, and vaulted passages, dark and dreary—such as the imagination and genius of Mrs. Radcliffe would have delighted to revel in.

Nor would its dark mazes and yet darker history have afforded a theme unsuited to her terror-loving imagination—for this is the identical old sugar house of tradition, in which the champions of liberty, who were so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the British troops during the war of the revolution, were incarcerated. It was in this dreary structure that the prisoners taken by the British in the battle of Long Island were thrust, in almost suffocating numbers, and which, with the other prisons, and the prison ships at the Wallabout, became so many charnel houses.

To this sad purpose was the new Dutch Church, standing close by—always called new, because it is not as old as some others—appropriated, during a part of the long occupancy of New York by the enemy. For a portion of that time the church was used as a school of cavalry exercise. The old debtors' prison—now the hall of public records—was another prison-house for the confinement of captured patriots. All the churches, save those of the Episcopalians, and that of the Methodists, were desecrated for military purposes. But the sugar-house, and the prison ships at the Wallabout, were the principal and most horrible places—

> "where pain and penance dwelt,
> And death in tenfold vengeance held its reign."

There was no "bridge" beneath the walls of the sugar-house, as in the palace of the Doege of Venice, beneath the gratings of the political prisons where the victims of the "Council of Ten," and the "*Denunzie Segrete*," thrust into the "lion's mouth," sighed away their breath. Still, we have rarely passed it, or gazed upon its grated windows, without recalling the noble stanzas of Byron upon this subject, and pausing to think of the many patriots who, amidst pain and sickness, etched their dreary days and nights upon the cold stone walls,* and as "the iron entered their souls," sighed in hopeless misery for the liberty we are now enjoying—so dearly purchased—so little understood by far too many—and so inadequately appreciated by as many more.

It is possible that the stories of cruelties practised upon the prisoners were somewhat exaggerated; but there was enough true to stamp the officers inflicting them with foul dishonor. The head of the provost was an unfeeling wretch named Cunningham, under whose administration the prisoners were crowded together in such numbers as to generate pestilence, added to which the provisions dealt out to them were both insufficient in quantity and loathsome in quality, and daily were the cries and wailings of distress heard by the women in the neighborhood—while those attempting to administer the comforts of a biscuit and a cup of water, were thrust away by the sentinels. "We regret to deny you," they would say, "but such are our orders."—Under these circumstances, the mortality among the prisoners was fearfully great. The story was that Cunningham, in his thirst for gain, hastened the death of his prisoners as rapidly as possible, taking care not to report them soon, in order to charge the government for rations for the dead as well as the living. It has been said that he was afterward executed in England for some infamous crime—boasting during his trial, that, by his own means, he had killed more of the rebels in America than all His Majesty's troops besides.

But we have not room to extend these reminiscences, even were it desirable to dwell longer upon the painful theme. It is not to be credited that Sir William Howe was cognizant of the flagrant abuses practised by the subordinate provost-marshals and commissaries, although he could not well have been blinded to all the enormities that were committed. For instance, Colonel Rawlings and his three wounded associate-officers could scarcely have been dragged through the city in derision, amid the scoffs and insults of the tory rabble, and set down at the door of a wretched

hovel near the bridewell, which had been pronounced unfit to shelter the private soldiers, but which the Colonel was glad to accept as an asylum, without the knowledge of the British commander. Allowance, however, is to be made for the circumstance, that in the earlier stages of the war, the Americans were considered not as ordinary prisoners of war, but as *rebels*—entitled neither to humanity nor to courtesy. As they fought themselves into consideration, and possessed themselves of prisoners upon whom they could retaliate, the condition of those who became prisoners was essentially meliorated. Their arms were at length crowned with victory, and by the acquisition of national independence, the "injured ghosts" of the imprisoned victims were amply avenged.

* Many of the stones *were* marked by the prisoners.—Among these marks we note the following:—D. R.; F. H.; E. D.; B. D.; N. P.; T. B.;—29, S. H., 1781; John Colby, (very distinctly.) There are also an abundance of marks and etchings, of every variety. The workmen say the structure was so strongly and firmly built, that they find it very difficult to break it down.

AMBITION.—An amusing writer in the Knickerbocker, has the following remarks upon ambition and some of its varieties;

"The ambition of Brutus was wicked and selfish. "Not that I loved Cæsar less but Rome more," he says in his address to the people. No such thing. "As he was *ambitious*, I slew him." Even so, Cupido dominandi cunctis affeciibus flagrentier est; and o'er the fallen Cæsar hoped the *patriot* Brutus to rear the columns of his own imperious desires. The dispostion did not perish with the Roman. The world hath yet many a Brutus.

The weak yet aspiring ambition of one who overrates himself was his, who at the Natural Bridge, climbed up its two hundred feet of rocky side, and there hanging between the parapet and abyss—the earth and loose stone crumbling beneath his feet—sought far, far above all others to write his name upon the enduring height. Unable from terror to accomplish his object, he had inevitably fallen from his lofty perch but for the kindly aid of a rope and a helping hand tendered him from above, by which, almost paralyzed with fright, he was drawn to the top in safety.

That of the clown in Shakspeare's "Midsummer's Night Dream." who was desirous of enacting the whole play himself from the "Lion" even to "Wall" or "Moonshine," was a grasping all-conquering ambition. Had he been born to an empire he had doubtless been an Alexander.

A laudable ambition was his whose adventure is in an interesting little work, entitled Mother Goose's Melodies. He was evidently from the tenor of the story a fisherman. None of your Isaac Walton sort of person, sitting all day long beside a brook and angling with flies for trout. No! He disdained even a cod or halibut or any such small fry as all too mean for his vast purpose. He went boldly down to the sea and there with a surpassing grandeur of imagination, he

"Baited his hook with a dragon's tail,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for a whale.'-

This was true ambition, commend me to the man whose aim is to excel in his vocation,

And he too was ambitious, in a kindred way, who in an extreme western State replied to one who asked him far in the old solemn wilderness where his house was: "Umph" said he, "*house* eh, I a'nt one of *them* kind. No, no! I sleep o' nights in the big government purchase, eat raw bear and buffalo and drink out o' the Mississippi. Like Daniel Boon he wanted "elbow room," and heartily detested those losel scouts that were crowding around him, some not more than a hundred miles off!

It has been ascertained that the great quack nostrum called "Matchless sanative," will cure knot holes in hemlock boards, the gout in grasshoppers, the cramp in bumbles bees, the rheumatism in bed bugs, and the tooth-ache, in skunks. It is also a good thing for coughs in ganders, and colds in gobblers, deepening the vermillion in the head of the former and feet of the latter, and giving their feathers a direction towards the tail!! It is indeed a "matchless" medicine.

Late one evening, drunken Davy, after spending his day's earnings at the grocery, set out for home, "Well," says he, "if I find my wife up, I'll lick her. What business has she to set up wasting fire and light, eh? And if I find her in bed, I'll lick her. What business has she to go to bed before I get home?"

THE PACHA'S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of the 'Duke and the Bayadere.'

Perhaps in the wide world there is no more *reunion* than that which takes place three times a week in Paris, at the Duchesse de D——'s of which she is herself the chief intellectual ornament. A few days ago, my noble hostess observed that I gazed very intently upon an *Intaglio ring*, which, whatever ornament might decorate her, she invariably wore; and, with that fascinating simplicity which anticipates a desire, and is so conspicuous in persons of high rank, she thus narrated to me its

STORY.

It is now some six years since the young Count Am——e R——i, tired of the monotony of the court in which he had been brought up, obtained passports for foreign travel, and directed his steps to Egypt—a land richer than any other in memorials of the past, and sublime even in her desolation. Soon after his arrival at Alexandria, he was introduced to the Pacha, who was much pleased with his personal appearance and frankness of manner, and completely captivated by his varied talents. Nay, he went so far as to offer him his daughter Zuleia in marriage, in the hope of retaining him in the country; but to this proposition the Count returned only an evasive answer. On the occasion alluded to, they were seated on adjoining nummuds, chibouks in hands, and coffee in tiny golden cups, before them. The arabesque *jalousies* were partly open and discovered a "garden of roses" beyond.

"Do you discover that fairy form?" observed the Pacha, pointing to the left,

"I do, your Highness—she unveils! what exquisite loveliness."

"That," continued the Pacha, "is Zuleia. To-morrow you shall converse with her. I value outward qualities little, in comparison with mental cultivation."

The result of the interview with the beautiful and accomplished maiden was, that for the first time in his life, Count R——i was deeply, irremediably, in love. Nor did he scruple to confess this to the Pacha, who embraced him, his eyes glistening with pleasure. But there was a condition as yet unexplained: The Count was required to turn Mussulman.

To this he at once, with the firmness and decision which belonged to his character, formally and resolutely objected. The Pacha expressed his surprise at what he termed the folly of the young foreigner; was sorry that his (the Pacha's) wishes could not be accomplished; hoped the Count would take his own time to survey the magnificent ruins of his empire, and politely *congedied* him from his presence. The Count was mute, and departed for Cairo. After visiting the pyramids, Thebes, and Luxor, he sat himself down for the remainder of the summer, in the pretty village of B——, near Cairo, clinging, it must be confessed, to a hope, that he should behold, perhaps possess, Zuleia. The house which he inhabited was in the midst of a garden washed by the Nile, a garden luxuriant in all the products of Eastern vegetation.

It so happened that he was the only European at that time resident in the village, which may account for the circumstance which follows. The Turks have the most implicit reliance on the medical skill of the Franks, and when their own doctors are at fault (which is often the case) always send for their foreign rivals. Indeed, whether physicians or not, they still give them credit for a knowledge of pharmacy; but I forget, you knew all this before.

Well, it was past midnight, the Count was fast asleep on his divan, and his chief servant, a Mameluke, was disburthening himself of the yataghan which he always carried, when a most violent knocking was heard as the outer door.

He was quickly re-armed, and rushed through the corridor to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"Thy errand at this unreasonable hour?" demanded the Mameluke of the mounted emmissary without. "I come from the Bey Yussouf, of Cairo; he is ill—almost dying, and prays your master to see him; he is a *Feringee*, and may save him. The Count, who awoke during this colloquy, was informed of the man's errand, and good-naturedly consented to repair at once to the invalid.

The Arab horses which himself and servants rode, were not long in taking them to the palace of the Bey, in one of the less frequented suburbs of Cairo. This dignitary was stretched on his divan, in a state approaching to syncope, from which he was revived by a simple prescription; and then it became obvious that mental excitement was in no slight degree at the root of physical disorder. Left to themselves, the Bey confided to the Count his secret. A creature of incomparable beauty had been presented to him as a wife, by the Pacha; but from some mysterious cause, she had repelled all his advances, and was wholly indifferent even to threats. "Your country, sir, is famous for its knowledge of the sciences—tell me, cannot you prescribe some philtre that may change the mind and heart of Zuleia, whom, I avow, I love to distraction? Why do you tremble and look so pale? Does my proposition offend you?"—"Not in the least—but the affair is a perilous one, it is one of life and death—the charmed drugs which I shall give will either transmute her *hate* of you into *love*, or—"

"Kill her. 'Tis well. Let her have the potion."

"There is one condition—if she die *I am to be permitted to take away her corpse*. You must see the prudence of this step." "I do, and agree to it." Introduced to the chamber of the beautiful girl the Count beheld a hand and arm of the most perfect symmetry thrust from behind the thick folds of the gauze curtains; and on the fourth finger was an Intaglio ring, which he instantly recognized. He was seen, was known, and a suppressed scream of joy reached his ears. The cup was in her hand, which returned the gentle pressure of his. "I will take it," she exclaimed in an undertone, "I abide the *result!*" The room was cleared. In an hour the effect was to be produced, and the Count spent the interval with the Bey over a delicate and luxurious repast; the latter, had even regained, in some measure, his usual appetites for *suspense* would soon cease to afflict him. At lengtn it was announced that the lady Zuleia was—*dead!*"

"Better *that*," remarked the Bey with stern and passionless gravity, than "*love another!* The corpse is yours, sir, and the sooner you convey it away, the better for *both!*"

Not to be tedious, the *corpse* was taken by the Count and his faithful Mameluke to the village of B——. "Where shall we bury it?" asked the Mameluke, in a sorrowful tone. "Where?" returned the Count, half smiling, "beneath a counterpane. But leave that to me and the Fellah's daughter; send Aische hither quickly."

* * * * *

On the following morning the Mameluke was astonished to observe that Aische prepared breakfast for more than one; and still greater was his surprise on entering the *salon* according to custom in order to clear the way, to behold leaning on the bosom of the Count, as he sat on the divan, a being angelical in beauty with whose features he was not unfamiliar, once in the pallor of death, now in the bloom of love, and life, and health.

But no time was to be lost, no means of concealment to be despised.

A few hours more, and the Fellah's daughter the Mameluke, the Count and Zuleia, were on their way to Alexandria! where, at the residence of the Prussian Consul the nuptials were secretly affirmed.

Five years afterwards, the Count, who had made his Elysium (no fictitious one) during the whole of that time in Italy, became a widower.—But to survive Zuleia, with the love that he had borne her, would have been a miracle, and it was not realized in him; he lived not more than two months beyond that fatal event, and bequeathed the Intaglio worn by his first and only love, to my most dear friend, his sister, then dying of consumption. It passed to *me*, the emblem of a world equally rife of joy, and of its contingent—misery.

MISTAKE RECTIFIED.—An Irish pig merchant who had more money in his pocket than his ragged appearance denoted, took an inside seat in one of our stage coaches. A dandy, who was a fellow passenger, was much annoyed at the presence of Pat; and having missed his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket, threatening to have him taken before a magistrate at the next stage. Before they arrived there, however, the exquisite found his handkerchief, which he had deposited in his hat. He made an awkward kind of apology upon the occasion, but Pat stopped him short with this remark: "Make yourself aisy, darling, there's no occasion for any bother about the matter. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman, and we are both mistaken, that's all, honey.

From the New York Express.

JONATHAN SLICK IN WASHINGTON.

A vistor—Jonathan's notion of politicians in petticoats—Recovers his health, and dines with the President—More particulars of his journey to Washington, with his ideas of Rail Road traveling.

To Mr. Zeaheniah Slick, Esquire, Deacon of the Church over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut:

Dear Par—I raly begun to think that I never should git well agin, that darned ager hung on so. I don't think you ever see so cross a critter as I've been since I got here to the seat of Gineral Government. It raly made my blood bile to see the coaches go by the tavern, chuck full of handsome gals, and I stuck up here a trying to cure this darned jaw of mine. I wish you could a seen me one day, jist arter I got here. If my cbenezer did'nt git up about right, I don't know nothing about it, that's all! Wal, one day the copper-colored nigger that takes care of me, come a running into my room, and says he, "Mr. Slick, there's a lady down stairs what wants to speak to you."

"You don't say so," sez I, a taking off the red han'kercher that I'd tied up my face with, and a tucking it way, hops and all, in my trouses pocket. "What on arth shall I do," sez I, "with this allfired pussy face of mine? Look a here, you nigger you," sez I, "haint you got no kind of docter-stuff that'll take down this ere swelling in less than no time? I'll give you fourpence-happenny in hard chink, if you'll do it—I will, by gauly! for it raly seems to me as if I should give up, if a purty gal was to see me a looking so like an allfired chuckle-head."

The nigger, he began to scratch his wool; but it was'nt of no use, his trying to fix me up; he didn't know of nothing on arth that would take the kinks out of my jaw,—so I sot down and did all I could to make my mouth come ship-shape a leetle; but one corner on it would keep a poking up toward my ear, and t'other kep a wandering down to my dickey: the more I tried to pucker it down about straight, the more it would keep a twisting up slantindiclar, till by-am-by I got wrathy, and sez I, "Darn the thing to darnation! I aint fit to see nobody, and I wont, so there. Go down, you Cuffy, and tell the gal that I am sick as all natur."

"Shan't I tell her that you aint to hum?" Sez the nigger, a looking sort of knowing; "that's the genteel thing."

"Look you here, you snow-ball," sez I, "don't you go to telling any of your lies about me, I don't stand it no how."

"Why," sez he, "it aint no lie, Massa, de ladies do say so when they aint fixed up about right."

"Hold your yop," sez I, sort of wrothy; "I won't hear a single word agin the gals! It's my ginuine opinion that when a feller will set still, and see them run down, there is something a getting awful mean about his own human natur. Nobody ever says a word agin the wimmen folks, only them pesky critters that are as mean as all creation themselves, and want to make the most talking and handsome things on arth as low as they be, jist as a tarnal, fat, nasty year old shote will git into a clover patch and trample down all the green leaves and purty red posies, without having gumption enough to know how sweet they can smell or how much honey is dying under his huff. Now, look a here, cuffy; did you ever see a bumble bee a flying around a clover patch, first a sucking his head down into the middle of one posey and then into another, a kivering his purty yallar bosom up with the red leaves, and a humming his wings over clover tops, till they kinder seem to shake and grown handsome, while he's getting away the honey. Wal, now there's a good deal of ginuine human natur about that ere bumble-bee, instead of tearing the posies, or filling them chuck full of poison that makes 'em kink up and die, long afore its their nat'ral time, he jist hitches up all the honey he can git in an honest way, and leaves the posey with its cup full of innocence, to drink up jist as much dew as it can git, and to be handsomer a tarnal sight than it was before. Now, you nigger"—

I was a going on to let off a hull heap more of these ere kind of notions—for when I get talking about the wimmen folks my heart is always chuck full, and I can't help it from running over—but there stood that eternal coot of a nigger a scratching his wool, and twisting his great blubber lips about as if he couldn't make out what I was talking about—with that I begun to feel dreadful streaked to think I had been talking such things to a cuffy, and I began to think that scripter was about right when they tell us to not fling pearls to the hogs. So, sez I to the niger, sez I, "you git out, and tell the gal that I'll cum and see her 'ist the very minit my jaw gits well."

Wal cuffy, he hadn't but jist got down stairs, when somebody knocked sort of softly at the door, sez I—

"Cum in."

With that the door opened and a great tall slob-sided old maid, as homely as git out, cum a sidling inter the room with a heap of tracks in her hands. She had on a darned old bonnet that looked like a sugar scoop half jammed up, besides a sort of a calico frock, and a great vandyke with gooses fur all round it, that looked as dirty as if the poor goose had took a ducking in a mud-puddle jist afore they skinned him.

"I ruther seem to think that you've missed your way, and got into the wrong box," sez I, a getting up and sidling back to the winder, for she cum a poking the heap of tracks at me as independent as a militia trainer.

"Aint your name Mr. Slick," sez she, a taking a good long squint at my pussy face,—"Mr. Jonathan Slick, of New York."

"Wal," sez I, "folks sometimes call me that ere name for want of a better, and I don't make any fuss about it, for it don't make much odds what they call a chap, if they don't call him late to dinner, you know, marm."

"Wal," sez she, "Mr. Slick, I've hearn a good deal about you, and I want to sell you one of my books." With that she gin the tracks another flurish, and sez she, "Nothing but a wish to save my country from destruction, and to enlighten human kind, would make me ask any body to buy my books, but I do think if this 'ere land is ever a going to be reginerated, we wimmen have got to do it."

"You don't say so," sez I, and it was as much as I could do to keep from snorting out a larfing right in the critter's face; but I choked in, and sez I, "Wal, I hadn't no idee that this free land of liberty was a going to be upheld by an old maid with a handful of te-total tracks,—but it aint no use of buying them, for I've gin up smoking, and haint drunk a drop of New England rum since I treated Captain Doolittle, ever so long ago."

"They aint te-total tracks," sez she, a pussing up her mouth, and a trying to look big.

"Oh, then you are a sort of a she missionary, aint you?" sez I; "but it aint of no use—I raly don't feel tractable this morning; so you'd better go up to the House of Congress, and see if you can't reform some of them stuck up critters there."

"With that she took one of the tracks out of the bundle, and poked it at me in spite of all I could do, and sez she, "I aint no missionary, nor te-totaler, nor nothing of that sort, but my name is Lucy Kinney, and I'm the very woman, that by my writings agin Martin Vanburin, have turned the hull State of Pennsylvania agin him, and made it go for Gineral Harrison, log cabins, and hard cider."

"How you talk," sez I, a beginning to feel my grit rise, to hear any thing in the shape of woman kind talk sich etarnal nonsense.

"Yes," sez she, a spreading her hands and a rolling up her eyes, "I have gained Pennsylvania or Gineral Harrison, and if that great State goes agin Vanburin, every thing goes agin him; so that, after all, *I* gain the hull country—I, Lucy Kinney, by my individual pen. Tell me that wimmen can't do nothing! just read my letter here to the President, and see how I've used him up about the Navy. I was raly glad when I heard that you were a coming to Washington, Mr. Slick—for between you and I, we can make this Administration tremble to its foundation; so now jist buy one of my books, and then we'll set down and put our heads together about the state of things here in this city."

I raly couldn't but jist keep my dander from gitting up, while the etarnal humly coot was a talking. At fust I tried to be perlite to her because she was a woman, but at last, think sez I to myself, if wimmen forgit their own places, they can't blame us if we forgit them too; so I jist put my hands down in my trouses pockets, and stuck one foot for'ard, and then sez I—

"Look a here marm—if there is any critter on the face of the arth that I raly could die for, it's a true ginuine woman. I don't care whether she's handsome or humy so long as she understands and acts up to woman's natur; but, according to my idee, a woman's place is home, taking care of her children and a darning her husband's stockings. I haint nothing agin their knowing every thing that she can find time to larn; 'cause if she's married, that will make her husband take to her as a sort of friend as well as wife, and she'll know how to bring up her sons to be true ginuine patriots and honest men. The more she knows, the more modest she ought to be; 'cause the more any larns, the more they begin to see how much there is that they don't know nothing about, and that ought to make them feel humble. As for politics, I don't believe wimmen have any right to meddle with them any more than a cat wants trouses; and to tell you the rale ginuine opinion of Jonathan Slick's heart, I think there never was a woman that ought to be respected as such, that ever took to politics; they do well enough for half wimmin, half alligators, like that darned old English critter Miss Martineau, and like Anna Royal, and some sich crazy coots as I won't say nothing about—present company always being excepted you know: but I've always took notice that handsome gals and rale taking wimmin never git into politics; it's only them sort of she cattle that can't git married, and are detarmined to git into notice for something or other, that ever take to regenerating their country as you say. If you want a fust rate track-distributor, she-politician, or a leader to any of the *ante* societies, get a batch of old maids and sort 'em out; send some on 'em up to the capitol to give lessons to members of Congress—send some more into the grog-shops with te-total books—and a good many round among sich houses as honest wimmin do not like to be seen in; and they do a darned sight of good, I hain't no doubt,—and as for them last, a man must be an etarnal coot and a fool into the bargain, if he don't think a bold face and a bundle of tracks is not enough to keep any woman's character good, let her be seen goin where she will. Don't you think so marm? if I may be so bold," sez I; and with that I drew my foot back, and made her a prime bow, jist to sort of mollify her a leetle, for she began to look as mad as a March hail-storm and it raly was curos to see how wrathy she twisted that long neck of her'n about under the sugur scoop bonnet. At last she gin herself a firt, and sez she—

"Mr. Slick, you aint no gentleman."

"Wal I dont know as I ever was," sez I a larfing; "and I'll tell you what it is, marm—it sort of strikes me that you she-politic wimmin don't very often come across what you call gentlemen that don't put on their best go-to-meeting manners only when they think the wimmin can understand 'em, no more than they put on their Sunday coats to feed the hogs in. I kinder guess that some wimmin folks that I can tell on don't *ever* come across *gentlemen*."

With that she strutted up, and sez she "Mr. Slick you forgit that I'm a lady,"

"I don't know as a chap can forget any thing he never knew," sez I, "but if you ever was one, you must have forgot it yourself long afore you begun to run round the streets with politic books; and when a woman forgets herself, she can't blame the men folks for not remembering better

than she can. But I'll tell you what, marm, it aint easy work, this ere, of talking when a feller's mouth cuts through his face catecornering as mine does, and when he has to tuck away his biled hops in his trouses pocket: so, if you haint no objections, I'll jist tie up my jaws and call up the nigger to show you the way down stairs. I'd be as purlite as could be, and do it myself with all the pleasure on arth, but this ere jaw of mine does ache so like all possessed."

With that I stamped sort of impatient on the floor: ud come cuffy agin—and the way the coot bowed and scraped to the she-politician, sot me a larfing till I thought my pussey face would a bust. She kinder stopped as if she wanted to say something more, but I held on to my jaw with both hands, and rocked back'ards and for'ards as if I could'nt help it; so by-am-by down stairs she went with all her tracks, and cuffy arter her grinning like all natur. The minnit she got away, I shot to the door and put the key in my pocket, for fear the next one would be Anna Royal or the Old Nick himself.

Since the she-politician come to see me, my face has been a getting well, and I'm as chirk as a grasshopper now. I've been to see the Capitol of these ere United States, and been all through Congress as independent as a corkscrew.

The President sent me a letter and asked me to come and eat dinner with him and his folks. So I went; but oh gracious, what a house he lives in, and what a dinner that was! I haint time to write about it now, and beside I want to tell you about things as they came along, but by-am-by I shall tell you all about it; and if you don't think I'm a getting up in the nation, I lose my guess.

I swanny, but I'd like to have forget to tell you about the rail roads that I come here on. Wal, I went over to Jarsey City in the ferry boat, and they tucked me into a leetle sort of a box without any wheels, and jammed chuck full of folks, and said that we should be off in a few minits. Wal, while I was a looking at a purty leetle gal with blue eyes, and the purtyest sort of yaller hair that I ever sot eyes on, the box give a sort of a jirk, and whiz! off we went like parched corn off from a shovel. Smash dab, lickety split, we streaked it through the Jarseys so swift that a feller coldn't feel himself wink. The trees went scooting by you like a troop of Floriday sojers a running away from the Injuns. The stun walls seemed as if they had got scared, and were a running races together. The houses seemed as if they had jist took to dancing amongst the door yards, and when we come to a river, it jist flashed up through the trees cool enough to make you feel a dry, and that was all a chap could see. Wal, think sez I, they must have prime race horses to draw all this string of coaches at this rate, considering they haint no wheels worth speaking on to 'em. I stood by to see them hitch on the team at Jarsey City. but the horses didn't seem to be nothing worth a minding. So when I see how consarned fast we was a going, I jist held on my hair with both hands to keep it from blowing away, and stuck my head out of the window to see how the horses stood it. Gouri! it was as much as I could do to keep from yelling right out. Instead of the horses, they'd hitched on a darned black critter that looked more like the Old Harry harnessed up than any thing else, and there he was a going with the boxes behind him helter skelter hurra boys right along the road, a rattling and dashing and a spitting fire and brimstone as if he had nothing else for fodder in a hull year. I never was so scared in my born days.

"Hello!" sez I, to the driver. "Hello! you darned black critter; let me out, I say. I paid to go to Philadelphia. You need not think you're a going to take me to the infarnal regions quite so easy; so jist slack traces and let me git out."

By gracious, I might jist as well have yelled to a stun wall; he didn't take no more notice of me then if I hadn't been nobody; but by-am-by he stopped to a leetle place in the Jarsees, where Gineral Bonaparte's brother has got one of the hadsomest houses that ever I sot eyes on; so I jumped out about the quickest, and I went up to the driver, and, sez I, "look a here, Mister; I want you to git my saddle bags and let me off. I'd have you to know that I haint sold myself to Old Nick jist yet; so he needn't send a hull team, and an alegator to set to, to drag *me* off. I want to go to Philadelphia."

"Wal," sez he, sort of puzzled; "so you be a going to Philadelphia as fast as steam can carry you."

"Look a here," sez I, "it aint no use for your trying to cheat me; I'm a full blooded Yankee, jist from Weathersfield; and I rather guess your master 'll feel sort of sheepish, when he finds that he's kitched the son of a deacon of the church instid of a York dandy; so you'd better give me my saddle bags. Besides, I'm a gitting alfired hungry, and kind of want a bite of gingerbread and cheese."

Jist then his team begun to snort fire like all possessed, and a stream of smoke came out on his nose, as if he was a gitting awful wrathy at what I was a saying; by-am-by, the man, sez he, "come jump in, we've got steam purty well up, and must be a going."

"But I haint no notion of going any further your way," sez I; "I didn't make no bargain to ride in a string of go carts, with Belzebub tackled up for a team."

"Why, what on arth are you talking about," sez he, "what do you take this ingine to be?"

"Jist what it is," sez I, "a critter as wrathy as a whirlwind, that cuts dirt like a streak of lightning, and snorts like a young arthquake.—The old evil critter himself half kivered with fire and smoke, a dragging us poor human critters to darnation, without giving us time to ask what he's about."

With that the chap, he began to haw-haw right out and sez he, "you yankee thick head you, didn't you never see an ingine afore?"

"I guess I've seen as many ingines as you ever did," sez I, "all painted up, with their blankets and all; but I don't see they've got any thing to do with that fiery dragon of your'n."

"Look a here," sez the man, a opening a door in the critter's back, "this aint nothing alive—but it's all made out of wood and iron, jist as the bilers in the steam boats, it gits up the steam for us, and that's what makes us go so fast."

"How you talk," sez I, a looking sort of knowing; "now, jist as if you hadn't gumption enough to guess that I was only a poking fun at you; raly you chaps are awful green!" The feller opened his eyes and raly begun to believe that I'd been too cute for him; if it hadn't been for that I should a felt awful streaked; but when I see that I'd settled his hash, I jist took a peak into the critter. Gauly! but wasn't it chuck full and a running over with fire, and smoke, and biling water. No wonder it puffed, and whured, and snorted; so it was raly curious I can tell you.

"Are you sartin you can haul the critter up when you git to Philadelphia?" sez I to the man; "it must be awful hard on the bit, it seems to me."

"Nothing easier in 'natur," sez he, "so jump in, for see, we're off in a jeffy."

In I got, and off we went like a streak of chalk, and it warn't long, sure enough, before we got to Philadelphia. Now, that city is a sneezer in the way of straight stun walks, all as clean as a new pin. A sight of trees are a growing along each side of all the streets, and they run all kinder checkered over the hull city as marm marks out the squares on a cake of gingerbread. I hadn't no time to see much of the city; but I got at my saddle-bags and took a bite, and got through jist in time to start for Baltimore. There are some tarnal purty farms a lying on the Schoolkill river, with leetle white houses on 'em covered over with flowers and trees, and a looking as cool and green as a cucumber in July. It raly made me feel as if I wanted to git married and live in one on 'em. Then the river looked so awful bright a shining up through the trees. It raly seemed to me as if I should a liked to have stopped a little while jist to grind out a lot of poetry there under the banks. Wal, at last we got to Baltimore; a city that looks as much like York as if it had been shelled out of the same pod, only it is a great deal smaller and not a bit more clean.

By gracious! for if they didn't have leetle sort of beds in the cars, as they call 'em, so I turned in and slept purty much all the way to Washington, but I've told you how it rained and how I got the ager and all that are.

In my next letter I mean to tell you about the great whopper of a White House, where all the great men go up to make laws. I've seen 'em all and talked with a good many of 'em, and I guess you'll eenamost go off the handle when you know all I've been a doing.

From your loving Son,
JONATHAN SLICK.

THE FASHION IN TEXAS.—The girls of Richmond, Texas, says the Galvestonian, feed on bull beef, have cheeks like a red cabbage, wear rings in their noses, go barefoot in summer, wear mocasins to balls on account of their corns, and tie up their hair with eel skins.

ARABIAN ANECDOTES.

A sucking child had crept to the edge of a water course, while its mother was otherwise engaged. She could not reach it with her hand, and from the edge of the water-course to the bottom was twenty koz. She showed her hair and face over the beam to the child, and bared her breasts to him, but he would not turn to her. Men came together, but they knew not how they could help her. Suddenly the emir arrived at that place, heard what was the matter, and saw the distress of the woman. He bade them bring the twin-brother of the child upon the beam and hold it before him. The infant turned towards the child from the impulse of the natural affection and crept upon the beam towards him, till he came within reach of the arm of his mother, who put forth her hand and withdrew him from the danger; and then she kissed the hands and feet of the khalif.

Zamakhshan, in his book, Rabi Al Abrar relates that Hassan was entertaining one of the chief men of the Arabs, and when they finished eating, he said "Bring me somewhat to drink." The holy Inman said. "What wilt thou have?" He replied, "That which is the most precious of all things when it cannot be found, and the vilest when it can be found." The Inman satd, "Give him water;" and all who were present blessed his acuteness and intelligence.

Three men came before the Inman; one a Maattalah, and one a Mashabba, and one a Musulman. The Inman asked of the Maattalah "What dost thou worship?" He said, "A God that hast no form." He asked the same question of the Mashabbah, who said, "A God whose form can be perceived" He asked the true believer, "What dost thou worship!" He answered, "A God of perfect qualities, but which cannot be comprehended by mortal understandings or senses." The holy Inman said to the first, "Thou worshippest a nonexistence;" to the second, "Thou worshippest an idol;" to the true believer he said "Thou worshippest the God of the world."

An Arab came into the mosque of the prophet, while the holy commander of the faithful, Ali, was there. The Arab performed his devotions hurriedly and hastily, not going through the ceremonies as the institutions of religion command, nor reading duly the prescribed portions of the Koran. As he rose up and was going out, his excellency the khalif cried out to him, and flourishing his slippers over his head, cried, "Stay, and perform thy prayers fully, for this thy performance will not be taken into account." The Arab from fear of the slippers of the khalif, stood and went through his devotions a second time, in such a manner as is right and proper, finishing them with humility and abasedness. When they were finished, the khalif said, "Is not this last prayer better than the first?" The Arab replied, "No, O commander of the faitnful; for the first prayer was from the fear of God, and the second from the fear of thy slippers."

A rich man sent a preacher of a lively humor a golden ring, which had no stone in it, and asked him to put a prayer for him from the pulpit. The holy man prayed for him thus: "O God, the Creator, give him in Paradise a golden palace without a roof!" Afterwards, when he descended from the pulpit, the rich man went up to him. "O preacher, what manner of prayer is this which thou hast made for me?" He replied, "if thy ring had a stone, thy palace also should have had a roof.

A certain king saw in his dream that his teeth dropped out. Greatly troubled, he called a learned man and told him his dream. He said, "The children and wives, and the near relation of the king, will all die in his presence." The king was greatly displeased at this interpretration, and commanded that the teeth of the interpreter should all be struck out with an axe, and his tongue cut out. After this, he called another interpreter, and told him his dream. The second was a man of knowledge, and of pleasant disposition. He said, "O king, this dream shows that the king's life will be long; and its interpretaton is this: that your life will be longer than that of all your children, and wives and relations." The king was much pleased with this interpretation, and gave him a horse, and a robe of honor, and a thousand dirhems, saying, "The substance of these two interpetations is the same; but the one was blown by the wind of his explanation into the whirlpool of destruction, while the other, by favor of his ingenious speaking, raised the banner of prosperity."

Beware of your cool, dissembling, smiling hypocrites: the deepest malice is found in such.

ANCIENT REGIME.

A STORY OF CONJUGAL LIFE.

The Marquess de Charnay, who, in his youth, had been page to Louis XV. was foolish enough, when turned of 60, to take a young and pretty wife. Many a joke circulated on his marriage, and even the king was pleased to observe that he might soon find out that he had committed a folly. The Marquess, however, was still agreable and captivating, and intended to be so attentive to his wife, that he felt certain he should be quite happy with her, unless her inclinations were naturally depraved. In order to avoid exposing the Marchioness to danger, M. de Charnay gradually withdrew from court, and rendered his house so agreeable to his wife, that he contrived to secure her friendship and confidence, if not her love.

If it frequently occur that an old man be not deceived by a young wife, he must, nevertheless, expect that the precious treasure will be disputed. Among the persons admitted to the Hotel de Charnay, was a young captain, the Baron de Breteuil, whose assiduity was soon noticed by the Marquess. The Baron was young, handsome, and of a pensive disposition, and was not unknown in the annals of gallantry; he was, consequently, a dangerous acquaintance for a virtuous woman, and a rival to be dreaded by an old man. It was easy to see that the Baron's love was sincere, from the ravages it had committed on his face and person; the Marquess also remarked that his wife was becoming sad and melancholy. After much reflection on the subject, he decided on calling on his rival, and endeavoring to gain him over by the sincerity of his language. He went to the Baron, who was at his toilet, preparatory to his visiting the Marchioness de Charnay, where he was daily seen, a prey to love and despair.

"Baron," said the Marquess, "you love my wife; were I twenty years younger, I should not speak to you on the subject, and we should meet elsewhere; but my hand has lost its strength, it can no longer handle a sword, and I am reduced to solicit your pity and mercy, because I know it is dangerous for a young woman to have constantly before her a young man who pretends to be dying of love for her. I cannot forbid you my house, for I should pass for a jealous man, and might open the eyes of the Marchioness to your merit—besides, you could see each other at the theatres and elsewhere; I beg you, therefore, to leave Versailles, and to join your regiment at Stenay; by your doing so I shall again become tranquil, and my wife will recover her peace of mind, lost, not on account of her loving you, but because the attentions of a man like you, are always dangerous to the reputation of a young woman."

The Baron, instead of denying his love, burst into tears. "Alas! Marquess," said he, "what do you want me to do? Were I to leave, I should die. I care for nothing on earth, but the pleasure of beholding the Marchioness, and dying of my love."

This avowal astonished the Marquess, who withdrew, after having cursed his age, which prevented him from punishing the Baron, and telling him that he would never again be admitted his house.

The Marquess thought it would be better to speak to Madame de Charnay, than to lead a life of perpetual suspense. The Marchioness was virtuous, and was combatting a growing passion. She acknowledged that she had received several letters from the Baron, and, after her giving some reason for her not having mentioned the circumstance, she gave them to her husband. The Baron's letter were filled with expressions of love, although he expected no return, but that if he did not soon receive a glance of compassion, he would destroy himself. This threat frightened Madame de Charnay, and it was easy for the Marquess to see that if pity is not love, it often leads to it.—The thought than M. de Breteuil's love would be the cause of his death was working in her heart, and softening it in his behalf.

"The unfortunate man will kill himself," said the Marchioness.

"M. de Breteuil may do as he pleases," rejoined the Marquess: "but you must die this very night. At this moment you are supposed to be so dangerously ill as to preclude the hope of your surviving the night."

The Marchioness was alarmed, and sought in vain for explanation. The Marquess remained with his wife till two in the morning, and then, putting her into a post-chaise, he sent her, attended by a trusty servant, to an estate of one of his brothers, in Touraine, where she was to be treated with every respect, and where she might visit the nobility of the province, on her promising to accept the name assigned, and not write to Versailles. On the following day, the Marquess went to court, where he spoke of his wife's serious illness, and three days after, her death was announced. The Marquess went into mourning, and a magnificent hearse proceeded from the Hotel de Charnay, to the family vault, about twenty leagues from Versailles.

The Marquess wrote to the Baron stating that he loved the Marchioness much, but his honor more; that he should consequently support the death of Madam de Charney with resignation, but expected that the Baron would not survive the loss of her whom he preferred to all on earth, and that the Marchioness had died with that conviction.

When three months had elapsed, M. de Charnay thought it was time to recall his wife. She arrived in the middle of the night, and the following conversation took place when they were alone.

"So you have called me back now the poor fellow is dead!"

The Marquess, drawing a small memorandum book from his pocket, said, "This contains an exact account of every thing M. de Breteuil has done since your death. On the day of your burial he dined out with three officers; wine was drank to the repose of your soul. And I was highly praised for giving you such a splendid interment. On the next day I told the Baron he ought to kill himself, and even hinted that you expected he would do so. I received no answer, and I learned that he went immediatly to Paris, where he was smitten with an actress of the Opera, and the desire of gambling; in a week those two whims cost him 3000*l*. As he was not rich, this loss was keenly felt, and he immediately thought of repairing his fortune by marriage. I sent for you, my dear Marchioness, in order that you might sing the marriage contract, for the Baron is a going to marry one of our relations. This is one of my motives of restoring you to life, not to say a word of my longing to see you, for I supported your death with far less firmness than M. de Breteuil."

The Marchioness was much affected, and threw herself into her husband's arms with a degree of sensibility bordering on love.

"You see," continued the Marquess, "it is not difficult for a woman like you to remain virtuous, provided she places a little confidence in her husband. Had we acted otherwise than we have done you would have been ruined and abandoned, and perhaps this very moment in a convent."

"But how will you manage to bring to life a person whom all Versailles suppose to be dead?" inquired the Marchioness.

"The King knows that you are alive and allowed me to act as I have done, therefore we shall be able to manage that matter easily enough."

Nothing now remained but to exercise a little vengenbe against M. de Breteuil, and of course Madame de Charnay could not deny herself that satisfaction.

On the following day, when the Baron was with his betrothed for the purpose of singing the marriage contract the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open, and the Marquess and Marchioness de Charnay were announced.

On hearing the name of Madame de Charnay every one started, and M. de Breteuil involuntarily suffered the hand of his betrothed to escape him. Every one was desirous of knowing how Madame de Charnay, who was supposed to be dead, should happen to be more charming than ever, but the Marquess would enter into no explanation, and merely said that the report of the death, and the feigned interment were family matters, and had been concerted between Madame de Charney and himself.

Many jokes circulated on the subject, and the Marchioness was questioned about what news she had brought from the other world. At length she availed herself of an opportunity to approach M. de Breteuil, and slipping his letters into his hand, she said, "This is all the news I have brought from the other world, and really it was no worth going for."

The Marchioness was once more presented at court, where no one, the King and M. de Breteuil excepted knew the reason of the feigned death of the Marchioness, and the latter took good care not to say a word on the subject.

The King joked the Marquess about it, but begged him not to solicit his wife's death every three months. The Marquess assured his Majesty that if he had a danger of the same kind to dread, and he saw no reason for it, he would beg to be sent as ambassador to Constantinople or Morocco, where he would treat his wife as the Grand Seignor treats his favorite Sultana, and keep her in close confinement.

M. de Charnay was right—his wife remained faithful. The people of Versailles, however, could never be persuaded that the Marchioness had not ceased to exist, and continued to feel an awful dread whenever they met her; so much so, that when she died four years after, they expected she would rise again, and some went even so far as to state that they had actually seen her after her decease.

ROYAL WIVES OF THE EAST.—His four wives, very handsome, burned themselves with his body, as did five of his Cachemirian slave girls, one of whom, who was called the Lotus, or Lily, I often saw last year in my first visit to Lahore. Every thing was done to prevent it, but in vain. They were guaranteed in their rank, and in all their possessions, but they insisted upon it; and the account from the European officers who were present describes it as a most horrible sight. The four wives seated themselves on the pile with Runjeet Sing's head on their laps; and his principle wife desired Kurruck Sing, Runjeet's son and heir, Dhecan Sing, the late prime minister, to come to her upon the pile, and make the former take the Maharajah's dead hand in his own and swear to protect and favor Dheean Sing as Runjeet Sing had done; and she made the latter swear to bear the same true allegiance to the son which he had faithfully borne to his father. She then set fire to the pile with her own hands, and they are dead—nine living beings have perished together without a shriek or a groan. Cheeon Sing threw himself twice on the pile, and said he could not survive his master, but was dragged away by main force.—*Osborne's Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing.*

MOLLY PITCHER.—At the commecement of the battle of Monmouth, this intrepid woman contributed her aid by carrying water from a spring to a battery where her husband was employed in loading and firing a gun. At length he was shot dead tn her sight, just as she was leaving the spring, whereupon she flew to the spot, found her husband lifeless, and at the moment heard an officer who rode up, peremptorily order off the gun, 'for want of a man sufficiently dauntless to supply his place.' Indignant at this order, and stung by the remark, she promptly opposed it—demanded the post of her slain husband to avenge his death, flew to the gun, and to the admiration and astonishment of all who saw her, assumed and ably discharged the duties of the vacated post of cannonier, to the end of the battle! For this sterling demonstration of Whig spirit, Washington gave her a lieutenant's commision on the spot, which Congress afterward ratified, and granted her a sword, an epaulette and half pay, as a lieutenant, for life! She wore the epaulette, received the pay, and was called Capt. Molly, ever afterwards.

A SPRING MORNING.—For my own part, I value an hour in a spring morning, as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I feel myself awakened into being and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time, see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark and uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with sentiments of praise to the Great Author of nature. The mind in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.—*Addison.*

DEFICIENCY OF EVIDENCE.—A son of Galen who was very angry when any joke was paseed on physicians, once defended himself from railery by saying—"I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely," replied the wag "for you know dead men tell no tales."

GOOD FISHING.—It is said that trout are so plenty in Granville, in this State, that when one man is fishing for them, another is obliged to stand by the hook, with a club to prevent more than one biting at a time.—*Boston Transcript.*

INTERESTING TO PHRENOLOGISTS.—There is a man up town whose forehead is so high that he is obliged to go up garret to put his hat on.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1840.

☞ THE FORTUNES OF IDA.—The long promised and much talked of novel by our esteemed countryman, FAY, has at length made its appearance, and if it is a tale half as well told as the New York Mirror has represented it to be, it will have a "run" equal to any work of the class that has been issued from the press this season. Fay is a graceful and elegant writer, and "The Fortunes of Ida," we hope, will give additional weight to the reputation he has won by his "Norman Leslie." It is from the press of the Harpers, and will probably be for sale at most of our bookstores soon.

ALICE.—Bulwer, in the preface to a new edition of "Maltravers," lately published, says of Alice: "The conception is taken from real life; from a person I never saw but twice, and then she was no longer young, but whose history made on me a deep impression." Her early ignorance of home—her first love—the strange and affecting fidelity that she maintained, in spite of new ties—her final re-meeting with one lost and adored almost in childhood—all this, as shown in the novel, is but an imperfect transcript of the adventures of a *living* woman.

☞ F. W. THOMAS, author of "Clinton Bradshaw," has a new novel in press, called "Howard Pinkney." It is highly spoken of by some of the Philadelphia papers.

☞ The facetious Major of the New York Star, is completely enraptured with the *heels* of Mademoiselle Elssler. He thinks her a little the tallest *danseuse* that has ever cut "fantastic tricks" before an audience in this country. She receives $150 a night, at the Park, for her services. A dancing woman can craze the head of a New Yorker any time, and fill a house to a "jam," when every other means has failed.

☞ The New York papers are lamenting most piteously because Fanny, poor Fanny Elssler, has been forced to retire from the stage for a few days, in consequence of an injury which she received whilst coming one of her "fancy touches" in one of her celebrated dances. We hope that her "trotters" will soon recover, for the particular benefit of the puff editors of old Gotham.

☞ Saratoga will be all the rage with the fashionables this season, and the "United States" will take the lead of the "Congress" of ancient days. By-the-by, there has been a new spring discovered, which is said to be superior to most of the old springs. Some of the water has been forwarded here, and we shall probably *know* who has it for sale, when we see it advertised.

☞ Notwithstanding the general complaint of the "hardness of the times and scarcity of money," people *will* travel. There has been less, however, this spring than in former years, but the amount is daily increasing, and the present summer will witness as much "locomotion" as any season for years past.

☞ The Bostonians, as Platonic a set of folks as they are, have a relish that is "werry pecoolar," as Sammy Weller says, for the luxuries of the season. They are now going it in strawberries in a way that is death to "cream."

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

PIC-NIC PARTY AT PENFIELD.

In these latter days, Mr. Editor, it is very customary to notice through the columns of the public prints, in puffs "long and loud," concerts, May parties, theatrical exhibitions, and almost every thing else of a similar character. I do not intend, however, to puff either a concert, May party or theatrical exhibition; but by your leave, through the columns of your paper, give a brief, simple sketch of a Pic-Nic party, given by the young ladies of Penfield, on the afternoon of the 9th inst.

At three o'clock, the *fair* of the village and its vicinity, than whom the Empire State can boast of none more fair, were assembled in a small, beautiful grove near the village. The selection could not have been more judicious. It was in the midst of

"Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between."

On two sides of the grove glide gently along over their pebbly beds, two beautiful streams of water, which, from their high banks, (one of which was christened by the party, "The Lover's Leap,") in connection with the wild and romantic scenery, presented a very picturesque appearance. On the remaining two sides, the grove was enclosed by a hedge, which in beauty and neatness would not suffer in comparison with the one which all saw on "Terrace Green." The tables were arranged and decorated with a beauty and taste that cannot be excelled; and that, too, by the fair hands of those who were there to attend them.—The band of musicians who were there, are entitled to great praise for their contributions to the festivities of the occasion, for never did music sound so sweet, or break on the ear in strains so melodious.

Soon followed the lively dance. All were enlivened and gladdened by the smiles, the hearty laugh, the witty jokes and keen repartees of "fair women and brave men,"

"As they tripped the light fantastic toe;"

and all went

"Merry as a marriage bell."

The cold, stiff formality which is too much indulged in our cities and larger towns, and which often destroys the pleasure of such convivial meetings, was a stranger there. All was perfectly natural and unaffected—every movement was characterized with that beauty and grace which are always exhibited on such occasions, when untrammeled by dull formalities. The pleasantness of the weather, the beauty of the grove, the still greater beauty of the ladies so tastefully attired, so smiling, so cheerful,

"With spirits as buoyant as air,"

the refreshments, the soft, sweet strains of the music, the dance—all, all presented a scene which mortals are seldom permitted to enjoy. But it was

"Like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then gone forever."

Before any of the happy party were aware of the approach of evening, its shades began to steal "thick and fast" upon them. The sun was slowly, and with a seeming reluctance, silently hiding himself behind the hills, gently reminding the company that it was time to bring this glorious meeting to a close. That evening,

"The sun went to sleep with a smile on his face,
And the fair moon arose with a soft, melting grace."

All regretted that this happy scene could continue no longer. Who could refrain from complaining that such a company of youth, beauty and innocence, free from affectation and hypocritical pretensions, should be dissolved? The most pleasing associations will ever cluster about the minds of all who were there, when in after times it reverts to that holiday festival. The rich, warm complexions, and the glowing cheeks of the fair who gave it, connect themselves with the idea of summer, with our pleasant, lovely June, all its fruits and flowers, its merry sports and light amusements, and a thousand pleasing recollections.—As they retired from this chosen spot,

"Their beauty hung upon the cheek of night,
Like rich jewels in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

X.

FORWARD, VERY.—"Isn't he a fine child?" said a sweet young mother, to an old crusty bachelor, as she exhibited, with a glow of honest pride, her first born. "Fine very" was the answer. "Oh, indeed he is, and so very *forward!*" continued the mother, as she removed her pretty lace cap from the bantling's head. "Forward! I never saw one quite so young *baldheaded*. Yes, he's forward, very."

☞ The hero of San Jacinto, Gen. Houston, is again *in arms*, having recently married a young lady of Marion, Alabama. We hope he will not within three months, "elope from her bed and board" as he did in the case of his former wife; but should he do so, we advise him to again betake himself to a residence with the western Indians, and to *make it permanent*.

SWEDISH DIET.

The following account of the ceremonial of the recent opening of the Swedish Diet is given in a letter from Stockholm: "The four orders, viz., the noble, 430 in number; the clergy, 51; the burgesses, 48; and the order of the peasantry, 150, first went in grand procession to the cathedral, preceeded, by 50 heralds and 100 hallebardiers, in the costume of the middle ages, wh ere they heard divine service occording to the Lutheran rites. Prince Oscar was also present, surrounded by pages and high dignitaries, and the congregation consisted of 3,000 persons of all ranks, including the Corps Diplomatique. On leaving the church the procession proceeded to the Palace where the four orders took their seats in a kind of ampitheatre in the centre. The seats above were filled with elegantly dressed females.—Around the throne were grouped the Grand Marshal, the President of the Diet, in ermine cloaks, and the Ministers wearing red robes trimmed with ermine. The King, who had the crown on his head, and the sceptre in his hand, wore an ermine cloak, the train of which was supported by two grand officers. Prince Oscar also wore a crown, but of much smaller dimensions. The Corps Diplomatique occupied a separate gallery. Just as the King was delivering the part of the speech in which he speaks of the period as being near at hand when he must, in the order of nature, descend into the tomb, a loose stone fell from a statue over the heads of the order of the clergy, and fell with great force close to the Primate, the Archbishop of Upsal, and six Bishops who were sitting with him, but fortunately no person was injured."

A gentleman upon being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steamboat boiler exploded, is said to have replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife, that mere steam had no effect on him.

THE OTHER SIDE OF "DOWN EAST."—Dan Marble says that his grandfather owned a farm which laid so far east that he had to cut away the trees to let the sun rise!

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."

AN IMPRESSION.—A Western preacher commences a sermon as follows: "My impression is my hearers, that we must all die sooner or later."

Fortitude.—A hungry man standing unmoved amidst the ringing of dinner bells, the elashing of dishes and the smell of roast turkey.

The Emperor of Morocco, has a regiment of 500 men, all his own sons. This is a caution to old Bachelors.

ODD FELLOWS.—Those who pay their debts.

☞ The following beautiful Ballad we believe has not yet been published, but it is sung by Mr. Russell with much effect. The author to whom we are indebted for a copy, accompanies it with an introduction which we subjoin.—Ed. Gem.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"Rockaway," is situate upon the eastern shore of Long-Island, and is one of the most favorite maritime resorts upon our coast. For the sublimity and grandeur of its scenic representation, it stands unrivalled.

The contemplative mind, as it muses on its shingly beach, is awakened to devotion, and the language of inspiration irresistibly escapes from his lips—

"Thus far shalt thou go—but no farther!—
Here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

The waters of the vast Atlantic, fade in the distant horizon—the sportive winds and the receding surf, mingle their wild music in delightful harmony—a refreshing shower descends, and the rain-bow stretches her broad arch across the blue firmament—the sun bursts forth with renovated splendor, then sinks to rest beneath the fathomless abyss—twilight succeeds, and the moon,

Majestic rising from her silvery bed,
Darts her pale beams of mild and mellow light,
Over the waste of waters, and finishes the scene.

"ROCKAWAY."—A Ballad.

WRITTEN FOR HENRY RUSSELL—BY HENRY JOHN SHARPE, OF NEW YORK.

"Thus far shalt thou go—and no further!—
Here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

On 'auld' Long-Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whil'd away,
In list'ning to the breaker's roar
That dash the beach at Rockaway;
Transfix'd I've stood while Nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke—
And catching its promethean fire
My inmost soul to rapture woke:
On 'auld' Long-Island's, &c. &c.

O! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet,
Marking the billows as they roll
And break, resistless at your feet;—
To watch young *Iris* as she dips
Her mantle in the spark'ling dew—
And chas'd by *Sol*, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue:
On 'auld' Long-Island's, &c. &c.

To hear the start'ling night-wind sigh
As dreamy twilight lull to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects on high,
Her image in the mighty deep;—
Majestic scene! where nature dwells
Profound in everlasting love—
While her unmeasur'd music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
On 'auld' Long-Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour Iv'e whil'd away,
In list'ning to the breaker's roar
That wash the beach at "Rockaway."

To My Wife.

Pillow thy head upon this heart,
My own, my cherished wife!
And let us for one hour forget
The dreary path of life.
Then let me kiss thy tears away,
And bid remembrance flee
Back to the days of halcyon youth,
When all was hope and glee.

Fair was the early promise, love,
Of our joy-freighted barque;
Sunlit and lustrous too the skies,
Now all so dim and dark.
Over a stormy sea, dear wife,
We drove with shattered sail;
But love sits smiling at the helm,
And mocks the threatning gale.

Come, let me part those clustering curls,
And gaze upon thy brow;
How many, many memories
Sweep o'er my spirit now!
How much of happiness and grief—
How much of hope and fear—
Breathe from each dear lov'd lineament
Most eloquently here!

Thou gentle one! few joys remain
To cheer our lonely lot;
The storm has left our paradise
With but one sunny spot.
Hallowed fore'er will be that place,
To hearts like thine and mine;
'Tis where our childish hands upreared
Affection's earliest shrine!

Then nestle closer to this breast,
My fond and faithful dove!
Where, if not here, should be the ark
Of refuge for thy love?
The poor man's blessing and his curse
Pertain alike to me;
For shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife,
Am I not rich in thee?

Printing on Porcelain.—A work has recently been brought to this country which is probably the most beautiful of its kind extant. It is a table of porcelain, the top of which is composed of a single slab of Sevres China, nine feet six inches in circumference, on which are painted the portraits in miniature of Napoleon and 13 of his principal generals, executed by order of the Emperor by Isabey, the celebrated miniature painter. The generals Murat, Augereau, Soult, Mortier, Davoust, Marmont, Caulincourt, Duroc, Bessiers, Ney, Lannes, Bernadotte, (the present king of Sweden) and Alexander Berthier. The table was executed according to the directions of Napoleon, after he returned from the war in Germany. The artist proposed that each portrait should be painted on a separate piece, and afterwards set together on account of the difficulty of making a perfect slab of porcelain of the size required; but the Emperor insisted on its being made in one slab, that it might be a monument of the arts for future generations, and a memorial for posterity of the great generals who shared with him the glory of his victories. Isabey accordingly followed the orders of his imperial master, and completed the task after three unsuccessful attempts; for thrice was his labor lost by the painting being spoilt in the baking of the porcelain. His perseverance having overcome every obstacle, he succeded at length in producing this exquisite masterpiece of art. The Emperor was so satisfied with the production, the execution of which cost him £12000, that he allowed Isabey a pension of £250 per annum for life. The top is supported by a solid porcelain column three feet six inches in circumference, ornamented with five allegorical figures in relief, representing War, Victory, Plenty, Fame, and History. The table was ordered to be removed from Louvre by Louis XVIII, and was then privately sold, by order of the Municipal Corporation, to the individual who brought it over to England. It has attracted the attention of several noblemen and others curious in unique works of art.—*Eng. paper.*

The Torture Room in the Tower.—Quitting the cell, Cholmondeley turned off to the left, in the direction whence he imagined the shrieks had proceeded. Here he beheld a range of low strong doors, the first of which he unlocked with one of the jailer's keys. The prison was unoccupied. He opened the next, but with no better success. It contained nothing except a few rusty links of chain attached to an iron staple driven into the floor. In the third he found a few mouldering bones; and the fourth was totally empty. He then knocked at the doors of others, and called the miserable captive by her name in a loud voice, but no answer was returned. At the extremity of the passage he found an open door, leading to a small circular chamber, in the centre of which stood a heavy stone pillar. From this pillar projected a long iron bar, sustaining a coil of rope, terminated, by a hook. On the ground lay an immense pair of pincers, a curiously sharped saw, and a braiser. In one corner stood a large oaken frame about two feet high, moved by rollers. At the other end was a ponderous wooden machine, like a pair of stocks. Against the wall hung around hoop of iron, opening in the middle with a hinge—a horrible instrument of torture, termed "The Seavenger's Daughter." Near it were a pair of iron gauntlets, which could be contracted by screws till they crushed the fingers of the wearer. On the wall also hung a small brush to sprinkle the wretched victims who fainted with excess agony, with vinegar; while on the table beneath it were placed writing materials and an open volume, in which were taken down the confession of the sufferers.—*Ainsworth's tour of London.*

A characteristic anecdote is related of an out-at-elbows poet, who by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called to a lad, and said, 'Johnny, my boy, take this *William* and get it changed.' What do you mean by calling it *William?* inquired the wondering lad. 'Why, John, replied the poet, I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill.*'

Some paper or other gives an account of a lounger in its editorial office, who had been in the habit of sitting there so long, that when he died his shadow was found fixed upon the wall.

K. O. K. is the laconic order given to the conductors on the railroads south of New York. It means "Kill all cows."—*Boston Transcript.*

Reflections on Westminister Abbey.—I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature, in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her gay and most delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I record the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out, when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.—When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—*Addison.*

A Liberian Garden.—Gov. Buchanan, of Liberia, writes to the Board of Colonization Society as follows:

"I am making a fine garden, into which I wish to collect specimens of all kinds of African fruit, flowers, and plants, so that foreigners may see at the Government-House a fair sample of the beauties and excellencies of our country. I have already growing the tamarind, cinnamon, orange, lemon, lime, sour-sop, guova, pine-apple, coffee, pawpaw, grape, (both African and European,) cocoa, coko, pepper, aroeador, pear, rose-apple, American peach, mango, and cashew.

These are my fruits. I have also a great variety of vegetables and flowers. The cane field is in a fine state, and exhibits a most luxuriant growth; many of the stalks are ten and twelve feet high; this, for the second year, I am told, is very remarkable. I am clearing the ground, and have a number of hands employed in planting, with a view to extend the plantation to a hundred acres as soon as possible."

MARRIED:

In Auburn, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. J. F. Clark, Mr. John Gurney, of St. Albans, Ohio, to Miss Ruth Pierson, of Auburn, New York.

In Le Roy, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. E. Mead, Mr. THEODORE CHAMPION, to Miss ELEANOR J. COVERT.

In Mount Morris, on the 27th ult., Mr. Nathan Bills, of Cayuga county, to Miss Nancy Begole, of the former place.

In Auburn, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Dr. Mills, Mr. A. P. Morse, to Miss Louisa Smith.

On the 28th ult., by Ezra W. Bateman, Esq. Mr. Michael P. Baldwin, to Miss Elvira Bennett, all of Venice.

At Sheldon, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Peatman, George Humphrey, Esq. of Cayuga county, to Miss L. Williams, daughter of Godfrey Grosvenor, Esq.

THE GEM AND AMULET

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ROCHESTER GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Reflections of a Young Man, at the Grave of his Companion.

Beneath these cold clods lies at rest
All earthly joys I e'er possessed
That gave my heart emotion—
While others mingle with the fair,
I'll to this sacred spot repair,
And thy bless'd spirit in soft air
Shall witness my devotion.

Bless'd was the day when at my side
Thou stood'st a fair and lovely bride,
But oh! the sad emotion
That soon, ah soon did fill my breast,
When thou wast called from hence to rest,
We trust, forever with the bless'd,
In ceaseless, pure devotion.

Short was the time that thou didst stay
To strew sweet flowers along my way,
And smooth life's troubled ocean;
Five lonesome years have now rolled by,
Since thou wast called from hence to fly,
To join in realms of bliss on high,
Bright angels in devotion.

Let others join the noisy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In vanity's commotion;
For me—thy spirit let me hear,
Soft whisp'ring in my list'ning ear,
Bidding my soul look up nor fear
T' engage in pure devotion. J. B.

LOSING AND WINNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &C.

Think not, the husband gained, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The graces might, alone, his heart allure—
They and the virtues, meeting, must secure.
Lord Lyttleton.

Can I not win his love?
Is not his heart of "penetrable stuff?"
Will not submission, meekness, patience, truth,
Win his esteem?—a sole desire to please,
Conquer indifference?—they must—they will!
And me kind heaven, I'll try!

It was a bright and beautiful autumnal evening. The earth was clad in a garb of the richest and brightest hues; and the clear cerulean of the heavens gave place near the setting sun, to a glowing "saffron color," over which was hung a most magnificent drapery of crimson clouds.—Farther, toward both the north and south, were suspended here and there a sable curtain, fringed with gold, folded as but one hand could fold them. They seemed a fitting drapery to shroud the feet of Him "who rideth upon the wings of the wind."

Such was the evening on which Edward Cunningham conducted his fair bride into the mansion prepared for their reception. But had both earth and heaven been decked with ten-fold splendor, their beauty and magnificence would have been lost to him; for his thoughts, his affections, his whole being were centered in the graceful creature that leaned on his arm, and whom he again and again welcomed to her new abode—her future home. He forgot that he still moved in a world that was groaning under the pressure of unnumbered evils; forgot that earthly joy is oft times but a dream, a fanatasy, that vanishes like the shadow of a summer cloud that flits across the landscape; or as the morning vapor before the rising sun; forgot that all on this side of heaven, is fleeting, and changeable and false. In his bride, the object of his fondest love, he felt that he possessed a treasure whose smile would be unclouded sunshine to his soul; whose society would make another Eden bloom for him. It was but six short months since he first saw her who was now his wife; and for nearly that entire period he had been in a "delirium of love," intent only on securing her as his own. He attained his object, and his life seemed spread before him, a paradise of delight—blooming with roses, unaccompanied by thorns.

Joy and sorrow, in this world, dwell side by side. In a stately mansion, two doors only from the one that had just received the joyful bridegroom and happy bride, dwelt one who had been four weeks a wife. On that same bright evening she was sitting in the solitude of her richly furnished chamber, her elbows resting on a table, her hands supporting her head, while a letter lay spread before her, on which her eyes blinded by tears, were rivited. The letter was from her husband. He had been from home nearly three weeks, in which time she had heard from him but once, and then only by a verbal message. The letter that lay before her had just arrived; it was the first that she had ever received from her husband, and ran thus:

MRS. WESTBURY: Thinking that you might possibly expect to see me at home this week, I write to inform you that business will detain me in New York some time longer.

Yours, &c. FREDRIC WESTBURY.

For a long time the gentle, the feeling Julia, indulged her tears, and her grief without restraint. Again and again, she read the laconic epistle before her, to ascertain what more might be made of it than at first met the eye. But nothing could be clothed in plainer language or be more easily understood. It was as brief and as much to the point as those interesting letters which debtors sometimes receive from their creditors, through the agency of an attorney. "Did ever youthful bride," thought she, "receive from her husband such a letter as this? He strives to show me the complete indifference and coldness of his heart toward me. O, why did I accept his hand, which was rather his father's offering than his own?—Why did I not listen to my reason, rather than to my fond and foolish heart, and resist the kind old man's reasonings and pleading? Why did I believe him when he told me I should win his son's affections? Did I not know his heart was given to another? Dear old man, he fondly believed his son Frederic's affections could not long be withheld from one whom he himself loved so tenderly—and how eagerly I drank in his assurances! Amid all the sorrow that I felt, while kneeling by his dying bed, how did my heart swell with undefinable pleasure, as he laid his hand, already chilled by death, upon my head, gave me his parting blessing, and said that his son would love me! Mistaken assurance! ah, why did I fondly trust it? Were I now free!—free!—would I then have the knot untied that makes me his for life? Not for a world like this! Nay, he is mine and I am his; by the laws of God and man, WE ARE ONE. He must sometimes be at home, and an occasional hour in his society, will be a dearer bliss than aught this world can bestow beside. His father's blessing is still warm at my heart! I still feel his hand on my head! Let me act as he trusted I should act, and all may yet be well. Duties are mine—and thine, heavenly Father, are results. Overlook my infirmities, forgive all that needs forgiveness, sustain my weakness, and guide me by thine unerring wisdom." She fell on her knees to continue her supplication and pour out her full soul before her Father in heaven; and when she arose, her heart, if not happy, calm; her brow, if not cheerful, was serene.

Frederic Westbury was an only child. He never enjoyed the advantages of maternal instruction, impressed on the heart by maternal tenderness—for his mother dying before he was three years old, all recollection of her had faded from his memory. Judge Westbury was one of the most amiable, one of the best of men; but with regard to his son, he was too much like the venerable Israelitish priest. His son, like other sons, often did that which was wrong, "and he restained him not." He was neither negligent in teaching, nor in warning; but instruction and warning did not, as they ever should do, go hand-in-hand; and for want of this discipline, Frederic grew up with passions uncontrolled—with a will unsubdued. He received a finished education, and his mind, which was of a high order, was richly stored with knowledge. His pride of character was great, and he looked down with contempt upon all that was dishonorable or vicious. He had a chivalrous generosity, and a frankness of disposition that led him to detest concealment or deceit. He loved or hated with his whole soul. In person he was elegant; his countenance was marked with intellect and strong feeling; and he had the bearing of a prince. Such was Frederic Westbury at the age of four and twenty.

About a year before his marriage, Frederic became acquainted with Maria Eldon, a young lady of great beauty of person, and fascination of manner, who at once enslaved his affections.—But against Miss Eldon, Judge Westbury had conceived a prejudice, and for once in his life, was obstinate in refusing to indulge his son in the wish of his heart. He foresaw, or thought he did so, the utter ruin of that son's happiness, should he so ally himself. He had selected a wife for his son, a daughter-in-law for himself, more to his own taste. Julia Horton was possessed of all he thought valuable or fascinating in woman. Possibly Frederic might have thought so too, had he known her ere his heart was in possession of another; but being pointed out to him as one to whom he must transfer his affections, he looked on her with aversion, as the chief obstacle to the realization of his wishes. Julia was born, and had been educated in a place remote from Judge Westbury's residence; but from her infancy, he had seen her from time to time, as business led him into that part of the country in which her parents resided. In her childhood she entwined herself around the heart of the Judge; and from that period he looked on her as the future wife of his son. His views and wishes, however, were strictly confined to his own breast, until, to his dismay, he found that his son's affections were entangled. This discovery was no sooner made than he wrote a pressing letter to Julia, who was now an orphan, to come and make him a visit of a few weeks. The reason he gave was, that his health was rapidly declining, (which was indeed too true,) and he felt that her society would be a solace to his heart. Julia came; she saw Frederic; heard his enlightened conversation; observed his polished manners; remarked the lofty tone of his feelings; and giving the reins to her fancy, without consulting reason or prudence, she loved him. Too late for her security, but too soon for her peace, she learned that he loved another. Dreading lest she should betray her folly to the object of her unsought affection, she wished immediately to return to her native place. But to this Judge Westbury would not listen.—He soon discovered the state of her feelings, and it gave him unmingled satisfaction. It argued well for the success of his dearest earthly hope, and as his strength was rapidly declining, consumption having fastened her deadly fangs upon

him, to hasten him to the grave, he gave his whole mind to the accomplishment of his design. At first his son listened to the subject with disgusted impatience; but his feelings softened as he saw his father sinking to the tomb; and, in an unguarded hour, he promised him that he would make Julia his wife. Judge Westbury exerted himself to obtain a promise from Julia, that she would accept the hand of his son; and he rested not until they had mutually plighted their faith at his bed side. To Frederic this was a moment of unmingled misery. He saw that his father was dying, and felt constrained to promise his hand to one woman, while his heart was in the possession of another.

Julia's emotions were of the most conflicting character. To be the plighted bride of the man she loved, made her heart throb with joy, and her faith in his father's assurance, that she would win his affections, sustained her hope, that his prediction would be verified. Yet when she marked the countenance of her future husband, her heart sank within her. She could not flatter herself into the belief, that its unmingled gloom arose solely from grief at the approaching death of his father. She felt that he was making a sacrifice of his fondest wishes at the shrine of filial duty.

Judge Westbury died; and almost with his parting breath pronounced a blessing upon Julia, as his daughter; the wife of his son—most solemnly repeating his conviction that she would soon secure the heart of her husband!

Immediately on the decease of her friend and father, Julia returned home, and in three months Frederic followed her to fulfil his promise. He was wretched, and would have given a world had he possessed it, to be free from his engagement. But that could never be. His word had been given to his father, and must be religiously redeemed. "I will make her my wife," thought he; "I promised my father that I would. Thank Heaven, I never promised to love her!" Repugnant as such a union was to his feelings, he was really impatient to have it completed; for as his idea of his duty and obligation went not beyond the bare act of making her his wife, he felt that, that done, he should be comparatively a free man.

"I am come," he said to Julia, "to fulfil my engagement. Will you name a day for the ceremony?

His countenance was so gloomy, his manners so cold—so utterly destitute of tenderness or kindly feeling, that something like terror seized Julia's heart; and without making any reply, she burst into tears.

"Why these tears, Miss Horton?" said he; our mutual promise was given to my father; it is fit we redeem it."

"No particular time was specified," said Julia, timidly, and with a faltering voice. "Is so much haste necessary?"

"My father wished that no unnecessary delay should be made," said Frederic, "and I can see no reason why we should not as well be married now, as at any future period. If you consult my wishes, you will name an early day."

The day was fixed, and at length arrived, presenting a striking anomaly of a man eagerly hastening to the altar, to utter vows from which his heart recoiled, and a woman going to it with trembling and reluctance, though about to be united to him who possessed her undivided affections.

The wedding ceremony over, Mr. Westbury immediately took his bride to his elegantly furnished house; threw it open for a week to receive bridal visits; and then gladly obeyed a summons to New York, to attend to some affairs of importance. On leaving home he felt as if relieved from bondage. A sense of propriety had constrained him to receive the congratulations of his friends, with an air of satisfaction at least; while those very congratulations congealed his heart, by bringing to mind the ties he had formed with one he could not love, to the impossibility of his forming them with one whom he idolized. When he had been absent about ten days, he availed himself of an opportunity to send a verbal message to his wife, informing her that he was well, and should probably be at home in the course of two weeks; but when that period was drawing toward a close, his business was not completed, and, as home was the last place he wished to visiit, he resolved to protract his absence, so long as he had a reasonable excuse. "I must write, and inform her of the change in my plan," thought he; "decency demands it, yet how can I write? My dear Julia!—My dear wife! No such thing—she is not dear to me!

'Ce cœur au moins, difficile a dorater
Ne peut aimer no par ordre d'un pere,
Ni par raison.'

"She is my wife—she is Mrs. Westbury, she is mistress of my house, and must share my fortune—let that suffice her! It must have been for these that she married me. A name! a fortune! an elegant establishment! Mean! ambitious! heartless! Thou, Maria—bright, beautiful and tender—thou wouldst have married me for myself! Alas! I am undone! O my father!" Under the influence of feelings like these, he wrote the laconic epistle which cost his bride so many bitter tears.

It was at the close of about two weeks from this, that Julia was sitting one evening in her parlor, dividing the time betwixt her work and a book, when the door bell rang, and a minute after the parlor door opened, and Mr. Westbury entered. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, she sprang forward, her hand half extended to meet his—but his ceremonious bow, and cold "good evening, Mrs. Westbury," recalled her recollection, and scarcely able to reply to his civility, she sank back on her chair. She thought she was prepared to see him cold and distant—thought she expected it—but she had deceived herself. Notwithstanding all her bitter ruminations on her husband's indifference toward her, there had been a little under current of hope, playing at the bottom of her heart, and telling her he might return more cordial than he went. His cold salutation, and colder eye, sent her to her seat, disappointed, sick at heart, and nearly fainting. In a minute, however, she recovered her self-possession, and made those inquiries concerning his health and journey, that propriety dictated. In spite of himself, she succeeded in some degree in drawing him out. She was gentle, modest and unobtrusive; and good sense and propriety were conspicuous in all she said. Besides, she looked very pretty. Her figure, though rather below the medium size, was very fine—her hand and foot of unrivaled beauty. She dressed with great simplicity, but good taste was apparent in every thing about her person. She wore her dress, too, with a peculiar grace, equally remote from precision and negligence. Her features were regular, and her complexion delicate; but the greatest attraction of her face, was the facility and truth with which it expressed every feeling of the heart. When Mr. Westbury first entered the parlor, an observer might have pronounced her beautiful; but the bright glow of transient joy that then kindled her cheek, had faded away, and left her pale—so pale, that Mr. Westbury inquired, even with some little appearance of interest, "whether her health was as good as usual?" Her voice, which was always soft and melodious, was even softer and sweeter than usual, as she answered "that it was." Mr. Westbury at length went so far as to make some inquiries relative to her occupation during his absence, whether she had called on the new bride, Mrs. Cunningham, and other questions of similar consequence. For the time he forgot Maria Eldon, was half unconscious that Julia was his wife—and viewing her only as a companion, he passed an hour or two very comfortably.

One day when Mr. Westbury came to dinner, Julia handed him a card of compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, who were about giving a splendid party.

"I have returned no answer," said Julia, "not knowing whether you would wish to accept the invitation or not."

"For yourself, you can do as you please, Mrs. Westbury—but I shall certainly attend it."

"I am quite indifferent about the party," said Julia, "as such scenes afford me little pleasure; but should be pleased to do as you think proper—as you think best." Her voice trembled a little, as she spoke, for she had not yet become sufficiently accustomed to Mr. Westbury's brusque manner toward herself to bear it with perfect firmness. "I should think it very suitable that you pay Mr. and Mrs. Brooks this attention," Mr. Westbury replied.

Nothing more was said on this subject, and Julia returned an answer agreeable to the wishes of her husband.

The evening to visit Mrs. Brooks at length arrived, and Julia repaired to her bed-chamber to dress for the occasion. To render herself pleasing in the eyes of her husband, was the sole wish of her heart; but how to do this was the question. She would have given the world to know his taste, his favorite colors, and other trifles of the like nature—but of these she was completely ignorant, and must therefore be guided by her own fancy. "Simplicity," thought she—"simplicity is the surest way; for it never offends, if it does not captivate." Accordingly, she arrayed herself in plain satin—and over her shoulders was thrown a white blonde mantle, with an azure border, while a girdle of the same hue encircled her waist. Her toilet completed, Julia descended to the parlor, her shawl and calash in her hand. Mr. Westbury was waiting for her, and just casting his eyes over her person, he said—"if you are ready, Mrs. Westbury, we will go immediately, as it is now late." Most of the guests were already assembled when they arrived at the mansion open for their reception, and it was not quite easy to get access to the lady of the house, to make their compliments. This important duty, however, was at length happily accomplished, and Mr. Westbury's next effort was to obtain a seat for his wife. She would have preferred retaining his arm, at least for a while, as few persons present were known to her, and she felt somewhat embarrassed and confused; but she durst not say so, as, from her husband's manner, she saw that he wished to be free from such attendance. In such matters the heart of a delicate and sensitive woman seldom deceives her. Is it that her instincts are superior to those of men?

Julia had been seated but a short time before Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham approached her, and entered into a lively conversation. This was a great relief to Julia, who could have wept at her solitary and neglected situation, alone, in the midst of a crowd. Mrs. Cunningham was in fine spirits, and her husband appeared the happiest of the happy. Not that he appeared particularly to enjoy society—but his blooming wife was by his side, and his eyes rested on her with looks of the tenderest love—while the sound of her voice seemed constantly to awaken a thrill of pleasure in his heart. After conversing with Julia awhile, Mrs. Cunningham said—

"Do you prefor sitting to walking, Mrs. Westbury? Pray take my arm and move about with us a little—it looks so dull for persons to sit, through a party."

Julia gladly excepted the offer, and was soon drawn away from herself, in listening to the lively rattle of her companion, who althoagh only a resident of a few weeks in the city, seemed already acquainted with all the gentlemen and half the ladies present. An hour had been passed in this manner, and in partaking of the various refreshments that were provided—to which Julia did little honor, though this was of no consequences, as Mrs. Cunningham amply made up all her deficencies of this kind—when the sound of music in another room attracted their attention.

Julia was extremely fond of music, and as their present situation, amid the confusion of tongues, was very unfavorable for its enjoyment, Mr. Cunnigham proposed that they should endeavor to make their way to the music room. After considerable detention, they succeeded in accomplishing their object, so far at least as to see fairly within the door. Considering the number of persons present, and how few there are that do not prefer the music of their own tongues to any other melody, the room was remarkably still—a compliment deserved by the young lady who sat at the piano, who played and sung with great skill and feeling, Julia's attention was soon attracted to her husband, who was standing on the opposite side of the room, leaning against the wall, his arms folded across his breast, his eyes resting on the performer with an expression of warm admiration, while a deep shade of melancholy was cast over his features. Julia's heart beat tumultuously. "Is it the music," thought she, "or the musician that thus rivets his attention? Would I knew who it is that plays so sweetly!" She did not long remain in doubt. The song finished, all voices were warm in its praise. "How delightfully Miss Eldon plays, and with what feeling she sings!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. "I never listened to a sweeter voice."

The blood rushed to Julia's head, and back again to her heart like a torrent; a vertigo seized her: and all the objects before her, were for a moment an indistinct whirling mass. But she did not faint, she did not even betray her feelings, though she took the first opportunity to leave the room and obtain a seat. For a long time she was unconscious of all that was passing around her; she could not even think—she only felt. Her husband's voice was the first thing that aroused her attention. He was standing near her with another gentleman; but it was evident that neither of them was aware of her proximity.

"Mrs. Brooks looks uncommonly well to night," said Mr. Westbury's companion; "her dress is peculiarly becomming."

"It would be," said Mr. Westbury, "were it not

for those blue ribands; but I can think no lady looks well who has any of that odious color about her."

"It is one of the most beautiful and delicate colors in the world," said the other gentleman. "I wonder at your taste."

"It does finely in its place," said Mr. Westbury—"that is—in the heavens above our heads."

Julia wished her mantle and girdle in Africa—"yet why," thought she. "I dare say he is ignorant that I have any of the color he so much dislikes about me. His heart belongs to another, and he cares nor—minds not, how she is clad whom he calls wife."

Mr. Westbury and his friend now moved to another part of the room, and it was as much as Julia could do to answer with propriety the few remarks that a passing acquaintance now and then made to her. At length the company began to disperse, and presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading Miss Eldon from the room. His head was inclined toward her; a bright hectic spot was on his cheek, and he was speaking to her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time enough to remark all this, ere they left the room. "Oh, that I were away!" thought she, "that I were at home! that I were—in my grave!" She sat perfectly unconscious of all that was going forward, until Mr. Westbury came to her, inquiring whether she meant to be the last to take leave? Julia mechanically arose, mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks, and scarcely knew any thing till she arrived at her own door. Just touching her husband's hand, she sprung from the carriage and flew to her chamber. For a while she walked the floor in an agony of feeling. The constraint under which she had labored, served but to increase the violence of her emotion, now that she was free to indulge it. "Oh, why did I attend this party?" at lengeth thought she, "Oh what have I not suffered?" After a while, however, her reason began to operate. "What have I seen that I ought not to have expected?" She asked herself. "What have I learned that I knew not before, except," she added, "a trifling fact concerning my husband's taste?" Julia thought long and deeply; her spirits became calm: she renewed former resolutions; looked to heaven for wisdom to guide, and strength to sustain her; and casting aside the mantle, which would henceforth be useless to her, she hastely threw a shawl over her shoulders, to conceal the unlucky girdle, and, though the hour was late, she descended to the parlor. Mr. Westbury was sitting by a table, leaning his head on his hand. It was not easy for Julia to address him on any subject not too exciting to her feelings—still more difficult perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness; yet she succeeded in doing both. The question the asked led Mr. Westbury to look up, and she was struck by the death-like paleness on her cheek. Julia could by an effort control her voice; she could in some degree subdue her feelings; but she could not command the expression of her countenance—could not bid the blood visit or recede from her cheeks at her will. She knew not, indeed that at this time she was pale; her own face was the last thing in her mind. Mr. Westbury had no sooner answered her question, than he added—"You had better retire, Mrs. Westbury; you look as if the fatigues of the evening had been too much for you."

"Fatigues of the evening. Agonies rather," thought Julia; but, thanking him for his "kind" advice, she immediately retired to her chamber.

Until this evening Mr. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss E. since his marriage. He had avoided seeing her, being conscious that she retained her full power over his heart; and sense of rectitude forbade his indulging a passion for one woman, while he was the husband of another. Miss Eldon suspected this, and felt piqued at his power over himself. Her heart fluttered with satisfaction when she saw him enter Mrs. Brooks' drawing room, and she resolved to ascertain whether her influence over his affections was diminished. She mortified and chagrined, that even here he kept aloof from her, giving her only a passing bow, as he walked to another part of the room. It was with unusual pleasure that she complied with a request to sit at the piano, for she well knew the power of music—of her own music—over his heart. Never before had she touched the keys with so much interest. She did her best and soon found that she had fixed the attention of him alone she cared to please. After singing one or two modern songs, she began one that she had learned at Mr. Westbury's request, at the period when he used to visit her almost daily. It was Burns' "Ye banks and braces of bonny Doon," and was with him a great favorite. When Miss Eldon came to the lines—

"Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed never to return"—

she raised her eyes to his face, and in an instant he forgot every thing but himself. "Her happiness is sacrified as well as my own," thought he; and leaning his head against the wall of the room, he gave himself up to love and melancholy. The song concluded, however, he regained some control over his feelings, and still kept at a distance from her: nay, conquered himself so far as to repair to the drawing-room, to escape from her dangerous vicinity. He saw her not again until she was equipped for her departure. Then she contrived to get near him, and threw so much sweetness and melancholy into her voice, as she said, "good night, Mr. Westbury," that he was instantly disarmed—and drawing her arm within his, conducted her from the room.

"How," said he, in a low and tremulous tone, "how, Maria, could you sing that song, to horrow up my feelings? Time was, when to be near thee—to listen to thee, was my felicity; but now, duty forbids that I indulge in the dangerous delight."

Miss Eldon replied not—but raised her eyes to his face, while she repressed a half-drawn sigh, Not another word was uttered until they had exchanged "adieus" at the carriage door.

Two or three weeks passed away without the occurrence of any incident calculated to excite peculiar uneasiness in the heart of Julia. True, her husband was still the cold, the ceremonious, and occasionally the abrupt Mr. Westbury; he passed but little even of his leisure time at home, and she had never met his eye when it expressed pleasure or even approbation. But he did not grow more cold—more ceremonious; the time he passed at his own fireside, rather increased than diminished—and for all this she was thankful. Her efforts to please were unceasing. Her home was kept in perfect order and every thing was done in time, and well done. Good taste and good judgment were displayed in every arrangement. Her table was always spread with great care, and if her husband partook of any dish with peculiar relish, she was careful to have it repeated, but at such intervals as to gratify rather than cloy the appetite. In her dress she was peculiarly neat and simple, carefully avoiding every article of apparel that was tinctured with the "odious color." She had naturally a fine mind, which had the advantage of high cultivation; and without being obtrusive, or aiming at display, she strove to be entertaining and companionable. Above all, she constantly maintained a placid, if not a cheerful brow, knowing that nothing is so repulsive as a discontented, frowning face. She felt that nothing was unimportant that might either please or displease her husband, his heart was the prize she was endeavoring to win, and the happiness of her life depended on the sentiments he should ultimately entertain toward her! Every thing she did was done, not only properly, but gracefully; and though she never wearied in her efforts, she would oftentimes sigh that they were so unsuccessful. She sometimes feared that her very anxiety to please, blinded her as to the best manner of doing so; and would often repeat with a sigh, after some new, and apparently useful effort—

"Je le servirals mieux, si je l'cusse aime moins."

The first thing to disturb the kind of quiet that Julia enjoyed, was the prospect of another party. One morning, while at the breakfast table, a card was brought in from Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who were to be at home on Friday evening. After looking at the card, Julia handed it to Mr. Westbury in silence.

"It will be proper that we accept the invitation," said Mr. Westbury.

The remembrance of the agony she endured at the last party she attended, caused Julia's voice to tremble a little, as she said—

"Just as you think best; but for my own part, I should seldom attend a party for the sake of enjoyment."

"If Mrs. Westbury thinks it proper to immure herself as if in a convent, she can;" said Mr. Westbury; "for myself I feel that society has claims on me that I wish to discharge."

"I will go if you think there would be any impropriety in my staying away," said Julia.

"Situated as you are, I think there would," said Mr Westbury. "Situated as I am!" thought Julia; "what does he mean? Does he refer to my station in society? or does he fear the world think me an unhappy wife, that wishes to seclude herself from observation?"

In the course of the morning, Julia called on Mrs. Cunningham, and found that lady and her husband discussing the point, whether or not they should attend Mrs. Parker's party.

"Are you going, Mrs. Westbury?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes—Mr. Westbury thinks we had better do so," Julia replied.

"Hear that, Edward," said Mrs. Cunningham. "You perceive that Mr. Westbury likes that his wife should entjoy the pleasures of society."

Mr. Cunningham looked a little hurt, as he said—"My dear Lucy, am I not more than willing to indulge you in every thing that will add to your happiness! I have only been trying to convince you how much more comfortnble we should be by our fireside, than in such a crowd as must be encountered at Mrs. Parkers. For myself, the society of my wife is my highest enjoyment, and of her conversation I never grow weary."

"Thank you for your compliment, dear," said Mrs. Cunningham—"and we will settle the question at another time."

One of the first persons Julia distinguished amid the company, as she entered Mrs. Parker's drawing room, was Mrs. Cunningham, who gave her a nod, and an exulting smile, as much as to say—"you see I have carried the day!" Julia had endeavored to arm herself for this evening's trial, should Miss Eldon make one of the company; and accordingly she was not surprised, and not much moved, when she saw her husband conversing with that young lady. She was too delicate in feeling, too refined in manner, to watch them, even long enough to catch the expression of Mr. Westbury's face; but resolutely turning her eyes another way, she endeavored to enter into conversation with the persons near her.

Mr. Westbury had not been in Mrs. Parker's drawing room half an hour, ere Miss Eldon contrived to place herself in such a situation as to render it impossible for him to avoid addressing her; and this point once gained, to escape from her was impracticable. A strong sense of honor alone led him to wish to escape, as to be near her was to him the most exquisite happiness; but the greater the delight, the more imminent the danger; of this he was sensible, and it was not without some resistance that he yielded to her fascination. Could she once secure his heart, and at those moments when she was sure that no ear heard, and no eye observed her but his own, she let an occasional touch of the penserosa mingle so naturally with her half-subdued sprightliness, as to awaken, in all their original strength, those feelings and those regrets he was striving to subdue. For the time he forgot every thing but that they mutually loved, and were mutually happy. They had been standing together a considerable length of time, when they were joined by Mr. Cunningham, who abruptly remarked—

"You don't enjoy yourself this evening, Mr. Westbury."

"What makes you think so?" Mr. Westbury inquired.

"You look worn out, just as I feel," answered Mr. Cunningham; "how strange it is," he added, "that married men will suffer themselves to be drawn into such crowds?"

"Why not married men as well as bachelors?" asked Miss Eldon.

"Because they relinquish real happiness and comfort, for a fatiguing pleasure—if pleasure it can be called," answered Cunningham. "One's own hearth, and one's own wife, is the place, and the society, for unalloyed enjoyment. Am I not right, Westbury?"

Miss Eldon cast her eyes on Mr. Westbury, as she waited to hear his answer, and an expression, compounded of curiosity, contempt and satisfaction, met his eye. It was the first time he had ever remarked an unlovely, and unamiable expression on her countenance. He calmly replied to Mr. Cunningham—

"Unquestionably the pleasures of domestic happiness are the most pure, the most rational that can be enjoyed."

"O, it is strange," said Mr. Cunningham, "that any one would willingly exchange them for crowded rooms, and pestilential vapors, such as we are now inhaling! There is nothing to be gained in such a company as this. Take any dozen, or half dozen of them by themselves, and you might stand some chance to be entertained and instructed; but bring them all together, and each one seems to think it a duty to give himself up to frivolity and nonsense. I doubt whether there have been a

hundred sensible words uttered here to-night, except by yonder circle of which Mrs. Westbury seems to be the centre. There seems to be something like rational conversation there."

Mr. Westbury turned his eyes, and saw that Julia was surrounded by the clite of the party, who all seemed to be listening with pleased attention to a conversation that was evidently carried on between herself and Mr. Eveleth, a gentleman who was universally acknowledged as one of the first rank and talent in the city. For a minute Mr. Westbury suffered his eyes to rest on Julia. Her cheek was suffused with the beautiful cermine tint of modesty, and her eyes were beaming with intellectual light, while over her features was spread a slight shade of care, as if the heart was not perfectly at ease. "She certainly looks very well," was Mr. Westbury's thought; and the feeling was one of gratified pride, that she who was inenviably his wife, did not find her proper level among the light, the vain and frivolous.

"You have been delightfully attentive to your wife, this evening, my dear," said Mrs. Cunningham to her husband as soon as they were seated in their carriage, on their way home.

"I am not sensible of having neglected you, Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham.

"No—I suppose not; nor of having been very attentive to another."

"I certainly am not. To whom do you allude too?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Cunningham, "that Mr. Westbury is equally unconscious of having his attention engrossed by any particular individual."

"You surely cannot mean that I was particularly attentive to Miss Eldon, Lucy?"

"O, how could I mean so?" said Mrs. Cunningham, with a kind of laugh that expressed any thing rather than pleasure, or good humour. "I really wonder how you seem to recollect having seen such a person as Miss Eldon to-night."

"Your remark concerning Westbury brought her to my mind," said Mr. Cunningham.

"How strange," said his wife. "And how extreme that young lady's mortification must have been, that she could not detain two newly married gentlemen near her more than an hour at a time! Seriously, Mr. Cunningham, the company must have thought you and Westbury were striving which should do her most homage."

"And seriously, my dear Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham, taking the hand of his wife, which she reluctantly permitted him to detain—"it was merely accidental that I spoke to Miss Eldon this evening. There is no person on earth to whose society and conversation I am more indifferent—so take no offense, love, where none was meant. There is no one whose conversation can compensate me for the loss of yours; and it is one reason why I so much dislike these crowds, that, for a time, they necessarily separate us from each other."

The following morning, Mrs. Cunningham called on Mrs. Westbury, who, at the moment of her arrival, happened to be in her chamber—but she instantly descended to receive her visitor. When Mrs. Westbury left the parlor a short time previous, her husband was there; but he had disappeared, and she supposed he had gone out. He was, however in the library, which adjoined the parlor, and the door between the rooms was not quite closed. After the compliments of the morning, Mrs. Westbury remarked—

"I was somewhat surprised to see you at Mrs. Parker's last evening."

"Surprised! why so?"

"You recollect the conversation that took place on the subject, the morning I was at your house?"

"O, yes—I remember that Mr. Cunningham was giving a kind of dissertation on the superior pleasures of one's own chimney corner. Really, I wish he did not love home quite so well—though I don't despair of teaching him by and by to love society."

"Can it be possible that you really regret your husband's attachment to home?" inquired Mrs. Westbury.

"Yes—certainly—when it interferes with my going out. A man and his wife may surely enjoy enough of each others society, and yet see something of the world. At any rate, I shall teach Ned that I am not to be made a recluse to any man."

"Have you no fears, my dear Mrs. Cunningham," said Mrs. Westbury, that your want of conformity to your husband's tnste, will lessen your influence over him?"

"And of what use is that influence," asked Mrs. Cunningham, "unless it be exerted to obtain the enjoyments I love?"

"O pray, beware," said Mrs. Westbury, with much feeling—"beware, lest you sacrifice your happiness for a chimera! Bewaae how you trifle with so invaluable a treasure as the heart of a husband!"

"Poh—poh—how serious you are growing," said Mrs. Cunningham. "Actually warning and exhorting at twenty years of age! What a preacher you will make by the time you are forty! But now be honest, and confess that you yourself would prefer a ball or a party, to sitting alone here through a stupid evening with Westbury."

"Then to speak the truth," said Julia, "I should prefer an evening at home to all the parties in the world—balls I never attended, and do not think stupidity necessary even with one's own husband."

"Then why do you attend parties, if you don't like them?"

"Because Mr. Westbury thinks it proper that I should."

"And so you go to him like miss to her papa and mama, to ask him what you must do?" said Mrs. Cunningham, laughing. "This is delightful truly! But for my part, I cannot see why I have not as good right to expect Edward to conform to my taste and wishes, as he has me to conform to his. And so Westbury makes you go whether you like or not?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Westbury, "I never expressed to him my aversion to going, not wishing him to feel as if I were making a great sacrifice in complying with his wishes."

"Well, this is pretty, and dutiful, and delicate," said Mrs Cunningham, laughing again. "But I don't set up a pattern for a wife, and if Edward and I get along as well as people in general, I shall be satisfied. But to turn to something else. How do you like Miss Eldon?"

"I am not at all acquainted with her," said Julia.

"You must have met her several times," said Mrs. Cunningham.

"Yes, but have never conversed with her. Her appearance is greatly in her favor; I think her very beautiful."

"She is called so," said Mrs. Cunningham, "but somehow I don't like her looks. To tell the truth, I can't endure her, she is so calm, and artful, and self-complacent."

"I have not the least acquaintance with her," replied Julia; "but it were a pity so lovely a face should not be accompanied by an amiable heart. Are you much acquainted with her?"

"Not personally, indeed I never conversed with her ten minutes in my life."

"Then you may be mistaken in thinking her vain and artful," said Mrs. Westbury.

"O, I've seen enough to satisfy me fully as to that point," said Mrs. Cunningham. "When a young lady exerts herself to engross the attention of newly married men, and when she looks so self-satisfied at success, I want nothing more. She can have no delicacy of feeling—she must be a coquette of the worst kind."

It was now Mrs. Westbury's turn to change the subject of conversation, and simply remarking that "we should be extremely careful how we judge of character hastily," she asked some questions that drove Miss Eldon from Mrs. Cunningham's mind. Soon after the visitor departed, and Julia returned to her chamber.

In the evening, when Mr. Westbury came in he found Julia reading; but she immediately laid her book down, and resumed her work. She thought it quite as impolite to pursue the solitary pleasure of reading while her husband was sitting by, as to have done so with any companion; and she knew no reason why he was not as much entitled to civility as a stranger or common acquaintance. It was not long before Mr. Westbury inquired what book had engaged her attention." It was Dr. Russel's Palestine.

"It is a delightful work," said Julia. "I have just read an extract from Chateaubriand that I think one of the most elegant passages I ever met with."

"I should like to hear it," said Mr. Westbury. Julia opened her book, and the passage lost none of it beauty by her reading. She read the following:

"When you travel in Judea, the heart is filled with profound melancholy. But when, passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life, and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances every where proclaim a land of teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery, every grotto announces a prediction, every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up the rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the graves. The desert stil appears mute with terror, and one would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal."

Julia closed the volume, and Mr. Westbury, after bestowing just praise to the extract she had read took up the work, and proposed to read if she would like. She thanked him, and an hour was very pleasantly spent in this manner. A little time was occupied in remarking on what had been read. After a short silence, Mr. Westbury inquired of Julia, "whether she saw much of Mrs. Cunningham?"

"Not a great deal," was Julia's answer.

"Was she here this morning?" said Mr. Westbury.

"She was," replied Julia.

"Do you intend to be intimate with her?" inquired Mr. Westbury.

"I have no intention about it," said Julia; "but presume I never shall, as I feared our views and tastes will prove discordant."

"I am happy to hear you say so," said Mr. Westbury. "I am not prepossessed in her favor, and greatly doubt whether an intimacy with her would be salutary. Such a person as I conceive her to be, should be nothing more than my acquaintance."

Nothing more was added on the subject, and Julia wondered, though she did not ask, what had given her husband such an unfavorable impression of Mrs. Cunningham's character. The truth was, he overheard the conversation of the morning, which he would have frankly confessed to his wife, but for a kind of delicacy to her feelings, as he had heard her remarks as well as those of Mrs. Cunningham. He knew that it was not quite honorable to listen to a conversation without the knowledge of the parties; but he could not close the library door without betraying his proximity; he wished not to see Mrs. Cunningham; he therefore remained quiet, and heard the whole colloquy. [Concluded in our next.‖

TAKING THE CENSUS.

CSENE—A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

Inquisitor.—Good morning, madam. Is the head of the family at home!

Mrs. Tunchwood.—Yes, sir, I'm at home.

Inq.—Hav'nt you a Husband!

Mrs. T.—Yes, sir, but he ain't the head of the family, I'd have you to know.

Inq.—How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T.—Why, bless me, sir, what's that you? You are mighty inquisitive I think.

Inq.—I am the man that takes the census.

Mrs. T.—If you was a man in your senses you would'nt ax such impertiment questions.

Inq.—Don't be affronted, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T.—"Answer a fool according to his folly"—you know what the Scripter says. Old lady, indeed!

Inq.—I beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I am bound to go according to law, and not according to Gospel.

Mrs. T.—I should think you went neither according to law nor Gospel. What business is it to you to enquire into folks' affairs, Mr. Thingumbob?

Inq.—The law makes it my business, good woman, and if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.

Mrs. T.—Oh, its the law, is it? That alters the case. But I should like to known what business the law has with the people's household matters.

Inq.—Congress made the law, and if it don't please you, you must talk to them.

Mrs. T.—Talk to a fiddle-stick! Why Congress is a fool and you're another.

"What I give, is nothing to nobody," as the miser said, when asked how much he contributed to charitable purposes.

From the New York Mirror.

A SEA STORM.

BY T. S. FAY.

A tornado at sea! It struck us in the afternoon abruptly as we were speeding on luckily with all our sails close reefed, thro' a warm but gloomly run, at nine knots. We were on the edge of the Gulf Stream, and took the full benefit of what the sailors call the butt-end of a north-wester. The rise of this whirlwind was instantaneous. It had been blowing pretty stiff all day, when suddenly I saw the fore and main top-sail carried away, and a wave burst into the round house and rolled backward and forward, leaving us all knee keep in water. In an instant the wind was—not blowing—but bursting over the vessel in rapid series of explosions, each one like water forced violently from the spout of an engine. The sea and air were foam to the topmast. The ship lying over low, her gunwale under water, her deck scattered with pieces of broken bulwarks and great fragments of sail, ropes, spars, and entire blocks flying off and up upon the gale. The sounds exceeded all I had ever imagined; a mingled and fierce crash; thunder, whirl and tumult almost beyond conception. The masts bent like willow wands. The noises resembled those of some tremendous conflagration, the roar of broad flames and the crash of beams, roofs, walls, and timber. There is, indeed, a similitude between the extreme fury of fire and water, when those elements attain mastery. Above our heads sail, blocks and eables loosened and rent, were hurled up and down again upon the roof of the round house. It is not possible for one unacquainted with the sea to conceive fully the phenomena of such a scene. The wind is there a new and appalling power, or rather a fiend omnipotent and infernal. It breaks in volumes and audible billows over your head; producing sounds which seem like the conflict of unseen demons in the air.—Each separate part of the rigging in motion, the huge fabric strained to its utmost tension; ropes, waves, sails, spars, cables, chains, blocks, doors, beams instinct with the phrenzy of nature. We were deafened with the slamming, banging, crackling, crashing, snapping, splitting, flouting, roaring, thundering. It seemed impossible that such fearful noises could be produced except from the crushing to pieces of planks and timber. Each moment as I turned my eye from the masts I thought I heard them go, and could scarcely credit my sight that they were not yet gone. The prominent feature of this hour is the noises. In addition to the full thunder of the sea and wind, a thousand whips cracking, a thousand masts breaking, a thousand doors banging, a thousand planks splitting—all together—all with the most incessant, phrenzied, intense violence and rapidity. It was a madness, a delerium of the elements, a paroxysm, an ecstacy of rage and ruin.

If the surrounding scene was appalling, its horrors were not decreased by that more near us. The round-house continued to be swept by the floor. We had in vain endeavored to persuade the ladies to go down below. Every heart quailed before the gigantic madness of nature. Most of the females abandoned hope utterly. One was terrified to a calmness that made me shudder. Poor Sophie was sometimes on her knees in prayer and sometimes in actual convulsions. Cries of "Oh heavens! What's gone now? There go the masts. Is there any hope?" were all that was said. Of us gentlemen, I can only say we were all decently still, and most thoroughly frightened. It was terrible to behold the sailors aloft on the yard, endeavoring to furl the fragments of a sail, the mast bent frightfully, and each moment I looked to see the men whirled upon the air. After raging for two hours, the tornado subsided to such a gale as would have of itself alarmed us at any other time. I went into the cabin. Every thing was overturned, broken, drenched, desolate. Tired, sleepy, sick, hungry, my head aches, my eyeballs burn; I am beaten out and exhausted. Ah, people ashore, how faintly you feel your blessings!

The editor of the Texas Times mentions, the last case of absence of mind, that a chap absolutely came to him and wanted to borrow money.—The Times says that the fellow was never on a colder trail in his life.

KNOW HIS NOSE—He knows his nose. I know he knows his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose, and if he said he knew I knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

The Upright and the Downright Man.

Adjutant S., of the sixth United States Infantry, had been promoted from the ranks for his gallantry. He was a plain, blunt man, from the State of steady habits, a good soldier, but as uncouth and ignorant of the usages of polite society, as ever was Ethan Allen. From his rude sincerity on all occasions, he acquired the sobriquet of "The upright and the downright man."

We once, and once only, was present at a fashionable dinner party, where he was asked to take some wine, by a lady of high fashion.

"No, I thankee, Ma'am. I've no 'casion," was his temperate and unsophisticated reply.

When he received the official notice of his promotion, he lifted up his hands in thanksgiving, and exclaimed, "Lord, wife, we're a captain!"

The regiment being on a march, the married officers posted in advance, to secure accommodations for their families. One morning they entered a country town where were two inns, the one a new neat building, which promised well; the other was a dilapidated dwelling, directly opposite, with a rum pole in front, from which swung a weather beaten sign, inscribed with the aristocratic and imposing word, "Hotel." The party would have halted at the better tavern, but the upright and downright man was peremptorily in the negative. "Don't you see that this here is a hottle!" said he; and there was no resisting his orthography or his argument.

At the "hottle" they breakfasted, and the Hebe who poured out their nectar happened to be a very tidy, genteel "lady;" the inn-keeper's daughter and heiress, no less. S. looked round uneasily, as if he missed something. At last he broke forth, "I say, gal! where's the taters?"

The young lady politely informed him that it was not the custom of the house to eat potatoes at breakfast.

"Lord!" exclaimed the upright and downright, in huge disdain. "A pretty hottle this, and no taters!"

S. was once more excessively annoyed by a tap-room oracle, who asked him a thousand impertinent questions about his rank, parentage, pay, perquisites, duties, &c. At last the rough hewn officer intimated that his inquiries were disagreeable. "A question's a question, Mister," said he, "but there's such a thing as too much pork for a shilling, and it's not civil to ask a man what his father died of."

The other was astonished, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of half a dozen by-standing loafers, that he was a public servant, paid with the people's money, and that he had a right, as one of the people, to ask how his money went, and to receive an answer. "How much do you think *you* pay towards the army, or to maintain me?" he asked, beginning to feel a little wolfish about the neck and shoulders.

"Really, I can't say," replied the other.

"Do you think you pay a sixpence?"

"Perhaps as much as that!" answered Sir Oracle.

"There's your money back, then; and now we're quits," said the irritated soldier. "And now, you sarsy scoundrel, if you come for to go for to ax me another question, I'll knock you down. If that isn't upright, its downright—so hold your jaw."—*Sunday Morning Atlas.*

"Why don't you get married?" mischievously asked a young lady of a *rather elderly* bachelor friend, the other day. "I have, for the last ten years, been trying to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "I guess you hav'nt been up our way," was the insinuating and heart-fluttering rejoinder. The last we saw of Benedict, he was going "up our way," with a swiftness of foot and determination of purpose that indicated in him a fixed resolution to "conquer, or die."—*Boston Trans.*

A GOOD ONE.—A Western editor, gives the following as the most approved mode of killing fleas in those parts:

Place the animal on a small pine board, and hedge him in with putty: then *read* him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will *starve to death!*

We know of no greater exhibition of patience than that of a loafer stretched out on the common, and watching two blades of grass to see which grows the fastest.

From the New York American.

CARRY ARMS!

"It is really abominable," said Miss Sophia Singleton.

"Oh shocking!" chorussed a number of young ladies who were sitting round.

"Pray, ladies, what *is* the matter?" said Henry Jones as he joined the coterie.

"The matter?" replied all at once, "why—"

"One at a time, if you please, ladies; really it is too hard that so many sweet voices should combine to attack a poor mortal like myself who, having but one pair of ears, can attend to no more than one at a time. Come, Miss Singleton, will you tell me what causes so much indignation?"

"Why, this morning Helen Clark walked down Broadway with Mr. Stone and took his arm; and in the evening she was on the Battery with Mr. Lewis, and *took his arm also!*"

"And is that all?" said Jones, quietly.

"*All!*" exclaimed the young ladies, aghast with torror.

"Well, ladies, I think Miss Clarke was perfectly right; shall I state my reasons and try to convince you?"

"Oh! you never can convince us."

"At least I can try. I believe you will grant that when a lady walks with a gentleman, it is for the sake partly of his company, partly of his protection. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, unless she takes his arm, she can enjoy neither. In the first place, they cannot carry on a conversation unless the man bends forward, in which case the least inequality in the pavement may cause him to stumble against her, and down they must both go; or if a passer by brushes against him, the result is the same. In the second place, they may be separated by a crowd, and the lady severely hurt, while her companion can afford her neither protection nor assistance, and may even remain unaware that any accident has happened! Again, the crossings are often muddy, and then a gentleman's arm would be useful; moreover, when a lady is fatigued, she would find the support of an arm a very great relief; so that whether for safety, pleasure, or support, a lady should always take the arm of her companion."

"You are right," said Miss Singleton, "but it is not the custom."

"Then make it the custom—nothing is easier. Let every lady who has mind enough to judge for herself, make it a rule never to walk with a man she does not respect, and when she does walk with one, let her *always* take his arm. I know that when a lady takes a man's arm, people say they are engaged, but surely, no one would suppose her engaged to a dozen different men at once, and they must either believe so palpable an absurdity, or grant that she may not be engaged at all. This once settled, other ladies would follow her example, and in a short time, "Carry arms!" would be the word. Any one of you young ladies would take my arm at a ball or at the Springs, and refuse it in the street, because at one place it is customary, and at the other it is not. Now customs should always be consistent, yet this is not so; in a large crowd in one place, *where it is not needed*, you take my arm; in a large crowd, consisting perhaps of the *same individuals*, you refuse it because you are in *another place*, and in the last instance *it is absolutely necessary*; there's consistency for you! Miss Clarke has set a good example, and I hope all the ladies will follow it. Come, Miss Singleton, you are young and pretty, suppose you walk arm-in-arm with me to-morrow morning; people will say *we* are engaged; in the afternoon, walk on the Battery with your friend Harris, and Miss Reynolds and myself will be there; we will all walk arm-in-arm; they will then say *you* are eagaged to Harris, and I to *Miss Reynolds*; the next day some one else; then they will say *none* of us are engaged; in a few days the oddity will have worn off, and no lady will walk with a man without taking his arm, and no man will walk with a woman who refuses it. Is Miss Clarke right, and will you follow her example?"

"Yes," replied all the young ladies.

"Then I have convinced you. 'Carry arms!'"

"We will."

"To-morrow, Miss Singleton—"

"I will walk arm-in-arm with you; and *always* make the gentleman who accompanies me, *be he who he may*, give me his arm." W. J. S.

A lady of fashion stepped into a shop not long since and asked the keeper if he had any *matrimonial baskets*, she being too polite to say cradles.

SEVENTEEN YEARS CAPTIVITY.

Late English papers give the particulars of the discovery and release of Joseph Forbes, an Englishman, who was taken prisoner, and is the only survivor of the crew of the schooner Statescomb of London, taken by the savages at Timor Laut, in 1822. He sailed as cabin boy from London in 1821, bound on a trading voyage among the islands in Torres' Straits. At Melville Island Captain Barnes resigned the charge of the vessel into the hands of the chief officer. The schooner reached Timor Laut at night, and the next morning the Capt. and the boat's crew went on shore to trade leaving Forbes, the steward, and another boy named John Edwards, on board. About noon Forbes took the glass to see whether the Capt. was returning to dinner, and to his horror saw the savages attacking and murdering theCapt. and boat's crew. Apprehensive that when the tragedy going on shore was completed, the savages would put off to take possession of the vessel, and subject those on board to the same fate as their companions on shore, the boys slipped the cable, intending to get under weigh, to avoid the impending danger, but before they could accomplish their purpose the savages came off in their canoes and took possession of the vessel, letting go the small anchor to bring her up again. The boys took refuge in the rigging, but the steward was immediately surrounded by the savages, one of whom dashed his brains out with a piece of a handspike, and threw the body overboard. The boys remained at the mast-head till the evening. The savages, in the meantime, made several efforts to go aloft, but desisted from fear. Several arrows were shot at the boys, but fortunately none of them took effect.

Fearful, however, that they could not much longer escape, they at last resolved to come down; the savages immediately stripped them, put them into the canoes, and took them ashore. On their arrival, the boys found that the savages had arranged the headless bodies of their murdered companions in a line on the beach, over which they were compelled to walk, Forbes recognising the remains of his brother, one of the crew, in the third body on which he had to tread. On the following day, the bodies were thrown into the bay. The heads were tied together and hung upon a tree in the centre of the village, round which the savages danced for three successive days and nights. Subsequently,when decomposition had advanced to such a degree as to become offensive, the heads were taken down and placed alongside a stone near the beach, where they remained until buried by the boy Forbes, without the knowledge of the savages, about six years afterwards. On the day succeeding that on which the massacre took place, the savages ransacked the vessel, and after taking every thing out of her to which they took a fancy, they hauled her on the beach and set fire to her. The boy Edwards survived his captivity about seven years, when he died through the effects of exposure to the sun and the ill-treatment of the savages. After his death, his remains were placed in a basket, and hung up on a tree on the beach, where they remained until the bones fell, piece by piece, through the basket, which had become very much decayed, and were picked up and buried around the root of the tree by his surviving companion in misfortune.

During the day, the boys were employed in planting cocoa-nuts, yams, melons, tobacco, &c., and during a portion of the night in fishing.—Their food generally consisted of yams and fish. At first, before Forbes became acquainted with the language, they used to knock him down, and otherwise maltreat him, if he did not immediately do what they told him, whether he understood them or not. Subsequently, when he became better acquainted with the language, he was treated much more humanely; but during the whole seventeen years that he remained on the island he was treated as a slave. The savages cut his ears, and suspended from them large earrings, nearly half a pound each in weight; his teeth were filed to the gums; his arms burnt; and the back of his right hand tatooed. Whenever a vessel hove in sight, he was bound hand and foot, and carried into the interior until the vessel had gone. About four years ago, two vessels let go their anchor at Olillet, a village adjoining Louran, and offered gownpices and other articles of trafic as a ransom, but the natives refused to give him up, even if they should offer the vessels themselves.

In March last, Capt. Watson, commanding the British ship Ensington, arrived at Olilet, having been informed by the captain of a Dutch vessel that one of his countrymen were in slavery among the savages of the Straits. Several natives, among whom was one of the principal chiefs, came on board. This personage Captain Watson took immediate measures to secure, and, having succeeded, the others were driven off and informed that the chief should be held captive until the white man was delivered safe on board. Several stratagems were resorted to in order to get the chief off, and an attempt was even made to capture the vessel, which fortunately failed.

Captain Watson finding that moderate measures were useless, then gave the chief to understand that if the white man was not delivered up immediately, he should execute summary justice on him. The chief, beginning to get alarmed, thought it the best policy to comply with the Captain's demand, and the lad was accordingly given up. The chief was then presented with three old muskets, some handkerchiefs and fish-hooks, and dismissed. Before the boy was taken on board, the savages said they were determined never to hurt another Englishman. The chief next in authority to the captive, cut the arm of another chief sufficiently deep to draw the blood and with his finger crossed the sword with blood from the wound; the chief then tasted the blood, and told the boy to do the same, which he did, this being their mode of imposing the obligation of an oath.

When the lad was brought on board his hair was of immense length, hanging nearly to his knees; his ears were extended to an unnatural length from the weight of the ornaments he was compelled to wear; his feet were so much diseased from the effect of the burning heat of the sun on the sand, that he was not able to walk. He had completely forgotten his native language, retaining only a sufficient recollection of it to be able io pronounce his own name; he was not able even to understand what countrymen had rescued him. In the course of a short time, however, he recovered his recollection of the language, and now speaks English as fluently as he ever did. The crew of the Statescomb consisted of the master, six men,and two boys, all whom were massacred, with the exeeption of Forbes and Edwards. Forbes states that about three years ago the savages took possession of a Dutch vessel at a place called Larat, at some distance from Olillet, massacred the crew, and set fire to the vessel. The Dutch Government at Copang sent a man-of-war to punish the murderers as soon as intelligence was received. The village was entirely destroyed by the Dutch, the cocoa-nut trees cut down, and the plantations destroyed. The inhabitnts on the first alarm, had taken to the bushes, and escaped; but some elderly persons who were unable to leave their huts, perished in the flames.

A LESSON TO TEACHERS.

In the last number of the Common School Journal, is an excellent article on the subject of "management of disobedient children," a subject which few parents or instructors appear to understand. From this article we copy the following interesting anecdote:

"At a Common School Convention in Hampden county, we heard the Rev. Dr. Cooley relate an anecdote strinkingly illustrative of this principle. He said, that, many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep school, and, before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him that there was one boy in school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn, whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the thing in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first, this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But, when the persevering kindness of the teacher begot a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place.—Never was there a more diligent, and successful pupil, and, *now*, said the reverend gentleman, in concluded his narrative, that boy is the Chief Justice of a neighboring State. The relator of this story, though he modestly kept back the fact, was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow-soldier, what honors are too great for the teacher who has thus rescued a child from ruin?"

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

THE BISHOP AND HIS BIRDS.

A worthy Bishop who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his coat of arms two field-fares, with the motto—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life.—One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story:

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a village near Dillegen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age of himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster—and he often wished that he could do something by which he would be enabled to go to school.

One day he saw one of the school-boys setting a a bird-trap, and he asked what it for? The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of field-fares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number or these birds in the juniper woods, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother; and when he went to the wood had the great delight to catch two field-fares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative, and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught lhe birds, to bring them as a present to his master.

"A present, my good boy?" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy," said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you; as I can not accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling,

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees: "do, dear kind sir, teach me to read."

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighborhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratibond. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honors, he adopted two field-fares as his arms.

"What do you meun?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."

WIT.—Lord Orrey says—"The sword of wit, like the scythe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every thing that accidentally lies in its way."

MODESTY.—"A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with; because, nobody envies a man who does not appear pleased with himself."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1840.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.

In a communication from the East Indies in the London Times, it is stated that the East India Company have ordered the cultivation of *Opium* to be continued on their immense plantations *for the supply of the China Market in* 1841!

Now here is a specimen of British insolence worth looking at. To understand the attrociousness of the design with which the order is promulgated, and the character of its origin, let us glance at a few facts.

This East India Company is known throughout the world as a huge conspiracy of *marauders* and *murderers*. Its flag is red with the blood of hundreds of thousands of slaughtered Hindoos, whose only crime was resistance to the ruthless myrmidons of Moloch, by whom their native land was invaded for no cause save that which leads pirates to make war upon the human race! Its coffers are filled with the wealth of cities sacked and left desolate, and kingdoms depopulated and laid waste! In alliance with the British Government at home, it has set up a gigantic civil and military despotism over the immense regions of country thus conquered and ravaged. It has a navy of its own, and a standing army of 400,000 men. The very "plantations" on which it raises the *opium* for the foul gains on which, it has violated and is determined still to violate the sovereignty and internal laws of China, are not only manured with Hindoo blood and bones, but cultivated by Hindoo slaves whom its cruel mercy has saved from the slaughter; for that mercy surely was but refined cruelty which rescued them from death, only to reserve them for a bondage and oppression which is worse than death to them, and which is to task and scourge and plunder their posterity for ages. Even a large proportion of the military force by which the stupendous system of tyranny and blood is now sustained, is made up of *native Hindoos!* What unheard of attrocity is that which, not content with ravaging a country, and deluging it with the blood of its defenders, and making the whole body of the survivors slaves in the land of their fathers, finally crowns the climax of wrong and outrage by seizing upon the young and able bodied, and compelling them to become the instruments of new conquests and the perpetual oppression of their fellows!

But this huge association of blood-dyed robbers and tyrants, were not satisfied with the conquest and pillage of empires. They seized not only upon all the wealth of the conquered countries, but upon all the *means* of wealth. They took possession of the agriculture, manufactures and commerce of the victims of their power, and under their charter from the British Government, monopolized not only all the trade of Hindoostan and the countries immediately connected with it, but almost all the commerce of the oriental world. Surfeited with slaughter, but with avarice made more greedy by what it had fed upon, the company devoted itself to what it has wished to be considered the harmless employments of *peace*, but which in fact, have been but the enterprises of *piracy* most thinly disguised. Its intercourse with the natives not only of Hindoostan, but of all the neighboring nations, has been characterized by fraud, tyranny and a spirit of rapine, against which treaties, individual and national rights, and international and municipal laws have afforded no protection. And as if the huge moral and political *Boa Constrictor* was resting itself from the work of open violence and bloodshed, only to renew it with re-invigorated strength and fierceness on the first opportunity, it has kept on foot its immense standing army, and has taken care to keep up the servile discipline, and now and then to whet the appetite of its followers for slaughter and pillage, by occasional predatory incursions upon neighboring nations, or outrages in the way of *examples* upon such portions of its Hindoo slaves as became restive under its iron yoke.

The history of the commercial intercourse of this East India Company with China, is an illustration of its "*arts of peace.*" A portion of the Chinese people had contracted the brutalizing habit of *eating opium.* The company knew that the habit was morally and physically destructive to a degree sufficient to sink in idiocy, imbecility and crime any people among whom it should long prevail. But the trafic in the deadly drug afforded a *profit.* It also promised to give the incorporated Scourges of the East, the more absolute control and more entire monopoly of the China trade. They accordingly intered upon the cultivation of opium on an immense scale. Hindoostan became a poppy garden, and measures were at the same time taken to monopolize the article in other eastern countries where it was produced for exportation.

These measures enabled the company to afford the pestiferous drug at a reduced price, and to force it into China in quantities sufficient to stupify and brutalize the world. Like other depraved appetites, the fondness for opium is strengthened by indulgence, and requires continually increasing quantities. Like other habits of the kind, it extends itself through community by example.—Almost the entire Chinese nation became opium eaters; the company constantly increasing the supply of the material of bodily, mental and moral destruction, to keep pace with the constantly increasing voraciousness of the national appetite.

The Chinese Government saw the nation sinking into imbecility and idiocy. Absolutely despotic, and merciless in many of its dispensations as that government is, it is nevertheless, the most paternal government on earth. It employed measures of internal policy—remonstrances, edicts and penalties, to correct the evil. But the company continued to discharge its fleet loads of the deadly staple, and the popular passion for it, broke through all the restraints of municipal authority. It only remained for the government to cut off the means of national brutalization by prohibiting the importation of the drug. This was done. The company then *smuggled* it in. Imperial edicts were promulgated that any opium found on board any vessel in the Chinese waters, or found any where in the Chinese dominions, should be seized and held subject to the order of the government. The company continued their business as opium smugglers. The contraband article was seized; when finding the Chinese authorities determined to do their duty in the premises, the company commenced hostile preparations and called on the home government to aid them in a war which was and still is designed not so much to obtain an indemnity for the opium which had been justly seized and confiscated, as to scourge the Chinese Government into an unconditional abandonment of its prohibitory measures, and a humble submission to the company's pirate policy. An immense land and naval force has been fitted out by the company, and England has answered the call upon her maternal sympathies for the banded marauders and smugglers, by sending an additional land and naval force to co-operate in the unholy and most infamous enterprise!

What has been or will be the result, we are yet to see. It appears, however, from the announcement at the head of this article, that the company is so confident of success in its measures of national and moral outrage, that it continues the cultivation of the prohibited drug, *for the Chinese Market in* 1841! Doubtless England has given assurances of aid to the uttermost of her power, if that shall be necessary, in this war against national sovereignty and rights, and the moral and physical welfare of one hundred millions of people; and if brute force shall be permitted to prevail against humanity and eternal justice, the present year will witness the crowning triumph of British National Piracy.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The phrenological student should not be without this excellent work. It is constantly bringing up facts, circumstances and experiments, which have important bearings upon the science. The contributors are men of much experience, ability and persevering energy. The selections are from the best journals and authors who have given their attention to this subject. The June number, as well as being executed in the first mechanical style and on most beautiful paper, excels, in other respects, many of its predecessors.

THE LADIES' COMPANION, for June, fully sustains its honorable reputation. The contributions are of a rich and instructive, as well as of an amusing character, and the embelishments are of the first order. The steel engraving of Mary of Mantau, by DICK, is scarcely excelled by any thing we have seen. The plate of summer fashions is very well done, and will, doubtless, be interesting to the ladies,

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"MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."—The third number of Dickens' popular work under this title, is before us. Each number of the work contains a tale complete, and among the characters of the present one, are the author's old favorites and the public's familiar acquaintances, Mr. Pickwick and the *Vellers*, father and son, with a new hero in the person of a younger scion of the honorable Veller stock, *Samivel* having been blessed with an heir.

The old gentleman, we perceive, retains his antipathies to ladies who have had the misfortune to lose their husbands; for in introducing an argument against *rail roads*, which being an old coachman, he believes to be "unconstitutional," he complains bitterly of having been locked up alone in a rail road car "vith a *live vidder.*" Oh! horror!

GEORGIA SCENES, CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS, by a native Georgian, second edition, with illustrations. This is a volume of some twenty distinct tales of south western life, in which the ludicrous greatly predominates, though one story describes a most stupendous fight between a couple of "half horse half alligator" bullies at a militia muster. The characters are all well drawn, and the work contains many passages of quiet wit as well as broad ludicrousness. For sale at WILSON'S, Exchange st.

COLIN CLINK is the title of a volume before us from the Bookstore of Wilson, Exchange st. which contains an amusing variety of conceits. and oddities and queer adventures, or as the title page expresses it, "the Contentions, Dissensions, Loves, Hatreds, Jealousies, Hypocrisies and Vicissitudes, incident to his chequered life, all told described in a vein which the lovers of quaintness and quiet humor will highly relish.

THE COUNTESS IDA, a novel by Theodore S. Fay, 2 vols, is received at Wilson's, Exchange street. Those who made Fay's acquaintance in "Norman Leslie" will be right glad to recognise him in the work before us, where they will find him "at home,"

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

ETERNITY—A Sum.

Take all the stars that glow,
'Mid autumn's midnight blue;
And all those countless gems,
Her "milky path" that strew;

Take all the grains of sand—
Sahara's Simooms know,
On oriental strand,—
Or, where the wild waves flow:

Take all the prismal rays
From every sun that gleam;
Which on the iris play,—
Or dance upon the stream:

Take every leaf that flutters
Upon the Autumn breeze;
And every sound that mutters
Among the forest trees:

Take all the dews that gleam,
Bright in the morning sun,
The drops of every stream
That to "old ocean" run;

And multiply the whole,
By every whitened wave;
That curdles at the Pole,
Or doth the tropics lave,

By every gem that glitters
In summer's brilliant noon;
And insect wing that twitters
Amid the blaze of June:

By every drop of blood
Spilt at the battle's prow,
By all the hopes that flood
The warrior's restless brow:

Yet when as many years
Their heedless tides have run,
Eternitys careers
Unwearied—scarce begun! J. R.

☞ We knew that Lord Brougham aspired to be almost any thing, but were never aware that he laid claim to the wreath of poetry, till we found this in the "Christian's Book of Gems."

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

"There is a God," all nature cries;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all wise;
Then bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify his name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire divine,
Assiduous we adore,
Rejecting godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds, in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace
As the blue circlet studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But thou too mad'st that flowret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launch'd away
Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will,"
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound,
One order to fulfil.

A FAVORITE SONG.

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIRS, AT THAT.

But three months yet I'e been a wife,
And spouse already shows his airs;
I wish I'd viv'd a single life,
But as I did not, why, who cares?
Besides, let husband use his tongue,
And scold, and bounce' and cock his hat;
By Jove he'll find I'm not so young
But I can beat him, sirs, at that.

I'll go to concerts, balls and plays,
Or where I like, and wont be check'd;
Egad! I'll racket nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect;
And if he romps, with I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
And faith may find, and shall so too,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And let me sometimes have my will;
(Young wives, you know, most surely should,)
I'll duly ev'ry right fulfil,
And never, O, no!—never rove,
But stay with him at home, and chat,
And prove by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 12, 14.

I saw a fountain gushing forth,
'Mid the stern mountains of the north,
A pure pellucid tide,
While o'er it bent in modest green,
The sylvan daughters of the scene,
To guard its infant side.

I saw it trace the auburn vale,
Babbling its story to the gale,
That sighed along the heath;
Till pattering o'er the misty height,
Where the shrill eaglet wakes the night,
It bathed the sward beneath.

Thence disappearing in the glade,
Yonder it leaves the brusky shade,
And elfins in the sun!
Again through russet vales to weep,
Or gurgling o'er the mountain steep,
A dubious course to run.

Its frequent calms but seemed to sigh,
Oh! that my ocean rest were nigh!
How distant seems the shore!
And as its murmurs meet my ear,
They sound like earnests of a prayer,
That all its toils are o'er.

So like that stream, my hour of life,
Tells but a froward tale of strife,
By hopes and errors riven!
But faith can pierce my fretful sky,
And hopeful breathe an upborne sigh,
For the fond rest of Heaven!

Rochester, June 23, 1840. J. D. R.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Song of the Boatman of Long Point Bay.

Now the fading day-light dies,
Now the night-breeze faintly sighs,
Now the stars of ev'ning rise,
From their trasient sleep!

Fleetly o'er the troubled bay,
Merry Boatmen, pull away!
Nimbly let your light oars play,
On the heaving deep!

Sing Boys, drown the water's flow,—
Merrily sing, briskly row!
Sing, Boys sing! as on we go,
O'er the billow's foam!

Should a storm of darkness ride,
On the flashing heaven's side,
Guarded by the Boatmen's guide,
We shall reach our home!

Woodhouse, U. C. W. G.

LIFE SAVED BY LAUGHTER.—"The health of Marasums," says Mr. Charles Butler, "was always very delicate, and he began to feel the infirmities of old age. He was afflicted by an imposthume, and the worst was feared, when he was cured of it in an extraordinary manner. The perusal of the celebrated Literæ Obscurorum Virorum, threw him into a fit of immoderate laughter; the imposthume burst, and the patient was cured." A like tale is told of Dr. Patrick Scougal, a Scottish bishop in the 17th century. An old woman earnestly besought him to visit her sick cow. The prelate, after many remonstrances consented—and walking around the beast, said gravely, "If she live, she lives, and if she die, she dies, and I can do nae mair for her." Not long afterwards he was dangerously afflicted with a quinsy in the throat. The old woman having got access to his chamber, walked around his bed, repeating the charm she believed had cured the cow, whereat the bishop was seized with a fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy and saved his life.

A NEWSPAPER IN FAMILIES.—A newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading; communicates all the important events which are passing in the busy world; it is a never failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one paper, and the man who, possessed of property sufficient to make him easy for life, and surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the evil genius of cupidity, and neglects to subscribe for a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen.

NATURAL FLOWERS IN WINTER.—A distinguished florist tells us of an ingenious mode for preserving natural flowers. Let some of the most perfect buds of the flowers it is wished to preserve, such as are latest in blooming and ready to open, be chosen. Cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving the stem about three inches long; cover the end immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap them up separately in paper and place them in a dry book. When it is desired to have the flower to bloom, take the buds over night, cut off the sealed end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein has been infused a little nitre or salt, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors, and breathe their agreeable odor around.—*New York Mirror.*

The following picture of a Yankee is really one of the best things we have clipped in a long time. It is from a poem read at the late historical Celebration at Hartford. Conn.—*Picayune,*

He would kiss a queen till he raised a blister,
With his arm round her neck, and his old felt hat on;
Would address the king with the title of Mister,
And ask him the PRICE of the throne he sat on.

MARRIED:

In this city, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, D. D., Alderman STEPHEN CHARLES, to Miss MARY E. MYERS.

In Prattsburgh, Steuben county, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Joseph Cribb, of Bristol, to Miss Elanor J. Francis.

At Lysander, Onondaga county, on the 18th of June, by the Rev. H. Boynton, Mr. Lucius M, Hollister, of Cato, Cayuga county, to Miss Sarah M. daughter of Mr. Josiah Smith.

On the 27th ult., at Nashville, Tenn., by the Reverend Thomas Wheat, Rector of Christ's Church, Mr. Elijah Morton, to Miss Mary Angeline, daughter of Dr. E. Humphrey, of Auburn, N. Y.

On Tuesday, the 23rd instant, in Castleton, Rensselaer county, New York, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. J. G. WATERMAN, of this city, to Miss LOUISA PROSEUS, of the former place.

In Bennington, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. H. K. Stimson, Mr. Lyman Brown, of Bethany, to Miss Philotha Prescott, of the former place.

In Batavia, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. James A. Bolles, Rector of St. James' Church, John H. Martindale, Esq., to Miss Emeline Holden, daughter of Hinman Holden, Esq.

In this city on the morning of Tuesday the 23d inst., by the Rev. Mr. EDWARDS, Mr. WILLIAM R. GIFFORD to Miss MEHITABEL R. BRADSTREET, both of Irondequoit.

In Fowlerville, on the 16th instant, by Rev. Mr. Stratton, Mr. E. G. Hubbard, of Middletown, Conn., to Miss Lucy Lyman, of the former place.

In Sodus, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Jacob Burbank, Mr. Solomon M. Burbank, of Newark, to Miss Laura Ann Irwin.

In Palmyra, on the 11th instant, by Rev. A. H. Stowell, Mr. John Bresee, to Miss Louise Stantial, both of Arcadia.

At St. Mark's Church, in Penn Yan, on the 11th instant, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop De Lancy, Rev. EDMUND EMBURY, Rector of the same, to Miss AGNES O. eldest daughter of the Hon. Wm. M. Oliver.

In Sweden, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Handy, Mr. Thomas B. Shepard, of Buffalo, to Miss Eleanor M. Sheldon, of the former place.

THE GEM AND AMULET

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ROCHESTER GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1840. No. 14.

We will Marry next Fall.

I gave her a rose, and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then,
But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.

I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to fright with a growl;
But she answered she was'nt bro't up in the woods,
To be scared with the shade of an owl.

I called her a baggage, and every thing bad;
And slighted her features and form,
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like a sea in a storm.

And then in a moment I turned and smiled,
And I called her my angel and all,
And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed "WE WILL MARRY NEXT FALL."

LOSING AND WINNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &c.

[Concluded.]

A few days after this circumstance occurred, an invitation to another party was received. Mr. Westbury looked at the card first, and handing it to Julia, said:

"I would have you act your pleasure with regard to accepting this invitation."

"It will be my pleasure," said Julia, hesitating and coloring a little— "it will be my pleasure to consult yours."

"I have little choice about it," said Mr. Westbury, "and if you prefer declining to accepting it, I would have you do so."

"Shall you attend it?" asked Julia, while a shade of anxiety pessed over her features.

"Certainly not, unless you do," Mr. Westbury replied.

"Then," said Julia, "if it be quite as agreeable to you, I had a thousand times rather spend it at home alone with"—she checked herself, coloring crimson, and left the sentence unfinished.

The morning after the levee, Mrs. Westbury was favored with another call from Mrs. Cunningham.

"Why on earth were you not at Mrs.———'s last night?" asked she, almost as soon as she entered the house. "You can imagine nothing more splendid and delightful than every thing was."

"You were there?" said Julia.

"Yes, certainly—though I went quite late.—Edward was sick of a violent headache, and I was obliged to see him safely in bed before I could go; but nothing would have tempted me to miss it."

"How is Mr. Cunningham this morning?" Julia enquired.

"Much better—though rather languid, as is usul after such an attack. But I come in on an errand this morning, and must despatch business. as I am somewhat in haste. Mrs. T—— is to give a splendid party next week—by the way, have you received a card yet?"

"I have not," said Julia.

"Neither have I—but we both shall. I want to prepare a dress for the occasion, and came in to look at the one you wore at Mrs. Parker,s, as I think of having something like it."

Mrs. Westbury was about to ring the bell, and have the dress brought for her inspection, but Mrs. Cunningham stopped her by saying,

"No, no—do not send for it. Let me go with you to your wardrobe, I may see something else that I like."

Mrs. Westbury complied, and they went up stairs together. Mrs. Cunningham was delightfully free in examining the articles exposed to her view, and expressed such warm admiration of many of them, such an ardent desire to possess the like, that it was rather difficult to forbear telling her that they were at her service. The blond mantle with a blue border, struck her fancy particularly, and Mrs. Westbury begged her to accept it, saying "that she should probably never wear it again, as the color was not a favorite with her husband."

Mrs. Cunningham hastened home, delighted with her acquisition, and immediately hastened to the chamber, to which her husband was stil confined by indisposition, to display to him her prize.

"See what a beautiful little affair that dear Mrs. Westbury has give me," she cried; "how lucky for me that Mr. Westbury don't like blue, else I should not have got it; I suppose, though, she could spare this and fifty other things, as well as not. Why, Edward, you don't know what a delightful wardrobe she has! Really you must indulge me a little more in this way, I believe."

"I am sure no one looks better dresed than yourself, Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham in a languid voice.

"O, I try to make the most of every thing I have," said Mrs. Cunningham; "but really, Edward, Mrs. Westbury has twice as much of all sorts of apparel as I have."

"And her husband has more than four times as much property as I have," answered Mr. Cunningham.

"Supposing he has," said his wife, "that need make no difference in the article of dress. And then her house is so charmingly furnished—every part of it. I was in her chamber just now, and it looks elegantly. Every thing in it is of the richest and most beautiful kink. I declare, I almost envied her so many luxuries."

"We surely have every thing necessary for comfort, my dear Lucy," said Mr. Cunningham. "Our happiness does not depend on the splendor of our furniture, but on our affection for each other. You would be no dearer to my heart, in the paraphernalia of a duchess, diamonds and all, than you are in your simple morning dress; and I hope you do not love me any the less, for not being able to furnish my house in the style of Mr. Westbury's."

"O, no—of course not," said Mrs. Cunningham, in a tone utterly devoid of all tenderness or feeling; "but then I should not the less for having beautiful thing, I suppose. And really, Edward, I think one of the best ways in which a husband can show his love for his wife, is by gratifying her in dress, furniture, company and so forth."

"He must ruin himself, then, to show his love," said Mr. Cunningham, throwing his head back on the easy chair, with a mingled expression of mental and bodly pain on his features.

Mrs. Cunningham, however, did not look up to mark the expression of his countenance, but half muttered in reply to his remark—

"I never knew a man who was too stingy to dress his wife decently, fail to excuse himself on the ground of necessity. How I do detest to hear a man talk of ruin if his wife only asks for a new pair of shoes!"

Mr. Cunningham was too deeply wounded to attempt a reply; and Mrs. Cunningham, having vented something of her discontent in this gentle ebullition, flirted out of the chamber, without even casting a glance toward her sick and now afflicted husband.

In due time Mrs. T——'s invitation was received, and this it was Mr. Westbury's wish that Julia should accept. Without manifesting the least reluctance she consented, and Mr. Westbury went so far as to thank her for her cheerful compliance with his wishes. This was a very slight courtesy, but there was something in Mr. Westbury's voice, when he spoke that went straight to Julia's heart, and she left the room to conceal the strong emotion excited by so very trivial a cause. "She certainly strives to please me, be the motive what it may," thought Mr. Westbury when left alone—"and though I cannot love her, honor—nay, gratitude demands that I make her as happy as circumstance will allow." He took a pen, and hastily writing a few lines, enclosed a bank note of considerable value, and left the little packet on her work table, that she might see it as she returned. He then left the house. When Julia resumed her seat by the table, the packet was the first thing that attracted her notice. She hastily opened it, and read as follows:

"As Mrs. Westbury is too delicate and reserved ever to make known a want, she may have many which are unthought of by him who is bound to supply them. Will she receive the enclosed, not as a gift, but as a right? Perhaps a new dress may be wanted for T——'s levee; if not, the enclosed can meet some of those calls on benevolence, to which report says Mrs. Westbury's ear is ever epen. And if Mrs. Westbury will so far overcome her timed delicacy, as freely to make known her wants whenever they occur, she will greatly oblige her husband."

Julia pondered long on this note. It was ceremonious and cold—cold enough!—yet not so frozen as the only one she had received from him. Perhaps it was his way of letting her know that he wished her to dress more elegantly and expensively. "I will not remain in doubt, I will know explicitly," thought she—and taking a pen in her turn she wrote the following:

"Mr. Westbury is so munificent in supplying every want, that his wife has none to make known. If there is any particular dress that would gratify Mr. Westbury's taste, Mrs. Westbury would esteem it a great favor would he name it, and it would be her delight to furnish herself accordingly. She accepts with gtatitude, not as her right but as a gift, the very liberal sum enclosed in Mr. Westbury's note."

Julia placed her note on Mr. Westbury's reading-desk in the library, and felt an almost feverish impatience to have an answer, either verbal or written. For more than an entire day, however, she was doomed to remain in suspense, as her husband made no allusion either to his not or her own, though the one she laid on his desk disappeared on his first return to the library. But her suspense at tength terminated. On going to her chamber, she observed a little box on her dressing table. On raising it, she discovered a note that was placed beneath it. The note run thus—

"Mr Westbury highly approves the elegant simplicity of Mrs. Westbury's style of dress, and in consulting her own taste, she will undoubtedly gratify him. He has yet but once seen her wear an unbecoming article. The contents of the accompanying box were selected, not for their intrinsic value or splendor, but because they correspond so well with Mrs. Westbury's style of dress and beauty. If she will wear them to Mrs. T——'s, she will gratify the giver."

Julia opened the box, and a set of beautiful pearls met her view. "How deligete, how kind, and how cold he is!" thought she. "O, how trifling the value of these gems, compared to one

particle of his love!—Yet for his sake I will wear them—not as my adorning—may that ever be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—but as a proof of desire in all things to please him, and meet his approbation."

Mrs. T——'s rooms were well filled with the elegant and fashionable, on the evening on which her house was opened to receive company. But the heart of Julia was not in such scenes. The more she saw of fashionable life the less she liked it. Emulation, envy, detraction, and dissimulation, were obtruding themselves on her notice, amid gaiety and splendor. Her conscientious scruples as to the propriety of thus mixing with the world, increased rather than diminished. "I promised," thought she, while surveying the gay assembly—"I promised, in all things lawful, to obey my husband—but is this lawful for me? It is my duty—it is my pleasure to comply with all his wishes, were superior duties do not forbid; but is it allowable for me to try to please him thus? His heart is the prize at which I aim; but will the "end sanctify the means?" Can I expect a blessing from above on my efforts, while my conscience is not quite clear asto the rectitude of the path I pursue? Can I not have moral courage enough to tell him my scruples? and dare I not hazard the consequences?" Julia's reflections were interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Cunningham.

"How serious you look, Mrs. Westbury," said she. "Really, you and Mr. Cunningham would do well together, for you are both more grave in a party than any where else. Mr. Cunningham actually tries my patience by his disrelish for society. I do believe he is now quite well, yet he made indisposition an excuse for not coming with me to night! But," continued she, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "I shall show him that I can be obstinate as well as he! He chooses to stay at home—I choose to come out—and if he will not come with me, neither will I stay with him. I should rather live in a cottage in the country, and have done with it, for there I should have nothing to expect; but to live in the midst of elegant society, and yet be constrained to immure one's self is intolerable, and I will not submit to it!"

Mrs. Westbury had not the pain of replying to a speech from which both her heart and her judgment revolted, as Mr. Eveleth at that moment addressed her. He soon engaged her in a conversation which continued for an hour, and would have continued still longer, but for a general movement of the company, which separated them. Not long after, Mr. Eveleth found himself near Miss Eldon, who was chatting with two or three gentlemen. Mr. Westbury was standing hard by, but his back was toward them, and Mr. Eveleth did not observe him.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Westbury, Miss Eldon?" Mr. Eveleth inquired.

"No, not in the least," said Miss Eldon, "and do not wish to be. She looks altogether too faded for me."

"False!" said Mr. Eveleth, "I should think that was the last word that would apply to Mrs. Westbury in any way. She is certainly animated both in countenance and manner, and she talks better than any lady I have conversed with. Her thoughts have something of masculine strength and range, delightfully modified by feminine grace and delicacy. Her manner is perfectly lady-like and gentle."

"Every thing she says must sound well," remarked another gentleman. "She has a woman's most potent charm, in perfection—a voice whose tones are almost all music."

"Perhaps it is all just as you say," said Miss Eldon; "but really, I never saw a lady who appeared to me more perfectly insipid, or less attractive. I hope," but the tone of Miss Eldon's voice contradicted her words, "I hope her husband sees her with your eyes rather than mine."

"I do—I will!" thought Mr. Westbury, who had heard all the conversation, with a variety of conflicting emotions. "Fade!" reiterated he, as Miss Eldon uttered the word, "'tis false!" He glanced his eyes towards Julia, who stood on the opposite side of the room, talking with a lady. She was dressed in black, a color that finely contrasted with her pearls, which proved to be very becoming. Her cheek was a little flushed, and her whole face beaming with animation. "Fade! 'tis false!" Mr Westbury's pride was piqued. Julia was Mrs. Westbury—his wife! could he patiently hear her thus unjustly spoken of? Was there any thing noble in that mind that could thus speak of a rival? How grateful to his feelings were the remarks of Mr. Eveleth! How clearly he read the feelings of Miss Eldon, in the tone of voice in which she uttered her last remark. He waited to hear no more, but moving towards a table that was spread with refreshments, filled a plate, and carried it to Julia. It was the first attention of the kind he had ever paid her, and her face was eloquent indeed, as she looked up with a smile, and said, "thank you." He stood by her for a few minutes, made some common-place remarks, even took a grape or two from her plate, and then turned away. It was one of the happiest moments of Julia's life. There was some thing indescribable in his manner, that a delicate and feeling woman could alone have seen or appreciated, of which Julia felt the full force.

When the party broke up, Miss Eldom contrived again to secure Mr. Westbury's arm. She saw that he purposely avoided her, whether from new-born indifference, or principle, she could not determine; but having boasted to quite a number of her confidential friends of his passion for herself, and the reluctance with which he had complied with his father's command to marry Julia, who made the most indelicate advances—she resolved, if art or maneuvering could accomplish it, to maintain the appearance of power over him. From the first she exulted in her conquest of Mr. Westbury's heart. She admired his person; his fortune she loved; and bitter was her mortification, unbounded her displeasure, when his hand was bestowed on another. To make it appear that he still loved her; to wring the heart of his wife, and detract from her character, were now the main springs of her actions whenever she met them. The sight of Julia's pearls, which she thought should have been her own, awakened, on this evening, peculiarly bitter feelings. The hand—the heart even of Mr. Westbury, were trifles, when compared with such beautiful ornaments, except as they were the medium through which the latter were to be obtained.

A ten minutes' conversation with her cidevant lover was all her art could accomplish during the evening at Mrs. T——'s, until she secured his arm on going out. In the entry they were detained by the crowd at the door, and looking round, they saw Mrs. Westbury, together with Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, examining a bust of General Lafayette, which stood on a pedestal, near the foot of the staircase. With a smile on her beautiful features, which were very slightly softened, and a compound expression of scorn and malignity, Miss Eldon said—

"Really, Mrs. Westbury has made a conquest! Mr. Eveleth is devoted in his attentions, and enthusiastic in his encomiums! Do you not begin to be jealous?"

"Not in the least," Mr. Westbury replied.—"The attentions and approbation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth, are an honor to any lady; and Mrs. Westbury's rigid sense of virtue and propriety will prevent her ever receiving improper attentions should any one be disposed to offer them. She has too much delicacy and refinement to court the attentions even of her own husband, much less those of the husband of another!"

Miss. Eldon was stung with mortification, and dropping her head, that her face might be concealed by her hood, she said, in a voice tremulous with conflicting passion—

"How little did I ever expect to hear Frederic Westbury speak to me in a severe tone!"

"Severe! Maria—Miss Eldon! Does common justice to Mrs. Westbury sound harshly in your ear?"

"Certainly not—but your tone, your manner are not what they were, and I hope that no circumstances, no new engagements, would prevent your retaining a kindly feeling toward one whom," she hesitated—

"One whom I once loved," said Mr. Westbury, finishing the sentence for her. "Yes, you well know that I once loved you."

"Once?" interrupted Miss Eldon—but this—

"Miss Eldon, you astonish me," said Mr. Westbury. "I am married; my wife commands my respect—nay, my admiration; and duty, honor, every thing commands that all former ties, however tender, should be broken. Our happiness, our respectability commands that henceforth we be only common acquaintances."

"Be it so, farewell!" said Miss Eldon, with irrepressible bitterness of expression, and snatching her hand from beneath his arm, she sprang forward and took that of her brother, who had just issued from the parlor."

"Is that, can that be Maria Eldon?" thought Mr. Westbury; "the amiable, the feeling, the refined Maria? Where is my love, my admiration, my passion for her gone? or rather, by what blindness were they at first excited? Does she wish to retain—nay, does she claim the heart of the husband of another! What perversion of principle is here?"

The crowd at the door was by this time nearly dispersed, and Mr. Westbury, advancing to the trio that still remained near the bust, drew his wife's arm within his, and bidding Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth "Good night," led her to their carriage.

"How have you enjoyed yourself this evening?" Mr. Westbury inquired, as soon as the carriage door was closed, and the coachman had mounted his box.

"Quite as well as I ever do in scenes of similar character," Julia answered.

"Do you not then relish society!"

"Not very well in such large masses," said Julia. "To my apprehension, very large parties counteract the purpose for which social feelings were implanted within us."

"Then you disapprove, as well as disrelish them!" said Mr. Westbury.

"I fear they are not quite innocent," said Julia. "So far as my observation has extended, they have little tendency to increase benevolence, or any of the finer feelings of the heart. I have often feared, that vanity and thirst for admiration, were the causes that drew together one-half of the crowd, and a vulgar love of luxuries the other."

"Those causes certainly do not influence all those who attend large assemblies," said Mr. Westbury. "Such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, for instance, are entirely above them.

"Undoubtedly," said Julia. "Still I believe the rule as general as any other."

"Does not the elegant and instructive conversation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth, reconcile you to the crowd?" Mr. Westbury inquired.

"Certainly not," said Julia. "How much more highly such conversation would be enjoyed—how much greater benefit derived from it, in a small circle. Artificial delicacy and refinement—artificial feeling—artificial good nature—artificial friendship, are the usual compounds that make large companies. Had Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth spent this evening with us, in our quiet parlor, how much greater would have been the enjoyment! how much more profitable the time would have been occupied.

"It might," said Mr. Westbury. "Mr. Eveleth has great colloquial powers. His conversation is at once brilliant and instructive. I know no gentleman who equals him in this particular."

"I cannot say quite as much as that," said Julia, "though he certainly converses uncommonly well."

"Who can you name that is his equal?" asked Mr. Westbury.

Julia hesitated a little, and blushed a great deal, though her blushes were unseen, as she said—"In conversational powers, I think my present companion is rarely, if ever excelled. And why," she added, "such gentlemen should mingle in crowds, where their talents are in a great measure lost, instead of mingling in select circles, where they could find congenial minds—minds, at least, in some degree capable of appreciating them, I cannot conceive. But I suppose my ideas of rational enjoyment—of elegant society are very singular." She stopped short, fearing she was saying too much, but Mr. Westbury requested her to proceed. After a minute's hesitation she said—

"I think the crowded drawing room should be abandoned to those who are capable of no higher enjoyment than gossip, nonsense, flirtation, and eating oysters, confections and creams; and that people of talent, education, principle, and refinement, should associate freely in small circles, and with little ceremony. In such kind of intercourse. new friendships would be formed, and old ones cemented; the mind and heart would be improved, and the demons of envy and detraction excluded. After an evening spent in such a circle, the monitor within would be at peace, and the blessing and protection of Heaven could be sought, without a feeling of shame and self-condemnation."

"Then your conscience is really at war with large parties?" said Mr. Westbury.

"I cannot deny that it is," Julia answered.—"Impelled by circumstances, I have striven to think they might sometimes be innocently attended, and perhaps they may; but I confess that the reproaches of my own conscience are more and more severe, every time I repeat the indulgence. Whatever they be to others, I am constrained to believe they are not innocent for me."

Mr. Westbury made no reply, for at that moment the carriage stopped at their own door, and the subject was not again resumed.

Every party was sure to procure for Mrs. Westbury the favor of a call from Mrs. Cunningham. On the following morning, at as early an hour as etiquette would allow, she made her appearance.

"I could not stay away this morning," she said, the moment she entered. "I am so vexed, and so hurt, that I must have the sympathy of some friendly heart; and you are a friend to every one, especially when in trouble."

"What troubles you, Mrs. Cunningham?" Mrs. Westbury inquired.

"You recollect," said Mrs. Cunningham, "what I said to you last night about Mr. Cunningham's indisposition. Well, as soon as I got home, I ran up stairs, of course, you know, to see how he was, expecting to find him abed and asleep. Judge how I felt, when I found my bed as I left it, and no husband in the chamber. I flew down stairs, and searched every room for him, but in vain. I then rang for Peggy, and asked "if she knew where Mr. Cunningham was." "La, ma'am," said she, "I'm sure I don't know. He went out jist after you did. He called me to give charge about the fires, and said he was going out. I thought he had altered his mind, and was going to Mrs. T——'s." I dismissed the girl, and went to my chamber in an agony, as you may suppose. I declare I hardly know what I did or thought for three long hours—for it was so long before Mr. Cunningham came home! I don't know what I said to him when he came, but he was not the kind, affectionate creature, that he ever has been, for he almost harshly told me "to cease my upbraidings"—upbraidings! think what a word—"for if I sought pleasure where I liked, I must not quarrel with him for doing the same!" My dear Mrs. Westbury, I could not make him tell me where he had been, do all I could—and I have horrible surmises. What shall I do? I am sick at heart, and almost distracted."

"Will you follow my advice, my dear Mrs. Cunningham?" said Mrs. Westbury, who truly pitied her distress, much as she blamed her.

"O, yes—I will do any thing to feel happier than I now do. Really, my heart is broken," and she burst into a passion of tears.

Mrs. Westbury attempted to soothe her, and then said—

"Forgive me, if I wound, when I would only heal. You have been a little imprudent, and must retrace your steps by conforming to the taste of your husband. He does not like crowds, and you must in part relinquish them for his sake."

"And is not that hard?" said Mrs. Cunningham. "Why should he not conform to my taste, as well as I to his? Why must men always have their own way?"

"That point it is not worth while to discuss," said Mrs. Westbury. "Your happiness, my friend, is at stake. Can you hesitate an instant which to relinquish—those pleasures, which, after all, are so unsatisfying, or the approbation, the happiness, perhaps the heart, even, of your husband?"

"But why," persisted Mrs. Cunningham, "need he be so obstinate? You see he could go out and stay till two in the morning! It seems as if he did it on purpose to torment me," and she again burst into tears.

"I have not the least doubt," said Mrs. Westbury, "that would you yield to Mr. Cunningham's wishes—would you let him see that you care more about pleasing him than yourself, he would cheerfully, and frequently, perhaps, accommodate himself to your taste. Few men will bear being driven, and they would be objects of our contempt if they would, for authority is divinely delegated to them; but there are very few who have not generosity enough to take pleasure in gratifying the wife, who evidently strives to meet his wishes, and is willing to sacrifice her own pleasures, that she may promote his happiness."

"But I can't see," said Mrs. Cunningham, "why my happiness is not of as much consequence as my husband's. I can't see why all sacrifice should be on my side!"

"Do you not perceive," said Mrs. Westbury, "that the sacrifices you make are made to secure your happiness and not to destroy it?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Cunningham. "I can't bear to have Ned think to manage me as he would a little child, and then punish me as he did last night, if I don't do just as he says. I don't think it fair! And I don't know as it would be of any avail, should I follow your advice. Some men will be ugly, do what you will! And why should you understand managing the men better than I do! You are two or three years younger!"

"I never studied how to manage them," said Mrs. Westbury; "but I have thought a good deal on the best way of securing domestic happiness; and reason, observation, and the word of God teach me that, would the wife be happy and beloved, she must "be in subjection to her own husband." He may not always be reasonable, but she cannot "usurp authority" without at once warring against Heaven, her own peace, and respectability. Think of it, my dear Mrs. Cunningham, ruminate upon it, and in your decision be careful not to let will influence you to sacrifice a greater good for a less one. It is not degrading for a wife to submit to her husband. On the contrary, she never appears more lovely, than when cheerfully and gracefully yielding up her own wishes that she may comply with his. Women were not made to rule; and in my view, the wife who attempts to govern, and the husband who submits to be governed, are equally contemptible."

"What an admirable wife you would be for a tyrant!" exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. "I never heard the doctrine of passive obedience more strenuously inculcated. Indeed, you would make a tyrant of any man!"

"If any thing would disarm the tyrant," said Mrs. Westbury, "I think this passive obedience would do it, if, at the same time, it were a cheerful obedience. But, happily you have no tyrant to disarm. Your husband, I am satisfied, would be easily pleased. Try, my friend, for a little while, to yield to him, and see if you do not meet a rich reward."

"Well, I'll think of it," said Mrs. Cunningham, "and perhaps shall do as you advise, for really I am very wretched now. O, dear, I do wish the men were not so obstinate! so overbearing! so selfish!"

For some time things went on very calmly with Julia. Though there was nothing tender, or even affectionate in the manner of her husband, there was a gradual alteration, sufficient to keep hope alive, and stimulate her to exertion. He spent more and more of his leisure time at home, and was at least becoming reconciled to her society. Julia's system of visiting had been partially adopted, and Mr. Wetsbury enjoyed it highly.—Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, and a few other friends of congenial minds, had been invited to drop in occasionally without ceremony; the invitation had been complied with, and Mr. Westbury and Julia had returned a few visits of this kind. Thus many evenings had been profitably spent. Another great comfort to Julia was that her husband had cheerfully permitted her to decline several invitations to attend large parties, and had sometimes remained at home with her himself, and even when he had thought best, on his own part, to accept the invitation, he had been absent but a short time, and had then returned to pass the remainder of the evening with his wife.

But after a while, this faint gleam of sunshine began to fade away. A cloud of care seemed settling on Mr. Westbury's brow, he passed less of his time at home, till at length Julia scarcely saw him, except at meal times. "What is the matter?" thought Julia. "Am I the cause? is Miss Eldon? or is it some perplexity in his affairs?"—She longed to inquire. If she had displeased him, she wished to correct whatever had given displeasure. If his sadness was in any way connected with Miss Eldon, of course she could not in any way interfere, but if it originated in any cause foreign to either, she ardently desired to offer her sympathy, and share his sorrows. Day after day passed, without producing any favorable change, and Julia's feelings were wrought up to agony. She resolved, at all hazards, to inquire into the cause of his depression.

He came in late one evening, and taking a seat near the table beside which Julia was sitting, leaned his head on his hands. Half an hour passed without a word being uttered. "Now is my time," thought Julia. "Yet how can I do it?—What can I say? A favored wife could seat herself on his knee, entwine his neck with her arms, and penetrate his very heart—but I, alas, should only disgust by such freedom!" She drew a sigh and summoning all her courage, said, in a timid voice—

"I fear I have unwittingly offended you."

Mr. Westbury looked up in some surprise, and assured her she had not.

"You have absented yourself from home so much of late," said Julia, "that I feared your own fireside was becoming less agreeable to you than ever."

"Business of importance," said Mr. Westbury, "has of late demanded all my time, and to-morrow I must start for New York."

"For New York!" said Julia. "To be absent how long?"

"That," said Mr. Westbury, "must depend on circumstances. I may be absent some time."

"May I not hope to hear from you occasionally?" Julia assumed courage to ask.

"Yes—I will certainly write to you from time to time."

"He does not ask me to write," thought Julia, with a sigh. "He is quite indifferent how fares one whom he calls his wife!"

The following morning witnessed the departure of Mr. Westbury, and Julia was left to painful conjecture as to the cause of his dejection. Three weeks passed away, in each of which she received a leter from him, comporting exactly with his manner toward her—friendly and respectful, but neither tender nor confiding.

At the close of that period, Julia was one day alarmed by the unceremonious entrance of a sheriff's officer. He was the bearer of a writ of attachment, with orders to seize all the furniture.

"At whose suit do you come?" Julia asked the officer.

"At Mr. Eldon's, madam. He holds a note of some thousands against Mr. Westbury, and thinks no time is to be lost in making it secure. You have jewels of value, madam, which I was ordered to include in the attachment."

"Will you allow me a few minutes for reflection?" said Julia, whose faculties seemed benumbered by the suddenness of the blow.

"Certainly, madam—certainly, any accommodation in my power I shall be happy to grant."

"What can I do? what ought I to do?" thought Julia. "Oh, that Mr. Westbury was at home! Mr. Eveleth—yes—I will send for him; he can advise me, if the officer will only wait."

"Will you suspend your operations for half an hour, sir;" asked Julia, "that I may send for a friend to advise and assist me?"

"Why, my time is very precious, madam, and my orders to attach were peremptory; nevertheless, half an hour will make no great difference; so to oblige you, I will wait."

The pale and trembling Julia instantly despatched a servant for Mr. Eveleth, and in twenty minutes that gentleman arrived. He was instantly made acquainted with the business in hand, and without hesitation receipted for the furniture, and dismissed the officer. Julia felt relieved of an enormous burden when the officer left the house, though in her trepidation she scarcely comprehended how he was induced to go and leave every thing as it was. As soon as she was sufficiently composed and collected to take up a pen, she wrote to her husband, giving him an account of all that had transpired. Her letter despatched, she had nothing to do but to wait in torturing suspense, till she could either see or hear from him.

On the third evening, as she was sitting with her eyes resting on the carpet, thinking alternately of her husband and her own embarrassing situation, and at times raising her heart to heaven for strength and direction—as she was thus sitting, in deep and melancholy musing, Mr. Westbury entered the appartment. Quick as thought, she sprang towards him, exclaiming,

"Oh, my dear husband, how glad I am that you are come! But, what is the matter?" she cried, as he sank into a chair, "you are very ill?"

"I find that I am," said Mr. W. "my strength has just sufficed to bring me home."

Julia took his hand, and found it was burning with fever, and instantly despatched a servant for a physician, while she assisted her husband to his chamber. The medical gentleman soon arrived, and pronounced Mr. Westbury in a confirmed fever. For twenty days, Julia was in an agony of suspense. With intense anxeity she watched every symptom, and administered every medicine with her own hand, lest some mistake should be made. It was in vain that the physician entreated her to take more care of herself; she could do nothing but that which related to her husband. When nature was completely exhausted, she would take an hour's repose, and then be again at her post.

On every account, the thought of death was terrible. "To be lost to me," thought she, "is unutterably dreadful: but, oh, it is a trifle compared to his being lost to himself! he is not fit for Heaven. He has never sought the intercession of the great Advocate, through whom alone he can enter on eternal life." How fervently did she pray that his life might be prolonged! that he might come

forth from his affliction like gold seven times refined!

Mr. Westbury was exceedingly reduced, but there had been no symptom of delirium, though weakness and pain compelled him to remain almost constantly silent. Occasionally, however, he expressed his gratitude to Julia, for her unremitted attentions; he begged her, for his sake, to take all possible care of her own health, for if her strength should fail, such another nurse—so tender, so vigilant, could not be found. Julia entreated him to take no thought for her, as she doubted not that her Heavenly Father would give her strength for the discharge of every duty. Sometimes, when he was uttering a few words of commendation, she panted to say, "Aimez moi au tieu de me lquer," but with a sigh she would bury the thought at the bottom of her heart, and proceed to the discharge of her duties. Oftentimes would she kneel, for an hour together, at his bedside, when he appeared to be sleeping with his hand clasped in her's dividing her time between, counting his fluttering pulse, and raising her heart to Heaven in his behalf.

But Julia's constitution was unequal to the task she had undertaken. Protracted fatigue and anxiety did their work, and on the day that her husband was pronounced convalescent, she was conveyed to a bed of sickness. Unlike Mr. Westbury, she was in a constant state of delirium, induced by mental anxiety and unremitted watching. Most touchingly would she beg to go to her husband, as he was dying for want of her care. It was in vain that she was told he was better—was rapidly recovering; the impression was gone in an instant, and her mind reverted to his danger. Her physician was anxious that Mr. Westbury should visit her, hoping that the sight of him might change the current of her thoughts, and remove that anxiety that greatly hightened her fever. At the end of ten days, he was able to be supported to her chamber, and advancing to the bedside, he said—

"My dear Julia, I am now able to come and see you."

"Thank Heaven," said Julia, clasping her hands,—and then raising her eyes, she added—"Heavenly Father, I thank Thee!—But how sick you look," continued she. "O, pray go to bed, and I will come and nurse you. I shall very soon be rested, and they will let me come."

"I will set by, and watch, and nurse you now, Julia," said Mr. Westbury, "so try to go to sleep, it will do you good."

"You call me Julia," said she, smiling; "O, how sweetly that sounded! But I will mind you and try to sleep, for my head feels strangely."

She closed her eyes, and Mr. Westbury sat at the head of the bed, watching her with intense interest. Presently her lips moved, and he leaned forward to hear what she was saying.

"O, should he die," she murmured in the softest tone—"O, should he die without ever loving me!—die without knowing how much—how fondly I loved him! And O," she added, in a whisper, while an expression of deep solemnity settled on her features—"O, should he die without ever loving the blessed Saviour!—that would be the most dreadful of all!"

Presently a noise in the street disturbed her, and she opened her eyes. She did not see her husband, as she turned her face a little on the other side, and calling the nurse, she said—

"Do beg them to make less noise; they will kill my dear husband;—I know just how it makes his poor head feel," and she clasped her own with her hands.

Mr. Westbury's feelings were much moved, and his debility was such he could with difficulty restrain them. He found he must return to his own chamber, and taking his wife's hand, he said—

"I hope to be able to come and see you now every day, my dear Julia."

"O do," she said, "and always call me Julia, will you?—it sounds so kindly."

Scenes similar to this were constantly recurring for the next ten days. Mr. Westbury continued to gain strength, though his recovery was somewhat retarded by his visits to Julia's chamber, while she was gradually sinking under the violence of her disease. The hopes, however, which her physician gave of her recovery were not delusive. Within three weeks from the time of her seizure, a crisis took place, and the next day she was pronounced out of danger.

Soon after this, Mr. Westbury was able to attend a little to business, but all the time he was in the house was spent in Julia's chamber. One day, after she had so far recovered her usual strength, as to be able to sit up for an hour or two at a time, he chanced to be left alone with her.

"My dear Julia," said he, as he took her emaciated hand, and folded it between his own, "I can never express my gratitude for your kind attentions to an unworthy husband, nor my thankfulness to heaven that your precious life did not fall a sacrifice to your efforts to save mine. I hope to prove, by my future conduct, that I have learned to appreciate your value."

He spoke in the softest tones of love, while his eyes were humid with tears.

"Do you then love me?" said Julia.

"Love you! yes, most tenderly, with my whole heart," said Westbury; "more than any thing—more than every thing else on earth!"

Julia leaned her head on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Why do you weep, Julia!" said Mr. Westbury.

"O, I am so happy!" said Julia. "There wants but one thing to make my cup of blessedness quite full."

"And what is that, dearest?"

"That you should give your first, your best affections were alone they are deserved, to your Creator."

"I trust, my dear wife," said Mr. Westbury, with deep feeling, "I trust that your precious intercessions for me at the throne of mercy, have been answered. My bed of sickness was a bed of reflection, of retrospection, of rumors, and, I hope, of true penitence. I feel as if in a new world; "old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

Julia clasped her hands together, leaned her face upon them, and for a long time remained perfectly silent. At length she raised her head, and said,

"Your fortune, I suppose, is gone; but what of that? It was a trifle—a toy—compared with the blessings now bestowed. A cottage—any place will be a paradise to me, possessing the heart of my husband, and he a believer!"

"My dear Julia," said Mr. Westbury, "my fortune is unimpaired. I was in danger of sustaining great loss through the embarrassments of my banker in New York, but all is now happily adjusted. The difficulty here, was the result of malice. Eldon was embittered against me, I doubt not through the influence of his sister, of whom it is unnecessary to speak to you. He heard of my difficulties, and knowing that he should be perfectly safe, purchased that note against me, that he might avenge her, by increasing my embarrassments. I have recently been informed that the unhappy girl looked on your pearls with peculiar malignity. Her feelings were too bitter and too strong for concealment.—Poor girl; I fear that she and her brother are kindred in heart, as well as in blood; and I often look with something like horror at the gulf into which I wished to plunge myself, and from which my dear father alone saved me. I can never be sufficiently thankful, for being turned, almost by force, from my rash and headstrong course; and for having a wife bestowed on me, rich in every mental and moral excellence, who loves me for myself, undeserving as I am, and not for my wealth."

It was now June; and as soon as Julia's strength was equal to the fatigue, Mr. Westbury took her into the country for change of air. They were absent from the city for some months, and made, in the course of the summer, several delightful excursions in various parts of the country. A few days after their return to their house in town, Julia asked Mr. Westbury "if he had seen or heard any thing of the Cunninghams."

"I have seen neither of them," said Mr. Westbury, "but hear sad accounts of both. Mrs. Cunningham is now with a party at Nahant. She has been extremely gay, perhaps I might say dissipated, during the winter season, and her reputation is in some danger. Cunningham has become an inveterate gamester, and I am told that his face shows but too plainly, that temperance is not among his virtues!"

"Poor creatures," said Julia, "how I pity them for their folly, their madness!"

"I pity him most sincerely," said Mr. Westbury, "for being united to a woman who selfishly preferred her own pleasure to her husband's happiness. Her I have not yet learned to pity. Had she taken your advice, Julia—for most touchingly did I hear you warn her!—she might have been happy, and her husband respectable. Now they are both lost! O, that every woman would learn where her true strength—her happiness lies! O, that she would learn that, to yield is to conquer—to submit is to subdue! None but the utterly ignoble and abandoned, could long resist the geniel influence of a cheerful, meek, patient, self denying wife; nay, instances are not wanting, in which the most profligate have been reclaimed through the instrumentality of a consistently amiable and virtuous woman! If the whole sex, my dear Julia, would imbibe your spirit, and follow your example, the effect would soon be manifest. Men would be very different creatures from what they are, and few wives would have occasion to complain of unkind and obstinate husbands. A vast deal of the influence of women on society, and they themselves exult in their power, but how seldom, comparatively, do they use it to benefit themselves or the world! Let it be a woman's first desire to make her husband good, and happy, and respectable, and seldom will she fall short of her object, or fail of securing her own facility."

Mr. Clay's Mansion is about a mile and a half from the city of Lexington, Showing partially, and at intervals, through the trees by which it is surrounded, and which cluster on the broad lawn in front, the appearance which it presents is in the highest degree, attractive. A winding carriageway conducts you from the gate to the principal entrance of the house. Here the visitor is chiefly struck with the extreme neatness, simplicity, and good arrangements of every thing his eye beholds. He sees no costly statues, no magnificence of architecture, no fountains gushing from brazen Tritons, and by their pleasing murmurs wooing to a luxurious respose. But all that the uninvited taste of a man of letters and of easy circumstances, of patriotic feeling and republican simplicity, could require it spread before him. Lawns of the soft and beautiful grass for which the country is remarkable, studded with clumps of trees, through whose dense foliage the yellow rays of the sun here and there struggle irregularly and brightly; a garden of large extent presenting, by its rich store of all the treasures of Flora, combined with the more homely and useful fruits of domestic use, a vivid idea of that sweet spot where our first parents roamed, careless of all besides; stables, abundantly supplied with horses of the fairest proportions, and stock of the purest blood; woods, left in their natural beauty and wild luxuriance—meet places for study and quiet contemplation—these are the objects which the statesman of the West has gathered in rich abundance about him, where a taste less pure would have collected grottoes, statues, and a thousand little paltry temples and pagodas (being of that class of edifices by man humanely erected for the benefit of spiders.) The enterior of the building answers the expectations excited by its appearance without. Every thing is rich and excellent, but plain. There is nothing gaudy; nothing of that gay magnificence which dazzles and overpowers. It is the comfortable, well ordered mansion of the gentlemen, the man of taste, and the scholar.—*Correspondent of the N. Y. Star.*

The Farm of a Bonaparte.—Mr. Hill, who has lately visited Bordentown and vicinity, says (in the "Visiter") that the premises of the late king Joseph, although he has been absent in Europe for the last few years, continue to increase in exterior beauty, as the grounds in useful cultivation must gain in annual production. The same buildings, whether of brick or wood, that were so trim and bright twenty years ago, lose none of their beauty and lustre. For more than a mile in distance, running alongside the old stage-road, and in sight of the present railroad, is the high picketed fence, through which is seen the margin or trees and shrubbery extending as a bank around the premises, and through that are deserted the cultivated grounds. In one enclosure the deer are seen sporting among the trees—in another is ground under cultivation of the plough—in a third is waving wheat, or other grain, or grass. Barns and other buildings are erected at suitable distance. The whole premises are laid out either for ornament or use of some sort. No part of them seems to be neglected.

From this description it would seem, that some Republican farmers might take a lesson about the neatness, and the fitness of things, from this royal tiller of the soil.—*Boston Journal.*

There is a man who daily walks up and down one of the streets in Boston, who is so poor that he can pick his teeth with his elbows, and is afraid to sit down lest his bones should cut his pantaloons.

THOUGHT.

Stern project of the enraptured soul,
Beyond our view, beyond control,
Immaculate and free,
The fairest, darkest thing below—
Man's sweetest friend, his deadliest foe,
Are all combined in thee!

Born with our being into life,
Clinging through all this earthly strife—
How long the space or brief,
Emotion's all within thy clasp,
Encircled in thy boundless grasp
Is all of joy and grief.

The essence of our being dread,
To other worlds—to spirits wed—
For ever and sublime,
That fills all space, and can deride
The loss and change of human pride—
Eternity and time!

Glorious the sunlight on the hill,
Glorious the moonbeam on the rill
With love and beauty fraught;
But oh! more glorious than the light
Of all the rolling orbs of night,
Is the inspiring thought!

Glorious is the rock-bound strand;
Glorious is the freeman's land;
Grand is the freeman's song.
But oh! more grandeur than the wave
E'er rolled above the seaman's grave
To the high thoughts belong!

Sweet is the Christian's latest sigh!
Sweet is his privilege to die
In purity and peace;
But sweeter far than Gilead's balm
Is the pure thought's unearthly charm
That promises release.

Whate'er the lot—whate'er the name
Thy unknown destiny may claim—
Soul, memory or thought;
Our refuge, terror, slave and king;
With thee, we may be every thing—
Without thee, we are nought!

Sweet spirit, where hast thou thy home!
Sweet spirit, oh whence hast thou come!
And where dost thou return!
Say, will the undying spirit stray
When it hath cast its robe of clay
To yonder worlds that burn?

Or art thou but a wandering part
Of one whole, pure and holy heart
Unknowing death and sin,
Which pours its peace, its light, its love,
Around, on high, below, above—
Without us and within?

Oh, who shall scan thy winged flight?
Who track upon its path of light
Thy deathless—deathless ray?
Oh who shall tell where thou art fled
When we are called unto the dead,
And thou hast passed away?

God of unknown eternity,
On thee is placed our trust. 'Tis thee
Who intellect has given.
God of the deep and fearless thought—
'Tis thee who erring mind has taught
To fix its gaze on heaven.

God of the just, the good, the free—
Oh is it not a spark from thee—
An emanation from the shrine
Whose living light, enduring thrall
Death overspread and cherish all,
Immortal and divine!

From the Albany Evening Journal.

A VETERAN.

Judge NEDHAM MAYNARD, Father of the Hon. JOHN MAYNARD, of the State Senate, now of Seneca Falls, is in his eighty-fifth year. He was born in the town of Framingham, near Boston, 18th August, 1755.

In the month of September, 1774, he enlisted as a minute man, in the Massachusetts Volunteers. In April, 1775, he enlisted into the regiment commanded by Col. JONATHAN BREWER, and joined the provincial army near Boston. In the memorable battle of Bunker Hill it was his fortune to be placed in a situation to give a more interesting and graphic account of the thrilling incidents of that day probably than any other man now living.—He was aid to Gen. WARREN, and he it was who carried the order from the commander to the officers of the several regiments of the American Army "to withhold their fire until the firing should be commenced in the centre" by order of the General himself.

Judge MAYNARD enjoys good health except that his limbs have been for several years stiffened by the rheumatism; his mind is apparently unimpaired by age, and I should like to have those who think a man of sixty-six or sixty-seven *too old* to direct the destinies of this nation, hear the old veteran's description of the battle of Bunker Hill and many other of the trying scenes it was his fortune to pass through during the stormy period of the Revolution.

His account of the battle of Bunker Hill is interesting, and could the spirit with which he details its incidents be transferred to paper it would well repay for an extended publication, although it might add but little to what is already upon the page of history. The following account of the action is from his own lips:—

Col. PRESCOTT took possession of Breed's Hill on the night of the 16th of June, 1775, and threw up a breast-work of earth which they called a fort. On the morning of the 17th, at daylight, the British discovered the work and commenced a heavy cannonade from their shipping and from Copps Hill. Col. Prescott was reinforced in the course of the forenoon by the regiments of Colonel Brown, Nixon and several others.

Gen. WARREN, who had been appointed by the provincial authorities of Massachusetts a General but three or four days previous, arrived on the ground about the middle of the day; he was in citizens's dress and was on foot, as were all the provincial officers; he had not taken command by virtue of his newly received commission, but the several Colonels insisted upon his at once assuming the command and directing the movements of the day! The British troops were at this time landing and forming in order of battle. Gen. WARREN had no military staff and required the services of some one to transmit his orders, and Col. Brewer recommended to him his fellow-townsman, Mr. MAYNARD, who was young, active, and had been long enough in the service to be well disciplined.

Young MAYNARD accepted the invitation of Gen. WARREN to act in that capacity, and repaired with him to the centre. The General immediately directed a breastword to be constructed by doubling a post and rail fence, and filling in with hay which had been mown the day before.

In the mean time, dense clouds of smoke rising above Charlestown communicated the awful intelligence that the town had been fired by the enemy, and aided in exasperating the American troops for the bloody affray that was to follow. The breast-work was completed to within about thirty rods of the fort occupied by Col. PRESCOTT, when the men were forced to quit the work and seize their arms.

The British advanced slowly in two columns, and when the whole were plainly in sight, Mr. MAYNARD carried the order from Gen. WARREN to Col. NIXON, who lay on the Mystic River, "to reserve his fire until the firing should commence in the centre." Returning to the General, he was directed to carry the same order to Col. PRESCOTT and the other officers along the line.

The breathless silence along the American entrenchments was now only broken by hasty words of encouragement and direction from the officers to the men. The British advanced to within ten or twelve rods of the American works, when they fired and commenced displaying their columns to form a line. At this moment Gen. WARREN gave the word "FIRE!" On the instant the whole breastwork was in a blaze, and a report, like prolonged thunder, rolled along the line. The enemy were thrown into disorder, and were unable to form their line; a few successive well directed fires compelled them to retreat, which tho' hasty, was conducted in good order. Gen. Warren ordered a cessation of the firing, on account of the scarcity of ammunition. The ground occupied by the advancing columns was nearly covered with the dead and wounded who lay in heaps as they fell across each other. The wounded raised their heads in imploring attitudes, but neither their friends nor their foes could afford them relief.—but a few of the Americans were killed or wounded in this attack.

The British received some reinforcements from Boston, and again advanced in precisely the same order as before. All was still as the grave until the front of their columns had passed over all their dead when the American General, without waiting for the fire of his enemy, gave the word that was to consign hundreds to instant death.—This fire was even more destructive than before, and the enemy retired in some confusion. The British fired but a few shots, and those did but little execution.

The British now received further reinforcements and a general officer from Boston, and advanced a third time, not in column, but in line.—They again marched over their dead, and a brisk firing commenced on both sides, which lasted nearly an hour, until the firing of the Americans died away for want of ammunition. The British then undertook to storm the fort. Gen. Warren sent a reinforcement of about sixty men to Col. PRESCOTT, and sent Mr. MAYNARD to inform him that he would send more men if he wanted them. Col. PRESCOTT at first thought he had of many men as could stand to advantage, but detained Mr. Maynard until the result of the enemy's first attack should be known. The enemy scaled the embankments with their bayonets. The Americans had few bayonets, but fell upon their foe with the breeches of their guns, knocked them down with cobble stones, seized and wrested their guns from them and turned their own bayonets against them. Prescott was every where encouraging his men, and joining in the general melee and shouting with his hoarse voice, "down with them—seize their guns—knock out their brains with stones—cobble stones are our cannon shot," &c. &c. The British were driven out a second time with great loss; a third time they advanced to the attack, when Col. Prescott discovering that the Provincials had been driven from the hay breast-work and that his retreat would soon be cut off, ordered a retreat. The retreat now became general, but was conducted in good order. Mr. Maynard was not with Gen. Warren when he fell, having been detained in the fort with Col. Prescott.

Soon after the retreat commenced, Mr. Maynard found his elder brother John, (the father of John Maynard of Syracuse) with a broken leg and a British musket for a crutch, making the best head-way he could from the enemy. He threw his wounded brother across his shoulder, and carried him amid showers of bullets beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, where he fainted from loss of blood; a ball had passed through his leg and the blood flowed profusely; the wounded brother was again shouldered and carried to Bunker Hill, nearly a mile from the battle ground on Breed's hill before help could be obtained. His wounded brother was soon cured of his wound, and served through the war, and before its close, was promoted to the rank of Captain.

Mr. Maynard was afterwards in many severe battles that followed this terrific opening of the grand drama that secured our independence—but the length of this sketch prevents a further recital from his interesting remniiscences.

Judge Maynard was one of the early settlers of Oneida County, where he has resided until the last few years; he has frequently filled the office of magistrate, and was for ten years one of the County Judges, of that county, to which office he was first appointed during the administration of Gov. George Clinton.

The men who achieved our independence were a remarkable generation of men, in whom were combined the most inflexible virtue, and the most undaunted courage—soon, will the last of them have paid the debt of nature, and it is well to listen to, and record their tale, that their virtues may not soon be unrespected, or their names unhonored.

A BOTTOMLESS LAKE.

A writer in the Troy N. Y. Mail, gives the following account of a remarkable pond in Sussex county, in the State of N. York:

"White Lake is situated about one mille west of the Paulius Kill, in the town of Stillwater. It is nearly circular, and about a third of a mile in diamater. It has no visible inlet, but its outlet is a never failing stream of considerable magnitude.—The name is derived from its appearance.—Viewed from a little distance it seems of a milky whiteness, except a few rods in the centre, which by the contrast appears perfectly black. The appearance itself is singular enough, but the case is still more remarkable.

From the centre or dark portion of the lake at stated seasons, innumerable quantities of shells are thrown up, of various sizes and forms, but all perfectly white. These float to the shore and are thrown out upon the beach, or sink into shallow water. Hundreds of bushels might be gathered from the shore after one of these periodical uprisings; and the whole soil for several rods on every side of the lake, is composed by the action of the weather. In the centre of the lake, bottom has never been found, although it has been sounded to the depth of several hundred feet.

Where then is the grand deposite from which has been swelling up since the memory of men, these countless myriads of untenanted shells?—Is it possible that though far remote at an elevation of several hundred feet above them, this bottomless well may, by some subterranean communication, be connected with the grand shell mail deposite in the eastern part of the State?

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1840.

THE PRIZE.

Mr. H. L. ABBOTT, now of York, formerly of Fowlerville, having procured the greatest number of subscribers for the Gem, previous to the first of July, is entitled to the prize of FIVE DOLLARS, offered by us.

THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.

Since the expedition which resulted in the capture of Algiers and the complete conquest of that Corsair Sovereignty, made its first demonstration upon Africa, the progress of events in that quarter has been watched with great interest by the civilized world. It was regarded as a triumph of civilization and christianity when that ancient capital of Barbary piracy and Mahomedanism, the city of Algiers, fell into the hands of the French, and when the extensive section of country attached to it became a French province.—And it was hoped that the conquest of that important principality, had opened the door for the introduction of civilization and christianity, and their permanent establishment in Northern Africa.

Recent accounts, however, give reason to fear that these anticipations of benevolence, will not be realized. The climate has waged a most destructive war upon the French forces, and the neighboring Arabs, one scarcely less destructive. Abdel Kader who is the leader of the hostile native forces, and who seems to be their civil head also, is a brave and skilful Arab warrior, and though his rude troops cannot compete with French military science and discipline in pitched battles, he displays a degree of courage, activity, perseverance and untutored generalship which entitle him to success, and which, notwithstanding the French accounts of the war, have secured it to him, to a degree which threatens the overthrow of the French power in Africa. The French troops have won victories to be sure—that is, they have retained possession of fields and passes from which the Arabs had retreated, and have occupied towns which the Arabs had abandoned—but the substantial successes preponderate greatly on the side of the natives. When they retreat from a field they leave but a barren victory to their enemy, for Arab cavalry leave but few spoils behind them; and when they abandon a town, it is to find places of meeting and *recruiting stations*, and food for themselves and their "Arab steeds," in the passes and valleys of the Atlas.—From these positions they sally as often as opportunity presents, upon the detachments and posts of the French; and even hover about the French encampments and hang upon the skirts of the main army; appearing when least expected, striking where there is no hand at liberty to return the blow, and dashing away on their fleet coursers, when a force too strong for their light arms, comes against them.

Abdel Kader seems to combine in himself the qualities of the Spanish Patriot leader, Mina, and the Cossack Chieftan, Platoff, and to have employed successfully against the invaders of his country, both the Guerilla and the Cossack modes of warfare; or rather to have successfully revived the tactics by which the ancestors his race under Hannibal, were driven out of Italy by old Fabius two thousand years ago. His enemies may withstand the warfare as long as the Carthaginians did, but if he continues as he has thus far carried it on, he must ultimately triumph.

"Comparisons are odious"—as the baboon said when they told him he looked like a dandy.

THE PRESENTATION.

Below is the address of Maj. Gen. STEVENS on presenting the banner to the Rochester City Cadets on the morning of the Fourth, and the reply Mr. W. S. THAYER on the part of the Cadets:

Officers and Soldiers of the City Cadets:

The ceremony in which we are now engaged is one of common occurrence, and its origin may be traced far back beyond the days of chivalry, when the result of battles often depended upon individual strength and prowess, and when the glittering helmet and floating pennant of some chivalrous Knight at arms showed but too well where the flood-tide of victory rolled the strongest.

The early history of the Patriachial Tribes, and of Greece records the fact that banners though under other names were in use, and the Steer of Ephraim, the Wolf of Benjamin and the Owl of Athens occupied the places now assigned to the Lillies of France, the Lion of England and the Eagle of our own well-loved Republic. The age of chivalry presnted a new era in the history of banners. At first a mere riband, the cherished token of some fair lady love, served as a signal for the onset, and was waved in triumph over a fallen foe. Gradually the riband was exchanged for the banner, and the broad folds of the Oriflamme, resplendent with purple and gold, floated over "serried ranks" and indicated the post of honor, around which rallied the bravest and the best; and to bear it in triumph, or fall in its defence was alike honorable to the soldier, and rendered him regardless of danger, and fearless amid all the horrors of the "foughten field."

In more modern times banners or stands of colors have been assigned to each individual corps, and their safe keeping identified with the honor of those to whom they were entrusted, serving a useful purpose in the mere performance of military evolutions, and a still more important one in arousing miliaty ardor, exciting emulation and calling into action the energy of the soldier. To the glory of the soldier be it said that blood has gushed like water around his standards, and death too often proved his stern regard for his honor.

Cadets—this banner now about to be entrusted to your keeping, while it is presented as a mark of esteem and regard on my part and that of those whom I have the honor to command as my military staff, has still higher claims upon your honor, your chivalry and your affection. The ladies of our city have contributed their care, their industry and their skill, and its folds bear beautiful and high wrought assurance that they, like the wives and daughters of the Revolution, admire patriotism and bravery, and are ever ready to cheer on the soldier to the performance of those sterner duties to which he devotes himself. Ever noblest, ever best, woman when unrestrained by custom or the conventional rules of society, acts her part as if dictated by a higher sense of duty and a purer principle than man. Nor is it alone in the calm seclusion of domestic life, and the exhibition of the gentler virtues, that she is capable of winning admiration and securing esteem. In moments of high excitement and appaling danger, when the trained and practiced daring of man has even faltered, woman has risen superior, and amid flashing sabres and crossing bayonets, exhibited feats of bravery only equalled by her acts of quiet and enduring suffering in her more humble sphere. The fields of emulation to which she is admitted, are but few—but in one she rises to undisputed sovereignty; and while man with all his mightiest efforts of physical and moral greatness, must yet "bear some rival near the throne," woman admits of no divided empire; but queen of our affections, she conquers all hearts, and

"Beauty rules the court, the *camp*, the bower."

In accepting this banner, you will adopt its proud motto, and in the presence of this assemblage and of all others that may ever witness it waving over your ranks, you virtually bind yourselves by the strongest of obligations—the honor of the soldier to be

True to your country—jealous of its rights.

It is no light and easy task which you impose upon yourselves, and which that country may yet require at your hands. This banner soon to spread its folds to the breeze, and float and glitter as part of the pageant in this commemoration of the anniversary of our nation's freedom, is not designed for one of the idle trappings of some gala-day. It associates no such ideas—with it are identified your honor, your patriotism, and your watchfulness over your country's rights. In this Republic the soldier is still the citizen—though trained to arms, he is or should be trained to the arts of civil and social life. There are those who may smile with incredulity, or sneer with scorn at the idea that the citizen and the soldier may be identified. But proudly may we point to examples in our own country, without resort to ancient Greece, whose poets, orators and statesmen were ever trained to arms. Our own country has seen men enter her armies even at middle age, and command those armies with great ability and distinguished success, and two of those have risen to the highest civil honors which our country, nay, which the world can bestow. It is not merely in the field that you are to serve your country—the language of your motto requires that you should be good citizens as well as good soldiers. You submit patiently to the rules of drill, and with care and attention learn to perform your evolutions. Let me ask, can you not submit with the same patience, the same zeal, and the same care, to the labor, attention and *drill* necessary to prepare yourselves for the performance of the duties incumbent on you as citizens? If you cannot, do you not already violate your motto? Is it not even now torn and frittered to the winds, disgraced by your adoption, and disgracing you in its desecration? Cadets! you can and you will—your future lives and conduct will teach your fellow citizens a proud republican lesson—they will show that your drill rooms are not only schools for the attainment of military science, but also of politics and morals, from which you spring in full armor like the fabled Minerva from the head of the parent Jove.

Sir—In presenting this banner to you, and through you, as their organ, to the Rochester City Cadets, I claim your pledge, that in war or in peace, in victory or in defeat, you let no foul dishonor rest on *you*—no stain disgrace *its* silken folds—the craven must not accept it, the Cadet who fears to encounter hunger or thirst, toil or suffering, danger or death, must take no part in this ceremony, must never gaze from your ranks upon its glories or follow where it leads with measured tread. If there is one among you who feels, or fears, or believes, that should our country, now so peaceful, be convulsed with war, its beautiful and quiet valleys, now teeming with life and redolent with joy and gladness, resound with the battle's distant wail, or this fair city, now swarming with thousands of the gay and joyous, should become one vast "beleaguered fortress," he should in that hour turn with coward steps from this banner, his place is not here, let him withdraw from your ranks ere this banner becomes yours, ere as a sacred depository you receive it to your arms, identify its safe keeping with your honor, and swear to defend it with your lives.

Take this banner! Let it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;—
Take this banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it! till our homes are free!
Guard it!—God will prosper thee!

REPLY.

General, and you, Gentlemen of the Staff:

As representative on this occasion of the *Rochester City Cadets*, I tender to you their sincerest acknowledgments of gratitude for the distinguished mark of favor now received at your hands.

To the citizens of Rochester and this bright throng of grace and beauty around us, a ceremony like the present is no novelty; but it is, I think, without a precedent in all this land, to see a corps of young men, some of whose faces Nature has not yet garnished with her never-failing signs of strength and manhood—whose weapons thus far are unfleshed, and who have barely scented burning powder—whose deeds of military prowess are unrecorded, and whose bravery in danger still remains untried: I say that until now it is without a precedent to see a body of young men like these, honored with the noblest token of regard which *soldiers* can receive and *officers* bestow.

The act to which this congregated multitude have just been witnesses, indicates the high expectations formed of this youthful band, and that by *military* men, our superiors in age and station, some of whom have "done the State some service;" and I am fully confident that these expectations will not, cannot be disappointed.

Cast your eye along that line of marshalled men. Are not their limbs well knit? Drill them on the soldiers' manual; then let me ask, seem not their sinews well strung? Let a burst of martial music fall upon their ears, and you shall see the eye flash with renewed brightness, and the breast heave with the desire for action.

Their life-blood courses warmly in its channels, and their hearts have not yet become chilled by the cold realities of this business world. Of such stuff is the true soldier made; and being like constituted, this Company which you have honored in so signal a manner, will ever hold themselves in readiness to rally round this beauteous standard whenever and wherever their services may be required by their City, their State, or their Common Country.

In these "piping times of peace," it may be asked by some short-sighted calculator, "to what *good* does all this military display tend? Why cultivate a martial spirit in the youth of a country *strictly commercial* in its policy and *at peace with all nations?*" Whom I answer, in the words of a statesman of the Revolution, "in time of peace prepare for war." The truth of this maxim is borne out by all by ancient and modern history, and should stand a special warning to *commercial* nations, among which *prosperity* is wont to abound, whence spring luxury and ease, and in their turn effeminacy and abject sloth. Under these influences, the whole nation reposes voluptuously under a fancied security—manly arts are neglected—the profession of arms exists but in name—when suddenly some foreign or domestic tyrant with a rise as unlooked for, and a career as rapid as that of Napoleon, attracted by the splendid temptation, seizes on them as his rich spoil, and annihilates that liberty, "without which, man is a beast and government a curse."

Examples of this, Tyre, Gades and Syracuse have been—and Venice, Genoa and Florence now are. They became powerful and opulent by their commerce. Their sails whitened every navigable sea even as ours. Their merchants were as princes. Kings stood in awe of them. But success was their destroyer. They became drunk with *prosperity*—they reeled—they fell grovelling to earth—and there they lie.

Is there no need then for *us* to cultivate a martial spirit? And if there is need, who so fitting to be trained betimes for the defence of his country as the *youth*, to whom the soldier's life is full of romance, and who sees only before him a broad vista leading on to glory and honor? None—for he is ductile in body and mind, quick in movement, ready of apprehension, exuberant in spirit, glowing with ardor in all his undertakings. Entering on military duties then, he deserves all proper allowances from his senior in years; he expects encouragement from his equals; and he modestly hopes that his fairer citizens will smile approvingly upon his efforts.

While returning our thanks to the honorable military gentlemen who have this day favored us so highly, let us not omit to pay due tribute to those fair ladies whose kindness, whose liberality, shall I not say whose patriotism! has produced so splendid a result as this now dancing to the breeze above us.

Ladies! but for the many and busy movements of your charm-working fingers, how could we have received this georgeous standard! Without the assistance of your exquisite skill, the gossamer-like fabric of the weaver had as well been left in his loom, and the rich colors of the artist unmixed upon his pallette. Passing through your hands, what have they become! As precious stones taken roughly from the soil and subjected to the cunning art of the lapidary, come forth sparkling in all their native beauty, and curiously set off with a golden frame-work—so has it been with the raw material committed to your care.

Flora herself seems to have called up the delicate wreaths so tastefully adorning this our elegant banner; and fairy fingers guiding mossy pencils, appear to have traced the phrases round about it. For your disinterested efforts in our behalf, accept our heart-felt thanks, until such time as we can prove to you by *actions*, which shall "speak louder than words," that your generosity has not been misdirected. Ladies! with all reverence, we kiss your hands.

Cadets!—You have this day been placed in a prominent position before your elder brothers-in-arms, your fellow citizens generally, and a gallery of beauty unsurpassed. You have been made the focus of all eyes, "the observed of all observers," while receiving honors unearned, from men of a high station in the profession of arms. And now let me ask, can you *maintain your position?* If not, you have in the outset failed in one grand point of military tactics; for the soldier should take heed in seeking a position, lest he be compelled to evacuate it amid scorn and disgrace. Can you support a military bearing among these your fellow companies of citizen soldiery? Are you prepared to endure cold, and fatigue, and privation? Will you patiently submit the rail road imagination of youth to the curb of a rigorous military discipline? If you can, you may be worthy of your city. If you will, you may honor this banner which now honors you. And if you *do* all this, I venture to promise you shall be greeted with the sweetest smiles of the numberless fair faces now crowding these galleries, the like of which would be the oil of gladness to a *veteran's* heart.

Let no one consider this language fulsome as applied to so young a company of men, nor in the least self-gratulatory as regards the speaker; for necessity compels me soon to leave these ranks, and in vindication of the inexperience of that line of men, I will repeat an anecdote of other youth in other times, from which an inference will be obvious.

Shortly before the Revolution, while this vast range of country was but a Colony, subject to British arrogance and overrun by mercenary troops, the *boys* of *Boston* assembled on their Common and sent a delegation to General Gage, commanding at that port, with the grievous complaint that his soldiers destroyed their skating ground, broke down their snow forts, and otherwise interfered with their prescriptive rights; that they had submitted to these evils long, but were determined to do so no longer.

The General's first emotion was surprise; then followed admiration—he promised them redress—dismissed them respectfully—and never afterwards suffered them to be molested in their sports.

Very soon after broke out the struggle for American Freedom—those boys had become young men—they devoted themselves to their country's cause; they were present at the battles of Charlestown, Lexington and Concord; they assisted in achieving that wonderful event which is this day celebrated throughout nearly the entire length and breadth of a continent, by more than fourteen millions of freemen. Would you know their farther history? Go, turn over the leaves of your country's annals.

Shall the Rochester *young men* in this age of extraordinary advancement fall behind the Boston *boys* of the old colonial times? No—here is evidence to the contrary.

Cadets!—You have attained a position your right to which is not disputed; else, why this act of honor conferred on you? and why this multitude of witnesses? Henceforth, *know* yourselves, and knowing, *be* yourselves.

Should a popular tumult occur, hasten to uphold the supremacy of the laws. Should a daring enemy cross our frontier, drive him back headlong into the waters. Should your country need your service, flinch not—fill your posts, and picture to yourselves the laurel wreaths awaiting you at home, and the echoing plaudits of thousands of your countrymen.

In the heat of battle be found where strife rages hottest! If the question be asked, "Who seized these colors of the foe?" Let the answer be, "The Rochester City Cadets!" "Who spiked this cannon?" "The Rochester Cadets!" "Who first planted a standard in the enemy's fortress?" Still, "The Rochester Cadets!" And if the melancholy fact should be, that yon banner lies upon the earth, soiled with dirt, dabbled in gore, its beautiful adornments obliterated by trampling hoofs, and it be exclaimed—"What! have the Cadets deserted their standard?" Let the reply quickly follow—"No—they stood by it till the last man was cut down!"

Cadets!—such examples of military daring have been in times past, and may be called for in times to come. Heaven avert far from this land, wars and their direful consequences! but should they be inevitable, let the *love of country* absorb all other affections, and the *defence of country* all other pursuits! At the call to battle—hasten! Be there ready, and stand to your arms! On the word of command—charge! *Then* meet the foe hand to hand, foot to foot, bayonet to bayonet!

"*Then*—up with our banner, war's furies shall fan her,
She shall gleam o'er the field, daunting enemies bold;
Serried ranks shall attend her; to the death we'll defend her,
With heart and with hand like our fathers of old."

General and Gentlemen of the Staff!—once more I tender you our thanks for the munificent token of honor this day received by us—pledging to it our sacred faith that we will ever be, in the words of our motto—"*True to our country and faithful to her rights.*"

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day and night, evening and morn, winter and spring, depart and return! Time sports, age passes on, desire and the wind continue unrestrained!"
—*Translated from the Sanscrit.*

"GREYSLAER; a Romance of the Mohawk"—by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, author of a "Winter in the West," and "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie;" 2 vols. In this work the author has added another to the stirring tales from American pens, of the rude romance of life and war in the American forests, and has transferred to his "Romance of the Mohawk," a spirit and power of description which characterize his narratives of Western life and incident. The work can be had at Wilson's, No. 6 Exchange-street.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The July number of this periodical is already upon our table, having "come before its time," but not before we were ready to welcome it. The number before us is the first number of the sixteenth volume; and in its rich and varied stores of prose and poetry, gives abundant promise that the high character of the work will be sustained.

"IS HE RICH?"—Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from an union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every respect as virtue is to vice? And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue? How often is the first question which is asked respecting a suitor of a daughter, "Is he rich?"

Is he rich? Yes, he abounds in wealth—but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?

Is he rich? Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day—but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take wings to themselves and fly away?—and will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend but his wealth? Ah! beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for *money.*—*Louisville Reporter.*

IRELAND.—What has Ireland been for six hundred years? It is one of the greenest and loveliest spots on the bosom of the ocean—the parent of great men; the mother of clear heads and eloquent tongues, and warm and valiant hearts—the nursery of genius and wit; the home of beaury, of chivalry, and of song; but meted out, misgoverned, trodden down by the iron heel of oppression—manacled by the most abject ecclesiastical despotism, goaded on by madness and misrule to frequent insurrections—reduced to the last stages of depletion by abominable profligacy—and scorched and consumed by intoxicating liquors. From the reign of the Henry's to the youthful Victoria, Ireland has bled at every pore, exhibiting the appearance of a vast potter's field,—suffering by despotism innumerable, and writhing under the fires of the distillery.—*Rev. Dr. Humphrey.*

VERMONT GIRLS.—A correspondent thus speaks of the Green Mountain girls: "They are as plump as a pippin, round as a ring, sweet as a rose; their glowing cheeks are but an index of their warm, ardent, lively, determined disposition. One embrace—one real clincher, is enough to cause a general rush in the icy veins of an old bachelor, or set on fire the purple channels in a man of sensibility. Allow me, then, to put the fair of Vermont "against the world," in every point of view of which you can conceive; they are giants in intellect—soft and enchanting as the snowy couch on which old SOL sinks himself to rest—bold as a lion, easily won—once gained, always faithful.—*New England Review.*

A young lady of twenty-three was lately throwing out affected sneers at matrimony, when a grave friend observed that marriages were made in Heaven. "Can you tell me, sir," replied the nymph, "why they are so *slow* in coming down?"

In Bordeaux, a person refused to pay a note due *at sight*, because he wore green spectacles and *could'nt see* the instrument. There are a great many such green folks here.

☞ The following Odes were read at the celebration of the late Anniversary of our Nation's Independence, in this city:

ODE,

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1840.

BY MISS A. C. PRATT.

Written by request, for the Celebration at Rochester.

Hark! to the nation's shout,
Swelling o'er land and sea—
Voices in gladness are ringing out,
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee!

Freedom! triumphant word,
Stamped on Creation's dome;
'Mid the wild scenes of nature ever heard,
Where the free and unfetter'd roam.

It comes from the ancient hills,
From the tow'ring forest tree;
And the sudden gush of a thousand rills
Tells of the joyous Free.

'Tis heard in the mountain stream,
While gliding to the sea;
Its ripples dance in the sun's bright beam,
And join the song of the Free.

The bird as it soars on high,
Carols it forth in glee;
Clouds, as they float on a summer sky,
And the winds, speak loud of the Free.

Hark! to that distant sound
Borne from the viewless past!
It comes like a joyous echo's bound,
Or like thrilling notes—the last.

'Tis the shout our Fathers raised,
When was burst their galling chain;
And the lighted Fires of Freedom blazed
Far o'er the heaving main.

They fought, and bled, and won
The laurel-wreath we wear;
And the high deeds wrought beneath that sun
Their notes of triumph bear.

It was not the frenzied song
[illegible]ng out by the wine-cup's power;
[illegible]ing shout of a festive throng,
Nor the dear [illegible] midnight hour,
Borne up at the

No!—there were grateful hearts,
With rapture beating high;
And with pride such as conscious worth imparts,
They sang of Liberty.

Those noble men—our sires—
On Freedom's fresh soil stood,
And kindled Devotion's glowing fires
To their Deliverer—God!

Quench not the sacred flame,
Let it 'lumine all our land;
Sound not alone blest Freedom's name,
But let its pillars stand

Where'er the foot may tread,
Or pleased eye wander o'er;
That of us it may with truth be said,
☞ Oppression reigns no more.

Written by request, for the Celebration at Rochester.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
AN ODE.

BY D. W. CHAPMAN, OF ROCHESTER.

A beam of brightness lit the gloom
That dimm'd our country's midnight hour!—
A voice, as from the bursting tomb,
Rang in the startled ear of power!—
And wider spread th' increasing light,
And louder roll'd that gathering voice,
'Till, rising in their curbless might,
The Free in their own rights rejoice.

On Lexington's ensanguined plain,
On Concord's consecrated ground,
On Bunker's Hill, whose crimson stain
Tells where their hallowed graves are found;
The ashes of our martyr'd sires,
Each in his sleep of glory lies—
They kindled Freedom's altar-fires,
Then gave themselves a sacrifice!

No proud mausoleum veils their dust—
Their deeds no sculptur'd column tells;
But, glorying in our sacred trust,
In every breast their memory dwells;
And bright in his unsullied fame
As is the noonday's cloudless sun,
Still lives, through time's long years the same,
The world's immortal Washington!

When he led forth that patriot band
That gather'd at their country's cry,
No trampling legions shook the land,
Nor flaunting pageant swept the sky—
But with firm tread and souls resolved,
They met the haughty hosts of power,
Whose serried ranks like snow dissolved,
And Freedom hailed her dawning hour!

Be ours the solemn charge to guard
What their unyielding valor won.
Proud heritage! which, unimpaired,
Transmit we still from sire to son.
Let coming ages, as they fly,
Our never-ceasing vigils see,
With ready arm and sleepless eye,
Above the birthright of the free.

When light and knowledge shall have shed
Their beams the world's wide regions o'er,
And kingly power and wrong have fled,
To blight and desolate no more—
When truth along its radiant flight
Shall banish darkness with its beams;
And from each wave and mountain-height
The star-gemm'd flag of Freedom streams—

O! then shall man beneath the yoke
Of tyrant man no longer groan,
His weary night of bondage broke—
Then he the sceptre, crown and throne,
And all that would to human lust
And human power his soul enslave,
Shall dash indignant to the dust,
To moulder on the despot's grave,

And ever, as we gather still
To hail the day of Freedom's birth,
Let thundering vale and answering hill
Exultant shake the gladden'd earth;
'Till wakened millions listening round
Join in the strain with heart and voice,
And farthest realms shall at the sound
Of Liberty's high hymn rejoice!

ODE,

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Written by request for the Celebration at Rochester.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER, OF AVON.

Air—Marsellois Hymn.

Ye sons of sires who gathered proudly
Our flag of stars and stripes around,
When rang the dread alarum loudly,
And paled Oppression at the sound—
Bless God the Just, the Everliving,
Who guarded with his mighty shield
Young Freedom on the battle field,
And shout an anthem of thanksgiving!
Cheer on—cheer on—the march
Of mind throughout the globe,
'Till wit and worth ennoble man,
Not crown and purple robe!

The ground is holy where one martyr
For sacred Truth contending dies,
And vile are they who dare not barter
Gems, gold and blood for such a prize!
Oh! dark the doom is of that vassal
Lost in a maze of mental night,
Too abject to maintain the right,
Who hungers that his Lord may wassail.
Then cheer—cheer on the march
Of mind throughout the globe
'Till wit and worth ennoble man—
Not crown and purple robe.

Our Nation's dark and stormy morning
Hath brighten'd into cloudless day,
But notes of deep and fearful warning
Call on the wise to "watch and pray."
From mount, from vale, from cavern lonely—
From Bunker's height, from Monmouth ground,
Breathes forth a voice of solemn sound
"In Union there is safety only!"
Cheer on—cheer on—the march
Of mind throughout the globe,
'Till wit and worth ennoble man—
Not crown and purple robe,

A beacon on our coast is lighted
That kindles up the gloom of Earth,
And guides the wanderer benighted
To Freedom's altar-stone and hearth,—
Would not our sires, entombed and sleeping,
Leap with their rusted brands from dust
If we prove faithless to the trust
Sternly committed to our keeping?
Yes! yes!—then cheer the march
Of mind throughout the globe,
'Till wit and worth ennoble man—
Not crown and purple robe!

ODE,

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Written for the Rochester Lyceum.

BY MISS SARAH JANE CLARKE.

'Tis past! the year's eventful reign;
And rising o'er its grave
The glorious day hath come again,
The Sabbath of the brave;
And let once more our joyful band
Join in the jubilee,
For gentle peace smiles o'er our land,
The land of Liberty.

Rejoice! for death with ruthless dart
Hath passed each youthful form,
And still we stand the strong in heart,
In youth and friendship warm.
With honest, firm, unswerving minds,
The proud, the glad, the free!
No tyrant's galling fetter binds
The sons of Liberty.

Rejoice! the patriot's hallowed love
Still to our land is given,
And patriot faith still points above,
And bids us trust in Heaven.
Rejoice! rejoice! in pride and song,
Bid care and sorrow flee;
In Freedom's heavenly might be strong—
Rejoice in Liberty.

Rejoice! content and rosy mirth
Still wait upon us here,
While plenty reigns around each hearth,
And voice of friends is near;
For us no jeweled splendors shine,
Yet richer far are we,
We've wealth more pure than India's mine—
'Tis priceless Liberty.

And though the warrior's falchion now,
Lies rusting in the sheath,
And Peace entwines around his brow
Her fair and bloodless wreath;
Should battle's cloud come darkling nigh
And hang o'er land and sea,
That falchion's gleam would light the sky
For glorious Liberty.

From every hill and valley then,
Would spring an armed form,
From lowly roof, and lonely glen,
To stem the mighty storm;
With dauntless hearts, unmoved and bold,
Determined to be free,
To fight like gallant men of old
For Home and Liberty!

"What time is it, Tom?"

"Just time to pay that little account you owe me."

"Oh, indeed! I did'nt think it was half so late!"

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. W. Van Zandt, Mr. H. M. TRUE, to Miss SARAH C. STANTON, all of this city.

In Palmyra, Mr. Jeremiah Flint, of Marion, to Miss Sarah Gibbs, of the former place. On the 4th ult., by Rev. A. H. Stowell, Mr. Paul Hines, of Clarkson, to Miss Koziah Crandall. On the 4th inst., by the same, Mr. Rhodes H. Sherman, to Miss Elizabeth Craig. On the 3d inst., by Rev. Isaac C. Goff, Mr. James Goff, jr., to Miss Serepta J. Nott, both of Canandaigua.

In Sodus, on the 29th ult., by Rev. Mr. Gould, Mr. Samuel C. Wilkinson, to Miss Rachael Butler.

In this city, on the 29th ult., by the Kev. Mr. Chase, Mr. Benjamin C. M. Tucker, of Skeneateles, to Miss Mary Champeny, of Rochester.

On the morning of the 1st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. ABRAM H. DIETRICH, to Miss MARGARET A. FILON, all of this city.

At the First Baptist Church, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Pharcellas Church, Mr. J. EARLL FORCE, to Miss EMMA FARRANT, all of this city.

In Palmyra, on the 28th ult., by Isaac E. Beecher, Esq., Mr. A. J. Brown, to Miss Mercy Foskett, both of Walworth.

On the 25th ult., by S. F. Taylor, Esq., Mr. Ezekiel A. Bonney, to Miss Mary Woolsey, all Whigs, of Conneaut, Ohio.

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

VOL. XII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840. No. 15.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE VOICE OF MY FRIEND.

"His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely, This is my *beloved*, and this is my *friend*."
[SOLOMON'S SONG.—5, 16.

How sweetly friendship breathes
Upon an exile's ear!
Sweeps through the chambers of his love
And starts the gladsome tear!

The lark on buoyant wing
Spurns the dull shaded earth,
With joy to greet the brightning east,
That gives gay morning birth;

Yes! I have heard its song
Far where morn's sunbeams fly,
Melting upon a slumb'ring world
The music of the sky;

'Twas sweet! I own 'twas sweet;
But hush! far fonder strains
Fall round the jesses of my heart
Like blandest summer rains;

'Tis thy loved voice, my friend!
Far borne at eventide;
That seems to steal thee from thy home,
And seat thee by my side!

It comes when care's rude tides
Lash heedless oe'r my peace;
It comes like morn's returning calm
To bid the night-howl cease!

It comes fond as the sigh
Love seeks not to suppress;
It comes, it comes, but always comes
To gladden and to bless!

Pure friendship is a flower;
Its soil is christian love:
Which grows,—perhaps *may* bud on earth,
But blossom *will* above!

Rochester, July 20, 1840. J. D. R.

FOR THE GEE.

THE STAIR OF HOPE.

CHAPTER I.

The period for creating this lower world was fast approaching and formed the theme of blissful anticipation among the Seraphim. It was the burden of their minstrelsey. And nearer as the time advanced when at the all-creating fiat, what was to be should body forth in new and countless forms with symmetry and beauty, the Seraphim attuned their lyres to strains still loftier and more ecstatic, prepared to laud the fiat of Omnipotence.

The vast, expanding deep was wrapped in gloom, containing within its bosom the elements of matter, mixed and convolving in the drear profound. At length the fiat came, "Let there be light!" and the Seraphim burst forth in song and minstrelsey, as at the Word the twilight of Creation glimmered on the darkness.

The azure scroll of heaven was spread abroad, on which were inscribed luminous characters.—The sun arose in sublime splendor, dispensing light to cheer and heat to foster what was yet to be. Ascending in his allotted course, his beamings by degrees illumed the deep, dispersing thence the darkness which had wrapped it in its wide and far extended bed, and having attained to meridian, then all was luminous. Pervading heat began to rarify the atmosphere, and zephyrs came forth to woo the bright and sportive waves. The firmament imparted to the deep below a mellow tint of its own loveliness. It was Creation's birth here in this lower world.

The sun went down, his golden tresses sporting on the western verge, and soon the evening twilight shone with subdued and mild reflection upon the margin of the stainless sky. Night came on, yet not as it was wont with darkness upon the waters, for stars like crystal gems began to stud the firmament; those countless spheres of light, cheering the night of this new world in the absence of their kindred sun. And the moon appeared with placid beamings, rising in full orbed beauty through the cerulean, shedding her bland rays upon the surface of the deep, which now glowed with images of moon and stars.

A fiend-spirit winged his course with furious speed—the fallen angel Lucifer, the doomed of Heaven, thrust headlong from among the seraphim for bold, rebellious pride. The fang of envy rankled in his bosom; creation in this lower world so fair and beautiful, provoked to utmost rage his black and boiling passions, anger, hatred, malice and revenge. Gnashing his teeth, he cast towards heaven a menacing look, then sped with hurried wing, the foam of envy dripping from his burning lips.

The night elapsed, another dawn blushed forth upon the world's creation, and again the sun arose with radiance upon the expanding waters. Day after day, till all his purposes were accomplished, Deity ordained efficient laws to govern matter, mould it into countless forms, combine or decompose, and give it properties for firmness, ornament and use. Evaporation wrought its agency upon the deep, whereby the waters, being diminished, were brougnt within narrower limits. The pent up element of rocks and earths, cohering into form and magnitude, and by degrees acquiring gravity, at length subsided to their firm foundations, rocks upon rocks in one continuous, unbroken range.—The waters wrought out channels for oceans, seas and tributary streams, leaving the fast accumulating earth for vegetation, which by the prompt efficiency of natural laws, sprang up in an endless and beautiful variety of forms. Nature's germination rapid, her efflorescence instantly expanding, creation appeared in robes of every hue. Herbage covered the ground. Arbors and lawns and groves, fruitful fields and verdant plains sprang into existence; and to complete the variegation of the scenery, there were trees bending with fruit in rich, diversified profusion.

Of all this region the most delightful spot was a garden 'eastward in Eden.' To add to the variety of the prospect and increase its means of happiness, it was watered by a river flowing from the Eden, which in its course from the garden was divided into four branches, on the banks of which, beasts and reptiles sported all harmless in their natures and governed by instinctive laws, peculiar to the respective species. From the gentle waters fishes leaped up in the dalliance of nature; near their surface beautiful birds skimmed along in mutual sportiveness, and among the trees and arbors, the feathered minstrels of Paradise luxuriated on its sweets.

The earth thus formed and decorated, was a fit residence for angels, who, though they could not consistently with the purposes of Deity occupy it, were permitted to descend and visit Paradise, inhale its perfumes, gaze upon its novel beauty, and flit among its bowers.

CHAPTER II.

With the rising of the sun on the sixth day, a burst of minstrelsey came forth from the seraphim, at first re-echoing through Eden, anon concentrating in Paradise, and then and there the Fiat came, "Let us make man!" This was the crowning work of Deity. Adam, assimilated in his nature to angels, soon became familiar with the associated beauties of the Elysium prepared for him, and luxuriated on its consecrated delicacies. His home was redolent of the most grateful perfumes. Fountains of crystal water flowed around him.—The atmosphere of Eden was tempered for unvarying salubrity. Every thing was healthy and bland and beautiful; and to crown all, there was in Paradise, the "tree of life," to which Adam had free access, and so long as he partook of its fruit, he could not die; nothing could annoy him even.

There was however one interdiction. In the midst of the trees of the garden, there was the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil," of which Adam was prohibited eating the fruit, and the penalty for disobedience was one of withering and fatal import. The aspect of the interdicted fruit was tempting, yet he withstood the temptation.

Adam though alone, was not solitary. The birds of Paradise perched around and delighted him with their warblings. The animals of which he was the appointed lord, frolicked in his presence. Here the hyena, and there the double-horned rhinoceros gambolled around, receiving from his hand with tame and innocent fondness, the boon of his munificence. The migatherium huge and lofty, cropping the tallest trees, brushed by him with harmless familiarity. The majestic lion fondling at his feet, wrapped them in the folds of his flowing main. Animals of every species grazed or crawled or flitted around him, mutely yet eloquently courting his society by their instinctive blandishments. Adam knew naught but happiness; yet he was not supremely happy.

It was towards the close of a bright and beautiful day, that, retiring to his bower sooner than was his wont, "a deep sleep fell upon him."—Night coming on, the firmament was in a glow, and the silvery beamings of the moon sprinkled the arbors and lighted up the scenery of Paradise. Not a sound—except the gentle murmuring of rills, and the whispering of zephyrs among the leaflets. The minstrelsey of seraphim broke the silence; angels were visitants there, and the Fiat came to create WOMAN.——A beautiful form ap-

peared, coming forth in all the loveliness of innocence. The celestials winged their departure from Paradise, leaving the lovely one the bride of Adam, his second self. Eve sang the song of love, and the thrilling notes stole on the ear of the sleeper.

'Twas the first song of love on earth, flowing
From woman's lips. The melody awoke
Him to believe an angel there, glowing
With heavenly lustre, whom he might invoke
As his kind guardian. Anon the power
Of fancy wrought bright visions in his sleep,
Presenting forms in that delighted hour
To win him to the spirit-world, and keep
Him there in bliss. Still thrilling music came
From woman's lips imbued with love's pure flame.

Adam awoke, gazing on the loveliness before him, and poured out his soul in gratitude for the boon and the blessing.

CHAPTER III.

Lucifer had found his way into Paradise, meditating revenge for his expulsion from among the seraphim, and of all the stratagems he could have invented, the one he adopted was the most likely to succeed. Taking the form of a serpent, and perverting the then innocent power of charming peculiar to that reptile, he made essay of his wiles upon the lovely, the unsuspecting Eve, whom he prevailed on to eat of the forbidden fruit; and she, by her irresistible charms of persuasion, still in the power of her scarcely defective sex, induced Adam to partake of the interdicted luxury. The consequence was a change in their natures from innocence and happiness to a consciousness of guilt and misery. Then for the first time fear agitated their bosoms, prompting them to hide from the presence of Deity in those roseate bowers where they had so often sat together in the holiness of innocence and purity of conjugal love.—They began to feel mortality creeping upon them. Their refined sensibilities were impaired; their taste for the beauties of creation had become vitiated. It was the loss of primitive innocence, and Lucifer revelled over the ruin he had occasioned.

But the thought occurred to them, why apprehend death or harbor despondence, since they had free access to the "tree of life?"—for so long as they partook of its fruit, they were in no danger from the threatened penalty for disobedience.—Day after day they might eat the forbidden fruit, and from the other derive a prompt and effectual antidote. This thought inspiring them with hope, they hastened towards the "tree of life" with buoyant spirits and elastic steps. But they found it guarded by the Angel of Justice with a flaming sword! From that moment, to the cherished pleasure of hope succeeded the disquietude of fear and the gloom of despondence. Still they looked toward the "tree of life;" but the vigilant Angel, faithful to his trust, expelled them from the garden. And the beautiful Eve, her countenance cast down, her bosom agitated by conflicting emotions, trembling and speechless, shed the first tears that ever stained the innocence of Paradise.—And before it could be regained, justice must be satisfied; but who or what could liquidate the claims of eternal justice?

The seraphim unstrung their lyres and veiled their faces, and there was silence in Heaven.

At length the Angel of Mercy, the brightest of the angelic company and the favorite of Deity, came forth approaching the throne—surveyed the catalogue of woes ordained for man—wept over his doom and prayed at the altar—pressed to her bosom the roll containing his destiny—interceded—implored—supplicated with importunity—agonized. The throne was irradiated by the smiles of Deity. A new and luminous star shone forth in the distance. The seraphim attuned their lyres, and hailed with choral song and minstrelsey the bright and beautiful luminary. It was the STAR OF HOPE.

S.

Social Condition of Women in Palestine.

As the reservoirs and the canals which supply Bethlehem as well as Jerusalem with water are in ruins, and dry 11 months in the year, the women are obliged to go a league for what they fetch for household use, and bring it back themselves in skins. Add to this the toil of climbing steep hills under their burden, and then say my dear friend, if it be possible to suppress a painful feeling especially when you consider that this task has to be performed three or four times a week. A few days since I was taking a walk out of town with the *cure*. About three qnarters of a mile from it, we met with a youug girl returning with her provision. She had set down her skin upon the fragment of rock, and was standing beside it, out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from her face. Curious to know the weight of it, I begged her to put it on my shoulders; my request astonished her not a little; she nevertheless complied very cheerfully. It was as much as I could do to take a few steps under the burden. "Poor thing!" said I, as I threw it down, looking at the *cure*, "how old is she? Not more than sixteen I dare say." "Sixteen!" said he, "she is not thirteen;" and, addressing her in Arabic, he asked, "How old are you, my girl?" "Tweve sir." I took from my pocket some pieces of money which I handed to her, and which she accepted with a lively demonstration of joy. But to go so far for water is not the only task of the poor Bethlehemites. The town is destitute of wood, nor is any to be found nearer than some leagues. It is the women who have to provide this also.

But what wrings one's heart and I confess makes my blood boil, is to see these poor, wretched, worn-down emaciated creatures, having misery stamped on the face, sinking beneath their loads passing in sight of their husbands listlessly seated in the public square, smoking and chatting by way of pastime; while not a thought ever enters the head of these heartless, base, and unkind husbands to relieve his partner of her burden, and to carry for her at least from that spot home what she had to bring whole leagues. Is this all? No my friend. At night, with this wood which has cost so much toil, she is obliged to heat the water brought from such a distance, she has to wash the feet of that man, then to wait upon him standing—upon him and his eldest son—without taking the least share in the meal, and to wait till they have done before she can step aside to eat by herself what they have left. * *

The pen drops from my fingers. Is it possible that a sex so worthy of all the attentions, of all the affections of man, can be thus treated by man? Is it possible that she can be thus treated, who carries him in her bosom, who brings him forth in pain, who suckles him with her milk, who warms him on her heart, who rocks him upon her knees, who guides his first steps, who strives by education to transfuse into him all that is gentle and kind, who delights to throw a charm over his life, who shares his sorrows, who best knows how to soothe his woes, to comfort him, to nurse him in illness and infirmity, to lighten and sometimes to embellish his old age, and to perform for him, until his lrst moment, services of which any other courage, any other devotedness, any other love would be incapable! And that at Bethlehem—*Baron Geramb's Travels in Palestine.*

THE SNUFF-TAKING STATUE.—We have often heard of mistaking the shadow for the substance; in the present instance we have to describe the case inverted. An English officer in Venice walking one day from the Doge's palace, thought he observed one of the figures on the clock-tower of S.t Mary's stoop down and take up something! He looked again, and he positively saw the figures take a pinch of snuff! The officer confessed that he was apprehensive he was losing his senses, or that his vision was deranged; when an old woman, observing his consternation, soon explained the seeming miracle, by telling him that one of the figures that struck the hour being out of repair, her nephew Jacob was engaged as a substitute till the machinery was put in order.—*Bentley's Miscellany for June*, 1840.

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as Jeremiah R. was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C——'s wife, to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about ninepence," answered Mr.——. "She told me the doctor would *pull a tooth* for me some time."

From the Boston Trancsript.

Patriotism of our Grandmothere.

We have heard a great deal of the patriotism of our forefathers, but the patriotism of our *foremothers*—which was not a whit behind that of their husbands, brothers, and "sweethearts"—is hardly ever mentioned. Striking instances of their devotion to the cause of liberty are sometimes to be found in history, still but little is said of their uniform zeal in the good cause. And yet we are, perhaps as much indebted to the Mothers as to the Fathers of our nation for the blessings we now enjoy. Their influence, though silent, was strong, and though Joan-of-Are-like, they may not have buckled on the armor and stood foremost in the fight, yet they did all they could do in their sphere to resist oppression.

A friend of ours has recently lent us a file of old papers, in one of which, a supplement to the Boston Gazette, bearing date April 7th, 1776, we find an account of the doings of certain young ladies of Providence, which go to show the interest they took in the welfare of the country. The record states that on the 4th of March, of that year, "eighteen *Daughters of Liberty*, young ladies of good reputation, assembled at the house of Doctor Ephram Bowen, of this town, in consequence of an invitation of that gentleman, who hath discovered a laudable zeal for introducing home manufactures. There they exhibited a fine example of industry by spinning from sunrise until dark, and displayed a spirit for saving their sinking country, rarely to be found among persons of more age and experience. The Doctor provided an elegantly plain dinner, and other refreshments for the fair company; but they expended but very little time in dining, and cheerfully agreed to omit tea, to render their conduct consistent. Besides this instance of their patriotism, before they separated, they unanimously resolved that the Stamp Act was unconstitutional, that they would purchase no more *British* manufactures unless it be repealed, and that they *would not even admit the addresses of any gentlemen, should they have an opportunity, without they determined to oppose its execution to the last extremity, if occasion required.*"

There was patriotism for you! It breathes the very spirit of devotion, and none but the veriest poltrooon would have refused to enter heart and soul into a cause backed by such supporters.—"We hear," the account goes on to state, "another meeting of these *Daughters of Liberty*, with many more, is intended to be held at the court house some time in April next, there to spin a handsome piece of linen, as a premium to be given to the person who shall raise the greatest quantity of good flax, in the county of Providence, in the year 1776."

The Americans are jealous of our literature, as they are, indeed, of every thing connected with the country; but they do themselves injustice in this respect, as I consider that they have a very fair proportion of good writers. In history, and the heavier branches of literature, they have the names of Sparks, Prescott, Bancroft, Schoolcraft, Butler, Carey, Pitkin, &c. In general literature they have Washington Irving, Fay, Hall, Willis, Sanderson, Sedgwick, Leslie, Stevens, Child and Neal. In fiction, they have Cooper, Paulding, Bird, Kennedy, Thomas, Ingraham and many others. They, notwithstanding the musquitoes, have produced some very good poets: Bryant, Halleck, Sigourney, Drake, &c.; and have they not, with a host of polemical writers, Dr. Channing, one of their greatest men, and from his moral courage in pointing out their errors, the best friend to his country that America has ever produced! Indeed, to these names we might fairly add their legal writers—Chancellor Kent and Judge Story, as well as Webster, Clay, Everett, Cass, and others, who are better known from their great political reputations than from their writings. Considering that they have but half our population, and not a quarter of the time to spare that we have in this country, the Americans have no want of good writers, although there are few of them well known to the British public.—*Captain Marryat.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE COLLOCATION OF WORDS, IN WRITING, ILLUSTRATED.—The writer of a letter, which is now before us, wished to say, "We have two school rooms, one above the other, sufficiently large to accommodate 300 scholars;" but he actually says—"We have two school rooms, sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred scholars, one above the other." What rooms, and what a pile!

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

To the Citizen Soldier.

Though war is not heralded now,
It may be ere long,
The times are disjointed, and all can tell how,
Then be this your song;
In peace we prepare for the bugleman's call,
Our country is first—and our country is all.

In camp ye look noble and brave,
And feel so, I know;
Your arms, they are bright—plumes gallantly wave,
With spirit ye glow;
In peace ye prepare for the bugleman's call,
Your country ye love, your country is all.

In peace there's a boon for your pride,—
The smiles of the Fair;
In you do the hopes of sweet woman confide,
When war we must share;
In peace, then, prepare for the bugleman's call,
Your wives ye adore, but your country is all. S.

From the Adventures of Valentine Vox.

A Ventriloquist treating his friends to a Serenade of Cats.

There happened to be only four bed-rooms in the house; the best of course was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant; and that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his selection between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having the bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, for as Mr. Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had but to shake himself, and every thing came off; when as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great deal of comfort.

'Mew!—mew!' cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish—curse that cat!" cried Mr. Beagle, "we must have you out at all events, my lady." And Mr. Reagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door cried "Hish!" again emphatically, and threw his breaches towards the spot as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand not on the order of her going," when Mr. Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs. Mr. Beagle thanked heaven she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

"Mew!—mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What? are you there still madam?" enquired that gentleman in a highly sarcastic tone, "I tho't you had been turned out madam. Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out of my reckoning that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, sliping, again out of bed. "I don't much like to handle you my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic'" and he "hished!" again with consumate violence and continued to "hish!" until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply, a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, when he threw the pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up he missed the pillow he had converted into an instrument of vengance, and as that was an article without which he could not even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed to himself, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise is certainly a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this; why where have you got?" he added addressing the pillow, which with all the sweeping action of his feet he was some time unable to find—"Oh, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search and gave it several severe blows in the belly; when having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed in a subdued tone, "Well let's try again!"

Now, Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. His boast was that nothing could put him in a passion, and as he had less than most of his cotemporaries to vex him, he had certainly been able, in the absence of all cause for irritation, to preserve his equanimity. As a perfect natural matter, of course, he invariably attributed the absence of such cause to the innate amiability of his disposition; and marvelled that men of sense and discernment, should so far forget what was justly expected of them as reasonable beings, as to suffer themselves to be tortured by excitement, inasmuch albeit as human nature and difficulties are inseperable, human nature is sufficiently potent not only to battle with those difficulties, but overcome them. If Mr. Jonas Beagle had to contend against many of the "ills flesh and blood are heir to," he, in all probability, would have acted like the majority of his fellow men; but as he had met with very few, and those few had not been of a very furious complexion, he could not afford to be deeply philosophical on the subject, and felt himself competent, of course, to frame laws by which the tempers of men in the aggregate should be governed. He did, however, feel, when he violently smote the pillow, that the little ebulition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried, "meyow!—pit!—meyow!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, "here again!"

"Mew!" said Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

"What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!"

"Meyow'—meyow!" cried Valentine in a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" inquired Mr. Beagle, "you will be able to get up a concert by-and-by;" and Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

"Swear away, your beauties!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; "I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you for your sakes. At it again? Well, this is a blessing. Don't you hear these devils of cats?" he cried, anxious not to have all the fun himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. "Well, this is particularly pleasant," he continued, as he sat up in bed. "Don't you hear?—What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly;" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact that the spitting and swearing became more and more desperate. "What's to be done?" he inquired, very pointedly. "What's to be done? my breeches are right in the midst of them all. I can't get out now: they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear these cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was meyowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals exceedingly well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate; for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow with great violence into the bed of his companion, and shouted so loudly, that Valentine, feeling that it would be perfect nonsense to pretend to sleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out, "who's there?"

"'Tis I!" shouted Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear these witches of cats?"

"Hist!" cried Valentine, "why there are two of them!"

"Two!" said Mr. Beagle, "more like two-and-twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more about striking a light than a fool."

"Oh, never mind," said Valentine: "let's go to sleep, they'll be quiet by and bye."

"It's all very fine to say, let's go to sleep, but who's to do it?" cried Beagle, emphatically.—"Curse the cats! I wish there warn't a cat under heaven, I do with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin too, when they happen to be put out, and there's one of them in a passion, I know by her spitting, and confound her! I wish from the bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are peculiarly characteristic of the feline race; and for a man who possessed but a slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must in justice be said, that he developed a degree of that fluency, which did him great credit.—He purred, and mewed, and cried and swore, and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had been "damped for the mangle."

"What on earth are we to do?" enquired Plumplee, "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em!" observed Mr. Beagle, "let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hallo!" cried Plumpee.

"Hul-lo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed, to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine, at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertions had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Mr. Plumplee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they! Hish!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use whatever. I have tried the hishing business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them are you?"

"Afraid of them: afraid of a few cats!" exclaimed Valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity, "where are they?"

"Under my bed," replied Beagle. "There's a brave fellow. Break their blessed necks!" and Valentine leaped out of bed, and after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with violence and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of the room when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meyowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank heaven! they are all gone at last!" cried Mr. Beagle, "we shall be able to get a little rest now I suppose;" and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumplee good night, and told him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling for an explanation very anxiously below.

METHOD OF RESTORING LIFE TO THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.—Recommended by the "Royal Humane Society of England," instituted in the year 1774.—Avoid all rough usage. Do not hold up the body by the feet, nor roll it on casks or barrels, or rub it with salt or spirits, or apply tobacco. Lose *not a moment* in carrying the body to the nearest house, with the head and shoulders raised. Place it in a warm room if the weather is cold. Preserve silence, and positively admit *no more than three* intelligent persons. Let the body be instantly stripped, dried, and wrapped in *hot blankets*, which are to be frequently renewed. Keep the mouth, nostrils and throat free and clean.—Apply warm substances to the back, spine, pit of the stomach, arm-pits and soles of the feet. Rub the body with heated flannel, or cotton, or warm hands. Attempt to restore breathing by *gently* blowing with a bellows, into one mostril, closing the mouth and the other nostril. Press down the breast *carefully*, with *both* hands, and then let it rise again, and thus imitate natural breathing. Keep up the application of heat—continue the rubbing—*increase it when life appears*, and *then* give a *teaspoonful* of warm water, or *very weak* brandy and water, or wine and water. PERSEVERE FOR SIX HOURS. Send quickly for medical assistance.

An Irish soldier who came over with Gen. Moore, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, "Oh yes," he replied, "too much; I was in the hospital nearly all the time I was there.'

Interview between Napoleon Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII.

From the Recollections of Count Alfred de Vigny.

We were at Fontainebleau. The Pope had just arrived. The Emperor had waited impatiently for his coming to anoint him at his coronation, and had received him in his carriage, each mounting at the same moment at opposite sides, with an apparently neglected but deeply calculated etiquette, so as neither to yield nor take precedence—an Italian stratagem. He was coming back to the palace, where all was in a bustle.

I had left several officers in the room preceding that of the Emperor, and I was alone in his. I looked at a long table, the top of which was not of marble, but of Roman mosaics, and covered with a great heap of petitions. I had often seen Bonaparte come in and subject them to a strange ordeal. He did not take them up, either in order or at random, but, when their number irritated him, swept his hand over the table from left to right and from right to left, like a mower, and dispersed them till he had reduced the heap to five or six, which he opened. This kind of disdainful sport had deeply affected me. All these papers of distress and sorrow, rejected and flung upon the floor, carried away as by a blast of anger;—these useless prayers of widows and orphans, having no chance of relief but in the manner in which loose papers were swept off by the consular hand; all these touching appeals, moistened with the tears of families, kicked about by his boots, and over which he walked as over his slain on the field of battle, represented to me the destiny of France at that time as a sinister lottery; and, mighty as was the rude and indifferent hand that drew the lots, I thought that it was not just to sacrifice thus to the caprice of his sweeping fists so many obscure fortunes, which might some day have been as splendid as his own, had a point of support been granted to them. I felt my heart throb and revolt against Bonaparte, but shamefully, but like a slave's heart, as it was. I surveyed those condemned letters; unheard moans issued from their profaned folds, and, picking them up myself to read and then throwing them down again, I set myself up for judge between the unfortunate writers and the master whom they had given themselves, and who was that day going to place his foot more firmly than ever upon their necks.

I held in my hand one of those despised petitions, when the sound of the drums, beating the march, apprized me of the sudden arrival of the Emperor. Now, you must know that as you see the flash of a gun before you hear the report, so you were sure to see him almost as soon as you heard the sound of his approach, so rapid were his motions, so anxious did he seem to make the most of life, and to crowd his actions as closely as possible together. When he entered the court of the palace on horseback, his guides had great difficulty to keep up with him; and the post had not time to take arms, before he had alighted from his horse and was ascending the staircase. On this occasion, I heard the sound of his heels at the same moment as that of the drums. I had barely time to slip into the alcove of a great state bed which was not used, fortified by a princely balustrade, and the curtains of which, sprinkled with bees, were luckily more than half drawn.

The Emperor was violently agitated: he walked alone in the room, like one, who is waiting impatiently for somebody, clearing in a second thrice his own length; he then went to the window, and began to drum a march upon it with his nails. A carriage presently rolled into the court; he ceased drumming, stamped twice or thrice, as if vexed at the sight of something that was done too slowly for him, then went hastily to the door, and opened it to the Pope.

Pius VII. entered alone. Bonaparte shut the door behind him, with the despatch of a gaoler. I felt thoroughly frightened, I must confess, on finding myself the third in such company. However, I remained voiceless and motionless, looking and listening with all the powers of my mind.

The Pope was of lofty statue; his face was long, sallow, care-worn, but full of a holy dignity and unbounded benevolence. His dark eyes were large and brilliant; his mouth was half open with a friendly smile, to which his projecting chin gave a strong expression of shrewdness and intelligence—a smile which had nothing of political insensibility, but every thing of Christian kindness. A white cap covered his long hair, which was black, but marked with broad silvery streaks. He wore a short mantle of red velvet, carelessly thrown over his curved shoulders, and his robe trailed over his feet. He entered slowly, with the calm and discreet step of an aged matron. He went and seated himself, with down cast eyes, in one of the large Roman arm-chairs, gilt and decoratod with eagles, and waited to hear what the other Italian had to say.

Ah, sir, what a scene! what a scene! methinks I behold it still. It was not the genius of the man, but his character, that it laid open to me;—as if his vast mind did not then unfold itself, his heart at least burst forth. Bonaparte was not then what you have since seen him; he had not that corpulence, that bloated and sickly face, those gouty legs, all that infirm obesity which art has seized to produce a TYPE of him, according to the present mode of expression, and which has left the public a certain popular and grotesque figure of him, which serves as a plaything for children and which some day, perhaps, will make him appear as fabulous a creature of the imagination as misshappen Punch himself. He was not so then, sir, but muscular and supple, active, brisk, elastic, convulsive in his gestures, graceful in some motions, polished in his manners; his chest flat and sunk between the shoulders, and such still as I had seen him at Malta, with melancholy and bilious face.

He did not desist from pacing the floor after the Pope had entered. He began to prowl around the chair like a prudent sportsman; and, stopping all at once, facing it in the stiff and motionless attitude of a corporal, he resumed the thread of a conversation commenced in the carriage, interrupted by their arrival, and which he was impatient to renew.

"I repeat to your holiness, I am no free-thinker, not I, and I am not fond of reasoners and metaphysicians. I assure you that, in spite of my old republicans, I will go to mass."

He flung these last words sharply at the Pope, like a censer swung under your nose, and paused to await their effect; thinking that the circumstances, how nearly soever approaching to impiety, which had preceded this interview, must give extraordinary weight to this sudden and positive declaration. The Pope cast down his eyes, and placed his hands on the two eagles' heads which formed the arms of his chair. By this attitude of Roman statue, he seemed plainly to intimate: I must listen with resignation to all the profane things that he shall think fit to say to me.

Bonaparte walked round the room and the arm-chair that was in the midst of it, and I saw, by the sidelong glance which he cast at the aged pontiff, that he was not pleased either with himself or with his adversary, and that he blamed himself for having been too abrupt in this renewal of the conversation. He began, therefore, directly to speak again, still pacing round and round, casting furtive and piercing glances at the mirrors in which the grave figure of his holiness was reflected, and looking at him in profile when he passed near him, but never full in the face, lest he should seem too anxious about the impression of his words.

"There is one thing, holy father," said he, "which lies upon my heart; it is this—that you consent to the anointing in the same manner as you formerly did to the Concordant, as if you were forced to it. You put on the air of a martyr before me: there you are, looking as if resigned, as if offering your griefs to heaven. But, indeed, that is not your situation; you are not a prisoner, by God!—you are as free as the air!"

Pius VII. gave a sad smile, and looked him in the face. He felt how prodigious were the exactions of the despotic character, who, like all spirits of the same nature, was not content to be obeyed unless you obeyed with a semblance of having ardently desired what he ordered.

"Yes," resumed Bonaparte, with increased emphasis, "you can return to Rome; the route is open; nobody detains you."

The Pope sighed, and raised his right hand and his eyes to heaven, without replying. Then slowly lowering his wrinkled brow he fixed his eyes on the gold cross suspended from his neck.

Bonaparte continued speaking, while taking his rounds more leisurely. His voice became mild and his smile peculiarly gracious.

"If, holy father, the gravity of your character did not prevent me, I should say, indeed, that you are rather ungrateful. You do not seem to be sufficiently mindful of the good services that France has rendered you. The conclave at Venice, which elected you Pope, did appear to me to have been somewhat influenced by my campaign to Italy, and by a word that I dropped concerning you. At that time, Austria did not treat you well, and I was very sorry for it. Your holiness was, I believe, obliged to return to Rome by sea, because you were not allowed to pass through the Austrian territories."

He paused to await the answer of his silent and involuntary visitor; but Pius made only an inclination of the head that was scarcely perceptible, and remained as though overwhelmed with a dejection which prevented him from listening.

Bonaparte, with his foot, then pushed a chair close to the great arm-chair on which the Pope was seated. I trembled, because, when he came to fetch this chair, his epaulette had brushed the curtain of the alcove in which I was concealed.

"In fact," he continued, "it was as a catholic that I was grieved at this. I never had time to study divinity much, not I; but I put great faith in the power of the church: it has a prodigious vitality, holy father. Voltaire has done you some mischief, but I like him not, and I am a going to slip an old unfrocked oratorian at him. You shall have no reason to complain, depend upon it. We could, if you will, do many things by and by."

Here he assumed a look of innocence and youth extremely coaxing.

"For my part, I do not know—I cannot discover—I do not see, indeed, why you should have any objection to fix your residence in Paris for good. I would give up the Tuileries to you, faith, if you liked. You will there find your Montecavello chamber quite ready for you. As for me, I am scarcely ever there. Do you not see *padre*, that here is the real metropolis of the world? I would do every thing you wished; for, after all, I am a better boy than people take me for. Provided that war and the toil of politics were left to me, you should manage the church just as you pleased. I should be your soldier entirely. Would not that be capital, think you? We would have our councils like Constantine and Charlemagne; I would open them and close them; I would put into your hand the real keys of the world, and since, as our Savior said, 'I came with the sword,' I would keep the sword to my share; only I would bring it to you for your benediction after every success of our arms."

He made a slight inclination while uttering the concluding words.

The Pope who had thus far continued motionless, like an Egyptian statue, slowly raised his half bowed head, gave a melancholy smile, uplifted his eyes, and said, after a gentle sigh, as though confiding his thoughts to his invisible guardian angel,—"*Commediante!*"

Bonaparte sprung from his chair, and bounded like a wounded leopard. He was in a real passion. He paced the floor, at first without speaking, biting his lips till they bled again. He no longer turned in a circle round his prey, with gentle look and cautious step, but stalked strait forward, to and fro, stamping and making his spurred heels clatter. The room fairly shook; the curtains trembled like the approach of a thunder storm; methought some great and awful event was going to happen; my hair pained me, and I involuntarily clapped my hand on it. I looked at the Pope; he stirred not, but merely grasped with both hands the eagles' heads on the arms of the chair. The bomb suddenly burst.

"Comedian!—I a comedian!—Ah! I will give you commedies such as shall make you all cry like women and children!—Comedian!—Ah! you are mistaken, if you think to get the better of me by insolent coolness! My theatre is the world; the part that I play is that of manager and author; for comedians, I have all of you—pope, kings, people! and the thread by which I move you is—fear!—Comedian! Ah! it would take a better man than you to dare to applaud or to hiss me. *Signor Chiaramonti*, are you aware that you would be but a poor parish priest if it so pleased me? Why, France would laugh outright in your face at you and your tiara, if I were not to put on a grave look when saluting you.—It is only four years since nobody durst talk aloud of Christ. Who then would have talked of the Pope, if you please?—Comedian! Ah gentleman, you are getting on too fast with us! You are out of humor because I have not been silly enough to sign, like Louis XIV., the renunciation of the liberties of the Gallican church? But I am not to be piped in that manner. It is I who carry you from south to north like puppets; it is I who make believe to account you something, because you represent an old idea that I want to revive; and have not sense enough to see this,

and to do as though you did not perceive it!—But no; one must tell you every thing; one must put every thing under your nose before you can comprehend it. And you seriously believe that one cannot do without you, and you lift up your heads and muffle yourselves in woman's drapery! But know that this has no effect whatever upon me, and that if you persevere—yes, you!—I will serve it as Charles XII. served the grand viser's—I will tear it in pieces with my spur."

He ceased speaking. I durst not breathe. No longer hearing his thundering voice, I stretched forth my head to see if the poor old man was dead with fright. There he sat, with the same composure in his attitude and the same composure on his countenance. A second time he raised his eyes to heaven, and heaving a deep sigh, he smiled bitterly, and said,—"*Tragideante!*"

At this moment, Bonaparte was at the other end of the room, leaning against the marble chimney-piece as high as himself. He darted like an arrow towards the old man; I thought he was going to kill him. But he stopped short, took up from the table a vase of Sevres porcelain, on which were painted the castle of St. Angelo and the Capitol, and throwing it on the marble hearth, crushed it to atoms with his feet. All at once he sat down, and remained for sometime motionless, and maintained a profound and threatening silence.

I was relieved. I concluded that he had yielded to cool reflection, and that reason had resumed its empire over the ebullition of passion. He became sad; his voice was low and melancholy, and from the very first accent I knew that he was undisguised, and that this Proteus, quelled by two words, now appeared what he really was.

"Miserable life!" he ejaculated. He then mused, tore the border of his hat, without speaking for a minute or two, and, on rousing, began talking to himself.

"'Tis very true!—Tragedian or comedian!—All is acting, all has been costume with me for a long time, and will be so forever! What fatigue! what littleness! Sitting! always sitting! in full face for this party, in profile for that, according to their notions. To appear what they like one to be, and to guess aright their idiot dreams!—to place them all between hope and fear!—to dazzle them with dates and bulletins!—to bind them by spells of distance and spells of names!—to be master of them all, and know not what to do with them!—that is all, faith!—And after this all, to be annoyed as I am—it is indeed too bad!—For, in truth," he proeeeded, crossing his legs and throwing himself back in the arm-chair, "I am horribly annoyed.—As soon as I sit down, I am ready to burst with *ennui*. I could not hunt three days at Fontainebleau without dying of sheer langour.—For my part, I must be moving and make others move. If I know where to, though, I'll be hanged.!

"You see I am open-hearted with you. I have plans for the lives of forty emperors; I form one every morning and another every night; I have an indefatigable imagination; but, before I have time to execute two of them, I should be worn out body and soul; for our poor lamp does not burn long. And frankly, if all my plans were carried into effect, I would not swear that the world would be much happier for them; but it would be more brilliant, and a majestic unity would reign over it.—I am no philosopher, not I, and I know not a creature that has common sense but our secretary at Florence. I understand nothing of certain theories. Life is too short to stand still. As soon as I have thought, I execute. People will find explanations enough for my actions, after I am gone, to exalt me if I succeed, and to abuse me if I fall. Plenty of paradoxes are quite ready; they abound in France. I will silence them while I live, but afterwards ———never mind! my business is to succeed and that I understand. I make my iliad in action, for my part, and that every day."

Here he rose, with cheerful promptness and something lively and brisk in his manner. At that moment he was natural and true; he thought not of giving a picture of himself, as he did afterwards in his dialogues at St. Helena; he thought not of idealizing himself, or of composing himself, or of composing his person so as to realize the finest philosophical conceptions; he was himself, turned inside out. He went up to his holiness, and walked before him. There, warming, and laughing half ironically, he spoke nearly as follows, mixing up together the trivial and the grand, according to his custom, talking with inconceivable volubility—the rapid expression of that prompt and ready genius, which guessed every thing at once, without study.

"Birth is every thing," said he: "those who come into the world poor and destitute are always desperate. This turns either to action or suicide, according to the character of the individual.—When they have courage, like me, to put their hands to any thing, then, faith, they play the devil. And can you blame them? One must live. One must find one's place and make one's hole. For my part, I have made mine, like a cannon ball. So much the worse for those who stand in my way. Some are satisfied with little, others never have enough. What is to be done? Each eats according to his appetite, and mine was excessively keen. Look you, holy father, at Toulon I had not wherewithal to buy a pair of epaulettes, and instead of them, I had a mother and I know not how many brothers and sisters on my shoulders. These are all provided for at present, and decently enough I hope. Josephine married me almost out of pity, and now we are going to crown her, in spite of the beard of Ragideau, her solicitor, who said that I had little or nothing but my sword. And, faith! he was not far wrong either. Imperial mantel, crown, what are these? what are they to me? Costume, actor's costume! I shall put them on for an hour, and I shall have had enough of them. I shall then resume my plain officer's dress and mount my horse. Always on horseback! I should not sit here for a day without running the risk of being thrown under the chair. Is that any thing enviable?

"I tell you, holy father, there are in the world but two classes of people, those who have, and those who are striving to get. The former go to bed, the latter keeping stirring. As I learned this lesson early and seasonably, I shall get pretty forward—that's all. There have been only two who began at forty that made any progress—Cromwell and Jean Jacques. If you had given one of them a farm, and the other twelve hundred francs and his maid-servant, they would neither have preached, nor commanded, nor written.—They are makers of houses, of colors, of figures, of phrases; as for me, I am a maker of battles. That is my profession. At thirty-five I have made eighteen, which are called—victories! It is right that I should be paid for my work; and a throne is not too high a price for it. Besides I shall go on working. You will see a good many more. You will see all the dynasties date from mine, upstart and elected though I be. Elected, like you, holy father, and taken from among the crowd. On that point we may shake hands."

And, stepping close to him, he held out his white, bold hand towards the attenuated and timid hand of the good Pope, who, perhaps, softened by the kindly tone of his last movement of the Emperor's, perhaps by an inward recurrence to his own destiny and a sad foreboding of the future lot of Christian societies, gently gave him the ends of his fingers, with the air of a grandmother making it up with a boy, whom she is sorry for having scolded so severely. He nevertheless shook his head with a look of sadness, and I saw a tear start from his fine eyes, and trickle rapidly down his wan and emaciated cheek. To me it seemed like the last farewell of expiring Christianity leaving the earth to selfishness and chance.

Bonaparte cast a furtive glance at this tear wrung from an afflicted heart, and I even detected at one corner of his mouth a rapid movement resembling a smile of triumph. At this moment, that omnipotent nature appeared to me less elevated and less noble than that of his holy adversary.—This made me blush behind my curtains for all my past enthusiasm. A sadness such as I never felt came over me on discovering how little the highest political greatness may become in its cold artifices of vanity, its miserable snares, and its libertine abominations. I saw that he had not been really angry with the prisoner, that it afforded him secret gratification not to have shown any weakness in this *tete-a-tete*, and that he had given way to the gust of passion in order to bend the captive under the effect of fatigue, of fear, and of all those infirmities which moisten the eyes of an old man with inexplicable emotion. He had been determined to have the last word, and, without aiding another, he left the room as abruptly as he had entered. I did not see whether he saluted the Pope, but I believe he did not.

As soon as the Emperor had quitted the apartment, two ecclesiastics came to his holiness, and, supporting him under each arm, led him away, faint, agitated, and trembling.

No one has been able satisfactorily to explain the reason why dogs' tails always curl to the left.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE BLOODY HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

"There is blood upon your hand, John," said a tall, masculine-made woman, in a homespun dress, as she swept up the hearth of the solitary farm-house, in the interior of England, at the close of a cold December's day, in the year 18—.

The person thus addressed, was an iron-faced farmer, of about the middle size, with dark eyes peeping underneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. His cheek was flushed, though old age had been coursing like wildfire through his swollen veins, and his brawny hand, as he looked at the clot of fresh blood that stained it, seemed to have been made for a descendant of Cain.

"There is blood," said Brown, for such was the farmer's name, "but it is all off now—bring me my supper." The wife—for such was the first speaker—looked him long and anxiously in the face. Horrid visions seemed to be floating before her eyes, and murder almost escaped from her compressed lips.

"Why, what in the name of nature ails the woman?" said Brown, endeavoring, by an ill-contrived laugh, to silence her fears. "If people go where sheep are slaughtered, they must expect to get bloody."

"The blood of sheep has not been on your hand," said his wife firmly. "There was a melancholy-looking man upon the hill to-day. He had money, and a valuable watch. He offered me a piece of gold for directing him to the next village, and set his watch by our clock. Have you seen the stranger, John?"

The iron features of the hardened husband now contracted into a fearful scowl. "Woman," said he, "what have I to do with travelers on the hill side? Mind your own affairs." Then changing his tone to a sort of whine, he said, "Give me my food, Meg. I am cold and hungry, and cannot joke with you longer."

"Joke with me?" said the poor wife, with a countenance agonized with horror, "God grant that it proves a joke."

The supper was now placed upon the table.—The farmer ate his food in silence, and then went to bed. In a few moments he was lost in a deep though terrible sleep. Having seen that every thing was quiet, the good wife put on her hooded cloak, and went out upon the lawn. It was a cold and cheerless evening. The hills seemed turning into misty shadows, before the wand of an enchanter, and the waving tree-tops seemed like the bosom of the midnight deep, The bleak wind howled sadly amid the elm-trees by the way side, and the bay of a distant watch-dog came echoing up the vale. The unhappy wife followed the track of her husband for about a mile. She now was startled by a deep groan. Scanning narrowly the hill side, she perceived a place where some persons had apparently struggled together, in the snow-drift, and beyond, a little distance, she saw the melancholy stranger whom she had directed on his course several hours previous, lying upon the ground, with a dreadful wound upon his pallid forehead. Brown's wife was a strong and resolute woman. She raised the wounded man and wiped the blood from his eyes. Finding that life was not extinct, she bore him upon her shoulders to her dwelling. Having laid him down in the passage, she opened the kitchen-door where Brown was sleeping. His thick, heavy breathing, gave evidence that the sleep of drunkenness was upon him. She then carried the stranger through the kitchen to a little bed room where she usually retired when the abuse of her brutal companion became insupportable. As the head of the wounded man brushed by the face of Brown, his hands instinctively griped the bed-clothes, and carried them over his head. Having staunched the wound—the bleeding of which had been checked before by the coagulating blood—the good wife dressed it in a manner well-approved by medical men, gave her patient a composing draught, and then returned to her seat by the kitchen fire.

The farmer now began to be himself. He moved like a wounded snake in his unquiet sleep.—He opened his eyes and glared wildly around him. "There is no blood upon my hand," said he.—"Meg, it was all a joke. Ha! ha! a devilish good joke." As he said this, conscience felt the dreadful gnawing of the worm that never dies, and a shiver along the limbs of Brown, told but too plainly, that he had sealed, in blood, a bond, conveying to regions of everlasting fire, his miserable soul. The fumes of his debauch arose like a mist upon his brain, and he slept again. His wife now

paid the stranger another visit, and finding every thing working as it should, retired to her desolate couch. Morning came, and the sobered farmer arose from his pillow of remorse. His face was haggard, his eyes blood shot, and his hair like that of the furies, seemed changing into serpents.

He said but little, and went out immediately after breakfast. His wife saw him go up the hill side. She knew that he had gone to bury the body, and she rejoiced to think that he would labor in vain. Noon and night and morning came, but no husband approached the farm house.—Weeks rolled on, and John Brown was seen no more upon the hill-side, or in his homely dwelling. His whistle was hushed upon the moor: and his foot fall awoke not the echoes of the forest-way.

The stranger, in the meantime, recovered a justice of the peace was sent for, and an affidavit was made of the facts of the case. The murderous wretch was described with fearful correctness, all—all but the face. That was concealed by a slouched hat, and could not be described. The wife breathed again. With a woman's wit, she spoke but little of her husband's absence, and when she alluded to it, she spoke of it as an absence of short duration, with her advice and consent.

The stranger who proved to be a nobleman of wealth, endeavored to cheer the gloomy shades of the deserted woman's heart: but it was a vain attempt. There is no cure for blighted love, no peace for a rifled heart. God alone can be the widow's husband—God alone can gladden the widow's heart.

"You never shall want, Meg," said the nobleman, as he sat by the farmer's wife a few evenings after he was able to walk. "I must to London; business of importance urges me there. When you are in distress, one hint of the fact to me, will produce instant relief."

A carriage, with an Earl's coronet, now drove up to the cottage door. The wife said nothing; she seemed lost in unfathomable mystery.

"Will you not accompany me, my faithful nurse?" said the stranger, as he prepared to depart from the dwelling of charitable love.

"Nay, sir," said the wife, "I cannot thus suddenly leave the spot of my early hope. Here, sir, I was born; here I was married; on yonder green hillock I danced away the sorrows of childhood; in yonder church, whose spire now gleams in the dying sunlight, I gave my guilty spirit up to God. On yonder plain sleep my children; beside that old oak, rest father and mother, the first born; and the last upon the catalogue of life.—Here, sir, I have smiled in joy, and wept in sorrow; and here I will die."

Entreaties and prayers were all in vain. She withstood every kindness of her guest, and finally accepted only a reasonable charge for his board. As the Earl was about to take his seat in his carriage, the deserted wife approached him.

"Stranger guest," said she, with much feeling, "I have done you good service."

"You have," said he, while a tear of gratitude stole down his cheek.

"Will you do me one favor in return?" said she.

"Most certainly will I," said the Earl.

"Then write upon a piece of vellum, what I shall dictate," said she in a hurried voice.

He took his pen and wrote in plain characters as follows:

"Circumstances have convinced me that an attempt to murder me on the night of the 10th December, 18—, on Stone Hill, Lincolnshire, would have been successful, had it not been for the kind interference of John Brown and his wife, of Hopedale.

"This paper is left as a slight memorial of an event which they can never efface from my memory.

JOHN, EARL OF—"

She read it over and over, after he had signed it. "It will do," said she. "Now farewell."

The grateful Earl sprang into his seat. He threw the purse into her bosom. "Farewell," said he, in a husky tone, and away rattled his carriage with the swiftness of the wind. The coronet flashed in the sunbeams, and then the vehicle, with its outriders, was lost in the winding forest.

Ten years rolled away, and the wife of John Brown suddenly disappeared from Hopedale, and then the farm-house, like a deserted thing, stood solitary and silent amid the smiles of autumn. A middle-sized stranger, with a sailor's jacket and tarpaulin on, and a bundle dangling at the end of a club over his shoulders, rested beside the door of Hopedale. The stranger, though somewhat intoxicated, appeared to be very sad. He looked in at the wasted door-way. He gazed upon the cold, barren hearth. He saw the planks worn by the foot of the thrifty housewife, and marked a portion of her dress in the broken pane of the kitchen window. The nail where the good man's hat had hung for years, was there, with a circle around it, of unsmoked paint. The crane hung sadly in the corner, and the music of the singing kettle echoed not there. The stranger raised his hand to his eyes, but what causes him to start like a frightened bird? *"It is bloody again,"* said he, with a look of horror. "Oh, that I could wipe out that foul—that terrible stain from memory. Ha! it is on my hand as fresh as when I murdered that poor, melancholy stranger. God of Heaven, I cannot wipe it out." The stranger had cut his hand with a piece of broken glass, and a clot of fresh blood was upon it, in reality. He felt not the pain of the wound in his horror; and satisfied that Heaven had marked him in its own terrible way. He wiped off the blood and turned to depart.

The Sheriff was beside him, and he was arrested for an attempt to murder. He preserved a sullen silence. He followed the officer to his carriage, and was soon on his way to London. The prison received its victim; and the gay world smiled as brightly as before.

The day of trial came. John Brown, who had taken another name, was tried as Samuel Jones, and the case brought together a vast concourse of people of both sexes. The prisoner was soon placed at the bar. The jury was duly impannelled. The advocate for the crown was in his place.—The prisoner's counsel was beside him, and the judge was upon the bench. Brown, as he entered the dock, had been so much agitated by the dread reality of his guilt, and the prospect of speedy punishment, that he had not cast an eye upon his judge. He now looked cautiously at him. He saw the keen eye of the judge fixed upon him, and started with horror.

"Oh, God!" said he, with a loud voice, while the sweat rolled down his chalk-like face. "It is the murdered man! Ha! he has come to judge the guilty. See there is the forehead scarred.—Ah, it was a devilish blow. Back, back, I say; let the dead man look his fill. There's blood upon my hand; see there, thou unquiet spirit; that hand was reeking in thy gore; 'twas merciless when thou criedst out, be merciless now in thy turn, thou man of the spirit land."

Here the prisoner fainted, and fell upon the floor. A great sensation was caused in court by this singular circumstance, and it was not until "*order*" had been shouted for some time, that the trial was suffered to go on. It appears that Brown's neighbors all considered him guilty of the crime of endeavoring to murder the individual named in the beginning of this tale, and who was now the presiding judge of the Old Baily. The affidavit was kept in green remembrance, especially by one old farmer in the neighborhood of Hopedale, who had appropriated Brown's farm to his own use, and who constantly watched for the murderer's return, for he knew human nature so well as to be certain that no wretch can be so callous as to forget the spot sacred to childhood, innocence, and early love. The robber seeks his home, the murderer seeks the shades of his once happy valley, the seducer wanders amid the bowers where passion, like a dark and damning torrent, burst away the barriers between his soul and hell. The unfortunate man ignorant of his wife's actions, and unconscious of the certificate in her possession, ignorant of her existence even, after a long cruise in the navy of England, returned to view the pleasant homestead—the green valley—the quiet hill-side, and the sunken graves of his parents and children. He had met the argus-eyed speculator on his way. The old affidavit being like the sword of Damocles over his head, and the informer, at sunset, saw the poor broken-hearted sailor borne away to London, and, as he trusted, a felon's grave. Such is human nature. Man carelessly feeds upon the fruits that hang over the church-yard wall, and gathers roses from the sacred plains—

"Where once the life's blood, warm and wet,
Had dimmed the glittering bayonet."

The trial proceeded—the evidence was strong, and the jury, without quitting their seats, pronounced the prisoner at the bar "Guilty."

"Guilty?" said Brown, rising to his feet, "can it be? Ah, I must die a felon's death, and my poor lost wife. Oh, that pang. How her tender endearments now rise up in judgment against me; her soft words, how they thunder upon my gloomy soul. Her smiles of beauty and innocence—great God how they sear my heart; must I then die without her forgiveness? Oh, the thought is torture, ay, torture as dreadful as that experienced by the vilest of the damned."

Here the prisoner became unmanned, and burying his face in his fettered hands, wept like a child. The strong passion of grief shook the prisoner's limbs, and rattled the chains with terrible distinctness. A short silence ensued, and then the judge put on his black cap, and prepared to pronounce that awful sentence which never can be pronounced without awakening the dormant sensibilities of the most degraded—which none, in fact, *but the condemned ever hear without a flood of tears.*

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "stand up." Brown rose. "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" said the judge, continuing his remarks. A slight rustling noise was now heard at the bar, and a female in widow's weeds leaned her head over to speak to the prisoner.

"Stand back, woman," said a self-sufficient tip-staff, who, like some of our constables, imagine the old adage, "*necessity has no law,*" to mean, "law has no necessity."

The woman threw back her veil, and looking the judge full in the face, said, "May it please your worship to permit me to aid my husband in his last extremity?"

The Earl thought he knew the face and the tone of voice, and therefore commanded the officer to place the wife beside her husband.

"Meg," said Brown, while the tears streamed down his face, haggard with guilt, "it is very kind of you to visit me thus. Can you forgive your guilty husband?"

"John," said the meek-eyed woman, as she raised her countenance of angelic sweetness to Heaven, "I was forgiven by the Son of God—I can and do forgive you."

The wretched prisoner fell upon his wife's neck, and the minions of criminal law, with faces like tanned leather, and hearts like the paving-stones before the Egyptian tombs, stood pity-struck, and waited for the end of this extraordinary scene.

"Woman," at length said the judge, while a tear rested in his eye, "It is my dreadful lot to pass the sentence of the law upon the prisoner.—You had better retire."

The wife started, and looking the judge full in the face, said, "John, Earl of ——, do you recollect the parchment scroll you gave me at Hopedale?" handing, at the same time, a piece of vellum to a constable, who passed it up to his Honor.

"My noble-hearted, long-lost nurse," said the judge, with a look of joy, "well do I recollect you and your last request, but in this case, the law must take its course. I will, however, recommend the prisoner to mercy."

"Mercy?" said Brown, "who talks of mercy here? There is blood upon my hand."

"Silence" said the judge; "remand the prisoner."

The court adjourned—the prisoner, guarded by a throng of soldiers and tip-staffs, moved along to his cell, and the wife followed the judge to his chambers. The next day a pardon for John Brown passed the seals, and the beginning of the week saw the husband and his noble-spirited wife at Hopedale, with the judge for a welcome guest. Years of peace and joyous plenty rolled on.—Long and fervently did the pardoned criminal pray for forgiveness, and at last, in God's own time, the bloody stain upon his hand was washed away by the blood of him who died on Calvary, that man might find, at last, a glorious rest in the realms of matchless beauty, and of never-dying love. The Farmer of Hopedale, for many years, was considered the examplar of the country around, and at last, when he died, which was shortly after his wife had departed for another rest, he was placed in the same grave with her, and over their bones a marble cenotaph was raised, upon which was inscribed in deep and lasting letters—

"They loved in life—
In death they were not divided."

The farm-house, at Hopedale has fallen in ruins. The grey owl hoots upon its moss-tipped chimney. The snake rustles in the grass by the door-sill; and the cricket whistles in the oven.—At evening the truant and belated plough-boy shuns the spot; for many a white-livered loon, if you can believe him, has seen John Brown upon the hill-side, at the hour of dusk, with a clot of blood upon his hand, and a murdered traveler at his feet.

J. E. DOW.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840.

THE POETRY OF THE HEART.—There are scenes in the life of every man, from which the heart, like a shelterless stranger, is shut out, cold and shivering and at length insensible. Such scenes are those in which the cold-blooded, the unfeeling, the merciless form the most prominent figure.—Like marble statues, they show forth only the human form; there may be symmetry, comeliness in the exterior, and the exterior is all.

The very opposite of this in all the variety of human action, is the poetry of the heart. Misery asks a boon to alleviate its sufferings. The tear of the suppliant begets sympathy in your own bosom which swells with emotion, and you bestow the favor asked for.

The orphan prefers a claim upon your liberality, and it is your heart—ay, its poetic feeling, which opens your hand to dispense relief.

The widow is just falling on her knees to supplicate your benevolence, but your heart in the fervor of its poetry, causes you to give before she finishes the utterance of her grief.

You are a stranger in a foreign land, and meet in your wanderings a pennyless countryman.—Then it is that the emotions of your heart burst forth in all the fine phrensy of poetic feeling.

But this poetry of nature, of instinct, is never so rich and refined as when love stimulates it; and if you would witness the true poetry of the heart, it is to be seen in the beautiful loveliness of a female who is looking forward to the hour, not far distant, which shall unite her at the holy altar to the object of her affections.—"Lovely woman, angels are painted to look like you."

WOMAN.—In the literary world, this seems to be an anti-sentiment age. Such was not the case in the "olden time." The beautiful qualities of the heart and the virtuous impressions of the mind, were the themes of orators, poets and essayists, each and all tasking their talents to throw round sentiment the rain-bow tints of a chaster imagination. But there is one theme of this kind which cannot be obliterated by the hand of time, or neglected by the change in literary taste. We mean the beautiful loveliness which clusters around the character of WOMAN. Her virtue is a diadem in which the gems of innocence are glowing with lustre for the attraction and admiration of the sterner sex in every age, and to forget her in the transformation of taste, were the surest proof of degradation in society. "Woman, lovely woman, nature made thee to temper man. We had been brutes without you."

ANECDOTE OF THE ELDER ADAMS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.—When a boy, we lived within a stone's throw of Mr. Adams' house in Quincy, Mass. One forenoon, when a number of us chaps were playing at marbles near his mansion, Mr. Adams came among us to witness our diversions. Observing two peculiarly streaked marbles, he enquired the name of them. One, we told him was the *king* and the orher the *pope*, when he instantly exclaimed, "You young rebels! Church and state at your age! Send those two marbles across the Atlantic, they have no business in this country. O! you young rebels!"

COUSIN GEOFFRY is the title of a new work by Theodore Hook, which we have just perused, and would advise our friends to follow our example if a highly interesting work can afford them any pleasure. It is for sale at R. WILSON'S bookstore, No. 6 Exchange street.

A MIRROR FOR YOUNG MEN.

The following extract is from the letter of a young man who has for some time been engaged as a clerk in an American house in London, which is now closed, written to his friend in this city, from New York, where he has been staying the last few months. We commend it to the attention of every young man, and especially those just entering business.

"On Tuesday or Wednesday, if nothing occurs, I am off in the ship Huntress for Liverpool, as a hand before the mast. This may appear to you as an act of madness on my part, but I assure you, my dear friend, it is a calm, deliberately formed intention. I have nothing to do on land, and no employment in prospect for a long time to come.

There is nothing doing in the way of business. Every one feels the influence of the hard times, and there are thousands of young men now in this city seeking employment without the means of support. Something I must and will do to obtain an honest livelihood, however prodigal I may have been when money was easily obtained, and I did not appreciate its value as I never knew the want of it. You know full well that I would have disdained at all times to accept any of the gratifications which it could purchase, if obtained at the expense of others.

I now see where my expenses have been prodigal in many instances, and how much better it would have been for me to have husbanded my means against the time of need; although I cannot charge myself with that kind of prodigality which degrades so many young men by administering to their vicious propensities.

I am sure from what I have seen since my return to New York, that unwarrantable extravagance exists no where else amongst young men to the extent that it does here, and how degrading when coupled with dishonesty!

It is not unfrequent that you may hear the remark when passing up and down Broadway, or in visiting the favorite haunts in the neighborhood of New York, where young men of doubtful or limited income are seen sporting their fine gigs or dashing carriages, flaunting in all the magnificence of a Duke of England, devoid of the more substantial trappings of the English nobility, which are superceded by all the peculiarities of an ignorant, self-conceited, supercilious, brainless sovereign, (God grant there may be but few such even amongst a people that are all sovereigns,) "there goes a week's, a month's wages." More probably there goes the purse of their employers—many of whom, honest and unsuspecting tradesmen, have been ruined ere they were aware, by the clerks in their employ. The profession of the highwayman is more honorable, about whose adventures there is something wild and too chivalrous to trespass upon the rights of benefactors and confiding friends—while the hyena or viper that stings even unto death the hand that fosters it, is not more treacherous than he to whom you have confided your all, who stealthily consumes your substance. Yet how many young men who have had the fortune to be elevated to places of trust and responsibility, where integrity and industry would have crowned them with the noblest of all rewards, the reputation of an honest man surrounded by an honorably acquired affluence, when prodigality and vicious propensities induce them to break over every principle of virtue, and to waste in the halls of dissipation, the brothrel and gambling house, the wages of perfidy which should sink them to the lowest depths of hell. At the same time they are crowding themselves with a fair exterior into the society of the intelligent and virtuous, basking in the smiles and sunshine of unsuspecting and lovely women; instead of which, if justice was done them, their borrowed plumes, the halls of affluence and their fair companions would be changed for a striped jacket, the society of convicts, and a prison.

Nor is this species of trust more abused than the credit system, which enables so many more young men to rise in this country than in any other, and which, with the integrity of the regularly educated and well trained business man of England, would perpetuate its diffusive blessings to coming generations.

In England, enterprise, economy, industry, long and constant application, are all necessary to commend a young man without fortune to a business station, the least departure from which would lose him the confidence of those on whom he is dependent for capital or business connection.

But it is not so here. So liberal has been the credit system, that young men have sprung at once into high business stations, which with industry and a proper degree of economy, would very soon have placed them in enviable situations, distinguished as intelligent, honest, business men; stations which in other countries, costs long years of toil, to which but few can attain. Duly appreciated, it would widen the field of enterprize, rendering it easy for young men of all classes to rise above the clogs of poverty, diffusing its blessings to coming generations.

But few, however, appreciate these blessings. Hence it is that so many just starting in the world with false ideas, rise above their business, travel out of their legitimate calling, seek to be great men at once, making themselves conspicuous in all public matters to the neglect of their business, talking politics with an earnestness that would evince that they at least thought the fate of the nation rested upon their shoulders—embarking in all kinds of extravagance, making themselves especially conspicuous at the dinner table, as their compliments are heralded around accompanied with a bottle of wine, when filled with the inspirations of which, should a Rothschild or Barring meet them upon the side-walk, strutting along and swinging their canes with pompous airs, they would surely step one side and wander what unearthly beings those were, manifesting such inexplicable airs, and probably conclude that they must be diplomatic Giraffes, moon-struck—the accredited representative of the Pacha of some distant planet, sent to reside near our government.

In most other countries, habits and airs like these would blast one's credit and reputation—here it must sooner or later end in bankruptcy and ruin, accompanied with dishonesty, which would not be so objectionable if the pernicious consequences of which were confined to themselves; but they tend to do away all confidence, ruining credit, and entail upon coming generations all the clogs which grind the poor to the dust in the old world, making them hewers of wood and drawers of water for the more fortunate heirs of princely estates.

PAY IN ADVANCE.—"William," said a mother to her little son, "if you go out in the street I'll whip you." The boy with a knowing look replied, "But, mother, if I let you whip me *now*, may I go out afterwards?"

A Mr. Day, in an eastern paper, advertises the loss of his dog. Whereupon an editorial wag says he hopes he will succeed in finding him; for if "every dog has his day," every Day ought to have his dog.

CONUNDRUM—SUCH A GOOD 'UN—Why was Eve, when walking with her first born son in her arms, like a modern dandy? D'ye give it up? Because she carried a *Cain*.

A man was drowned lately at Baltimore. Verdict of the coroner's jury—"*died by inclination*."

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Thoughts on leaving the scenes of my Childhood.

My Home! How fond remembrance twines
Around the cherished spot,
Where infancy's brief hours were spent,
And childhood's fears forgot;
Where sunny skies and fairy scenes,
First threw enchantment o'er
The early period of my life—
Thou art my home no more.

No, I must leave the peaceful cot,
Where discord ne'er could come;
And wander forth into the world,
To seek a stranger home.
Far from thy calm and loved retreat,
Perchance my lot will be;
But never like my early home
Will be its joys to me.

Then fare thee well, my childhood's home,
And scenes to memory dear;
Ye're vanished all, but round my heart
Bright thoughts will linger near,
Of by-gone days and absent friends,
To cheer my onward way,
And shed a halo round my path,
With its resplendent rays.

Yet should my path, through future life,
Be prosp'rous, gay and bright,
No lowering clouds obscure my sun,
To turn my day to night;
Or should the roses, mixed with thorns,
Too closely press my brow,
I still will turn, with fond regard,
To thee as I do now.

And friends, ye lov'd ones, who've explored
Life's summer sea with me,
While gentle gales and breezes bland,
Have filled our hearts with glee;
Life's swelling sails o'er spread us still,
But yet no one can tell
When death will break life's brittle thread,
And we must say farewell.

Oh, may the watchful guardian eare,
Of HIM who rules on high,
Be o'er you all, and guide your thoughts,
To scenes beyond the sky,
Where friendship, holy and refined,
Is shared without alloy;
And parting scenes will be no more,
In yonder world of joy!

Wheatland, 1840. F. W. M.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Moonlight and Mary.

"A boat at midnight sent alone,
To drift upon a moonless sea,
A lute whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am without thee."—MOORE.

'Tis the pleasant hour of moonlight—and thou art far away,
And carelessly art smiling with the thoughtless and the gay,—
But the moonlight of remembrance, in my heart will ever be,
For the tendrils of affection cling, forever cling to thee.

'Tis the pleasant hour of moonlight—and for thee, for thee I sigh,
As the light shines in my *heart* as well as my uplifted eye;
I wish that perfect sympathy, on earth for *once* might be,
And I long for endless moonlight, and that moonlight passed with thee.

How bewitching is the moonlight—how musical its rays,—
How sweet our dreams of love and youth as upwardly we gaze,
Thou and the moon, oh Mary! are beautiful to see—
But I fear there's nought but *moonshine* in thy sentiments for me!

The amber moon is loveable—fair fountain of delight—
Thou art that fountain to my *thoughts*, oh, well-beloved and bright!
Then be not in thy constancy, like moonlight unto me,
For the tendrils of affection cling, forever cling to thee.

July, 1840.

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

MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uppermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good loftly hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horse-back, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shew of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport, as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and volor. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared not to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes on the crow (which she beheld not,) and now on her hand and fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding the fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if to encourage his mistress they mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward! Yes: every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him; see at last: he is on the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won; he has won; now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, Sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

"Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron;—"Sir, they are dead."

MARRIED:

In Geneseo, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. N. Lewis, Doctor William H. Fox, of Churchville, Monroe county, to Miss Martha W. Tisdale of the former place.

At White Plains, Westchester county, New York, on Wednesday evening, the 15th of July instant, by the Rev. Dr. Lucky, the Rev. D. D. Whedon, professor of languages in the Wesleyan Univeristy of Middletown, Connecticut, to Miss Eliza A. Searlfs, daughter of Isaac Searlfs, late of this city.

In Port Gibson, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. David Cushing, C. T. AMSDEN, Esq., of Rochester, to Miss MARY JANE JENKINS, daughter of L. Jenkins, Esq of the former place.

At Oak Cottage, York, Livingston county, on the 30th of June, by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, S. Hooper, Esq., of Scottsville, to Miss Mary Harris, daughter of C. T. Harris, Esq., of the former place.

In Geneseo, by the Rev. J. N. Lewis, Mr. Harry L. Clement, to Miss Mary E. Brundige, of the above place.

In Palmyra, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Alfred C. Lathrop, Mr. H. H. Sawtell, of Palmyra, to Miss Eleanor Mason, of Pulteneyville.

In East Avon, on Wednesday morning, the 15th instant, by the Rev. Calvin Coats, Mr. GEORGE STEELE, Merchant of Chittenango, to Miss ADELIA E. WRIGHT, of the former place.

At Owego, on the 9th inst., by the Rev Mr. White, Mr. S. M. CRITTENDEN, (of the firm of E. F. Smith & Co., of this city,) to Miss HELEN, daughter of the late Louis Joseph Daubey, Esq., of Whitesboro.

At Brockport, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Stocton, Mr. AUSTIN HARMON, to Miss HARRIET AMELIA BLISS.

In Philadelphia, on the 8th instant, Rev. CHARLES BROWN to Mrs. MELLISENT G. CLARK, widow of Mr. Caleb L. Clark, formerly of this city.

In Alexander, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, W. L. Utley, Esq., to Miss Louisa Wing.

At Mumfordville, on the 16th instant, by Rev. Selden Haynes, of Scottsville, Albert Rowe, Esq., to Miss Emeline Bierce.

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GOOD NIGHT.

FROM "SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS."

Good night, sweet life! yet, dearest, say,
How can that night be *good* to me,
That drives me from my bliss away
Whilst taking off mine eyes from thee!
Good night! the hours so swift are fleeting,
We find no time to mark their flight!
And having known such joy in meeting,
'Tis hard to say—good night! good night!

Good night, sweet life! ere daylight beams,
And sleep gives birth to hopes divine,
May I be present in thy dreams,
And blest as thou shalt be in mine:
Good night! yet still I fondly linger;
I go, but do not leave thy sight:
Though morning shows her rosy finger
I murmur still—good night! good night!

From the Ladies' Companion.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround,
——————how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!" THOMPSON.

It was a cold, cheerless day in the dead of winter, that a girl, who might be sixteen or seventeen years old, ascended the door steps of a splendid looking dwelling, in one of our large cities, with a reluctant air. She stood for a few seconds hesitating to ring the bell, but a bitter and searching blast that swept by, against which her thin pelisse and straw bonnett afforded but a feeble defence, conquered her timidity. The door was opened by a servant, and just as she was inquiring if she could see Miss Howell, a young man of very elegant appearance entered the hall, and told her he would conduct her to the lady's presence. Leading the way, he opened the door of a spacious and magnificently furnished apartment, and with his hand still resting on the latch, invited her to enter. She was shivering with cold, but she stopped near the door, without presuming to approach the glowing anthracite fire; and in truth, there was little occasion fora person who had not recently been exposed to the weather to hover near it, so effectualy was the cold excluded by the rich Brussels carpet, that yielded almost like down to to the pressure of the feet, the double windows, with their embroidered satin curtains, as well as by the care that was taken to prevent drafts of air from entering beneath the doors. The heart of the poor girl almost died within her, as she took a hasty survey of the different inmates of the apartment. Seated, not far from the fire, in a most luxurious looking chair was a middle aged, haughty, looking lady, whose attention was addressed to a young girl who stood near her, and who held, in one of her small white hands, a quantity of rich jewelry. This was Miss Howell. On the sofa sat Ann Huntley, her cousin, a very beautiful girl, who might be two or three years her senior.

"Edgar Huntley," said Miss Howell, "where have you been all the morning? I have been wanting you to give your opinion of these jewels. Have you ever seen any more beautiful?"

"I dont know that I ever have," answered Edgar rather coldly.

"I know you never have, and Mr. Upton says he shall charge only a hundred dollars more for the set, than for those vulgar looking things I showed you yesterday, and I am sure, mamma, you won't mind that," said she turning to her mother.

While Mrs. Howell was considering, whether she had best mind it or not, Edgar Huntly said, "Miss Howell, this young girl has some business with you, I believe.

Miss Howell turned towards her with an air that seemed to say "you may speak."

"I have called," said the poor girl, in a voice scarcely audible, "to see if it were convenient for you to pay that small bill."

"I was not aware that you had any demands against me," said Miss Howell.

"It is for hemstitching a dozen linen handkerchiefs last summer."

"Oh, yes,—and if I rightly remember, they were done very indifferently."

The girl did not contradict her assertion, though the crimson spots that agitation had planted upon her cheeks became deeper; but Ann said—

"I am sure, Lucinda, if the handkerchiefs in question are those which you told me Juliet Norton did, I never saw any more neatly done in my life."

"My name is Juliet Norton," said the girl.

"Truly an euphonious name," said Miss Howell, "it would sound well in a novel."

Juliet swallowed to suppress her rising emotion, and unfolding a small bit of paper, which she immediately refolded and handed to Miss Howell, said in an humble tone, "will you please pay it?"

"Nine shillings?" said Miss Howell, looking at the bill,—"it appears to me that you charge high."

"My price is a shilling a piece for such handkerchiefs, when I work a sprig in each corner, but you told my little sister who called last month for the pay, that you could not afford to give so much, so I altered the price from two dollars to nine shillings, as yo may see by the bill."

"I cannot possibly pay you to-day—you must call again next week."

Ann perceived that Juliet looked greatly distressed, and said to her, "cousin, I will lend you the money."

"No, you must not, Ann. Do you not recollect that I told you this morning that I should be obliged to borrow every cent that you could spare, if I concluded to have that splendid ball dress?"

"And you have concluded to have it?" said Ann.

"Yes, I must have it. I am determined not to go to the ball, next week without it. You may go," turning to Juliet, "and I will pay you next week, or the week after."

Juliet, with a look of utter hopelessness, which went to the heart of Ann, and was present with her for days afterwards, approached the door and attempted to open it, but did not succeed. The momentary delay was fatal to her self-control, and she burst into tears. Edgar who had remained a silent spectator of the scene, sprang forward, opened the door, and stepping lightly through the hall opened the street door likewise for her to pass out. He then slipped on an overcoat, and taking his hat, was determined to see where she went.

"What an artful creature," said Miss Howell, the moment they had left the room. "You have not become used to their tricks yet. She saw that she had succeeded in exciting your compassion, and was determined to make an effective exit. The tears of such people are always at their command."

"I wonder at your employing such creatures," said Mrs. Howell, they are always so clamorous for their pay."

"Hunger and cold are enough to make them so," said Ann.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Howell. "A girl who can wear as good a pelisse as this Miss Juliet Norton had on—I like to speak her name, I wish there was an Annabella to it.—can never make me believe that she is suffering from either cold or hunger.

"It is true that her pelisse was of fine materials, but it was very much worn. I was nearer to her than you were, and could see that it was mended in a dozen places. Besides it appeared very thin, and must have been quite insufficient protection against the extreme cold. I longed to follow her, and offer her my good warm shawl."

"Oh, no, your elegant cloak would have been the thing—but where is your brother gone."

"I don't know."

"I rather suspect that he has gone to wait upon this Miss Juliet home. Perhaps he will lend her *his* cloak. La, I had like to have forgotten my jewels, in a subject so absorbing. Mamma, you must not say nay to my purchasing them, for Edgar likes them—he said so just now."

"Yes, child, purchase them if you like, though the truth is, I am a little pressed for money at this time."

"What if you are, mamma? Such a trifling sum cannot make much difference."

Could Miss Howell have read what was passing in the mind of Edgar Huntley, she would probably have done differently; for when, by the invitation of her mother, he and his sister came to spend a few weeks with them, his handsome person and elegant manners, (his large fortune might have had some influence,) appeared so attractive to her, that she no longer hesitated to reject a very unexceptionable offer, then under consideration. At first, he was evidently pleased with her, for without being eminently beautiful, there were few who could appear so well at a party, or in the ballroom. A few traits of disposition, casually disclosed, put him upon his guard, and he determined to study her character before suffering his heart to be irretrievably enthralled by her attractions. The study carried with it its antidote; and after the little scene that had just been enacted, could she have availed herself of charms equal to those which ensnared the sage Ulysses, he would have remained "fancy free." In the evening, Miss Howell being busily employed in preparing for the anticipated ball, Ann took that opportunity to fulfil an engagement she had made with her brother. She met him in the hall prepared for a walk.

"It is very cold," said he as he gave her his arm, "and I hope you have prepared yourself accordingly."

Ann was a good walker, and her brother conducted her rapidly through several streets, till at last they entered —— street, where the mean appearance of the buildings denoted that they had entered upon the precincts of poverty. Edgar at length paused before one of them and said, "I think this is the house." He knocked at the door, and in a few seconds it was opened by a meager looking girl, eight or nine years old, who held in her hand a small tin lamp.

"Does Juliet Norton live here?" inquired Edgar.

"Yes sir,—please walk in," and she conducted them into a neat, though very mean looking apartment. Near the fire, if it were indeed worthy to be called a fire, the only fuel being some shavings in a basket, a handful which the little girl threw on at intervals—set a woman, past the prime of life, whose emaciated person, and hollow cough, showed that she was suffering from that lingering, but incurable disease, which has been termed an old fashioned consumption. Her gown had once been black, but age and constant wear had changed it to a rusty brown, and her plain muslin cap, displaying innumerable darns, was tied with a faded black riband; yet notwithstanding her illness and mean attire, there was an ease and politeness in her manners that indicated she had been accustomed to good society. The building being much decayed admitted the cold air on every side, and the place where the invalid was seated was screened by a rug fastened to the ceiling. She

was Juliet's maternal aunt, and her name was Hobart.

Juliet who sat near a small table, engaged with her needle, rose at their entrance and, handed them chairs, evincing by a slight discomposure, which she could not conceal, that want and wretchedness had not yet had the power to crush that proud sensitiveness of heart which causes it to shrink from displaying its misery to the observation of strangers. Being now wi hout her bonnet, Edgar and his sister had a better opportunity than before to observe her very pale and care-worn features. They perceived too that her hands trembled as she resumed her work, but they did not then know that it was as much in consequence of her not having broken her fast, since the morning, as from agitation at their unexpected visit. But though fatigue, anxiety and privation had impaired, even withered her beauty, it had not destroyed it. The outilne of her finely chisel-led features had become somewhat sharpened, but her brow where her veins were traced as delicately as on the leaf of some snowy flower, and round which her hair, soft as a golden cloud, was wreathed in rich redudancy, retained all its original purity, while her eyes of the hue of a moonlight sky, in June, ware fringed with long, silky lashes, which enhancing yet softening their brilliancy, made them appear to mirror more deeply, all the mind's sweetest, as well as its most melancholy musing. In spite of the disadvantage of mean apparel it was evident that her form was exquisitely moulded, and in perfect keeping with her face, which both Edgar and Ann agreed in pronouncing the most lovely they had ever beheld.—Such was the being, who shivering by the flickering blaze of their unsubstantial fire, with the wind whistling through crevices on every side, had toiled unremittingly with her needle during the day, except the time she spent in her bootless errand to Miss Howell, without any support save a slight breakfast. After the lapse of a tew minutes, Ann produced a muslin cape which she wished to have embroidered, and inquired if she would undertake to complete it in the course of five or six weeks. Juliet replied that she would.

"I will pay you now then," said Ann, depositing twice the amount, on the table, which it was customary to demand for such work, "as I shall possibly leave town before that time."

The poor invalid, who had sustained the privations of the cold and bitter day without a murmur or a tear, when she saw once more within their reach the means of alleviating their sufferings, held up her thin, emaciated hands, and said, in a voice half choked with tears, "Surely, dear young lady, the blessing of those ready to perish will rest upon you." Juliet in the meantime buried her face in her hands, and little Ellen, her sister, wept through sympathy, while Ann endeavored to disguise her emotion by hunting in her reticule for the embroidery pattern, and Edgar by taking out his watch and fixing his eyes upon it as intently as if he were attemptting to decipher a circle of hieroglyphics.

"You see," said Mrs. Hobart, after she had succeeeed in calming her feelings, "that we are all too weak to bear sudden joy with composure.—if the gay young lady who sent Juliet away today with promises instead of pay, could have known that we had consumed our last mouthful of food, and were without the means to procure more, she would, I think, have paid her, even at the risk of being obliged to appear at the ball she mentioned, less splendidly attired. Perpaps she might tell us that we ought to solicit charity of the town, but it is hard for persons who have once lived in affluence to think of doing that—besides, if those who employ Juliet would pay her promptly, we should, at least, be placed above actual want."

Young Huntley, and his sister, soon bade them good evening, but neither of them would have slept quietly that night, had not the former, as soon he had seen Ann home, sent them, by a porter, whatever was necessary to make them comfortable for the present.

Ann, who in a few days afterwards made them another call, was informed, by Mrs. Hobart, that Juliet and Ellen's father while living was thought to be healthy, but that after his demise the estate was found to be insolvent. The property which had been in his possession, being for the most part personal, all that remained to Mrs. Norton was the right to spend the remainder of her days in a house which her husband had formerly let.—Though a woman of delicate health, she had much energy of character, and by teaching a small school, and executing what ornamental needle-work she could procure, she was able for several years to support herself and children. Her health, however, at length sunk beneath anxiety of mind, and over-exertion, but Mrs. Hobart, her sister, arriving opportunely from a distant town, where she had formerly resided, assumed the task Mrs. Norton wss no longer able to perform, and thus saved her from suffering during the brief remainder of her days. Unfortunately Mrs. Hobart's health yielded, in the course of three years, to her unremitting exertions, and Juliet being thought by her parents too young to take charge of children, their only resource was her needle, and a small sum of money Mrs Hobart had brought with her. This though never resorted to, when by the most painful parsimony they could manage to avoid it, gradually melted away, and they were soon obliged to leave their comfortable tenement for their present wretched abode. On one account Juliet felt glad to make the exchange; for her feelings would be liable to be less frequently wounded by meeting with those, who during her father's life courted her company, but now, did not even recognize her.

Soon afterwards, Edgar and his sister, in pursuance of a plan which they had matured between them, went to look at a small, neat house, that no occasion might be given for slander, hired in her own name, and which they caused to be comfortably furnished as expeditiously as possible. When, at last every thing was arranged satisfactorily, Ann directed to have a cheerful fire kindled in the handsome parlor stove, and then called on Juliet, and invited her to walk with her. A faint blush flitted over Juliet's cheeks as she produced her mended pelisse, and weather-beaten straw bonnet, but she made no allusion to them. As they stepped into the street, Ann drew her arm under her own, and as a house at no great distance had been purposely selected, on account of the invalid aunt, a few minutes walk brought them to its door. Ann rang the bell, and they were admitted by a tidy looking girl, who directed looks of much curiosity towards Juliet. Having conducted her into the neat, cheerful looking parlor, Ann disclosed to her what she had done, at the time expressing a hope that it would meet her approbation.

Juliet could find no language to express her thanks, but there was an eloquence in her looks, far more expressive and affecting than could have been painted by words. When at length she was able to speak, "I fear," said she "that you have deprived yourself of many of the luxuries in order to do all of this—It must have occasioned you great expense."

"Yes, the expense has been something, but it has caused me no inconvenience. I am my own mistress, and my annual income has not only permitted me to do this but will allow me to do more. Edgar would have been both proud and happy to have shared the expense with me, but besides my being desirous to have the whole credit myself, he was restrained by certain reasons which you will understand and appreciate."

Mrs. Hobart, for whom a comfortable and appropriate apartment had been provided, was the next morning placed in a carriage and conveyed to their new habitation; being accompanied by little Ellen, who had the pleasure of being attired in a new and warm dress. When seated by the fire in her easy chair, the gratitude which she expressed to Ann, who had joined Juliet in order to welcome her, was not the less fervent, nor her smile of happiness the less warm, from being conscious that she could not long remain to participate her bounty; and when in a few months afterwards, she was summoned to take

"Her chamber in the silent halls of death,"
"——————sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust——she drew near the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasent dreams."

More than a year from this event, as Mrs. Howell, and her daughter, in company with a party of friends, were sitting in the parlor of the hotel at one of the fashionable watering places, their curiosity was excited by the following conversation between two ladies, who were strangers to them.

"Did you see Mr. Edgar Huntley when he was in town last year," inquired one of them.

"Yes, I saw him pass our house several times, and thought him a remarkable fine looking young man."

Mr. Allen told my husband this morning that he is just married, and that he is expected here to-day, or to-morrow.

"Did he tell him the name of the lady he has married."

"No, but it is Miss Howell, I suppose—his cousin."

"Very likely—I remember, now, of hearing that he was engaged to her."

The ladies, unconscious of their contiguity to Miss Howell, soon afterwards rose and left the room.

"Who is it that Edgar can be married to?"—said Mrs. Howell to her daughter as soon as they were gone.

"I of course cannot enlighten you upon this subject," replied Miss Howell, "and I am certain that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"It is, at least, very odd that we should never hear a word about it. I should have thought that Ann would have mentioned it in her last letter."

"My opinion is differerent from yours. I should imagiue that you had had ample opportunity to ascertain Ann's taste for privacy from that Juliet Norton affair. You know we never knew a word about her renting a house and furnishing it for her, till she and her brother had been gone several weeks."

"Mrs. Howell was prevented from replying by the exclamation of a little girl who stood near the window.

"Only see, mamma," said she "what a beautiful lady there is!"

Mrs. Easton, the child's mother, as well as Mrs. Howell and her daughter hastened to obey the impulse of curiosity. A handsome private carriage stood before the door, from which a gentleman had just handed one lady and was offering his hand to another.

"Why that is certainly Ann Huntley stepping from the carriage, and that must be her brother who is assisting her, from his form and air," said Mrs Howell.

The next moment conjecture was exchanged for certainty by her obtaining a view of his face.

"And the other lady, is doubtless Mrs. Edgar Huntley," said Mrs. Eaton. "What an admirable form and face."

"I have certainly," said Mrs. Howell, "either seen her before, or some person very much resembling her.

"At any rate," said Mrs. Eaton, "we must allow little Myra to be a good judge of beauty.—Miss Dermont will now no longer be the cynosure to attract all eyes. Do you think she will, Miss Howell?"

"I am a very indifferent judge of beauty," replied the lady with a cold, disdainful smile, by which she strove to conceal the chagrin that filled her heart.

"Now, I think Mrs. Eaton judges coreectly," said Mrs. Howell.

"How strange that I cannot remember the person's name she resembles. Cannot you recollect Lucinda?"

"I am as dull in detecting resemblances as I am in judging of beauty," replied the daughter, who, although she instantly recognized her, could not bring herself to say that the beautiful and elegant Mrs. Huntley was no other than the late poor Julia Norton.

An Alarm at Sea.—The captain of one of the down-east schooners found himself one day becalmed in a fog off the shoals near Portsmouth, N. H. The vessel lay with a slight motion, when the captain, with the quick ear of a seaman, discovered, by the creaking sound of cordage, that there was another vessel close upon him, which might run a-foul in short order. He had neither gun nor trumpet to give his neighbor warning of their close approach; and the best thing he could think of, was to set his men to drumming on some empty casks; but to no purpose, as the sound increased and the vessel was nearing him. As a last effort of ingenuity, he seized a handspike, and applying it to the ear of an old grunter that happened to be on board, gave it several turns, none of the easiest, which brought forth a squeal almost as loud as the pig-whistle of our locomotive engines. The signal was effectual; and just before coming in sight of his neighbor's craft, bows on, he heard her captain exclaim to the man at the helm, in a voice of thunder, "Starboard your helm! we're close ashore upon a hog yard!"

"Take an 'int."—A fusty old bachelor in Wales, recently received a parcel, which he supposed was a present from some kind friend. Of an inspection, however, he found it contained an infant's cap and a rude plaster cast of a "little responsibility," with a note, in which was written the following beautiful and expressive sentence:—"Take an 'int from that ere precious hinnocent baby."

Extract from Burnap's Lectures.

LIBERTINISM.

The first symptom which is exhibited of this fatal declension from all good, is a fondness for low company. But in order that low company should be sought and delighted in, there must have been committed the original sin of a voluntary defilement of the thoughts and imagination.

There is a profane and immodest curiosity, a prying into the animal economy, that seeks its gratifications in obscene books or impure descriptions, which is itself polluting and defiling to the soul. And here let me say to every young person, if there is any salvation from this vortex of perdition, the stand is to be made in the heart, the thoughts, the fountain of all action. But if the stand be not made, the next stage toward ruin is delight in the society of the coarse, the obscene and licentious in conversation. By associating with such the natural modesty of youth becomes gradually soiled, the sacred charm of moral association, which invests woman to an unsophisticated mind with inviolable sacredness, is slowly dispelled. The ideas of protection and respect, which an honorable mind connects with the weaker and dependant sex, and those higher and better ties which ought to bind them to the other, are lost sight of, and the soul gradually descends so low as to consider them merely as the victims and the instruments of a base, brutal sensuality.

When the train is thus laid, nothing is now wanting but opportunity, to complete that moral prostration for which the mind is so well prepared. Under the guidance of some of the emissaries of hell, the young man crosses the threshold of that house whose doors are the passageway to moral death, and his fate is sealed. If there were any sympathies in nature, such as are fabled to have spoken out when man committed the first sin, at that fatal moment there would be a deep and universal groan.

From that hour, what a difference in the feelings, the condition and the prospects of a young man! He himself is not aware of a hundreth part of the change and degradation which has taken place within him. He, perhaps, under the excitement of new scenes, and the intoxication of animal pleasure, may revel for a while in a kind of bewilderment, and set all evil consequences at defiance. But it is all madness and delusion. A most awful change has taken place in himself. The ingenious confidence of innocence is lost.—He cannot any longer approach with bounding step and buoyant heart the sacred precincts of home. The presence of father and mother, hitherto full of peace, comfort and encouragement, seems polluted and insulted by his intrusion. In all his communications with them, hitherto so frank and confiding, there is something now kept back, which clouds his intercourse with them with constraint and disquiet. In the family circle, in the place of that open, ingenius, cheerful, sportive demeanor, which is native to innocence and pure thoughts, there comes a sullenness, reserve and irritability, which begin to isolate him from those affections that used to be his solace and delight. The society of the virtuous and refined of the other sex gradually loses its charm. In their presence, he feels himself rebuked, awkward and ill at ease. Every pure and elevated sentiment is to him a reproach. Quite as uneasy does he find himself in his new position in the world. The shame of his fall is no secret, and it is the hands of those who are restrained by no principle of honor or delicacy of its promulgation, and who would at any moment make it known to serve any purpose of cupiditity or revenge. Besides, if the secret is kept, he cannot know that it is, and a guilty conscience, ever apprehensive and stimulating the imagination to the greatest extravagances, leads him to read detection and scorn in every eye. The very street is no longer the same. No where does he feel safe from betrayal and disgrace.—The terrible penalty of fear and anticipated mortification is never long absent from his mind, and O! how much do even these overbalance any possible gratification which can be derived from the society of the abandoned and the vile.

It is astonishing what a wreck habits of licentiousness make of all that is good, even in respects which we should not at first anticipate. It not only prostrates principle, but it undermines the habits of industry and application to business. The predisposition to form a virtuous connection for life, and even the grosser passion, which, for wise reasons God has made strong in a pure and virtuous mind, operates as a stimulus to endeavor, a motive to industry, probity, and perseverance. But the desecration of a sacred affection, the gratification of animal appetite without those responsibilities which God intended should accompany it, deranges the whole course of nature, and breaks up one of Heaven's wisest and most beneficient arrangements. The great purpose of marriage and domestic happiness is rendered indifferent, and of course in the same proportion whose habits of industry, probity and economy, which are necessary to prepare for it. Instead of long and honorable plans for the future, which are the great props and buttresses of character, the young man becomes remiss and unstable. His visions of the honorable citizen, husband, father, are gradually abandoned, and the course of noble exertion which belongs to such anticipation, and in their place is substituted the mean and selfish man of pleasure, contented for a few years to expend the avails of his industry upon the mere gratification of the basest of passions.

Another evil which the incipient sensualist did not anticipate, soon overtakes him, an utter repugnance to every thing of a religious nature.—Nothing so unhallows and pollutes the soul and its thoughts as this vice. It stops the breath of prayer, closes the pages of divine revelation, makes the Sabbath irksome, and renders public worship a penance instead of an enjoyment. It follows that there can be scarcely a worse sign than to see a young man fall off from religious observances. It is almost certain that sin lieth at the door.

But his repugnance to religion does not often stop at neglect. It usually goes on to a secret enmity and scorn, thence to profane jests and open unbelief. The loss of the religious principle in man, slight as it may be in some, is an awful and fatal loss. When it is gone, there is no longer any safety. A man becomes his own greatest enemy. It is plainly the conservative principle within him, like the compass to the ship in the midst of the ocean. Throw that overboard and he is lost. He drifts on and on, without any other certainty than that of final shipwreck.

Habits of vicious indulgence are never stationary, and this especially, being accompanied with an extinction of the religious principle, rapidly prostrates in a man all that is good. Association with the vile, and that infatuation which attends it, induces habits of prodigality which must be supplied, honestly if it may be, but dishonestly, if it must. When he has spent every thing of his own, he appropriates whatever he can lay his hands on, come from whence it may. When he has advanced to this point of his career, general vagabondism is not far off, and the blighted young man either sinks into the grave, becomes the tenant of the penitentiary, or drags out a miserable existence in the most degrading employments.

Marriage in Lapland.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at the first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus, none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment, than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness. It is to be regretted, that our fair sex have not always equal opportunity of accepting or rejecting the suitors in order to insure their future happiness, although there is little doubt but most of our married ladies would have managed under the same circumstances, to have fallen down or otherwise been prevented running to the end: nevertheless, too many have been forced by their friends, for sinister motives, to marry those they did not love: these would have run fast to prevent their lives being made miserable, and, perhaps, premature death.

Tailor's Bill.—Sir Walter Scott, alluding to the amount of a tailor's bill, on fitting out his son as a cavalry officer, says—"They say it takes nine tailors to make a man—apparently one is sufficient to ruin him."

Scenery on the Wisconsin.—A writer in the Wisconsin Enquirer says that the name of the river Wisconsin is "evidently a French corruption of the Indian word, Wah-koo-se-rah; which signifies a place where councils are held." He gives the following account of the scenery of its banks and its channel:

"Along the Wisconsin, there are several points of the most striking interest to the lover of nature, and the admirer of the sublime. The dells twenty miles above the Portage, are in natural grandeur, exceeded only by Niagara: here, the whole volume of the river (which in time of high water is immense,) rushes through a chasm in the rock, several miles in length, and which at one point is only sixty feet across, and as crooked as a serpent's track—and through this dark ravine, where the sun seldom shines, the whirling and eddying of the straightened stream is terrific. The rocks on either side are high, bold and projecting and their low parts, where exposed to the action of the sweeping current, are washed into figures very much resembling the base moulding of the Ionic Corinthian orders.

Fortification rocks, too, opposite Sac Prairie, present a most noble picture. Viewed at a distance they resemble the embattled outlines of a stupendous Gothic fortress, with its extended ravelines and heavy bastions. Further down the way there is another object of curiosity. About midway between the shot tower and English Prairie on the right bank of the river, there is a very steep hill, of a pyramidal form, rising to the height of about 250 feet from the surface of the river, surmounted by a huge mass of rock, with a bold, perpendicular front, full 20 feet high; and in this frowning forehead of the rock here is an aperture, which from the river looks no larger than the mouth of an oven; but when you ascend the hill, (which is rather difficult) you find it to be a door between five and six feet high, leading into a most beautiful cavern, about forty feet in circumference, and high enough for the tallest man to walk about with his hat on. The sides and roof of this chamber are of a concave form, and as smooth as if they had been dressed off by a mason's hammer; and from this principal chamber, are three dark, narrow passages, striking further into the rock, and as we supposed, leading to other cells in the bowels of the hill. From the outer door of the cave, there is a fine, commanding view of the country; and the river, winding its serpentine course in the vale below. The cave bears evident marks of having once been inhabited; and if this airy and picturesque vault had a tongue to tell of what has been transacted there, there is no doubt but that a curious tale might be unfolded of the rites of the Metia and Manitou worship in days of yore."

Anecdote of the Ancestors of the Queen and Prince Albert.—Ernest of Brunswick, Duke of Lunebourg, was also taken prisoner at Muhlberg, and confined in the same apartment with the Elector Frederic; they were engaged in a game of chess when the messenger entered to communicate to the latter the sentence of death pronounced upon him; he listened to it with unmoved composure, and after expressing his surprise at the illegal severity of the Emperor's proceedings, and his hope that his wife and children would experience milder treatment, he challenged his antagonist to finish the game. The historian adds, that the Elector played with his usual skill, and won it! See Thuanus, i. 142; quoted by Robertson, iii, 262. How little could these illustrious captives foresee that, after a lapse of almost three centuries, the descendant of one should be sitting on the throne of Great Brittain, and should select a descendant of the other as her consort!—*Pamphlet on the Marriage of the Queen.*

Determined to count One.—The Picayune tells of a chap living on the coast of the gulf, some twenty miles from other inhabitants, who was so fearful that he would not be included in the census of the United States, that he came all the way to New Orleans in the rain, and had himself taken. He is determined to count one in the great aggregate of the American people.

The Last Americanism.—A famous physician practising in Pennsylvania, having prescribed a strong dose of nitre to a patient laboring under severe cold, it caused so profuse a perspiration, during the night, that he was found drowned the next morning.

From the Montreal Herald.

ROBERT BURNS' BIBLE.

We had in our possession on Saturday the identical pair of Bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love."—They are in remarkably good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary's only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the Bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment; Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the hand writing of the immortal bard, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord. Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse:" and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oath. Matth. 5th ch. 33d verse." On the second blank leaf of each volume there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," in his hand writing, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side of the grave. The life of Burns was full of romande, but there is not one circumstance in all so romantic and full of interest as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed man with generous love." The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics, as well as of the productions of his later years, which shows that it was very deep rooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl" the song which begins:

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic's roar?"

But neither Burns nor his Mary were doomed to "cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered, in their youthful imagination. Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment and dark despair—while Mary's happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, was to be removed to a better and happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writings. Witness as follows:

"Ye banks an' braes an' streams around
The castle of Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
An' there they langest tarry,
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song, Burns says:—"This was a composition of mine in my early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she was seized with a malignant fever which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr that the Bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone indeed who can gaze on them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged Bibles, and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both over its purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart's life of Burns we are informed that several years after tae death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared, as the twilight advanced, (in the language of his widow,) "very sad about something:" and though the evening was a cold and keen one in September, he wandered into his barnyard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not, for some time, recall him. To these entreaties he always promised obedience, but these promises were but the lip-kindnesses of affection, no sooner made than forgotten, for his eye was fixed on heaven, and his unceasing stride indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns' last approach to the barnyard found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractly on a planet which, in a clear starry sky, "shone like another noon," and having prevailed on him to return into the house, instantly wrote, as they still stand, the following sublime verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which have thrilled through many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotsmen.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grave,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transport past;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray;
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The bible is, as we said before, the property of a descendant of Mrs. Campbell, the mother of Mary, who lives in Upper Canada, and who is in such reduced circumstances that she has sent the invaluable heirloom to the city for the purpose of disposing of it. Of its genuineness we have not the slightest doubt, as we have times without number, seen original letters from Burns, and the writing on the bible corresponds exactly with that in the letters we have seen. It is to be deplored that stern necessity should decree the separation of such a tribute of the affections of one of the noblest of hearts that ever graced humanity from the family of the darling object of that affection, and that the token of an attachment which almost ennobled the family of Mary Campbell, must fall into the hands of a stranger; but since such must be the case, we hope the Natural History Society will not allow such a venerable relic to become private property. We have merely to add that we will be happy to negotiate with any parties who may feel inclined to purchase the Bible.

N. P. Willis says he has met one of our fair country-people abroad whose "Grecian stoop," and exquisitely subdued manner was invariably taken for a fit of indigestion.

The following toast was offered at a recent Abolition jollification: "Here's to de African fair sec—Natural sweetness needs no perfumery, nor color needs no paint."

FLY ROUND, GIRLS.—Phrophet Miller says that no marriages will take place after the 23d of Augu t this year—so you will perceive that you have no time to lose.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"—When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures of the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back I again went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be three score and ten, or four score years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great grandfather, according to his calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.—*U. S. Gazette.*

LAZY PEOPLE.—Thanks to heaven and our forecestors and to all others who had any part in making us what we are; thanks to them, one and all that we were not born *lazy*. Laziness is the parent of all the sins that have been committed since the morning of the creation. Eve was in a lazy fit the time Satan tempted her; if Adam had kept her busy, she would have kept out of mischief, and we should all have been as happy as young lambs. If the antedeluvians had commenced building arks when Noah preached to them, they might all have been saved: but they were too lazy to work, and so they were drowned in the great aqueous catastrophe. The reason the Egyqtians refused to let the Israelites go, was because they were too lazy to make their own bricks, and wished to compel the Hebrews to do that work for them. The consequences are well known; they were plagued grievously, and afterwards drowned in the Red Sea. Lazy people, in our own days, are constantly plagued themselves, and are an everlasting plague and eye-sore to others. The sight of a creeping, listless, indolent man or woman, is misery to the thrifty and industrious. People of this class are without friends, they are abhorred by their own relations and universally dreaded.—They not only hate to work themselves, but they hate to see work done, and would fain have the whole world as useless and inactive as they are. Of this kidney are your loungers, who delight hanging about workshops, printing offices and every place where they can interrupt business. Had we, as Homer expresses it,—

——"a hundred mouths, a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass and adamantine lungs,"

we could scarcely find time and strength to execrate such characters.—*Phil. Ledger.*

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

The Philadelphia Ledger in scolding about the pigs that wander about the city, at large, says that they had better do as the editors do—stick to their *pens*.

From the New York Mirror.

THE BARGAIN.

"Where have you been, husband?" said Mrs. Courtland to her thrifty and careful spouse, as the latter paused in the open door, to give some directions to a couple of porters who had just set something upon the pavement in front of the house.

"Just wait a moment, and I'll tell you. Here Henry! John! bring it in here," and the two porters entered with a beautiful sofa, nearly new.

"Why, that *is* a beauty, husband! How kind you are!"

"It's second handed, you perceive! but it's hardly soiled—no one would know the difference."

"It's just as good as new. What did you give for it?"

"That's the best part of it. It is a splendid bargain. It did'nt cost a cent less than a hundred dollars. Now what do you think I got it for.

"Sixty dollars?"

"Guess again."

"Fifty?"

"Guess again."

"Forty-five?"

"No. Try again."

"But what did you give for it, dear?"

"Why, only twenty dollars!"

"Well, now, that is a bargain."

"Aint it, though? It takes me to get things cheap," continued the prudent Mr. Courtland, chuckling with delight.

"Why, how in the world did it go off so low?"

"I managed that. It aint every one that understands how to do these things."

"But how did you manage it dear? I should like to know."

"Why, you see, there are a great many other things there, and among the rest some dirty carpets. Before the sale I pulled over these carpets and threw them upon the sofa; a deal of dust fell from them, and made the sofa look fifty per cent worse than it really was. When the sale commenced there happened to be but few persons there, and I asked the auctioneer to sell the sofa first, as I wanted to go, and would bid for it if it were sold then. Few persous bid freely at the opening of the sale."

"What's bid for this splendid sofa?" he began.

"I'll give you fifteen dollars for it," said I;—"it's not worth more than that, for it's dreadfully abused."

"Fifteen dollars! fifteen dollars! only fifteen dollars for this beautiful sofa!" he went on, and a man next to me bid seventeen dollars. I let the auctioneer cry this last for a few minutes, until I saw he was likely to knock it down.

"Twenty dollars," said I, "and that's as much as I'll go for it."

"The other bidder was deceived by this as to the real value of the sofa, for it did look dreadfully disfigured by the dust and dirt, and consequently the sofa was knocked off to me."

"That was admirably done, indeed!" said Mrs. Courtland, with a bland smile of satisfaction at having obtained the elegant piece of furnitnre at so cheap a rate. "And it's so near a match, too, for the sofa in our front parlor."

This scene occurred at the residence of a merchant in this city, who was beginning to count his fifty thousands. Let us look at the other side of the picture.

On the day previous to this sale, a widow lady with one daughter, a beautiful and interesting girl about seventeen, were seated on a sofa in a neatly furnished parlor in Hudson street. The mother held in her hand a small piece of paper, on which her eyes were intently fixed; but it could readily be perceived that she saw not the characters that were written upon it.

"What is to be done, ma?" at length asked the daughter.

"Indeed, my child, I cannot tell. The bill is fifty dollars, and has been due you know, for several days. I hav'nt got five dollars, and your bill for teaching the Miss Leonards cannot be presented for two weeks, and then it will not amount to this sum."

"Can't we sell something more, ma?" suggested the daughter.

"We have sold all our plate and jewelry, and I'm sure I don't know what we can dispose of, unless it be something that we really want."

"What do you say to selling the sofa, ma?"

"Well, I don't know, Florence. It don't seem right to part with it. But, perhaps, we can do without it."

"It will readily bring fifty dollars, I suppose."

"Certainly. It is of the best wood and workmanship, and cost one hundred and forty dollars. Your father bought it a short time before he died, and that is less than two years past you know."

"I should think it would bring nearly a hundred dollars," said Florence, who knew nothing of auction sacrifices; "and that will give us enough, besides paying the quarter rent, to keep us comfortably until some of my bills come due."

That afternoon the sofa was sent, and on the next afternoon Florence went to the auctioneer's to receive the money for it.

"Have you sold that sofa yet, sir?" asked the timid girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"What sofa, Miss?" asked the clerk looking steadily in her face, with a bold stare.

"The sofa sent by Mrs.——, sir."

"When was it to have been sold?"

"Yesterday, sir."

"Oh, we haven't got the bill made out yet.—You can call day after to-morrow, and we'll settle it for you."

"Can't you settle it to-day, sir? We want the money particularly."

Without replying to the timid girl's request the clerk commenced throwing over the leaves of a large account book, and in a few minutes had taken off the bill of the sofa.

"Here it is—eighteen dollars and sixty cents. See if it is right, and then sign this receipt."

"Aint you mistaken, sir?" It was a beautiful sofa, and cost one hundred and forty dollars."

"That's all it brought, Miss, I assure you.—Furniture sells very badly now."

Florence rolled up the bills that were given her and returned home with a heavy heart.

"It only brought eighteen dollars and sixty cents, ma," she said, throwing the notes into her mother's lap, and bursting into tears.

"Heaven only knows, then, what we shall do," said the widow, clasping her hands together, and loooking upwards.

There are always two parties in the case of bargains. The gainer and the loser. And while the one is delighted with the advantage he has obtained, he thinks nothing of the necessities which have forced the other party to accept the highest offer. But few buyers of bargains think or care about taking this view of the subject.

BONAPARTE'S WOUNDS.—Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed "Vive l' Empereur!"—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

One of the political editors says, "If we had a three acre sheet, we could fill it with our feelings."

What thundering long *feel*-ers the fellow must have though. Wonder if he's married? Broomsticks are capital things to stir up a man's *feelings.*

A USEFUL MACHINE.

Among the innumerable inventions of useful machines for which our countrymen are so celebrated, we know none of more general importance or of greater value, than machines calculated to improve navigation by deepening our rivers and removing sand bars and other obstructions in our harbors and bays.

Quite recently a New Orleans paper gave a description of a newly invented Mud Machine, by a citizen of that place, which the editor describes as being well adapted to effect the object proposed. Since then, a "Mud Machine and Sub-Marine Excavator," patented about eighteen months since and invented by Col. James Hamilton and Mr. Brayton has been exhibited. This machine combines many advantages not hitherto in use in any apparatus for this purpose. The machine is so consructed as to be used entirely under water, the mud or sand being taken up, carried in deep water and discharged, without being brought to the surface. It works equally well at a depth of two or fifty feet. One hundred tons of mud have *been raised and carried off at a single operation.* The invention has great advantages. The machine effects its object very thoroughly and with great facility; it can be constructed and worked at a very trifling expense, and its perfect simplicity renders it little liable to get out of order. The usefulness of many of our harbors and rivers, more especially throughout our great Southern and Western country, is much impaired by shoals, bars, &c., and we consider the Excavator invented by Messrs. Hamilton and Brayton admirably calculated to improve our means of communication upon the many and beautiful rivers with which our country is so favorably intersected. The description given by the New Orleans editor of the machine lately exhibited there, is evidently that of one constructed on the same principle as this, and it is probably an infringement of Hamilton and Brayton's patent. Those interested in obtaining throughout our country the benefits of a free and unimpeded navigation, are recommended to examine this excellent invention.

As an auxiliary to the above named invention, Col. H. has a distict machihe for cutting and removing snags and rafts, by a very simple and effective process. It is attached to the bow of a flat bottomed boat, and worked by a horse power engine, and is readily operated at any point, either vertically, or at any given angle, so that snags or spiles may be cut at the depth of from ten to twenty feet under water, with the same facility as above the surface.

BANIAN HOSPITAL AT SURAT.—The Banian Hospital at Surat is a most remarkable institution. It consists of a large plot of ground, enclosed with high walls, divided into several courts or wards, for the accommodation of animals. In sickness they are watched with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age.—When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital; and, indifferent to what caste or nation the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recovers, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners debilitated by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds, with an aged tortoise, who has been known to have been there for seventy-five years. The most extraordinary ward was that appropriated to rats, mice, bugs, and other noxious vermin. The overseers of the hospital frequently hire beggars from the streets for a stipulated sum, to pass the night among the fleas, &c. &c., on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their repast without molestation. The Banian Hospital in Surat has several dependent endowment without the walls, for such invalids and convalescents to whom pasturage and country air may be recommended; and especially for the maintenance of the goats purchased from the slaughter on the Mahomedan festival, when so many of these animals are devoted to destruction. The doctrine of the metempsychosis is generally supposed to be the cause of founding this singular hospital. I, however, have conversed with several Brahmins on the subject, who rather ascribed it to a motive of benevolence for the animal creation; nor can we do otherwise than approve of that part of the institution appropriated for the comfort of those valuable creatures who have exhausted their strength in the service of man.—*Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.*

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY SHELLEY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion:
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another,
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all those kisses worth
If thou kiss not me?

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, July 24.

INTERESTING CASE.

We copied a few days ago, from the Philadelphia Inquirer, a paragraph in reference to a case which had been brought before one of the courts, in which the Count D'Hautville sought to gain possession of his child, which is now in the hands of his wife, an American lady. Able counsel have been engaged on both sides, and thus far, it appears, the case has been heard privately. The Ledger of Saturday has the following statement, purporting to be accurate in the leading facts:

A writ of habeas corpus was taken by Count D'Hautville, as he is generally termed, though we believe the title has lapsed, directed to David Seers, Merian Seers and Ellen D'Hautville. The petition states that the above named persons have in custody the son of Mr. D'Hautville, aged twenty months, and prays that he may be restored to his father. It alleges that M. D'Hautville married Ellen Seers in the Canton de Vaud in Switzerland, and that the said Ellen separated herself from her husband, and remained with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Seers, refusing to return to D'Hautville, or to surrender to him his child. It moreover alleges that this separation is without just cause, and expresses the wish of the petitioner to be restored to his wife as well as his child.

The return made to this writ, by Mr. and Mrs. Seers is, that they have not the body of the child in their possession. Madame D'Hautville admits that she has the child, but claims the custody of it during its infancy, and avers that her separation from her husband has been the necessary result of his want of affection for her.

To this return the husband has filed an elaborate reply, termed a suggestion, which, with the return, comprehends a history of this ill-matched and ill-starred couple. The return and suggestion are said to be drawn up not merely with professional skill, but with touching eloquence; and each of them embodies letters and narratives of the most romantic and passionate interest. We will not venture to follow them in their details, in which, not deriving our information from the documents themselves, we might fall into error, but will content ourselves with an outline of the facts of the case, and a brief notice of the parties concerned.

Madame D'Hautville, the wife, is now nineteen years of age. She is the daughter of Mr. David Seers of Boston, a gentleman who inherited a fortune of nearly a million of dollars, which has been greatly increased by a well-directed and diligent enterprise. In personal attractions she is almost unequalled, being considered one of the loveliest of her sex. Her manners are lively and agreeable and her mind is said to be vigorous and accomplished. Such of her letters as were read are characterized by those who heard them, as admirable in sentiment and style.

We are informed, also, that she is fond of society, gay, fashionable, and accustomed to the best circles of Parisian life, to which she is greatly attached. The husband, M. D'Hautville, is under the ordinary size, and has nothing in person or manner to distinguish him from the throng. His eye and face are dull, and his manner heavy and phlegmatic. He is about twenty-seven years old. At each of the different hearings, husband, wife and child met without emotion. Not a nerve or muscle betrayed the presence of the least sensibility. M. D'Hautville appears to be of a melancholy temperament; he is a high toned Geneva Calvinist, and his letters to his wife, though affectionate, manifest more religion than love. The child is a fat, chubby, lubberly infant, that seems to regard the whole affair with signal contempt and laughs or squalls without the least respect for courts or parties, even in the most pathetic passages of the trial.

The circumstances preceding and attending the marriage of these parties appear to be these: Mr. and Mrs. Seers, and their young and lovely daughter, encountered, on their tour over the Continent, M. D'Hautville, whose family occupied a place in the foremost social rank in Switzerland. He was pleased with Miss Seers, and the parents thought it a most eligible match for their daughter. Their partiality for each other was accordingly encouraged, and a negociation for the marriage of the "young people" was commenced in due form. In the course of the negociation, however, Mr. Seers discovered that M. D'Hautville, the father of the gallant was not so rich as he had supposed, and the affair was suddenly broken off. Young D'Hautville and his betrothed both manifested considerable distress at this untoward result of their courtship, and Mr. Seers, moved by the affliction of his daughter, renewed the suspended arrangements, and the lovers were married. Mr. Seers alleges in one of his letters, that the marriage, on the part of his daughter, was a sacrifice to duty. If this were so, it was, perhaps, a general fault in the girl, but does it not also prove that the father hazarded the happiness of the child for the gratification of his pride? It is also asserted that there were two distinct stipulations, which, though not included in the marriage articles, were of equal obligation: the first of which was, that the bride should spend all her winters in Paris; the second that she should spend as much of her time as she desired in America. These stipulations are the rocks on which their domestic happiness were wrecked.

After the marriage. Mr. Seers returned to America leaving his wife with their daughter. This lady pursued a course too common with inconsiderate mothers-in-law. She soon excited heart burnings and unhappiness in the before happy family of the D'Hautvilles, and succeeded in persuading her daughter that her husband, though exemplary and affectionate, was not so attentive or indulgent as he should be. The poison soon began to work. The bride, passionately devoted to the pleasures of Paris, repaired to that giddy and dissipated capital. The husband, whose tastes and principles are more serene than those of his wife, regarded a residence in Paris as dangerous to their happiness, and required her to return to Geneva. Determined not to comply with his wish, she fled to the hotel of the American Minister. Several other incidents occurred which demonstrate that she had resolved, if she must choose between her accustomed gaieties and enjoyments and her husband's love, and the former would be her election. About this time she also insisted upon returning to America, though her husband being in attendance upon a sick parent, was unable to accompany her. The plea on which this separation took place, was *pour sa accouchement.*

Though mortified and wretched at the course of his wife, Gonsalva, for such is his name, did not constrain her to remain. They parted with every outward token of sensibility and affection. Tears and the most passionate embraces showed the real or pretended anguish of the separation. The same feelings are expressed in a tender letter by her immediately on her arrival at New York. But scarcely had she placed herself within the influence of her parents, before a change came over her spirit. She wrote a cold, stern letter to her husband concerning her determination to separate from him. His reply was manly and affectionate. He hastened to America. His wife who was at Nahant at the time, fled on hearing of his arrival, and secreted herself in some sequestered part of New England. The correspondence was renewed, with tenderness on the part of the husband: on her part with every evidence of settled dislike. He entreated that she would return to her duty, and insisted upon seeing his child. Even the latter request was for some time denied, and when allowed to see and embrace his son, it was only in the presence of witnesses. Mr. Seers meanwhile used every exertion to procure the passage of a law that would deprive the father of the custody of his child. Our Legislature and that of New Jersey rejected the propositions; that of New York, pliant and obliging, passed an act which Gov. Seward, to his great honor, vetoed.

After exhausting every persuasive effort, M. D'Hautville has resorted to the writ of habeas corpus to obtain possession of his child. The question involved is one of great interest and importance. In all civilized countries the father is entitled to the custody of his offspring, unless he forfeits that privilege by his immorality. In this State, the Supreme Court has decided that this universal right is suspended during infancy and when maternal aid and tenderness are necessary for the child.

The law however, is but loosely settled, and this case will probably induce an entire revision of the principles which govern the case. Every parent has an interest in the question, and we trust it will be settled without sympathy for any individual; but upon universal and enduring principles.

In the present case the wife alleges, in addition to her legal claim to the possession of the child during his infancy, that his true interest demand that he should remain with his maternal relatives. It is asserted that the separation of the parents has been induced by want of sympathy on the part of the husband, as shown by his refusal to permit his wife to spend her winters in Paris, or to remain divorced from her by the broad Atlantice, and that he is therefore, disqualified for the task of educating his child; and it is insinuated that if the child remains in America, his prospects as the heir of Mr. Seers, will be better than they can be in Europe, as the inheritor of the patrimonial estate of the D'Hautvilles.

From the St. Louis Argus.

OREGON.—The eastern journals are circulating a story under the head of the "Oregon Bubble Burst," the purport of which is that a Captain Farnham of Peoria, Ill., after an absence of a few months, writes from the Sandwich Islands, "that the country is little better than a cold, dreary desert, almost uninhabitable for agricultural purposes." Whether the Captain has been retained like Maryatt, Trollope and others, by the British occupants of Oregon and the Sandwich Islands, to slander the country and keep the Americans from emigrating thereto, is not stated. True it is, however, that the British consul at the Sandwich Islands is taking every measure within his means, and that of his government, to establish British sway upon the waters of the Columbia, and stud its banks with British military posts. The Oregon or Columbia is as large a river as the Ohio, and drains one of the largest valleys of our Continent. When the expedition of Braddock, before the revolution, returned to the Atlantic coast, after floundering amongst the mountains around the sources of the Ohio, they described the "backwoods," as they called the great interior valley, as a howling wilderness, only inhabitable by nomadic savages and wild beasts. So erroneous are the first impressions of a traveller who winds his solitary way along a blind path, encountering starvation and every description of danger at every moment, and pining for the home and relations he has left a thousand miles behind him. Capt. Farnham is not singular in this.—In Jefferson's Notes of Virginia will be found many descriptions of travellers who have penetrated into the western worlds, now rife with cities, as gloomy as those given by Capt. Farnham of the Oregon Valley. Even Washington himself who in his youth made a trip down the Ohio as far as Guyandott, gives a desponding narrative in his journal, which may be found in the first volume of Spark's Biography. Timothy Flint, who descended the Ohio and Mississippi in a flat boat previous to the year 1800, indulges in an unbroken strain of lugubrious lamentations over the dangers of the voyage, and the horrors which met his eye and ear by day and night. We consider Capt. Farnham's assertion as of no weight at all. There is no region of country in the world as large in extent as the Oregon Valley that does not afford room and all appliances and means to accommodate a great nation. We opine that on the Oregon and its branches many States will one day exist, at least as fertile and productive as the granite mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and as well adapted to sustain a dense and thriving population as the Alleghany mountains or the sands of Jersey and Carolina. Why are the British Fur Companies so eager to possess themselves of this territory? We have the testimony of hundreds of trappers of the west, who have spent many summers on the waters flowing from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, which directly contradicts the assertions of Capt. Farnham. These men are better judges than a man trained up on a feather bed, who, floundering hurriedly across the Continent in a straight line, casts anxious glances alternately to the right and left, expecting to see an Indian or a grisly bear crouched to pounce upon his shoulders from behind every rock or bush.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

SINGULAR MODE OF HATCHING CHICKENS.—The natives of Berme, a village in Egypt, hatch chickens by the heat of ovens. They hire themselves all over Egypt for the purpose, and undertake to deliver two-thirds as many chickens as eggs. The ovens contain from 40 to 80,000 eggs, and there are 400 of them in different parts.—Each brood occupies 21 days, and they work their ovens for six months, producing altogether 100,000,000 chickens during the period.

DEW.—Egypt would be uninhabitable, did not the noctural dews restore life to vegetation.—These dews are so copious, especially in summer, that the earth is deeply soaked with them; so that, in the morning, one would imagine that rain had fallen during the night. But, however refreshing and invigorating these dews are to vegetation, they are most injurious and dangerous to the human constitution.

THE ARABIANS' IDEA OF SPITTING.—Notwithstanding the Arabs pique themselves on their coolness, yet if one man should happen to spit beside another, the latter will not fail to avenge himself of the imaginary insult. The Arabs never spit before their superiors; and spitting on the ground, in speaking of one's actions, is held as an expression of great detestation. The Jews also regard spitting in the face, as a mark of deep disgrace.

THE NORWEGIAN EAGLE.—In Norway, eagles are known to destroy oxen. They dive into the sea and roll themselves in the sand, and then by flapping their wings and shaking their feathers into the eyes of the ox, they blind and overcome him.

SNUFF.—Snuff-taking took its rise in England, from the capture of vast quantities of the article in Sir George Rooke's expedition to Spain, in 1702. There are now above 120 several sorts sold in some of the London shops.

TIGHT PANTALOONS.—A dandy once ordered a pair of pantaloons to sit exceedingly close; and as he was leaving the shop, he said to the tailor, "Remember, now, they must be perfectly tight; if I can get into them, I shan't take them."

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE.—One of the rules of a book society near London, runs thus: "No professional books, works on divinity, politics or novels, to be admitted."

AMPHITHEATRES.—On the triumph of the Trojans over the Dacians, 11,0000 animals were killed in the amphitheatres at Rome; and 1000 gladiators fought during 100 days.

STRENGTH OF SOUND.—The fire of the English, on landing in Egypt, was distinctly heard 130 miles on the sea. Dr. Jameson says, he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

SPEED OF BIRDS.—Wild ducks are estimated to fly 90 miles in an hour. Swallows fly rather faster, the swiftest flying about 200 miles an hour.

AGE OF TREES.—An elm is full-grown at the age of 150 years, and it lives 500 or 600. Ash is full-grown at 100, and oak at 200.

MICE.—Mice are easily tamed, and are very amusing, being fond of music, and are clean, elegant and harmless. They shun the odor of elder.

TEARS.—That weakness which weeps for a fallen race, is the tenderness not of women, but of angels.

MOUNTAINS.—Most mountains present their precipitous faces to the sea, and their slopes to the land.

MOVING MOUNTAIN.—It is said that a mountain exists on the banks of the Danube, which moves 60 yards every year.

SALT.—The sea, if desiccated, would afford a bed of salt 500 feet thick, 100 for every mile.

SNOW.—Melted snow produces about one-eighth its bulk in water.

COMMON EVILS.—A prying disposition and a tattling tongue.

CALUMNY.—Goldsmith in his "Citizen of the World," has the following sentiment: "Like the tiger after having once tasted of blood, the man who indulges himself in calumny, makes ever after the most delicious feast on murdered reputation." What are the motives which govern the man addicted to slander? Human nature is deformed by none more unworthy of man,—none which assimilates him so closely to the tiger in disposition. Inocence is no bar to his purpose, nor does the fair fame of the object of his calumny disarm him of the weapon with which he creeps to his victim to stab his character. The gems of loveliness which cluster around the reputation of a virtuous, amiable woman, are no security to her from the design of the slanderer. To his eye there is nothing beautiful or praiseworthy in the spotlessness of the female character; of course he pays no deference to the same characteristic in his own sex. The more he slanders, the more he loves to slander. The rose has no charms for him, except that he may rudely rifle it of its leaves and scatter them to the winds. The more he can tarnish the beauty of character, the oftener he can cause a tear to fall upon the cheek of female loveliness, with a more refined luxury does he feast "on murdered reputation."

POISON.—The poison so freely administered by Italians in the seventeenth century, was called *aqua tofana*, from the name of the old woman Tofania, who made and sold it in small flat vials. She called it the manna of St. Nicholas, and on one side of the vials, was the image of the saint. She carried on this traffic for half a century, and eluded the police; but on being taken, she confessed that she had been a party in poisoning 600 persons. Numerous persons of all ranks, were implicated by her, and many of them were publicly executed. All Italy was thrown into a ferment, and many fled, while some persons of distinction, on conviction, were strangled in prison. It appeared to have been chiefly used by married woman who were tired of their husbands. The secret of its preparation was conveyed to Paris, where the Marchioness de Brenvilliers, poisoned her father and two brothers, and she, with many others, were executed, and the preparers burned alive.

IGNORANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The state of education is at a lamentably low point among the laboring and poor classes of this country. The British and Foreign Bible Society, at their recent anniversary meeting, reported that in the last year no less than 27,670 marriages had taken place in England and Wales, and of the parties 8,733 men could not read, and 13,624 women were equally ignorant.

☞ People who never saw the inside of a grammar book, ought not to write for the newspapers. Will some of our correspondents take the hint?

RICHARD DUNN UN-DONE.—The English papers say that Mr. Richard Dunn, the barrister, who is so desperately enamoured of Miss Angela Burdett Coutts, for her money, has again been held to bail in £200 for anoying that lady.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

YOUNG MEN.

How many worthy young men there are even in this "land of light and liberty," that are compelled to submit to the sneers and scoffs of those who happen fortunately to have in their possession the proceeds, together with the reputation and character, that has cost their aged, care-worn parents a long life to obtain, while they themselves are as ignorant of the accumulation of such property, as the birds that inhabit the air, and quite as insensible of the value of a good reputation, or the time it would require to gain it, were they placed in similar circumstances with those for whom they have not the least regard.

Poverty, that disdainful monster, has crossed the threshold of many a cottage door, the occupants of which, although capable of entertaining almost any company, have been wholly discarded in consequence of their inability to appear in a style to correspond with their accomplishments.

We, as Americans, boast of equality, equal rights and privileges, and claim no honor from parentage or promotion. But show if you can, a country where more distinction is paid to wealth and titles than in the United States, and I will show you where white men grow, a spontaneous production from the earth, like mushrooms.

For the proof of this assertion you have only to cast one single glance at your common reception (as a stranger) in society: if you pass into company by introduction, (no matter by whom,) the usual preamble must necessarily be entered into, concerning your ancestors and situation in life, before the least possible notice will be taken of you. If of wealthy parentage, and your father has been honored with the title of judge or 'squire, no further ceremony is necessary to secure the undivided attention of the whole company. On the other hand, if they are in moderate circumstances, set your heart at rest, the die is cast; as for your intelligence, prudence and industry, so long as yourself alone are deserving of praise for your advancement in science and knowledge, it avails nothing. Therefore, make the wisest improvement of time, by securing valuable books and profiting by their instructions. Peruse them with a view of gathering useful information, and in a few years you will be able to soar above the gossipping gentry, and to occupy prominent stations for your country's good. DERFLA.

THE PRESENT KING OF PRUSSIA.—The following anecdote of the new King of Prussia is related in the *German Journal of Frankfort*, and is said to be in general circulation at Berlin:—"Immediately after the audience granted by the King to the Municipal Council, and at which his majesty was very much affected, Count Alexander de Humboldt, his friend and adviser, entered when the King said to him, "I wish to know what my people think of me." M. de Humboldt replied, "The people love you; but they are afraid that you will grant too great protection to the nobility."—"They are wrong," said the King; "as Prince Royal, I was the first noble, and acted properly in protecting my order; but now that I am King, I am a citizen."

A bookseller, some years since, received an order for "2 *sam bux*." He puzzled his brain some time without understanding the meaning thereof, and returned it for an explanation. The writer was very much astonished that it could not be understood. "Why," said he, "it is as plain as day; 2 *s a m*, psalm, *b u x*, books." This explained the mystery.

HOME.—"Future times may bring new interests and events—magnificence may display every wonderful variety,—but the impression of "Home, Sweet Home," and the happy innocent days of childhood, can never be effaced."

IMPOATANT!—An English paper says that Prince Albert is exceedingly fond of whist, and that he plays remarkably well.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

BY F. R. SMITH.

I.

The sky is beautiful. Pervading light
Of sun, and the mild queen of night,
Pierces the vision, shedding on the mind
Thousands of images for thought refined.
'Tis grand—'tis beautiful—sublime, because
The orbs of heaven by changeless laws,
Unerring, kept in circuit, thus afford
Proof of a Deity adored—
The Cause primeval, mighty, active, wise,
Controlling nature's destinies,
Dispensing light and heat to worlds unknown
To us—the garniture of his august throne.

II.

The earth is beautiful. Bright with the rays
Of heaven, the least of things displays
Beauty diversified to yield delight;
Mountains and valleys woo the sight
By lofty majesty and humble scene
In rich variety and sheen;
The crystal forms, the gems unnumbered, vie
In lustre with the sun lit sky;
'Tis beautiful, with order fraught,
Intelligence the system wrought.
What to the mind is all of earth and sky,
If it discern not there a Deity?

III.

The sea is beautiful. The foaming surge
Glows with prismatic hues. The gurge
Throws up its whirling eddies; there so free
Disport the tenants of the sea.
The coral forms there gem the deep—so firm
A product of a tiny worm!
Or wrought to islands from the ocean's base,
Become for man a dwelling place.
'Tis beautiful—and nought but sovereign will
Could show the beauty, wisdom, skill,
So clearly manifest in sky, earth, sea,
All in untold, immense variety.

☞ We republish the following poem as possessing more than ordinary merit. As "CORNELIA" has become a resident of our city, since it was written, we will take this opportunity of saying that frequent contributions from her pen would be most acceptable to the publishers and we doubt not to the readers of the Gem.—*Ed. Gem.*

MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS.

Earth lies dumb before me, and the shadows
Of midnight cast their dim forms athwart it.
Quiet is brooding o'er a silent world,
And the soft hush of slumber seals each lid.
Night is too fair for sleep: with me thought wakes
And treads in distant paths, where human step
Ne'er left an echo on the vacant air.
The gorgeous canopy of heaven is wrapped
In silvery haze; Gems of uncounted wealth
Bestud the lofty concave; and the bright
Moon seems rolling like a silv'ry ball
Across the trackless æther, mantling the earth
In glory;—while her mellowed light
Falls on my spirit with a holy calm, like that
Of heaven. Tell us—why are we chained to earth?
'Tis far too gross for the immortal mind,
Which yearns for higher realms, and pants in vain
For the full measure of perfection. Oh!
I have gazed upon night's starry volume,
Till I have read long lessons of delight,
And drank the raptures of another world.
Thought, living thought, burns to embrace the whole
Of those deep mysteries eternity
Conceals from mortal understanding; and
The mind speaks out, and questions every beam
Which falls from the bright reservoir of heaven—
Interrogates each plant and breathing thing—
Retires within itself, and calls up every
Faculty—sends powerful fancy forth to
Search through untrod regions, but spends its pow'rs
Unsatisfied, till it sinks down at last
Exhausted by its own intensity.

O for a walk among those stars of light,
Where grandeur fills immensity! I long
To fling my soul upon the pinions of
Eternity, and revel in the blaze
Of glory unrevealed—to gaze upon
The light that emanates from God's vast throne,
And hear the music of the rolling spheres
As they revolve in mystic circles round
The deep centre of unknown attraction.
Spirits of heaven are hov'ring round me,
And breathe sweet songs of rapture in my ear.
The rustle of their wings is like the sigh
Of leaves, when the soft zephyr moves among
Their quiv'ring branches. Their hallowed voices
Wake the eternity within me, and warm
Aspirations rise from my heart's altar
To the great throne of Uncreated Power.
The wings of seraphim seem wafting me
In thought far through the bright and boundless æther,
O for the freedom of unbodied life!
To rove where thought ne'er ventured—where fancy
Halts, her swift wing wearied in its lofty flight.

I gaze upon the stars, and drink the full
Glory of the midnight heavens—and breathe
The breath of spiritual existence,
Till my soul beats, like a captive bird,
Against its prison grates, and longs to soar away, and mix
With immortality.

Are not the stars
Immortal? Do they not live forever
In a joy of light? Have they not looked down
From age to age upon this distant world
And watched its evolutions? Viewed its face
Change beneath the whelming flood—its cities
Sink beneath the earthquake's shock—its mountains
Belch destruction—its boasted empires fall—
Its armies crushed in battle—its proud kings
Fade from earth—its ancient monumental
Grandeur crumble into dust? Yet they roll on,
Creatures of life, a beaming essence,
A mysterious throng of heavenly
Pageantry. But is there not a region
Far above that envious height; above
The stars; where beings live forever, and
No darkness comes; where light exists for ages,
Unborrowed from the sun; where storms dim not
Its brightness? and where rapture never dies?
Yes, far above this sky-bound ceiling, there
Is light—eternal light—joy unsubdued
And everlasting life!

Is there such a
Thing as sin? I feel it not. This is a
Holy hour. Nothing to me exists but
Heaven, and heaven's pure habitants; all worldly
Thoughts are drowned in high communing. Is there
Such a thing as pain? I know it not, who
Oft have known it. Heaven's high-wrought happiness
Is mine. This is a peaceful hour, and I
Could deem myself already entered on
Immortal ground, did not this clog of clay
Assure me I am yet of earth, and have,
Perchance, long years of pain, and wo, and sin
To witness, and the dark vale of death is
Yet unpassed by me, though ever near. Well,
If it must be so, welcome the hour that
Breaks these mortal shackles, and lets loose my
Spirit on the wings of life, to find its
Native element and long sought home, if
Heaven at last be mine. Bright sister spirits
Of unknown existence! would that your forms
Could be perceived by mortal eyes, that I
Might hold sweet converse with you, and forget
That I am mortal.

Oh! there is that
Within, which tells me I was destined for
A higher sphere; that heaven was made for me;
For *all*—if we accept the gift, and mount
Faith's ladder, as the word of life directs.
This life is not our destiny; 'tis but
A prelude to a state eternal, a
Mere beginning of existence, when once
Begun, that ne'er shall cease to be. Life! Life!
What art thou *now*—what art thou doomed to be?
A shade; a substance; dream; reality;
A blessing or a curse; a moment here;
Hereafter an eternity! Dread thought,
Eternity! Eternity! My soul
Is lost in that vast subject, and I shrink
Appalled, from the unmeasured time to come,
No more I ask to know its hidden space;
'Twill soon unfold to me, and I shall dwell
Forever in its changeless realm; no more
To feel emotions known on earth, or think
As now I think, or live as now I live;
'Till then, "the mysteries of fate are hid,"
And all lies buried in a world to come.

CORNELIA.

HIGH FLOWN.—We extract the following from an essay written soon after the establishment of American Independence, and referring to the future destinies of America:

"Reason is erecting her glorious empire!—ascending her indestructible throne! On the adamantine pedestal sits liberty, clad in the Armor of science, and planting her indignant and invulnerable heel on the neck of Despotism, short by the knees before her, and crouching like a slave at the lightning of her uplifted spear: on her right hand, Justice, with an eye keen as lightning, radient as the sun, and sleepless as the stars, suspends in his uplifted arm the eternal balance above the spacious canopy; decorate with unfading laurels, Genius soars on unweared wings and gazes, with undazzled eye on the blaze of every science; while Fame with all her tongues unragged, with all her trumpets sounding, proclaims throughout the world the oracles of Truth and behests of Justice."

YANKEE TALK.—The Boston Post gives the following "conversation" which he overheard between a Jonathan and his team of one horse and two oxen: "Get off you thar forard. Ye darned old fool, ye dont pull a peound; and you two behind thar, what airee doin' on—git along. Why dont ye go along tokether kinder this way. Darn ye, dont ye suppose I know as much as all tew on ye, and so git opp. What's the use of yur standing there flinging yer tails about; ye dont reckon there's flies about on such a morning as this; cold enough to freeze Calvin's Catechism. Spring to it spry and let Boston folks see what ye can do on a pinch; if you dont, darn me if ye shall come to Boston again to see the fashions I tell ye now. Whoy, well, I vow, if while I'm stopping to talk to ye, if that confounded old horse aint turned right round to chaw that ere straw!"

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.—Oh! death! dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appaling darkness, even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief—death! what art thou to the christian's assurance? Great hour of answer to life's prayer—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery—hour of release from life's burden—hour of reunion with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee! What longings, what aspirations—breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars—what dread emotions of curiosity—what hallowed imaginations of never experienced purity and bliss—what possibilities shadowing forth unspeakable realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee! Oh death! the christian's death! what art thou, but the gate of life, the portal of Heaven, the threshold of eternity?

A WOMAN'S PROMISE.—Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner:—As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace under the queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?"—"Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget Cary's answer. Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said she, "but that was a woman's promise."

DECISIVE ARGUMENT.—At a debating club not far off, the question was discussed, whether there is more happiness in the pursuit or possession of an object? and was decided, no doubt, in favor of the following: "Mr. President," said the orator, "spose I was courtin a gal, and she was to run away, and I was to run arter her, would'nt I be happier when I cauch her than when I was runnin arter her?"

WELLERISMS.—"Hard to beat," as the blacksmith said ven he hammered cold iron.

"Live and *let live*," as the criminal said to the hangman.

"You are are a skaly fellow" as the *crab* said to the *codfish*.

MARRIAGES.

In Brockport, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Stockton, Mr. C. S. Greely, of the firm of Greely, Gale & Co., of St. Louis, Mo., to Miss Emily Robbins, daughter of Mr. John Robbins, deceased, of Hartford, Conn.

At Watertown, July 30th, by the Rev. J. R. Boyd, R. S. Lewis, M. D., of Newark, Wayne county, to Miss A. P. Conkey, of the former place.

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AGENTS.

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ROCHESTER GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

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From the Newburyport Herald.

THE FORCE OF CHARACTER.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

About the year 1620, a family made its appearance in an interior town, among the hills of upper Georgia, consisting of a newly married couple from New England, whose characteristics soon awakened a deep interest in their welfare, and a desire of their society, in the hospitable, social, and educated community, among whom its lot had fallen. The gentleman had gallantly honored his country's flag and commission during the then recent war with Great Britain, and at its close consummated a cherished attachment by marrying a young lady whose fortune had been quite peculiar. The young officer's father was a retired clergyman; his mother one of the best in heart, and most happy in the ancient region where all had originated. The lady had been born under her father-in-law's ministry, but withdrawn by domestic misfortunes to a residence in a neighboring city. Here she had by personal manuel industry; helped to comfort a pious but disconsolate father, and by cultivating her taste for music, vocal and instrumental, acquired many friends, some distinction, and incidental advantages.

The profession pursued by our young emigrant, in his new location, levied upon all his energies and time. The enjoyment of the many proffered attentions of their neighbors was necessarily devolved upon his young and lovely wife. She had too bland a heart to be indifferent to so much friendship on the part of strangers; and her musical taste was extensively devoted to the gratification of these warm-hearted neighbors. From twenty miles around, the carriages of the opulent farmers were sent for the use of the interesting new housekeeper; and many a planter's family will long remember the jocund circles attracted to their residence during the visits of the lovely wife of the gallant New England soldier.

Ten or a dozen years thus rolled away, and our beloved friends found themselves surrounded by some six or eight fine children, the eldest of whom were daughters. Meantime, pecuniary losses, excessive labors, and corroding cares, had worn deeply upon the health of him, who had better endured the activity and exposure of spirit-exciting military campaigns. His venerable father, left in New England, had been bereft one after another of his sons, till this one was all he had to rely on, for the solace of his old age. Beloved sisters, an accomplished step-mother, and many early friends and endeared connexions, all concurred in the desire to induce the return of the sojourners from their distant settlement, and a change of climate had come to be deemed indispensable to the recovery of our friend's health.

To those who had not visited or seen this interesting family, or the gentleman and lady since they left, in the bloom of youth, the land of their fathers, it was an imposing scene presented on their return, surrounded by half a dozen or more children, who had been born and raised amid the warm sun of Georgia, and under the influence of her social institutions. The oldest daughter might have been ten years old—several others under that age. To the household of the venerable divine, the return was an occasion of joy and gratulation. The first glad greetings thus passed, a preparation for business resumed the thoughts of the son. He hastily availed of an offer which promised suitable remuneration of his efforts, but which could only be secured by giving an endorser on his paper. To this his father readily affixed his signature, which never during a long and varied life, had been doubted or dishonored. A debt of some 1500 or 2000 dollars was thus incurred, of which all the family felt that their common homestead was pledged to the payment. The business embarked in was prosecuted with vigor. Every energy was tasked to ensure its success. But events soon proved that our friend had been too sanguine, probably too credulous; and a total loss of all his labor and capital, involved three generations in irretrievable pecuniary ruin.

This was a change in the condition and prospects of our friend's and his father's family, for which previous events had not prepared them; but its effects were more dreadful to the sensibilities of the proud-spirited officer than to him and them, who had more accustomed their minds to the contemplation of religion. He who had never shrank from the blaze of an enemy's artillery, sunk in the feebleness of debilitated health before the prospect of losses, so disastrous, not only to himself and his own dear wife and children, but to a father and mother of three score and ten, and to several fond and affectionate sisters. The idea of breaking, becoming bankrupt, compounding with his creditors, never entered his mind; his notions of honor and religion would have scouted the proposition. *The debt must be paid*—and the venerable sire would have to discharge.

Of course, much consultation was held, to devise the ways and means. In all this, the firm and resolute tone of the young *mother* shone conspicuously. *She* was not to be daunted or discouraged. She had a *plan* to *propose*, by which herself and her daughters, little girls of eight to a dozen years old, could stay the encroachments of a sheriff. "*Father should not pay their debt!*" They could work; and labor would earn money!

Six miles from their residence was one of the most flourishing manufacturing towns in New England. Her proposition was that they would remove thither; she would go into one of the corporation dwellings and provide for boarders; the children would go to work in the factory; the husband should obtain employment as a journeyman at the trade of his early youth. No remonstrance of sensibility, no misgivings of delicacy, no suggestions of honorable pride, could dissuade her from her effort. The spirit in which the resolution was conceived, and the energy with which it was proclaimed, awed into silence those who had the more natural right to elect the course to be pursued; and from thenceforth our fair friend was to become the heroine, if not the head, of the whole family, and all its enterprises.

A removal was effected—a dwelling was obtained—boarders were secured. The tender and delicate Georgia misses commenced their labors as "factory girls." The father found employment for his hands, which served, in some degree, to relieve the anguish of his heart. The mother was every where—in spirit, if not in person—directing, cheering, invigorating all the operations of the family. When the deep toned factory bell sent forth its first peal, she and her household were on the wing; and at once from her doors issued forth the throng of sprightly females to superintend for another long day the clattering operations of the cotton-mill machinery. When the hour for a meal arrived, its measured moments of participation were not diminished to her hurried guests; but quantity, quality, and punctuality, were all attended with a cheerful and jocund deportment. At night, when the juvenile family retired from their respective labors, and returned home to their respective rooms—supper passed—and books, or music, or a visit to some lecture hall, occupied the remainder of their evening.

A year or two had thus passed away, when the writer of this narrative addressed a letter to this family to learn their position and prospects.—The reply conjointly written by husband and wife, stated in dollars and cents the earnings of each member of the family, and its aggregate result, together with the amount of the debt already liquidated, and a calculation of the time it would take to emancipate themselves, parents and children, from their pecuniary embarrassments. It was an epistle worthy of Necker, a Morris, or a Franklin! When subsequently he for the first time in his life visited the residents of a corporation boarding house, he was equally surprised and gladdened to find its tables and shelves stocked with books; and not the daughters only, but some of their industrious associates, employing most of their pittance of leisure in choicely selected reading.

Religious, moral and intellectual cultivation, domestic comfort, and progressive thrift, were all visible in this family; and the numerous school houses, lecture rooms, and churches about the town, proclaimed their enjoyment by its whole community.

A recent visit to this interesting family has furnished the writer an opportunity of beholding the results of their integrity, courage, fortitude, self-denial, industry, and perseverance; and of contemplating a lesson of virtue which he prays may never be lost on himself, and deems to be worthy of recommendation to all the children of misfortune. The father is well established in a substantial business, every appurtenance of which has been paid for in part by the labor of his children. A son has become old enough to have contributed his share towards the common prosperity, and now to be enjoying the instructions of one of those best ornaments of a New England city or village, a first rate public school. The eldest daughter, after years of toil in a factory, has attained a thorough education in all that is usually taught at our best female seminaries;—and is now acquiring those ornamental accomplishments which will soon fit her to become useful at the head some academic institution, or to confer, like her mother, refinement on some favored social circle. Three other sisters, each of whom has contributed years of labor in the cotton-mill—consecutively, or alternatively at work and at school—are now also enjoying the best instruction in all that can fit them for the best circles of society. *The debt has been paid.* Their residence is well furnished. And when, a short time since, a new and first rate piano was wanted, the money to pay for it was worked for and earned—by these examples of a gone-by generation of females. Nothing is bought which cannot be paid for—nothing sought which will not be substantially useful. Several little juveniles, too young to work, are kept at school. The boarding house is not yet surrendered, but is still carried on, as if to perpetuate lessons of economy to its young inmates—and of virtue and courage to a numerous circle of acquaintance. The incomparable mother, whose unrivalled energy laid the foundation of this revived prosperity, she, too, lives—in the enjoyment of the affection and respect of all her household, offspring, and acquaintance. Occasionally she indulges her old friends with a brief visit—or revives their happiest recollections by those sweet strains of melody, vocal and instrumental, which a more modern taste may be well contented to equal, but to the lovers of "auld lang syne," will never be able to excel.—Would delicacy permit the recital, incidents could be supplied to this brief narrative, further and more eloquently illustrative of this heroic family.

THE GRACES.—As the poets represented the graces under the figures of women, so the furies too. Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art, and care of nature; yet if boldness be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

The Past, the Present, and the Future.

SPEECH OF GOV. SEWARD AT CHERRY VALLEY.

Below our readers have the eloquent speech of Gov. SEWARD, at the celebration of our late National Anniversary at Cherry Valley. The speech was in reply to the following toast offered on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements:—

Our fellow citizen, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Governor of this State*—of the Empire State. We hail his appearance on an occasion so interesting, and we appreciate the honor he does us by becoming our Guest.

"No higher evidence can be furnished of exalted talents and distinguished personal merit than an election to the first office in the State by the voluntary suffrages of a great, free, intelligent and virtuous people."

The Governor replied as follows:

"Ours is a country in which all that is old is yet new. We may deceive ourselves with the belief that we have antiquity, but we no where find its ruins. I have been impressed with this in looking upon the celebration of the foundation of this beautiful town, while all around me are evidences of youthfulness and prosperity. I have always desired to visit this place, so long an outpost of civilization in the western forest. Your annals have been made interesting by the fortitude, energy and enterprise of your forefathers, and memorable by the perils, privations and desolations of savage warfare. I have desired to see for myself the valleys of Otsego, through which the Susquehannah extends his arms and entwines his fingers with the tributaries of the Mohawk, as if to divert that gentle river to its allegiance to the Hudson. If I could have chosen the time for a visit here, it would have been on this occasion, when the political excitement, unavoidable in a country where the conduct of rulers is watched with the jealousy of freemen, is temporarily allayed, and the discordant elements of party strife are hushed under the influence of recollections of a common ancestry and common sufferings in the cause of liberty.

"Our gifted orator has given us your entire local and domestic history. Does it not seem strange that so many extraordinary changes, so many important events, so many thrilling incidents, have occurred in the lapse of one hundred years? An hundred years! how short a period! That life is considered short which does not reach fifty years, and that one is only very long which comprises an hundred. An hundred years! An hundred times this period of twelve months which the Earth requires for the irrigation of its soil and production of its fruits; an hundred times this circle of three hundred and sixty-five days: days that so often pass like a dream and are noted "but by their loss." Who that places a tomb-stone in a village church-yard to the memory of a departed friend, would not sigh to think that that monument of his affection will moulder to the earth, and his friend occupy an undistinguished grave within an hundred years? Who that establishes a constitution, invents an engine, teaches a new science, or founds a new sect, would be content that his community, his invention, his science, or his creed should give place to new discoveries within an hundred years? Yet an hundred years is no unimportant portion of time. It includes the period of four generations. In a single century four thousand millions of human beings appear on the earth, act their busy parts and sink into its peaceful bosom. A little more than half that period carries us back to the time when this great and free empire now respected in every land had no place among the nations of the earth.—Only one hundred times has the scythe passed over this valley since your ancestors pursued their weary way up the Mohawk and over those hills and planted here the first settlement of the Anglo Saxon race west of the Hudson. They found the Six Nations here as confident of perpetual enjoyment of this fair land as we now are. And yet so soon the tide of emigration has flowed over this valley and filled the valleys of the Ohio, and the Wabash, and the Mississippi, and the Missouri, and now scarcely the name of the Six Nations remains. Only twice an hundred years have elapsed since the first navigator entered the Bay of New York, and not four centuries have passed since Columbus astonished the world with the discovery of this great continent. It is only ten centuries since all Europe, moved by wild fanaticism, poured her embattled hosts upon the fields of Palestine, and less than sixty times an hundred years, according to our accustomed chronology, carry us back to the epoch when there was no time, nor light, nor life, nor earth, nor heavens, and God said let all these things be, and they were.

We have reviewed the record of the last hundred years concerning the inhabitants of this beautiful valley. What is its more general history, and what is its promise of the future? Alas! that it must be said, although the spirit of Christianity has diffused a wider and a warmer influence than ever before, yet the last century, like the fifty-seven that preceded it, has been filled with the calamities of mankind. It dawned upon one broad scene of war, extending throughout England, Russia, Prussia, Poland, Spain, Bavaria, Sardina and France. Through a period of eighty years, with occasional intervals of partial peace, the fires of war burned over the continent of Europe, often extending desolation into Asia, Africa, and even this new and remote continent, until, within our own recollection, the world's Great Disturber was confined on the rock of St. Helena, and the exhausted nations found repose and peace. No nation has escaped the evils of war, and few have been exempt from Revolution. Hostile armies have overrun France, Holland, Saxony, Belgium, Bavaria, Sardinia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Prussia and other German States, Poland, Russia and Switzerland, Egypt and Persia, and all the States of North and South America.—Some maintained their sovereignty, some received their independence, and others have gone down forever. No wonder that the pious and benevolent poet exclaimed,

> My ear is pain'd,
> My soul is sick, with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.

The occupation of man has been war, his ambition conquest, his enjoyment rapine and bloodshed.

Yet dark as the picture of the last century seems, it is relieved by lights more cheering than any that has shown upon our race in the previous course of time. The human mind has advanced with unparalleled rapidity in discoveries in science and the arts. Civilization has been carried into new regions, and has distributed more equally than ever heretofore the enjoyments and comforts of life. The education which an hundred years ago was a privilege of the few, is now acknowledged to be the right of all. What were luxuries an hundred years ago, are common enjoyments now. A renovating spirit is abroad in the world. The slave trade, an hundred years ago regarded as lawful commerce by all christian nations, is now denounced as piracy by most civilized States, and the rights of man are secured by benign and wholesome laws. All expense and delay in passing and transportation from place to place are an incumbrance upon human labor.—Yet it seems as if it were but yesterday since we learned that burthens may be more cheaply carried on parallel iron rails than on the rough and unequal surface of the ground, and now railroads are common thoroughfares, and animal force is too feeble an agent for locomotion. A gentleman upon whom age seemed to have lightly laid his hand, told me that less than forty years since he dined with Chancellor Livingston at Paris. The party was composed of statesmen and men of science. The patience of the guests was exhausted by a visionary youth named Fulton, who engrossed the conversation by an argument to prove that if he could obtain a small fund he could construct a boat to be propelled by the power of steam and navigate the Hudson river with the velocity of four miles an hour! Those who reflect upon the rapidity with which intelligence, social, commercial and political, is diffused throughout our country and the civilized world, will hardly believe that an hundred years ago scarcely a dozen vessels arrived in all our ports from Europe, and that seventy-six years ago a mail coach was unknown.—The object of all government is the welfare of the governed, yet it is only sixty-five years since this model of practical, permanent and free republican government was set up for the maintenance of American liberty and to animate the hopes and efforts of mankind. The religion of the cross is carried farther and more effectively now than under the banner of Constantine or even the preaching of the Apostles. The philosophy of Bacon, and the Newtonian and Copernican systems were taught an hundred years ago, and alchymy after long abuses of the credulity of mankind, had introduced the elements of Chemistry, but the practical advantages resulting from all these sciences have been realized chiefly within an hundred years.

I lately met the Secretary of an Eastern Prince. He was a man of education and refinement and had been selected by his master to make a gorgeous present of Eastern luxuries acceptable to the President of the United States. We were standing near an almost speaking bust of Washington. I asked him if he knew the likeness.—He answered in the negative. I told him that it was Washington, the deliverer, the father of our country, but he had never read, had never heard of Washington. I confess that I was astonished to find a man who had never read or heard of Washington, but I was no longer surprised that the Sultan of Muscat was a despot and his subjects slaves. If the principles of civil liberty are so imperfectly understood now, what could have been the condition of human rights before the day of Sicard, La Fayette, Wilberforce, Paine, Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington! How obscure must have been the science of laws before Montesquie, Puffendorf, Blackstone, Bentham and Livingston, reduced it to form and symmetry!—How limited would be our knowledge of history if we were deprived of the writings of Rollin, Robertson, Leland, Hume, Gillies, Littleton, Priestly, Marshall, Russell, Roscoe, Gibbon, Hallam and Raynal! How has the human mind been enlightened in that most mysterious of all mysteries itself, by the philosophy of Stuart, Reid and Brown! How has theology and moral science been enriched by Edwards, Jenyns, Paley, Zimmerman, Johnson and Ferguson! In natural philosophy what a blank would be produced by striking out the discoveries of Herschell, Halle, Franklin, Davy, Rumford and Delonti!—How profitless would be our researches in natural history, without Linnæus and Buffon for our guides! What would we have known of political economy, but for the writings of Malthus, Smith and Say! We can scarce conceive of literature destitute of the works of Cowper, Pope, Thompson, Beattie, Gray, Gay, Goldsmith, Johnson, McPherson, Roscoe, Scott, Burns, Goethe, Byron and Moore.

In even such a superficial review as this of the contributions of the last century to the knowledge, virtue and happiness of our race, we forget that the human mind has been two thirds of the whole period stretched in the excitement of war, and that what it has accomplished in the way of science and art, has been in its occasional seasons of repose from the study and occupation of arms, that what has been expended in establishing schools, colleges and seminaries, and in making roads and canals, has been only what has been saved from the prodigality of war. Happy, thrice happy will it be for us and for mankind if we extract from the history of the last century its true philosophy. Among its instructions are of a certainty these truths; that peace is indispensable to the improvement and happiness of man; that improvement is his highest duty, and arts not arms his right occupation; that Republican government resting upon equal and universal suffrage can only secure an exemption from the ambition of conquest and the popular discontents which involve nations in foreign wars and civil commotions; and that a Republican Government resting upon universal and equal suffrage, can only be maintained in a community where education is universally enjoyed, and where internal improvements bind together the various portions of the country in a community of interest and affection. Let us then extend our system of schools and our churches and take care that every child in the state whatever be his faith, his language, his condition or his circumstances or those of his parents is brought to the instruction of these schools and churches. Let us do this, and let us put steam upon the land and steam upon the river and the sea, and the glorious career which our country has just entered will continue to be more successful and more glorious still. Those who shall celebrate the next centennial anniversary will bless our memories, and the great prediction of our religion will no longer seem apocryphal, that a time is coming when the nations shall live in peace and the knowledge of the Lord shall extend over the whole earth.

By the GOVERNOR, Cherry Valley, fortunate in the fertility of its soil, and in the intelligence and virtues of its inhabitants, its early annals constitute a chapter of most thrilling interest in the history of the State.

YANKEE.—The Philadelphia National Gazette says, "We hold this proposition to be self evident: That whatever it is the interest of a Yankee to undertake, he can execute better than any other mortal."

THE NATCHEZ TORNADO.

The following lines are from the Picayune. Like many things in that paper, they are excellent.

There came a kind of night across the sky—
'Twas bright noon-day, you know—and then a sound
Like thunder—yet so strange!—I don't know why,
I thought 'twas like a roaring under ground!
Then came a crash after crash, like guns in battle,
And human screams were mingled with the rattle.

I tell you, stranger, never in my life
Did I feel such a sinking of the heart!
I thought of home, my children, and my wife,
As though from all that moment I should part.
Sermons about the judgment day of men,
Which I had heard, came up before me then.

A large house fell beside me, and a beam
Struck me insensible to the ground:
I heard a child cry "Mother!" and a scream—
A piercing woman's scream, was the last sound—
That I remember. When my senses came back,
I looked upon the wild tornado's track!

The dust was still around the ruins curling
As my eyes opened upon what had been,
And a sick feeling through my brain went whirling
When I looked around upon the dreadful scene!
I saw a child straining its infant force
To lift a beam from off its mother's corse!

The wind was moaning now, as if in grief
For its own angry deed, and human moans,
Pleading to fellow-mortals for relief,
Echoed the wind in melancholy tones;
And forms were hurrying from spot to spot,
Calling aloud on names that answered not.

Stranger, I saw a feeble hand upraised,
Beckoning for assistance, and I ran,
Dizzy with fear, bewildered and amazed,
To lift the ruin from the dying man.
I tugged the ponderous wall, till, faint and tired,
I madly shrieked for help—but he expired!

Forms were seen crawling from the ruins—some
Mangled and bleeding, some unhurt, but staring,
Covered with dust, and terror-struck, would come
With eyes set wide with horror, strangly glaring,
Some marched among the ruins, wildly shrinking,
And friends grasped hands and looked on without speaking!

Around the streets family groups were weeping,
And men lay down as if they wished to die.
I saw a little infant calmly sleeping,
Bathed with the tear-drops from a mother's eye!
And this ain't half! Stranger, you've heard enough—
Poor Natchez! Hapless "City of the Bluff!"

From the Boston Post.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Right glad are we that serious effort is now to be made to complete the BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT. This is to be done chiefly by the ladies—and by means of a Fair. This will give all an opportunity to contribute his mite: and let all but contribute this mite, and much will be accomplished. The Fair alone will bring a large sum to aid in the work—other arrangements, now in progress, in connection, will, without doubt, furnish the remainder of the funds required It needs then, but a determination on the part of the community that the Monument *shall be completed*, and it will be done.

Well is it, too, that the ladies are to be the chief actors in putting on the cap-stone to the Bunker-Hill Monument. Let the ladies of the present generation only recall the struggles, the self-denial, the fortitude, of those of a past generation, and it cannot fail to excite them to efforts to complete this great deed of commemoration.—Let the daughters go back to the times of the Revolution, and recall the deeds of the mothers. And what a bright page in our annals is that which bears record of the toils and trials—the courage in adversity—the timely aid—the voice of encouragement—of the women of the Revolution!

The women of the Revolution! A theme not yet handled as it should be. No historian as yet has collected the memorial of their deeds.—At times, as when our glorious day of national rejoicing comes round, bringing with it sacred reminiscences of the past, and bounding in golden prospects for the future, an orator will here and there allude to the mothers of our heroic age;—and scattered along the already rich treasuries of biographical detail, may be seen mentioned individual instances of the sufferings of those days. But he who will look into that ever faithful mirror of passing time—the newspaper—he who will read faithfully those old revolutionary testimonials, the public journals—shall see the spirit of those days, as it animated the busy mart of life, all as enthusiastic, as fresh, as stirring, as true to the life, almost, as if he stood upon an eminence, a calm spectator of each passing scene. Woman then exerted for good her tremendous influence. From the times of the destruction of the tea, until the peace—yes, until after the peace—until the sublime and touching scene of the reception of Washington at Trenton was acted, when the "mighty chief" was covered with flowers from female hands, and voices, almost heavenly, sung—

"Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for THEE triumphant bowers"—

he shall see the meridian glow of female patriotism. The journals abound in records of its manifestation—now telling of the noble conduct of a mother, in giving her parting blessing to an only son—bidding him be true to himself, to *her* honor, to liberty—telling him she had rather see him in his shroud, than hear of his disgrace; now of the calm endurance of whole districts of females, who lived in loneliness, in penury, in all that anxiety for the fate of kindred and friends, known only to the female heart; now giving the forcible appeal of some "American Lady," detailing the ferocity of a foreign foe, who had invaded a happy home, and murdered, or worse than murdered, its helpless inmates, or reciting the hardships of their "protectors or defenders"—the blood tracks left by the brave troops as they marched over the cold snows of winter to the field of combat—the sufferings of the wounded—the sad want of the bare necessaries of life in "Washington's camp," and then calling upon "her countrywomen" to lend their aid to alleviate their miseries; and then comes the details of the spirited conduct of the females of whole districts, towns, societies, who had purchased, made, and forwarded "to the lady of our illustrious General," scores of garments for the want of "the camp"—those especially being made mention of who had given up costly jewels and plate for so noble an object. And then, here and there may be seen the stern resolution of some—as those of Amelia county, North Carolina—not to permit the addresses of any person, "be his circumstances or condition in life" what they might, unless he had served in the "American army," long enough "*to prove by his valor that he was deserving of their love.*" Such are the details that abound in the Revolutionary journals. They are precious memorials. Would that some diligent hand would gather them together, for the benefit of the ladies of the present generation!

Again, we say, the efforts of the wives and the daughters of our revolutionary patriots, in the cause of independence, have not been placed in the bold relief they so richly deserve. The spirit of patriotism they manifested was not rewarded by the laurel crown. The welcome thundershouts that greets the conqueror, from the fresh battle field, was not theirs. Nor could they think of the glory or the fame that impel the hero to the battle. Their patriotism required a momentous sacrifice. Grim-visaged war takes from home all that is dear to woman. What does it give in return? A crown of thorns is often her only recompense. It is hers to suffer in silence; and when she gives up husband and brother, father and friend, to go to struggle in the battle-field, she yields all that makes life pleasent or desirable.—But all this was little thought of in those days.—When the time for action came, woman was ready with her voice to urge the patriots to the demands of duty. With Roman fortitude did she brave the horrors of the conflict. Self was sacrificed in the call of country; and, like the noble dames of Sparta, rather would she have seen kindred and friends welter in blood, than have received them in disgrace.

Let these things, and such as these, be thought of by those who would do something to redeem the present generation from the shame and disgrace of allowing so noble a work to remain unfinished as the Bunker-Hill Monument, and they cannot fail to excite them to greater exertions.

MORE CHEEING NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY.—On Wednesday last, a lady called in our office on business, and in the course of conversation, informed us that twenty-three marriages had occurred in their neighborhood since the spring, and that six new married couple had all appeared at the same church on one Sabbath day, in the neighborhood of Deer Creek, where she lives. Now this is cheering. Let other neighborhoods imitate this example and go ahead, and we will soon have better times. at least among the farmers, mechanics and merchants, for we believe with the beloved Cowper,

"But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

Pittsburg Intelligencer.

"Drop a line, if you wish to see me," as the fish said to the angler.

Policarpa La Salvarietta, the Heroine of Columbia.

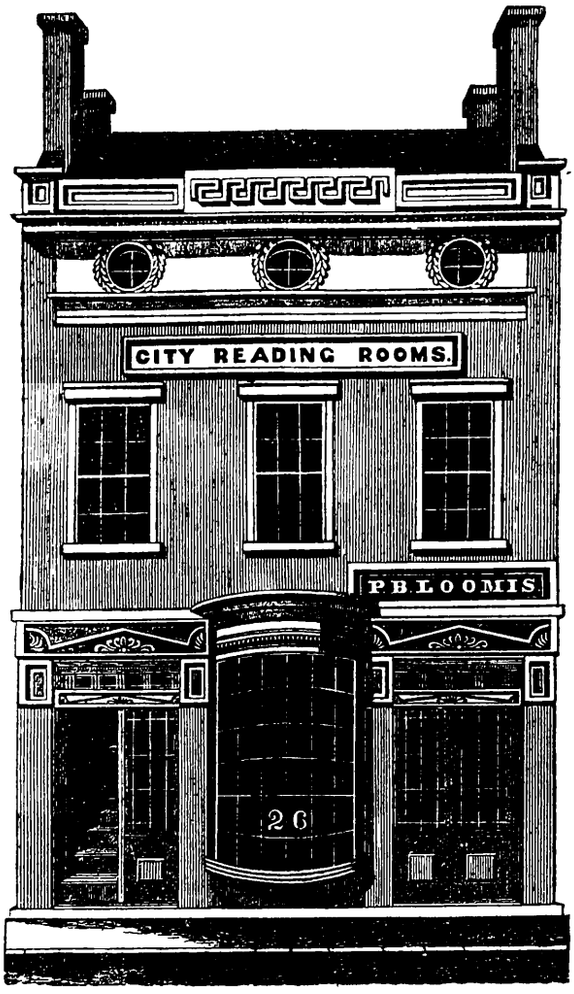
A correspondent of the Backwoodsman (published at Jerseyville, Illinois,) furnishes that paper with the following translation, from Restrepo's "Historia de la Revolucion de la Colombia," of a thrilling and soul-harrowing incident, which occurred during the sanguinary and successful struggle of the people of that country for national freedom:

After the standard of Liberty had been raised in all the provinces, and the people had struck a successful blow for freedom, Morillo, with an overwhelming force, re-conquered the country for Spain. During six months this fiendish savage held undisputable sway over Colombia. The best men of the provinces were by him seized and shot, and each of his officers had the power of death over the inhabitants of the districts in which they were stationed. It was during this period that the barbarous execution of Policarpa La Salvarietta—a heroic girl of New Granada roused the Patriots once more to arms, and produced in them a determination to expel their oppressors or die.—This young lady was enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, and had by her influence, rendered essential aid to the Patriots. The wealth of her father, and her own superior talents and education, early excited the hostility of the Spanish commander against her and her family.—She had promised her hand in marriage to a young officer in the Patriot service, who had been compelled, by Morillo, to join the Spanish army as a private soldier. La Salvarietta, by means that were never disclosed, obtained, through him, an exact account of the Spanish forces, and a plan of their fortifications. The patriots were preparing to strike a decisive blow, and this intelligence was important to their success. She had induced Sabarain, her lover, and eight others to desert.—They were discovered, and apprehended. The letters of La Salvarietta, found on the person of her lover, betrayed her to the vengeance of the tyrant of her country. She was seized, brought to the Spanish camp, and tried by a court martial.—The highest rewards were promised her if she would disclose the names and plans of her associates. The inducements proving of no avail, torture was employed to wring from her the secret, in which so many of the best families of Colombia were interested, but even on the rack she persisted in making no disclosure. The accomplished young lady, hardly eighteen years of age, was condemned to be shot. She calmly and serenely heard her sentence, and prepared to meet her fate. She confessed to a catholic priest, partook of the sacrament, and with a firm step walked to the open square, where a file of soldiers, in presence of Morillo and his officers, were drawn up, with loaded muskets. Turning to Morillo, she said, I shall not die in vain, for my blood will raise up heroes from every hill and valley of my country. She had scarcely uttered the above when Morillo himself gave the signal to the soldiers to fire, and in the next moment, La Salvarietta was a mangled and bleeding corpse. The Spanish officers and soldiers were overwhelmned with astonishment at the firmness and patriotism of this lovely girl, but the effect upon her own countrymen was electrical. The patriots lost no time in flying to arms, and their war cry, "*La Salvarietta!!*" made every heart burn to inflict vengeance upon her murderers. In a very short time, the army of Morillo was nearly cut to pieces, and the commander himself escaped only by flight, and in disguise.

CENIUS ANECDOTE.—Mr. Cist, in a letter to the Editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle, relates the following dialogue between himself and a married lady:

"Madam, what age shall I put you down?" (no direct answer.) "How old is your husband?"—"Sixty one." "And your eldest son?"—"Twenty-seven." "And the next?"—"Twenty-one." "And how old do you call yourself?"—"I do not know my age exactly; but it is about thirty." "Did I understand you, madam, that your eldest son was twenty-seven?"—"Yes." "You must surely, then, be more than thirty?"—"Well, sir, (quite snappishly,) I told you *about* thirty; I can't tell exactly; it may be thirty-one or two, but I am positive it is not over that."

There is a Judge in Texas who is four feet in thickness. His nose resembles a vermilion pear, half way burried in a basket of strawberries.—when dressed out in his mud pumps, hunting shirt, and Mexican chapeau, he is said to bear a striking resemblance to—nothing human.



YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

For the following brief history of this Association, we are indebted to the address of HENRY O'REILLY, Esq., delivered in May last, one of its first, as well as present, most efficient supporters, and President of the Institution till the time of the delivery of the address.

The Association are about taking measures to erect a building suitable for their purposes, and which will be a credit to the city:

The *origin* of the present "Young Men's Association," now organized under the old charter of the Rochester Athenæum, is particularly worthy of notice as indicative of its *objects*.

An offence of the deepest dye against the laws of God and man—a crime then without parallel in our city and county—in 1837, directed public attention to the necessity of establishing institutions for presenting intellectual and moral attractions to counteract the vicious allurements to which the young men of our city were largely exposed. Many of our worthiest citizens signed calls for public meetings—and meeting after meeting was held to discuss the plans proposed for promoting the desired object.

At length, it was determined that an institution should be formed with particular reference to the improvement of the Young Men of the city. But the numbers present at the first meeting, formed a sorry contrast even with the numbers whose names were appended to the notice urging their fellow citizens to rally numerously on the occasion. After all the preliminary and preparatory meetings—after all the discussion and excitement—there were now present only twelve or thirteen persons to consider the constitution; and but *ten* voted as willing to become members of the Institution formed under that constitution: One half of the whole number who voted were elected officers—for, instead of the *seventeen* Directors now required under the charter of the Athenæum, the Board then consisted of five members.

Four of the five persons then elected as officers of the new-born institution, met farther discouragement in the fact that the Vice President soon after resigned, through indisposition to incur the responsibility which the other Directors deemed essential to the sustenance of the enterprize.

The FOUR DIRECTORS who were left, however, having unshaken confidence in the liberality of the people of Rochester towards enterprises which furnished reasonable hope of benefit to the community, DETERMINED TO PERSEVERE. They considered the causes which led to the destruction of former institutions, and were satisfied from the retrospect, that a literary institution, to be successful in Rochester, must be founded on broader grounds, and appeal to popular favor by diffusing its benefits thoroughly throughout the community.

Actuated by such views—warned by THE PAST and sanguine of THE FUTURE—the remaining Directors resolved to frame their arrangements so that the institution should present to the public the following prominent attractions and advantages:

First—A Library, for circulation as well as reference—the benefits of which should be extended to the greatest practical degree throughout the community:

Second—A Literary Table supplied with the principal reviews and magazines of the United States and Great Britain:

Third—A News Room, furnished with the prominent newspapers of the principal cities of the Union:

Fourth—Lectures, regularly through the winter season, and occasionally through the summer:

Fifth—Celebrations of prominent events in AMERICAN HISTORY—with the view of stimulating attention to that important subject, replete with practical wisdom and instructive example:

Sixth—A Cabinet of specimens in Mineralogy and other matters calculated to promote improvement while gratifying curiosity.

Let us now examine whether these projects have been realized in the results—whether the efforts and expenses of the enterprize have been rewarded by commensurate benefits to the people generally of the city, as well as to the members and subscribers of the Institution.

And first for the Library—the most useful appendage and the most valuable property of the Institution. Steady efforts have been made to render it worthy of its name—the *"City Library"*—by the liberality with which its benefits are diffused throughout the community:

Every member and subscriber is privileged to have three volumes charged to his account at one time—which books may be exchanged at three different periods throughout the week, or renewed as may be desired for longer periods.

The *family* of the member or subscriber may, under the foregoing provision, enjoy the advantages of a well-stored Library, in common with himself.

One of the three periods for exchanging books in each week, is Thursday afternoon, designed chiefly and especially for the *Ladies* who may wish to examine the Library and select books from its shelves.

For the purpose of reference, or for the use of persons who wish to read books at the library or reading rooms, the library is at all times accessible, when the rooms are opened.

Honorary Tickets are presented to the pupils of both sexes, whose general deportment and proficiency in study render them deserving of such distinction, at the examinations held in various Seminaries—not forgetting the *common* schools throughout the city; and those who visit the city from the surrounding country, are proffered the use of books from the library, to be read or examined in the rooms at any time during their visit.

It is especially provided that "apprentices and other young men who are not already entitled to the advantages of the institution, and who may not feel able to pay dues or fees, (however light those fees may be,) are entitled to participate in the privileges of the Library, free of expense.

Although this Institution was originally designed for, and is now chiefly composed of YOUNG MEN, no portions of the community are left unprovided for by these arrangements. From the youngest to the oldest—the school-boy and the apprentice—the stranger as well as the citizen—the soldier and the civilian—the clergyman and the teachers of our seminaries—the farmer and the manufacturer—the lady as well as the gentleman—the members of other similar institutions as well as this with which we are more immediately connected—all have the privileges of this library.

During three winters, about eighty Discourses have been delivered—many of them by men of well known ability, and on subjects of the highest character.

To all this may be added the fact that, for the encouragement of young men desirous of improving themselves in public speaking, the use of the upper room has been granted for one evening of each week; and a "Debating Branch" is thus formed from a portion of our members, having their own officers for the regulation of their meetings.

The fees and dues of membership are $2 for initiation, and $2 per annum for dues—the first sum payable wholly, and the latter half yearly, in advance. Subscribers of senior years pay $5 ser annum in advance, and are exempt from initiation fees. On examination, we find that both classes form now an aggregate of *four hundred and forty persons*.

The close of this year of office finds the institution with a property of *more than four thousand dollars*.

Intwined as are the benefits of this Institution with the whole framework of society in this city—founded on principles of the most expansive usefulness—capable of sustaining a superstructure that may through long ages reflect credit on the city while diffusing blessings among the population—where, where is the individual, warmed by any regard for public welfare as well as private happiness, that will not add a contribution, with a hearty "God speed" to cheer onward this Association in its philanthropic efforts?

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

In our days the high born and the wealthy have small inducements to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privileges and honor, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character and caste the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are however, within our own recollection, some melancholy exceptions to be found.—Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals; and as the well being of society demands, the impartial hand of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, one will be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more apologists; for no punishment more

general sympathy—while his sentence was accordant to the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Randolph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself.—He was transferred to the 21st Fusileers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet major, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed—little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teeming argument resulted—unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the Theatre, where the officers had patronized a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Capt Boyd, brought him to an inner mess room, closed the door, and without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental phrenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees he suplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that every thing was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponents, replied, "Yes it was fair—But Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitations of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duelist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanor won the commiseration of all within.—The governor, confident in the honor of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all who sought him—and, in fact, was a captive only in nsme.

I shall never forget the 13th of August, 1808.—I arrived in Armagh the evening of the Major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned in the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin billious looking being, and his cold marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by the accidental disposition of the candles.—I shuddered, as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow-creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful dignified—and, when on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—Guilty was faintly answered with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and, "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who through the court ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unphappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honor of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime, strong exertions were made to save him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and, consequently, the Irish Government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the King.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the Queen's feet, and implore her commisseration. To cross the channel before steam had been introduced, was frequently tedious and uncertain; and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-strayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbor, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close-reefed canvass was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed—the pier was weathered—and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell inquired "if the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "Oh God! he will be lost," she murmured. "Could I but cross that angry sea, he might yet be saved!"—Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing boat, who were securing its moorings.—A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across or perish. "It is madness," said the old man, "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken.

The lady was placed on board; the skirt of the main sail set, and after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honor of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commisseration of all classes are painfully increased, by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell.—In prison he received from his friends most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain ———, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when drooped, and performed the gentle offices of kindness, which are so peculiarly the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honor with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him that trusted in it? I know my fate and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honor."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. —— urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip—"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then, taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of your escape—horses are in readiness, and" ———. The convict put his hand upon her mouth. "Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you leave me to violate my promise?" Bidding her good night, he locked the wicked carefully replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution the chaplain slept in his room.—This gentleman's exertion to obtain a remission of punishment, had been incessant and now that hope was at an end, he labored to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last his courage was unshaken;—and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stars leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the color never left his check, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrunk from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, and to take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, even garrisoned the town; and the same men he had led to the bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon formed the jail guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious send of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gælic. Instantly every face was upturned to Heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgement seat; and when the board descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it, and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In Immense numbers they escorted him to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "they laid him in his father's grave."

CHANCES.—He who gets a good husband for his daughter hath gained a son; and he who meets with a bad son hath lost a daughter.

THE BURIAL OF A KING.

There is a very graphic letter in the last New York Mirror, from the pen of our excellent friend Theodore Fay, the American Secretary of Legation at Berlin,—descriptive of the celebration of the obsequies of the late King of Prussia. The view which the writer had was fortunately obtained, probably through "court courtesy," from a lofty portico, overlooking the immense square of the *Lustgurten*. We subjoin a few paragraphs from the letter:

The edifice, in the magnificent portico of which I was standing, formed a portion of the spectacle still more striking. For brilliancy and beauty of architecture it equals almost any thing I ever saw, and impresses one with a sense of grandeur that makes him imagine himself in Ancient Rome. It is constructed for a picture and sculpture gallery, in which are preserved most of the valuable paintings owned by Prussia, and was founded and completed by him whose last earthly remains, on their way to the tomb, we were presently to see from its lofty steps and beneath its golden roof.

At about twelve the cortege began to issue from the gate of the Schloss, and was received with a becoming silence. First came a mass of clergymen, uncovered and moving slowly; then troops, appearing and marching by with a solemn and perfect order, and apparently without end. Company after company, first of infantry, then of cavalry, came on, till from the height and distance where I stood it seemed like a great river flowing forth, wave after wave, into the light, to the deep and thrilling tones of the music marching slowly before the church door, where all the clergymen waited uncovered. They were wheeled around as they advanced, and silently disposed in the square till it was entirely filled with those brilliant troops. I believe, from fifteen to twenty thousad defiled before the door, and were then drawn up in silent array to receive the body of their king, beneath whose just and beneficent sway by far the greatest part of them were born, and to whose wise and virtuous love of peace and sensible indifference to the dear-bought tinsel of military glory, the whole country owed its long and happy exemption from bloody and brutalizing war.

Among these troops were a Russian regiment, of which, I think, the emperor is colonel, and another wearing the uniform of the guards of Frederick the Great.

At length, in a black and lofty hearse, drawn by eight black horses, covered to their hoofs with black cloth, and with a baldakin of black velvet held above by I could not distinguish how many hands—closely followed by the king and queen, raised to their new dignity by a sorrow which I sincerely believe has at least for the time shorn it of all its gay beams, the emperor and empress of Russia, the princess and princesses of the royal family, the Princess Liegnitz (the wife of the deceased,) the hereditary grand-duke of Russia, the grand-duke of Mecklenburgh, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, and other relatives all on foot; then by a long and dense crowd of individuals, royal and noble, of rank literary and scientific celebrity, or attached in some way to the court or government; then came all the domestics of his majesty's family. I believe, the thousands who witnessed the passing of this sad procession, and looked upon the car beneath whose sable covering and golden ornaments lay the venerable and excellent monarch whose brief military salute every passer by had received daily as he took his drive through the streets—I believe, scarcely an individual of these multitudes looked upon the closing scene with other than sincere sorrow, for a better sovereign Death has scarcely taken in many a day.

CURIOUS.—There are two elm trees in Springfield, Mass., which have current bushes growing from their trunks. The branches grow out of the crotch of the tree, about twelve feet from the ground, and have within a few days been seen to have on them red currents apparently ripe.

A small current bush has been growing for some years in one of the large elms on Washington Square in this city, probably from seed deposited by the birds.—*Newark Daily Adv.*

"Halloo, waiter, you black rascal—where are you? We have all been waiting this half hour." "Look hea, massas gemman! bein' as how you hab all turned *waiters*, jest wait on you sel's—Ise too consequental a nigger to wait on waiters—white uns, specially.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

I ask not Fame; 'tis fleeting
As breath of balmy eve;
With glory's phantom cheating,
'Twill nought but sadness leave;
A surer good I would possess,—
A joy that liveth ever;
That when is past the world's cares,
Despair may seize me never.

I ask not gold; it bindeth
To earth the spirit down;
Its hireling slave ne'er findeth
Save but a demon's frown.
It is the Tantalus of hell,
Immortal minds tormenting,
And wise are they who break its spell
Ere life's last hour repenting.

I ask not power; it stilleth
The soul's best thoughts of God;
Wide earth with woe it filleth,
And sways an iron rod.
Soft beauty's charms I would not crave,
For which are millions sighing;
They pass away, as sinks the wave
Along the sea shore dying.

I ask not friends; there liveth
But few who bear the name;
For boasted friendship giveth
A swift, unstable flame:—
If want is far, and hopes are bright,
Men smile, with others smiling;
But when comes near misfortune's night,
They pass away reviling!

'Tis not of earth, the treasure
That satisfies the soul;
Its value nought can measure
From north to southern pole.
The seraphs round the holy throne
Its keeping well might covet,
For none of all the treasures known
In Heaven, is prized above it!

'Tis found where tears are flowing
Down contrite sinner's cheeks,—
Where hearts with love are glowing
While Jesus gently speaks.
The Star that rose in Bethlehem,
Points where is Heaven's best token,
Beneath the Cross there lies a gem,
THE PEARL OF PRICE unspoken!

TAKING THE CENSUS.

"Do you live here sir," said a gentleman of easy address, and of some official importance, who carried a blank book in one hand and held a silver pencil in the other—"do you live here, sir?" he said, addressing the male occupant, as he unceremoniously poked his head into an Irishman's shanty, in the suburbs of the city, yesterday.

"Do I what?" said the Emeralder, somewhat surprised.

"Do you live here, sir?" said the gentleman.

"Why thin, sweet bad luck to you every day you see a wooden pavin' stone, you spyin' spalpeen," said Pat, apparently much enraged—"where else would I live? Isn't this me own house, and isn't me house me castle? What right have you to trespass on my premises, and step in widout sayin" "by yer lave," or "God save all here," jist as if ye were an estated gintleman?"

"My dear sir," said the visitor, "I did not come here with the view of unnecessary intruding on you; I am employed to take the census, and come to take yours and your family's.

"To take me *sinsis!*—give me a charm, I suppose—put yer *comhether* on me! Oh! consumin" to you, decavin' rascal! Do you want to make an *omadhawn* or an idiot of me? Clear out of me concarns, or I'll be afther giving you a polthogue, that'll take your sinsis," and he made a scientific move at the stranger, in true Donybrook-fair style, who requested him not to put his threat into execution, but permit him to explain.

He told Patrick that he was employed by the government to ascertain the number of people who reside in the city, and that he merely called, in pursuance of his vocation, to learn how many his family numbered.

"And is that all ye want?" said Pat, assuming a less belligerent tone.

"No more," said the gentleman with the book.

"And why the devil didn't you say so at first?" said Pat, "and I'd tell it while a cat 'ud be aitin' a ha'porth o' butther. Stay,—let me see—(and he began to scratch his head, by way of assisting his memory:) there's meself and Nelly—that's one."

"You and Nelly are two," said the gentleman, making his memorandum at the same time.

"Well, there's more of yer assurance," said Pat. "Do you know better than the priest! Didn't he tell us the night we wor married that we wor one?"

"Well, I'll not argue the question with you," said the gentleman—"proceed."

"Well thin," said Pat, "there's the four gossoons that's livin," and Brian and Teddy that's dead; there's Nancy, that's at home wid her gran'mother, in Ireland; and the two callans that's at home wid us; there's the pig and the ould mare, and'—

"That will do, sir," said the census-taker, stopping him, who had by this time taken a note of the *actual* number of Pat's family. "Good bye sir."

"O safe journey to you, me darlin'!" said Pat. "Won't ye take somethin!"

"Nothing," said the stranger, and he vanished.

DOUBLING CAPE HORN.

The following graphic account of doubling Cape Horn, is copied from a letter from an officer of the U. S. ship Constitution:

While doubling cape Horn we experienced a tremendous gale. For twenty two days it blew with awful violence, and snowed, and rained, almost incessantly. Occasionally there would be a cessation of the gale, and the sun would shine out clear and beautiful; but this was only the pureusor of more gales, blacker clouds, and if possible more tremendous seas. One can hardly form an idea of the power and sublimity of a storm at sea, who has not experienced one. You must hear the howling of the wind—the incessant roar of the ocean, behold the mountain waves, appearing as if they would swallow the ship—at one moment lifted upon the monstrous waves, and then pitched headlong into the trough of the ocean—the waves breaking over the decks, the masts cracking, the vessel groaning, and hear the hoarse trumpet as the orders are given—in order to realize it. Nearly all the time, during the height of the storm we lay to under storm stay-sails. All the higher masts were sent on deck with the yards and sails, leaving the ship with only her main and top masts, in order that as little surface as possible might be exposed to the wind. The most wearying thing during a storm is a pitching and rolling of the ship which you must be constantly guarded against or you may be killed at any moment. A number of mid-shipmen were injured by being precipitated down the cock pit hatch. One night a large mahogony table came tumbling down and deposited itself, legs up, alongside my cot, Camp stools and chairs went dancing about, as if possed of life.

But the most amusing occurrence during a gale is the eating, or rather the manner in which it is performed. The table being lashed, and the dishes placed upon it, we sit down to dine. Now on shore it is a perfectly easy thing to eat your dinner, and if hungry quite agreeable. But suppose some one should get under your table, and suddenly raise one side up so high as to form an angle of nearly forty five degrees with the walls of the room, and another standing behind jerk your chair from under you send, you sliding away on hands and feet to leeward, while your neighbor, who may, by holding on the table, contain his seat, gets the contents of the soup tureen in his lap; and then after picking up the fragments of the broken dishes, and reseating yourself at the table, you have time to eat a moment when the same operation is repeated. You would not, I am sure, think this a very agreeable way of dining. Some of my messmates secured themselves at table by holding on to life lines, which are secured to the beams overhead, which was the only way of maintaining a fixed position. When the craterer who presides at the table finds a sea coming, which can be known by the motion of the ship, he sings out, "hold on to the potatoes," "take care of your soup," "look out for the dishes," or whatever may be on the table, and each one secures what he can; but notwithstanding all our precaution, we lost most of our crockery. The ship was much strained in consequence of her rolling in the trough of the sea, and masts loosened, but we did not sustain any serious damage.

FIRM AFFECTION.—A raw Yankee was once asked if a certain married couple of his acquaintance lived happily together; to which he replied: "By hokey! I guess they dew—you could'nt separate 'em with a *beetle and wedge!*"

Good pickles, it is said, may be made of Ruta-Baga. Peel, slice, boil, and put them in vinegar and chuck them out of the window.

SHINGLE PIE.—A writer in the Farmer's Cabinet recommends that shingles be well soaked in lime water forty-eight hours previous to using.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.—Magliabechi, the Florentine librarian, remembered every book in every library which he had seen, as well as the place of every book in every book-case. Moreover, of the thousands of volumes he had read, he could refer to any particular volume or page, where any subject, or argument, or suggestion was to be found. So celebrated in this respect did he at length become, that he was constantly referred to by learned men as a kind of index to the stores of almost every library in England.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.—These are small globules or pear-shaped bulbs, blown in thin glass, and each pierced by two opposite holes, by which it is strung. They are afterwards prepared in such a manner as to greatly imitate the rounded and brilliant concretions, reflecting the irrisdiscent colors which are found in certain bivalve shells, such as the pearl, muscle, &c., and which bear the name of oriental pearls.

COMPLIANCE WITH MATERNAL ADVICE.—"George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you," were about the last words of advice which Washington received from the lips of his mother; and they appear to have been strictly complied with.

THE VIOLIN.—This instrument seems to have been in general use in France, earlier than in Italy, Germany or England. The first great violin player, however, on record, was Baltazarini, an Italian, who was taken to France by Catharine de Medicis, in 1577.

THE HUMAN FRAME.—Man has 60 bones in his legs and thigs, 62 in his arms and hands, 66 in his head, and 67 in his trunk. He also has 434 muscles in the structure of his body, and his heart has 3840 pulsations in the space of an hour.

RICHES AND POVERTY.—There is no fortune so good but it may be reversed, and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds, may set in splendor; and that which rises in splendor, may set in gloom.

SPEED OF ANIMALS.—An elk will run a mile in four minutes, and an antelope in one minute.—The wild mule of Tartary is still more fleet than the antelope.

IMPERTINENCE.—This originates either from the want of mind enough to speak well, or judgment enough to keep silent.

THE SLOTH.—Though this is a large and a strong animal, yet it can travel only 50 paces in a day.

THE OYSTER.—The only impulse an oyster possesses, arises out of its power of opening and shutting its shell.

THE PHOLUS.—This shell-fish, by means of a fleshy substance, has the power of perforating the hardest marble.

IMITATION OF MOTIONS.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion except that of flight.

BEAUTY OF THE WAVE.—The only thing in nature which is most beautiful at moment of its dissolution, is a breaking wave.

EXTREME OF BIRDS.—The ostrich is the largest bird known, and the humming-bird the smallest.

THE EYE.—The eye is the feature by which genius is most truly asserted.

WOMAN.

To judge of woman, it is not enough to view her as a being formed for society, and occupying that sphere for which she was manifestly designed; for this is the condition allotted to every being in the universe. But woman, in the destiny which she was created to hold among surrounding intelligents, may be compared to the imbedded gem which reflects lustre upon associated objects when the mine is opened to the light of the sun. Without the beautiful attractions of woman, shedding on all around her the charms of her loveliness, and illuminating what would else be dark and cheerless, the character of the sterner sex would develope but the qualities which belong to man in a state of barbarism. The infant mind would have no plastic power, it would be under no bland influence, to mould it into intelligence, and present it with inducements to gather mental food from the resources of nature. Without the kind offices of woman, no endearments would mingle with domestic concerns to chasten the heart and make it the seat of delightful emotions; man would cultivate a rough, uncourtly character, without any prospect of refinement.

Let woman withhold her influence, and human society would change its condition so materially, that, instead of those links of affection, sympathy, benevolence and love which now hold it together, and brighten in the sunshine of woman's loveliness, the chain would be severed by discord and violent commotion, and confusion take the place of order and beauty.

Who could dispense with woman's kind offices in sickness? The balm of sympathy which she administers, is then as refreshing to the heart, as to the eye of the traveler is the oasis of the desert, or water to alleviate his thirst. And when death sends his summons, its terrors are alleviated by the endearments and consolations of woman, and the last sigh is but the breathing out of life without a pang.

☞ An *elderly* young lady in Boston has sued a schoolmaster in that city for a breach of promise. She inferred the contract from the fact that he had taken tea at her house twice a week for ten years.

DREAMS.—These may be produced by whispering into the ears when a person is asleep.

FROG STORY.

In the last number of the Farmer's Monthly Visitor, (Gov. Hill's paper, at Concord, N. H.) a correspondent narrates the following curious occurrence; showing that frogs are adepts at 'wrestling at arm's length:'

"A few days since, while standing beside a wall, I heard a splashing in the water on the other side. Looking over, I saw about eight feet from me two bullfrogs apparently wrestling. They stood up on their hind legs—took fair hold at the back with their arm, (or fore legs if you please) and tripped and twisted round just like two men in wrestling. Sometimes one would get thrown, then the other. I saw them at this play ten or fifteen minutes. They certainly were not fighting, for neither were hurt The water was two or three inches deep, just up to their knees; as soon as one gave the other a fall, he would jump off, and both would stand up and take hold again."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a man to a friend who walking with him in his garden and stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said he, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it out."

ECONOMY.—In these hard times people will save the expense of a toothpick by using the fork at the table, when they have done eating.

To kiss ladies' hands, after their lips, as some do, is like the little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to on the pairings.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

MOUNT HOPE.

What spot on earth is better calculated to draw forth the finer feelings of the human heart, than this receptacle of the dead! How many cold and lifeless forms, whose memory is still linked to earth by the strongest ties of affection, lie mouldering in that sacred place, who once possessed life and animation, who once were the leading stars of the circle in which they moved, who once flirted the gayest of the gay, but who have been cut down in the very noon-tide of life, and conveyed to that hallowed place, there to rest until the last trump shall sound and they shall burst the bars of death and walk forth to the burning bar of Him who "searcheth the hearts and tryeth the ways of all men."

Visiting this sacred spot a few days since, I took a seat amongst some shrubbery and was contemplating the surrounding scene, when I saw looking around, a very pretty female, plainly but neatly attired, but whose countenance bespoke melancholy feelings within. She was evidently in search of something, and having wandered about for some time, she approached a tomb stone, and covering her face with her hands, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. Having recovered from the first emotion, she dried her tears and raising her eyes to Heaven, she poured forth the fervor of her soul to the Almighty Ruler, in a tone and language that plainly indicated the sincerity of the heart from which it came. Pressing her lips to the marble slab that "marks the spot," she walked away with a slow step and melancholy countenance. At a short distance, she joined the little party with whom she came, and vainly attempted to be lively and cheerful, but the smile that occasionally played upon her countenance, was forced there but for a moment, and passed away to be succeeded only by a still deeper melancholy.

I left the Mount, fully convinced that if there was pure affection to be found in this unfeeling and deceitful world, it is in the bosom of that being who can with a clear and unstained conscience, pour out her soul with sincerity to that ever-watchful Deity, at the shrine of a mother's grave!

L. W.

PETRITIED BUFFALO.—This extraordinary curiosity was discovered about two years since, by a party of trappers, belonging to Captain Rent's company, lying on the side of one of the beaver dams of the Rio Grande of the north, (a stream emptying itself into the gulf of California,) whose waters it is said possess the petrifying qualities in an eminent degree, its shores abounding in specimens of animal and vegetable productions in a petrified state. The petrified buffalo is seen by those who have seen it, to be as perfect in its petrifaction as when living, with the exception of a hole in one of its sides, about four inches in diameter, around which the hair has been worn off, probably by the friction of the water, in which it must have lain for ages past, to have produced such a phenomenon. The hair on the hump of the shoulders, neck, forehead and tail, though converted into almost a smooth surface, may be easily discerned. The horns, eyes, nostrils, mouth and legs, are as perfect in the stone as in their pristine state.

The country in which this rare specimen was found, is inhabited by the Esteaux, a roving tribe of savages, who subsist, a great portion of their lives, on insects, snakes, toads, roots, &c. This tribe being particularly hostile to the whites, renders the acquisition of this curiosity, not a little hazardous; notwithstanding this and many other difficulties to be surmounted, such as distance, expense, &c., our enterprizing citizen, Capt. Charles Rent, contemplates procuring and bringing it to the U. States with him during the ensuing autumn.

Lawyer W. while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night exclaimed, "of all 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.*"

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

ORIGIN OF HOPE.

BY N. R. SMITH.

When nature's Architect, primeval cause,
Had framed this system and established laws,
Man, god-like being, of celestial birth,
Was destined to improve the teeming earth,
His Maker's image on his soul impressed,
A holy flame enkindling in his breast,
A native dignity, a spotless mind,
With all the virtues in his soul combined,
Marked him devoted to protect and bless
And crown the earth with joy and happiness,
In those blest bowers of innocence and ease,
Where Eden's perfumes filled the sportive breeze;
Where fruit more fair than Siphnos' plains supply,
With varied hues regaled the eager eye;
Where crystal streams in smooth meanders flowed,
And fertile vales with rich luxuriance glowed;
Where all the charms which nature's smiles impart,
The mind enraptured, and inspired the heart;
In this blest Paradise ennobled man,
His bright career of happiness began.
But ah! how transient was the blissful hour!
How short the heaven within his natal bower!
With winning speech and bland, alluring smiles,
Consummate art and deep, seducing wiles,
The arch deceiver from his bowery cell,
Induced incautious Adam to rebel!
Ah! luckless moment! sad reverse of fate!
Accursed the fiend that marred his happy state,
For bliss brought wo, his confidence betrayed,
And left him speechless, trembling and dismayed!
At man's revolt kind nature spread alarms,
Concealed her blushes, and withdrew her charms;
The orbs of heaven their light but half unveiled,
And solemn silence o'er the scene prevailed,
Where Eden bloomed appeared a desert wild,
And none but satan o'er the ruin smiled.
Condemned in conscience and with fears distressed,
By Heaven deserted and with woes oppressed,
In cheerless solitude and dismal gloom,
Rebellious man foresaw his threatened doom;
In future years beheld an unborn race,
By sin depraved and ruined by disgrace,
Consigned to infamy and doomed to share,
With rebel fiends, perdition and despair.
In awful pomp the Deity arrayed,
Proclaimed his justice and his wrath displayed.
Around his throne the bright, angelic throng,
Their lyres unstrung, and ceased their rapturous song,
Deplored the nameless ills for man ordained,
And blessed the justice that his guilt arraigned.
Mercy, the chief, empyreal of the train,
Whose peace the base revolt of man had slain,
Approached the throne, the catalogue surveyed,
Wept o'er his doom and at the altar prayed;
Drew to her breast the fate of future years,
Sighed, agonized, and drenched the throne with tears.
The Father smiled. His smiles the angel caught,
And o'er the scene a varied aspect wrought,
"Let mortals have," she cried, "an ample scope,"
And gave to man a steadast anchor—HOPE.

From the Vicksburgh Sentinel.

LEAP YEAR.

'Tis leap year—'tis leap year—indeed it is true,
And gentlemen now have got nothing to do.
What a comfort that ladies can do as they will;
They can smile at a beau, or give him a chill!

If we "pop the question," why you must say "yes;"
If we should propose it, must give us a kiss.
Ye "lords of creation" must now go to school,
And ladies will teach you how you ought to rule.

Young Cupid has long been preparing his darts,
And he shall now bring them to your stubborn hearts.
At our word of command his arrow shall fly,
And his motto shall be—"I will conquer or die!"

You earnestly beg to have "three days more grace,
That the cords of your hearts, you tighter might lace."
But all your precautions in that will not do,
For, as sure as you live, there's an "arrow for you."

We can have no mercy, for you have shown none,
And the days of your triumph are over and gone;
At the altar of Venus we've lighted our flame,
And a cordial submission is all that we claim.

Old bachelors, widowers, young men and all,
At the touch of our flame you are sure to fall;
From conquest to conquest we'll certainly go,
Till all men acknowledge we have not ONE foe.

The doctors no longer can mix up their pills—
The lawyers, dear creatures, must lay by their quills;
All trades and professions must be at a stand,
Now ladies have taken their hearts in command.

Our talented "Sentinel," too, must resign,
And if thou should'st fall, ah! do not repine,
'Tis woman who bids thee to "stand and deliver,"
If thy heart is at home, 'tis that thou must give her.

Vicksburg, Jan. 1, 1840. ELLEN ELMER.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"The Lord will Provide."

When forth from thy kindred thou launchest alone,
'Mid the tempest of life on an occan unknown,
Thy course undirected, thy vessel untried,
Then look to thy pilot, "the Lord will provide."

Tho' clouds of adversity darken thy day,
And Hope e'en withdraws her last comforting ray,
'Mid darkness the deepest, in Jesus confide;
His promise is steadfast, and he "will provide."

When tempted to wander away from thy God,
His name to deny, to repine at his rod,
O, haste, ere he leave thee; believe, and confide
In Him who has promised thee, "*I will provide.*"

When the billows of Jordan thy frail form shall lave
Thou may'st smile at the tempest, and welcome the wave;
For above the dark waters, and near at thy side,
Still shall whisper thy Saviour, "the Lord will provide."

CORNELIA.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE FRIEND.

How tender yet how strong the chain
That ties the friend!
It binds through woe and grief and pain,
'Till life doth end.

If sorrow's cloud or fortune's beam
Hangs dark or glows,
Still round his heart the genial stream
Of friendship flows.

If joy and hope along his way
Their pleasures strew,
And make his youth one gladsome day,
Still is he true.

Sad silver-winged time may sweep
Across his brow,
And every auburn lock may steep
In spotless snow:

Still days declining cannot tear
The sacred string,
Nor o'er the ties of friendship bear
Oblivion's wing.

Woodhouse, U. C. W. G.

From the Ladies' Companion, for August.

'MID THE HILLS.

BY RODNEY L. ADAMS.

Beneath me are the rock-bound streams,
Around me are a hundred hills,
Above, a flood of golden beams,
That all the earth with glory fills.

Birds, on their light, unfettered wings,
Are thronging ev'ry bush and dell;
While each, a minstrel, happy, sings,
And all in blissful union dwell.

Eternal One, how great thy love!
Thy power let all the earth proclaim!—
Below, around,—in heav'n above,
Ten thousand transports speak thy name.

Oh, here, 'mid nature's majesty,
Within this wild, primeval dome,
Where *thought* seems echoed back from Thee,
Let breath and pulse Thy presence own.

'Mong rock and stream, from human strife,
Where untaught music deeply thrills;
I'll muse of Thee, great King of Life,
And praise Thee, 'mid Thine ancient hills.

Rochester, July, 1840.

A CHAMBER SCENE.

She rose from her troubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together press'd—
Her blue eye sheltered on its lid—
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose fall upon the earth did press
Like a snow-flake, soft and mute;
And there, from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her light and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy at thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper need have WE?
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

On the Death of Miss F. M. Bingham.

In early youth she pass'd away; Mother!
Could'st thou not, with all thy tender love,
Restrain thy fond one's flight? ah no;
She had finished her course; her Father
Took her to himself: with this cold world
She has done forever! No more clouds
Of sunshine, or sadness shall shadow her
Brow. All is peace—peace:—How lovely
The repose of early youth, 'tis but a quiet
Slumber.
* * * * She passed a few brief years
Of brightness: beloved by all—resembling a bird
Of swift passage—who could stay her?
Could not a sister's or a brother's watchful
Care?—not all the love of earth? the
Rainbow visions of early youth? Hope's fitful
Dreams? nought could stay the king of
Terrors, or cheat him of his prey. Relentless
Death! why are thine arrows ever levelled
At earth's fairest, most cherished ones?
But wast thou indeed terrible to her?
She hailed thee with a smile. Her Father,
God, had smooth'd the passage—had
Robb'd death of its sting, and pointed
To fairer world's than this—mansions of rest,
Prepared for those "who die in the Lord."
Consumption came with its
Insidious form, and marked her for its
Own! Long she strove against the unknown
Guest, but vainly; even while mingling with
The gay throng—(she gayest of the number,)
'Twas there—watching its unconscious prey.
At length her frail form was stretch'd
Upon the couch of sickness; and her anxious
Friends were led to ask themselves, could it
Indeed be so! was there no remedy? They
Tried a more congenial air—'twas vain.
From day to day they saw her sinking
Gently into the arms of death. She murmur'd
Not—uttered no complaint; but calmly
And sweetly resigned herself to sleep;—
Committed her spirit into the hands
Of Him who gave it. G. M.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—A schoolmaster in Texas advertises that he "is prepared to teach the *juvenile undergrowth* of that country how to shoot."

There is no such thing as perpetual tranquility of mind while we live here, because life itself is but motion, and can never be without desire, nor without ear, no more than without sense.

"Unveil, O Thou who gives susttenance to the world, that face of the true Sun, which is now hidden by a vase of golden light; so that we may see the truth, and know our whole duty.—*From the Veda.*

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—Near Fort Lavenworth, in Platte co., Missouri, is the grave of a distinguished Pottawatamie chief. The editor of the Hannibal Monitor has often seen members of the tribe standing in sad silence before it. In the long summer nights, from night-fall to day-break, a bird unknown except by some of the woodsmen, pours out a melancholy strain of music. The Indians say it is the "spirit bird," hanging over the tomb of the chieftain.

MARRIAGES.

On the morning of the 17th inst. in this city, by the Rev. Pharcellus Church, Mr. WILLIAM HENRY MYERS, to Miss CHARLOTTE ANN DANA, all of this city.

At Jackson Hill, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thornton, Daniel Gold, Esq., of Delhi, New York, an assistant clerk in the House of Representatives of the United States, to Miss Mary Ann Kendall, daughter of the late Postmaster General.

In Auburn, by the Rev. Isaac Crabb, at the residence of Abijah Fitch, on the evening of the 17th instant, Mr. Philip Thurber, of Rochester, to Miss Frances Elizabeth Choate, of that village.

In Auburn, on the the 12th instant, by Rev. L. E. Lathrop, D. D. Mr. Michael P. Foot, to Miss Emeline, daughter of David Arne, Esq., all of that place.

On the 27th July, at Indianapolis, (In.,) by the Rev. J. B. Britton, John H. B. Nowland, merchant, to Miss Amelia B. Smith, daughter of Justin Smith, Esq., formerly of Rochester, New York.

In Springwater, on the 30th ult., Mr. James Ingalsbe, to Miss Sarah A. Marion, both of that place.

On Saturday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Storer, at the Syracuse House, Mr. William Winton, to Miss Jane Wilson.

In Lima, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Seager, Mr. C. Bolles, to Miss Harriet Seeley, both of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary.

On the 6th inst., by the Rev. G. S. Boardmen, Mr. Thos. Stoddard, to Miss Elizabeth Woollard.

On the morning of Thursday, the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Dr. HENRY A. DE FOREST, to MISS CATHERINE S. SERGEANT, all of this city.

On the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Joseph Marriott, of Michigan, to Miss Ann Fox, of this city.

At Medina, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Stokes, Mr. J. PESHINE SMITH, of the house of White and Smith, St. Louis, Missouri, to SUSAN, eldest daughter of Wm. Barker, Esq. of the former place.

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A FEW TRIBUTARY LINES,

Occasioned by the sudden death of Mrs. ELLEN MARIA ELLIS, cut off at a period when hope and happiness seemed to parry the premonitions of so solemn, yet to her, still happy an event.

Ah! ruthless Death!
Again we feel thy sway
Snatching the flower away,
Which seemed but just op'ning its petals to bloom—
Pluck't when the breeze was lightest,
Pluck't when the sky was brightest,—
From the loved ones of earth to the damps of th' tomb!
Ah Death! thine was a cruel taste,
That pass't the hemlock on the waste,
This lovelier flower to spoil.
Yet tell me, sister! what the dream that played within thy breast,
When these gay wrinkles on thy cheek were by his hand imprest,
And left thee thus to smile!
Ah! 'twas a Mother's dream of joy,
That floated round her infant boy,
Impress'd thy dying kiss,
Then breathed away
Like th' lute's last lay,
For brighter scenes of bliss!

Sister, farewell!
Soon, soon shall we meet thee,
Where angels now greet thee,
To mingle our voices again with thine own!
Where th' tremulous fear
And th' dark rolling tear
Shall be lost 'mid the joys that encirle the throne!
Thou art now Emmanuel's bride,
Happy at our Saviour's side,
Thy God, thy friend, thy guide!
Yet have we dropt upon thy brow a briny tear,
If haply that loved spot the greedy worm may spare,
Devouring all beside!
And thus corruption shall have proved
How much, how deeply thou wert loved!
Now hear fond murmuring from th' shore
Our last "farewell,"
Yet all is well,
For soon we'll meet to part no more!

Rochester, August, 1840. J. D. R.

From Bentley's Miscellany for August.

The True Story of the Merchant's Ward.

Proving the Truth of the old Saw, that when one Door shuts another opens.

THE MERCHANT.

It is veritably reported of a certain sapient philosopher, that he one summer's day took with him a large flask of Venice glass in the sunshine, and filling it with the rays of light, corked it up, and carefully enwrapping it in the ample folds of his cloak, took it incontinently to his cell, expecting that on the arrival of the night he might use it as a substitute for his lamp! Disappointment was, of course, the only result he obtained from his experiment.

As difficult have other men found it to catch and confine the subtle rays of beauty. Lattices, *jalousies*, and dark chambers have alike proved useless and unavailing, and the beams of loveliness have struggled into liberty despite every precaution.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

and "Catch a weasel asleep," were the favorite sayings of the thrifty Master Morton Hardinge, one of the luckiest traders in the city of London, (for he really possessed but a very small complement of brains,) and his richly laden argosies were continually traversing the seas, bringing great gains to his growing exchequer.

Being a man of good repute and known wealth, he was above the suspicion of wrong; his ample means, like unto many another rogue in gram, placing him, fortunately for his soul's health, above temptation.

Among his friends—such friends as wordly men may claim—was one master Robert Dormer, who in his day had been a trader of some eminence; but having amassed a considerable fortune, retired, upon the death of his spouse, from the care and turmoil attending upon commerce, and spent the remnant of his days in the society of his only daughter Agnes.

Scarcely, however, had she attained her tenth year, when ruthless death snatched from her her indulgent parent, bequeathing her to the trust and guardianship of Hardinge, as well as the whole of his wealth, of which Agnes was not to become mistress until she arrived at the ripe age of twenty-four. In the management of the fortune, Hardinge found both pleasure and profit; but in the management of Miss Agnes, he discovered neither—the cause whereof will be satisfactorily shown.

THE WARD.

Agnes Dormer was as wild as a young fawn, and as graceful withal. Under the eye of her indulgent parent she had grown at will, unpruned and unimproved, flourishing with all the beauty and luxuriance of an untrained vine. Nature had, unfortunately, bestowed upon her such perfections both in mind and body, that even education, or the want of it rather, could not entirely efface her good qualities. She possessed a quick and playful wit, that, like sunshine to a landscape, threw a charm over every conversation in which she joined. She acquired knowledge without an effort; and even the cold and calculating guardian avowed that she was superior to his best clerk in the attainments of reading and writing, rendering him when in the humor, the most valuable assistance in the arrangement of his accounts.

And had he been a votary of the sea-born Venus, instead of the earth-born Plutus, he certainly would have become enamored of his beautiful ward; but in the love of gold was concentrated all the best affections of his nature.

Being unmarried—for the expense of a wife and family affrighted his prudence—Agnes had no one of her sex to commune with, except the servants of his establishment, which, in his pride, he certainly kept up with a due regard of his rank and wealth.

As Agnes grew to womanhood, Hardinge naturally conceived there was some danger of his ward's forming an attachment which might prove detrimental to, and nip the fruits of his productive guardianship in the bud; he therefore secretly resolved to take every precaution to prevent the occurrence of such a calamity.

THE NURSE.

With due caution Hardinge sought for and selected a matron, whose age and ugliness would have alone recommended her as the very flower of duennas to the most suspicious don in Hispania.

Under the title of nurse, he introduced this elderly female to his household, who was henceforth to be the dragon in the garden of Hesperides. Her very appearance at the first introduction seemed to have an influence upon the light-hearted Agnes; for, to the astonishment of Hardinge, she accosted her with so much gravity, and such a quiet and chastened demeanor, that the merchant was delighted.

This satisfaction, however, was speedily destined to be a little troubled. Seizing an opportunity when she was alone with him—"Uncle," said Agnes, for so she usually styled her guardian, "Uncle, methinks of all virtues, economy is one of the best, seeing that it is one of the most productive."

"Well said, and wisely, child," replied Hardinge.

"And therefore," continued Agnes, gravely, "if I can prove you one of the most economical of men, uncle, you must consequently be one of the best."

"In what mean you, child?" demanded Hardinge.

"In the pickling department of your housewifery," replied Agnes. "By'r Lady! the saving of vinegar by the introduction of Nurse Beatrice must prove enormous; for truly, methinks, uncle, one sour look of hers will suffice to pickle a whole jar of cucumbers."

Hardinge was confounded, and before he could summon up courage to parry this sportive thrust, the lively Agnes had beaten a retreat to the music of her own laughter.

THE COMPACT.

Beatrice proved to Agnes the very shadow of beauty; for neither at home nor abroad did she stir but the lynx-eyed nurse was at her heels. All her good humor, however, proved insufficient to shield her against the depressing effects of this annoyance; and she resolved, with that decision which was such a remarkable feature in her character, at once to express her mind upon the subject.

The old woman was industriously plying her needle, while the light-hearted Agnes was listlessly turning over her tablets.

"Sweet nurse," said she, "methinks thou hast remarkably good eyes."

"Our Lady be praised!" replied the nurse, reverently, "my sight *is* good."

"And thou canst, doubtless, see as far through a millstone as most folks, I trow," continued her charge.

"Sooth can I!" said the old woman, with a knowing shake of the head, and attempting what she intended, poor soul! for a smile, but which degenerated into nothing more nor less than an awful grin!

"And thou hast an eye to thy interest in the service thou hast taken of my very worthy and worshipful guardy?"

"Well, well, child," said the nurse, "I believe I *do* know on which side my bread's buttered."

"A good saying—and I'll match it with another—fair words butter no parsnips; and therefore, nurse, will I without phrase inform thee, that I am not only rich, but free—nay, I love liberty as much as any little bird of the air, and feel that being caged would kill me outright. Besides, I am too great a baby to be put into leading strings; it is now some years since I bade farewell to them and the go-cart."

"Tut, tut, sweet!" cried Beatrice; "what *art* thou driving at?"

"None are so blind as those who won't see," answered Agnes, archly; "there's another of thy favorite proverbs for thee. Now, mark me—I would that thou shouldst practise this same wilful blindness in respect to my actions."

"Dear, sweet, good lady, what dost thou mean?"

"This—that when we are walking abroad, and thy wary eye should chance to see some gay young cavalier kiss his hand to me———"

"Very improper!" exclaimed the nurse.

"Very," said Agnes; "and therefore shut thy virtuous eyes against the impropriety, and consequently there will be no need of reporting the naughty impertinence of these gallants to my af-

flicted guardy. Let me alone suffer the indignity, and, depend on't, I'll bear it like a woman; knowing that, sooner or later, I shall meet my reward."

The heiress then proceeded to inform Beatrice that she would act as she pleased in despite of all opposition; that she was fully persuaded of the sordid reasons her guardian had for keeping her secluded: and finally, that if Beatrice did not become perfectly neuter in the struggle, she would torment her continually, and lead her such a dance that she should rue the day when she had undertaken the office of a spy; on the contrary, that if she would only be conveniently blind and deaf, as became a woman of her years and discretion, she would patronize her, and told her to calculate the advantages.

The old woman was certainly staggered; but a little consideration offered by Agnes, made duty kick the beam.

THE PAGE.

Master Gerard Wynstone was the son of an opulent wine merchant; in the matter of dress, an ape; and in the quantity of brains, a veritable donkey. No saunterer in St. Paul's attracted more notice, for he was a most egregious fop.

This youth, by reason of his wealth and expectations, had been greatly favored by Master Hardinge, who regarded him as an excellent match for his ward, and he, consequently, often sat at the board of the merchant. As for the youth, not less ordinary than vain, he was perfectly smitten with the charms of the amiable Agnes.

In allusion to his father's calling, she named her suitor the Knight of the Wooden *Cask:* complained that his *port* was very well for a wine merchant; and, in fine, made a *butt* of him!

Her wit and her raillery failed in driving her awkward suitor to despair, or from her presence. The fact is, the love of Agnes retained him, and love of interest, Master Hardinge; for it was perfectly understood that the latter was to receive a handsome "commission" upon the delivery of his beautiful ward and her fortune into the hands of Wynstone.

Taking his customary stroll in the forenoon in the busy aisles of St. Paul's—at that period serving as a kind of 'change, where the merchants and traders of the city resorted to transact their affairs—the youth was beckoned aside by a smart page in the livery of Hardinge.

"Well, Andrew?" said Wynstone.

"Step aside, Master Wynstone," said the page; "I have that to communicate will glad thee."

"A billet, by'r Lady!" exclaimed Wynstone.

"A billet by *a* lady, from the hands of her page," replied Andrew, cap in hand.

"There's a *noble* for thee," said the elated suitor. "I'll e'en place it in my doublet and read it."

"Hadst thou not, fair sir, better read it first, and place it in thy doublet afterwards? There may, perchance, be some response to the missive."

Wynstone broke the seal, and read the following invitation:

"*To-night, after the hour of vespers, strike thy guitar beneath my window.*"

"Short—very short," said Master Gerard, turning over the laconic epistle.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," said Andrew, with roguish leer, that contained more meaning than the other had wit to comprehend.

"True, good Andrew," replied Wynstone, "I'll not fail—say I'll not fail."

And Andrew skipped away, his hand in his pocket, playing with the *noble.*

"Knave!" exclaimed a voice at his ear, while his arm was rudely grasped—"Thou arrant knave!"

"Ah! what, Master Valentine!" cried Andrew. "What strange men you lovers are!"

"Rather say what great rogues you pages are," retorted Master Valentine, a most elegant youth, and one of those same gay "young cavaliers who kissed their hands to Agnes," when she walked abroad, and who had, moreover, very reasonable hopes that his attentions were favorably received. "Traitor! did I not see thee e'en now deliver a letter to yon dunder headed bumpkin!—a walking popinjay!—the mark of ridicule, at whom every finger points?"

"I confess—I confess," replied Andrew, calmly, "that I did deliver unto his most fine worship a letter indited by the hands of my fair mistress."

"And addressed to him?" cried Master Valentine, in jealous apprehension.

"Nay, there was no address," said Andrew, "except in the delivery thereof."

"Then it must have been intended for me."

"It was—I confess it was," replied Andrew.

"And darest thou tell me this?" cried Master Valentine, raising his walking staff.

"Nay, spare my shoulders," said the page, "for I have spared thine, Sir Valentine, seeing that that very billet contained a thrashing. I do not allude to the up-strokes or the down-strokes in which the fair hand of my mistress hath writ the same; but, of a verity, no more nor less than a sound drubbing. Master Wynstone, depend on't, will receive the contents in full, to his heart's discontent."

"Thou double-tongued, double-faced rogue, explain this riddle!" exclaimed Master Valentine, somewhat appeased, and sorely puzzled.

And Andrew forthwith informed him that Agnes had scarcely written her letter, when her guardian, coming suddenly in, had discovered her before she had superscribed it, and that he took the unfortunate billet, and, summoning Andrew into his presence, with mock politeness, bade him instantly deliver it to the "gallant suitor of Mistress Agnes," who, on her part, strongly but vainly protested against this arbitrary proceeding. But the page on his way overheard Hardinge inform the sturdy porter of his establishment that he suspected "there might be an intruder in the court that night," and ordering him to prepare a couple of stout oaken staves to give him a "welcome," he had taken the liberty to peep into the unfortunate epistle, and wisely concluding from its ambiguous terms that it might suit Master Wynstone as well (or better under the circumstances) as Master Valentine, he had cunningly delivered it accordingly, vowing that he really knew no other gallant suitor, or as such acknowledged at the house, than the aforesaid Master Wynstone.

The lover, of course, loudly applauded, and amply rewarded the adroit and faithful Master Andrew, who gleefully putting up the well-earned nobles, declared that "really serving two masters was not only very easy, but extremely pleasant and profitable withal."

The appointed hour at length arrived, and with it the delighted Master Wynstone and his music, quite perfect in a most bewitching serenade, as crammed with conceits as a wedding cake with confectionary.

The door of the court-yard stood "grinning" most invitingly open, and he stepped in.

But scarcely had he struck an attitude and his guitar, and warbled forth the half of the first stanza of his amatory ditty, when his voice suddenly changed to a squall or shriek, which ran through several bars with shakes and variations altogether quite novel in the vocal art; for the incensed Hardinge, aided by his porter, fell so furiously upon the Knight of the Wooden *Cask*, that his cries alarmed the watch, who rushed pell-mell into the court, with their staves and lanterns, by the light of which the astonished Master Hardinge discovered the woful features of his most dear young friend. Terribly alarmed, he led the tender lover (tender, at least, from the drubbing he had received) into his mansion, and loudly summoned all his household.

But, alas! it proved a night of trouble. Agnes, Beatrice and Andrew were all missing!

A whole week elapsed before the merchant obtained any tidings of the fugitives; and then an applicant, in the person of Master Valentine, formally waited upon the guardian in the character of his ward's husband, for an immediate arrangement of her affairs.

MADAME JEROME NAPOLEAN BONAPARTE—formerly Miss Patterson, of Baltimore—has been spending the summer at the Rockaway Pavilion. It was a son of hers who came out in the Great Western.

The weakness which prompted the late king of Westphalia to desert our young and beautiful countrywoman for the purpose of marrying a German princess, (of Wirtemberg,) has ever elicited for her the sympathy of those who are conversant with the case. His conduct affords a striking contrast with that of his brother Lucien, who indignantly refused to be divorced from his accomplished wife, although the policy of Napolean required it. But Jerome's unprincipled imbecility it seems, could not withstand the flattering prospects of a royal alliance, or the threats of the Emperor, and he was induced to abandon a lovely woman, whom it is said he tenderly loved. —*Brooklyn Daily News.*

FLATTETY.—"Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest."—*Swift.*

From the Knickerbocker for September.

MT. HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

I.

Come hither, ye who fear the grave, and call it lone and drear,
Who deem the burial-place a spot to waken grief and fear;
Oh! come and climb with me this mount, where sleep the silent dead,
And through these winding gravel-walks, with noiseless footstep tread.

II.

Stoop down and pluck the fragrant bud, just opening fresh above
The peaceful bed, where slumbers one who died in youth and love;
Smell the pure air, so redolent with breath of summer flowers,
And take this sprig of evergreen, a pledge for future hours.

III.

See yonder river sparkling through the foliage of the grove,
How gracefully its course doth bend—how still its waters move!
Sit 'neath the branches of this tree, which spread their grateful shade,
To screen a spot for musing thought, or holy converse made.

IV.

Look round this garden of the dead, where creep green myrtle vines,
Where "box" surrounds the sleeper's home, and scented sweet-brier twines;
Where lowly violets open to heaven their tiny eyes of blue,
Filled oft at morn with glittering tears, the drops of early dew.

V.

And now bend upward still your steps, to gain the highest peak,
And let your eyes the view beneath, and distant prospect seek;
O, beautiful! thrice beautiful!—there blended hill and dale,
And here the lofty mansion, with cottage of the vale!

VI.

The city spires, which look to Heaven, in whose high cause they stand,
As guides to point the pilgrim's eye toward the far promised land;
The distant villages that speck with white the wavy green,
And farther still, the deep blue lake, with many a sail is seen.

VII.

Descend again, and pause beside this vine-encircled tomb:
And tell me, is there aught around to fill the heart with gloom?
List to the feathered songsters' notes, that warble from the trees,
And hear the music soft that steals upon the whispering breeze!

VIII.

Oh! say, do not fair Nature's tones awake the soul to bliss?
And does not thought ascend to heaven from such a spot as this?
And e'en the grave, doth not its voice, amid such flowery ground,
Say to the weary sons of earth, "Here sweet repose is found?"

IX.

Mount Hope! thy consecrated walks I never more may tread,
And learn to die, by conning here the lessons of the dead;
Yet sweet 't would be to "rest my flesh in hope" beneath thy sod,
Till the last trump should bid it rise, to see a Father, God!

A MARRIAGE IN TEXAS.—The Houston Star has the following anecdote:

"And man, a hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

The last marriage we have seen, took place yesterday. A *native*, six feet four without shoes, coat sadly dilapidated, and hat badly slouched, came riding in on horseback with his Dulcinea (a fair match in every respect) behind him. He reined up and inquired for the "Square's." We directed him across the street to our worthy neighbor Col. F——. Suspecting from the down-cast but unsteady glances of the *fair* rider, that something unusual was about to happen, we dropped over.

"Is the Square to hum?" inquired our would-be Benedict, stepping into the door, followed by his would-be half. "I presume I am the man you ask for," said the Colonel, pointing to chairs for them to be seated.

"Wal," said the swain, and he seemed a little staggered at the delicacy of his situation, "I want to know if you ever du such things as marry folks?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "do you wish to be married?"

"Wal, I don't care if I do!"—and accordingly, up rose the blushing couple; witnesses being present, the awful and mysterious knot was tied in double quick time. After inviting the company over to the tavern "to take something," and finding the invitation declined, he mounted his horse, and stood for his buxom wife to spring on behind; and the happy pair were soon on their way to *hum.*

From the Knickerbocker for September.

A Second Reminiscence of the Last War.

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again!"

"There appeared to be some *fatality* attending almost all our attacks upon America, during the last war."—*Marryatt.*

About the middle of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, the inhabitants of a little village not far from the mouth of the Genesee river were thrown into a tumult of alarm, by the appearance of the British fleet under Sir J. L. Yeo, off their shores. In the general consternation and confusion, various expedients were "proposed, rejected, suggested again," for ridding themselves of their unwelcome visiter. Some were in favor of an immediate fortification of their dwellings; others thought it more easy to keep them off shore, and prevent their landing, than to defend their families after they had landed. The proposition was at last suggested, by a timid citizen, "to retire," and save what they could in a hurried flight. But stoutly and manfully the good people rejected this shameful proposition, and put their heads together to concoct a plan more agreeable to their sterdy patriotism.

During this time of doubt and uncertainty, it was a moving spectacle to see the "tremblings of distress" which many of the good people exhibited, as the ships of the fleet slowly neared the shore. Mothers shrieked and clasped their infants to their bosoms in fearful anxiety; the little girls cried, while the larger ones looked to their sweet-hearts for protection in this hour of peril. These latter again bluntly declared that they would not run, but would "stick by and see fair play. Let the red-coats come on; we'll meet 'em!" One young gallant, exasperated at seeing the affliction of his lady-love, swore that the British were "a set of rascally, heathenish ragamuffins, good for nothing under God's heavens but to scare women and children!" The more sagacious saw in this move the destruction of their stores, and feared for the result.

Determining at last not to yield without a show of fight, the militia were assembled, men and boys, in all three hundred strong, and occupied an elevated position near the lake, whence they could see all the manœuvres of the fleet. Presently a boat was seen to put off from the commodore's ship. Now let the vallaint soldiers nerve themselves for the contest! But stop! It is a flag of truce! Now our friends are in a worse dilemma than before, being entirely guiltless of any military or naval etiquette, or indeed of military affairs in general, save the regular militia drill. What a predicament! Nobody seemed to know what to do, but every body was of opinion that something must be done. After some deliberation, hastened undoubtedly by the rapid approach of the boat, Lieutenant B—— was delegated to lead a file of men down to the water's edge, and "find out what was wanted."

As this lieutenant is a conspicuous character in this reminiscence, it may not be amiss to give the reader a description of his person, in the words of a back-woodsman: "He was a great favorite among the girls in the village, and had enjoyed a great name in the military line, having commanded a company of volunteers in New Hampshire, before he emigrated to the West. A shrewd yet reckless disposition marked all his actions. A man could'nt get round him, no more than he could choke a lion, and yet he was as free, open-hearted a chap as ever kissed a pretty girl afore she knew it. I've seen him manœuvering the sogers too, when Captain Shute used to be to the widow's a Saturday evening, and could'nt attend to the military exercises." In short, the gallant lieutenant was a universal favorite, particularly among the ladies, who regarded him as their especial guardian and champion, in these tronblous times.

Putting himself at the head of his men, the worthy lieutenant marched rapidly down the hill, and forming a line near the water's edge, awaited the next movement in stern silence. Indeed, he afterward said "that he was'nt so very sure but the fellows in the boat wanted to play 'em a trick, and if there ever was a time when he felt a great responsibility on him, it was then." He did not wait long, before he was hailed by the British messenger: "Is that the way you receive a flag of truce? It is generally the custom to meet without arms, on such occasions."

"Wal!" said the lieutenant, still maintaining his soldier-like position, without turning his head, "I didn't know but you might cut up some devilry or other with our people: howsumdever, as you seem to be a pretty peaceable, well-disposed, well-behaved sort of a fellow, my men may right about face a little ways." So turning on his heel *a la militaire*, he ordered his men to retire a few rods, and hold themselves in readiness for father action. By this time, the boat was close in shore, and the messenger, an officer, as appeared from his uniform, was about stepping ashore, when the Yankee interrupted him:

"I say, hallo, mister! you don't come on this ground, till I know what you 're after! So, jest stay in the boat, and say your say out!"

The Englishman, perceiving that it would be useless to oppose this appeal, resumed his position in the boat, and declared his mission, which was, to demand a surrender of the stores that were concealed there or thereabout, on penalty of instant destruction in case of a refusal. Our officer replied:

"I do n't *know* about that 'ere last part of the business; but I will consult my superiors, and get their opinion on the subject."

Turning to his men, he ordered them to wait, and not "let that chap come ashore till he came back; when," added he, addressing the officer, "I'll report progress, and let you know how we conclude to act." So saying, he marched up the hill, and disappeared among the crowd. After some minutes' conversation with the older inhabitants, and a few young leaders in the little army, he resumed his march down the hill, and placing himself in front of his men, who had awaited his return, agreeably to orders, he delivered himself of the following reply to the demand of the British:

"I am ordered by the General to tell you that we shall keep the stores, until the king shall send a force sufficient to take them away. So, if you want 'em badly, you must get 'em the best way you can.

Somewhat astonished at the reception he had met with, and seeing nothing very inviting in the countenance of the sturdy Yankee, the servant of the kind gave the word to his men, and quickly returned to his ship.

While these occurrences were taking place, the crowd on the hill were suddenly dispersed, and the militia, in regular order, filed off on the left into the brushwood, and marching round to the right, appeared again on the hill, in sight of the fleet, but in a different order, so as to present the appearance of a new company just arrived from another quarter. These again in turn filed off, and immediately another body of men came in directly in front, filed off, and disappeared like the former. These manœuvres were repeated again and again; and the motley uniforms of the citizens, with a great noise of drum and fife, contributed not a little to the deception.

After this had continued a considerable time, the lieutenant remarked, probably being somewhat fatigued with his arduous duties, that "the Britishers did n't seem in any hurry about them stores, and he reckoned that they would take time to consider the matter some, afore they tried it!" And so it proved; for the British commander deliberated a long time before making any apparent movement; and after firing a few guns, with no other effect than to waken the echoes of the dense forests which skirted the lake, and elicit a few screams from the females, he sailed leisurely away; to the no small gratification of the Americans, who feared for the success of their *ruse*. But the final disappearance of the fleet, in the course of the afternoon, quieted entirely the doubts of the most timorous; and they returned to their dwellings, sincerely thanking that Providence, or "fatality," as the worthy captain has it, which had protected them from the destruction that had threatened them.

The evening was spent in joyous festivity, and the agents of this great "fatality" were by no means forgotten in the general joy. Lieutenant B—— was the hero of the day, and nobly he bore his honors; gallantly reaping the reward of his labors in the smiles of the ladies whom he had protected. It is even asserted that he was seen to steal various kisses from the lips of these pretty charmers, in the course of the evening.

G. H. M.

"The trade of blacksmith is one of little labor to himself, inasmuch as most of his work is done by a vice."

THOUGHT.—"Thoughts that the tongue takes hours to tell, glance quick as lightning through the soul."

From the New Yorker.

THE YANKEE O'ER THE SEA.

BY DE WITT C. ROBERTS.

I've sought through England's villages
And 'mong the hills of France,
And trod the plains of Italy,
In search of Beauty's glance;
I've sought 'mong ancient ruins,
And castles old and gray,
To find some being fairer
Than her who's far away.

Yet give me back my beautiful,
My lovely Yankee Girl;
I love her bright and laughing eye,
I love her raven curl,
I love her light and springy step,
Her voice, like Music's thrill;
Where'er 'mid Europe's throng I roam,
That form is with me still.

I've sought 'mong noisy cities,
In bower and in hall,
And met the glance of Beauty
At banquet and at ball:
Yet bear me back from all this pomp
And all this giddy whirl
Of Fashion's proud and painted belles,
To my free Yankee Girl!

The Yankee Girl who's o'er the sea,
On proud Columbia's shore;
Her home embowered 'mong ancient groves—
The Red Man's home of yore—
Where, by our own gay silver streams,
As pure and bright as they,
Methinks she roams, and dreams of him
That's wandering far away,

And soon shall all my wanderings end—
Then, sailing o'er the blue,
Far from the Old World's empire's vast,
I'll seek mine in the New;
For all the wealth and kingdoms broad
O'er which your flags unfurl
Could not estrange the trusting heart
Of my free Yankee Girl.

Then o'er the sea I'll speed away,
Contented with my lot,
Since Sorrow dwells in palaces,
Love in the humble cot;
And, nestled in some happy vale
Upon my native shore,
I'll clasp again my Yankee Girl,
Nor wander ever more!

Rochester, N. Y., June 24, 1840.

The most remarkable instance of longevity, which we meet with in British history, is that of Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish register of St. Leonard's Shoreditch, died on the 28th of January, 1588, at the astonishing age of 207 years. He lived in the reigns of twelve kings and queens; namely: Richard II., Henry IV., V., and VI., Edward IV., and V., Richard III., Henry VII., and VIII., Edward the VI., Mary and Elizabeth. The veracity of this statement may be readily ascertained, by any person who chooses to consult the above register.—*Curtis on Health.*

BOZ'S MADNESS.—The report of Boz's madness originated, it appears, in a pun. Dickens has a pet raven, to which he pays much attention. A friend, who had been visiting him while thus engaged, afterwards informed a mutual acquaintance that Boz was *raven mad*. The mutual friend understood it *raving* mad, and started off to communicate the lamentable intelligence to all his acquaintances. The report soon became general.

SUNSET.—And beautiful is the dying of the great sun; when the last song of the birds fades into the lap of silence; when the islands of the clouds are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day.

HOPE.—"Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superiors."—*Shenstone.*

"He who is always in a hurry to be wealthy, and immersed in the study of augmenting his fortune, has lost the arms of reason and deserted the post of virtue."—*Horace.*

Youth is a great enemy to one's success, and more esteem is often bestowed upon a wrinkled brow than a plodding brain.

MUSIC.—We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon with a touch.

The Philadelphia Chronicle asks if clams sharpen a man's ideas and quicken his ingenuity. There is no doubt of that fact.

ENVY.—Envy is like a sore eye, inflamed by every thing brilliant or dazzling.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE FALSE METEOR.*

What is it that appears
Far, far on high,
Among those shining spheres
That gem the sky?

It glows with vivid light,
And seems to throw
Another charm o'er night,
That reigns below.

Yet no soft, silvery hue
We find is there;
It cannot be a true,
Celestial star.

That fickle, wavering glow
Proves 'tis of earth;
Those bright ones are not so,
Of heavenly birth.

Ah! it has vanished now,
False, fleeting star;
How fit an emblem thou
Of things that are!

Things in this world below—
What man hath wrought,
Is only glittering show,
That comes to nought.

But God's own works divine
Ne'er cease to be;
Yon glorious stars will shine,
Eternally.

A. C. P.

* Seen from our city a few evenings since.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

BY I. R. PERKINS.

She is the working of whose destiny
The man of blood and victory obtained
His more than knightly height.—*The Conqueror.*

When a few centuries shall have thrown their shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon, and given to every thing about him the tinge of romance, the story of his first wife will seem to the student rather a fable than a fact; he will look upon her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a deeper interest; for she, far more truly than her lord, was from first to last, "the child of destiny."

Told, while yet unmarried, that she would be a wife, a widow, and then Queen of France, the entire fulfilment of the first part of the prophecy gave her courage to believe in the last part also when under sentence of death. When her bed was taken from under her because she was to die the next morning, she told her weeping friends that it was not so, that she would sit on the throne, on the ruins of which Robespiere stood triumphant; and when asked in mockery to choose her maids of honor, since she was to be Queen, she did choose them, and they were her maids of honor when half of Europe looked upon her. On that night which was to have been her last on earth, Robespierre fell. Had he fallen a few days earlier, her husband would have lived; and had he fell one day later, Josephine herself would have been among the ten thousands victims whose names we have never heard. But he fell that night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon, and through her and her husband, he was appointed to the army in Italy; step by step they rose, till at last the crown rested upon her head; the second part of the prophecy was proved true; and she begun to look forward to that loss of power and rank which had also been foretold, and which was to close the strange drama of her life. And he that had wedded the child of destiny grew every day more strong and grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition, and chasten his arms; he was an emperor, he wished to find an empire, and by slow degrees he made himself familiar with the thought of putting her away.

When the campaign of 1809 was at an end, hardened and harrowed, the General came back to his wife; his former kindness was gone; his playfulness was checked, he consulted her but seldom, and seldom stole upon her private hours with that familiar love that had made her heart leap. She saw her hour drew nigh.

It was on the evening of the 20th of November, the court was at Paris in honor of the King of Saxony, Josephine sat at the window looking down upon the river, and musing upon the dark fate before her, when she heard Napoleon's step at the door. She sprang to open it, using her usual exclamation, "mon ami!" He embraced her so affectionately that for the instant all her fears and woes seemed vain. She led him to a chair, placed herself at his feet and looking up into his face, smiled through her tears.

"You are unhappy, Josephine," said he.

"Not with you, sire."

"Bah!" said he, quickly, "why call me sire? These shows of state steal all true joys from me."

"Then why seek them?" answered Josephine.

The Emperor made no reply. "You are now the first of men," she continued, "why not quit war, turn ambition out of your councils, bend your thoughts on the good of France, and live at home amongst those who love you?"

"Josephine," said he, turning his head from her, "it is not I; it is France who demands it."

"Are you sure of that, my lord?" said his wife; "have you probed your heart to the bottom? Is it not ambition which prompts you to seek reasons for repudiating me, for think not, Napoleon, I misunderstand you; are you sure it is the love of France?"

Every word that she spoke touched him to the quick; and rising hastily, he replied, "madam, I have my reasons: good evening."

"Stay sire," said she, taking hold of his arm, "we must not part in anger. I submit cheerfully. It is not my nature to oppose your will; I love you too deeply. Nor shall I cease to love you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your throne and your side. If still you go on victorious, I shall rejoice with you. If reverse comes I will lay down my life to comfort you. I will pray for you morning and night, and in the hope that sometimes you will think of me."

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his wife dearly and long; and her submission to his stern resolve; her calm but mournful dignity; her unshaken love moved even him, and for a moment his affection struggled with ambition. He turned to embrace her again. But in that moment her face and form had changed. Her eyes were lit with fire like that of insanity, and her whole person seemed inspired. He felt himself in the presence of a superior being. She led him to the window and threw it open. A thin mist hung upon the Seine, and over the gardens of the palace, all around was silent, among the stars before them, there was one far brighter than the rest; she pointed to it.

"Bonaparte," she said, "that star is mine; to that and not to yours, was promised an empire; through me and my destinies you have risen; part from me and you fall. The spirit of her that foresaw my rise to royalty, even now tells me that your fate hangs on mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth walk asunder, you will leave no empire behind you, and will die yourself in shame and sorrow, with a broken spirit."

He turned away sick at heart, and overawed by the words of one whose destiny had been so strangely accomplished. Ten days were passed away in resolves and counter-resolves; and then the link that bound him to fortune was broken. Josephine was divorced, and, as he said himself, at St. Helena, from that hour his fall began.

Josephine was divorced, but her love did not cease; in her retirement she joyed in all his successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his wild ambition. When the son was born, she only regretted that she was not near in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner at Elba, she begged that she might share his prison and relieve his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence remained as he had left it, she would not let a chair be moved. The book in which he had been last reading there, with the last page doubled down, and the pen which he had last used by it, with the ink dried on the point. When her death drew nigh, she wished to cell her jewels and send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted to his discretion. She died before his return from Elba: but her last thoughts were of him and of France; and her last words expressed a hope and a belief "that she had never caused a single tear to flow." She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body was followed to the grave not only by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty.

Her marble monument only bears this inscription:

"EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE."

What a fund for future writers in her character and fate, and what a lesson to all of us, whether in prosperity or adversity.

Death of the Rev. Timothy Flint.

We find the following account of the late demise of a somewhat celebrated author, in the Salem Gazette of Aug. 21st:

Died, on Tuesday last, in Reading, Mass., at the residence of his brother, of a lingering and painful disorder, Timothy Flint, aged 60, well known in America, and on the other side of the Atlantic, as the author of various works, that have given him a rank among the most distinguished writers of our country. Of a genius highly imaginative and poetical, he united with a vigorous intellect and discriminating judgment, a quick sensibility and warm affections, a vivid perception and enjoyment, a deepfelt and ever-grateful recognition of the author of the beautiful, grand and lovely in nature, of the true and good, the elevated and pure, the brilliant and divinely gifted in human endowment and character; and possessed a rare felicity and power of embodying, in glowing and appropriate language, his impressions of the outward, and what he conceived and felt of the inward and spiritual, world. During the brief period of seven or eight years, in which he exercised his talents as an author, he wrote with a fecundity and frequency of publication scarcely surpassed by the prolific author of the Waverly novels.

His "Recollections of Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi," the work by which he was first known to the public as an author, possesses all the interest of a romance, joined with the feeling that we are reading a true narrative of the author's actual experience, of what he saw and felt, in the adventures and fortunes therein recorded, containing the most graphic and faithful paintings of the scenery and physical aspect of the regions he describes. His "Georgraphy and History of the Mississippi Valley," &c., is a work of great value, containing the best general account of that vast and fertile country, that has yet been given to the public. His novels contain scenes descriptions of surpassing beauty and interest. Some of the finest productions of his pen are to be found in the Western Monthly Review which he sustained, almost alone, for three years. Many beautiful Tales, also, were furnished by him for the different annuals and periodicals of the time.

He left his residence on Red river, Louisiana, last May, in feeble health, hoping to derive benefit from the bracing air of the north. He came to his native place, where his disorder soon assumed symptoms of a speedy and fatal termination. He wrote to his family, that before they received his letter, he should be no longer among the living; which intelligence was so taken to heart by Mrs. Flint, that she was seized with a fever, and died just four weeks before her husband.

"Old Kingsbury" was remarkable for dry humor. As he passed a rye field one morning in August, he saw the *lawyer* of the village surveying his possessions. Says the lawyer—"what makes you carry your head stooping upon your breast, friend K.? You see ME!—I carry mine erect and upright." "Squire," answered Kingsbury, "look at that field of grain! The full ears hang down like mine. But, the empty heads stand up like your own!"

AN INCIDENT.—Amid the thunder and lightning, that lighted up the whole canopy of Thursday night, a lady on board the Cleopatra, Capt. Dusten, from Hartford, was safely put to bed with a son, the "red artillery of Heaven" then flashing in every direction, and the scene awfully sublime. Capt. Dusten was called for a name. He gave it one most appropriate for the occasion,—"Boanerges," the son of Vhunder.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE CLIMAX.—The London Qurterly Review says, "The English pauper is better fed that the independent laborer; the suspected thief receives considerable more food than the pauper; the convicted thief receives still more; and the transported felon receives every day nearly three times as much as the honest peasent!"

A TRUTH.—Bulwer says that pleasure, like the genius in the fable, is the most useful of slaves while you subdue it: the most intolerable of tyrants the moment your negligence suffers it to subddue you.

"Oh mother, said a little child, Mr. S. does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whispers to her and he hugs her." "Why Edward, your aunt don't suffer that, does she?" "Suffer that, yes mother, she loves it."

Lost and Won, or the third Season.

"Yes, he shall propose this season, and then I'll have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him! It will only serve him right."

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes, as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attired for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? of whom thinking? Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn, as the last look was given at the snowy dress, which hung in its lace folds, like summer clouds, around the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at this moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at the shrine; of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance, and tranquilly disapproved her "style." It was insufferable; so Florence determined that her third season should be marked by the conquest of the haughty, high, and handsome earl of St. Clyde; not that she cared for him—oh, no, she was only determined to make him propose; indeed, there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin Emma Neville and herself, on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake, if she failed.

"Have you thought of your wager, Florence?" said Emma Neville, as they descended to the drawing room together.

"To be sure! You think I shall lose it!—I can read your thoughts."

"If he is the St. Clyde of last season, you certainly will," laughed Emma. "That man is invulnerable, Florence."

"*Nous verrons, nous verrons,*" said the beauty; and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant hall! the rich and the noble; the young and the beautiful—all were there; and in the centre of an admiring circle, dazzling conspicuous, stood Florence. She was preparing to waltz with a tall, dark, unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent as to whether he supported that light figure, or that of any one else; this was Lord St. Clyde. Florence on the contrary, was all sparkling gaiety; she was dancing with him for the third time: another moment, and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well: Florence knew her ground, and the game she was playing, and as she passed Emma, the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said, "he is won!" that of Emma, "not yet!"

"I'm afraid you are fatigued," said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

"Oh, no, not much," replied Florence "but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breathe—particularly here."

She was in one corner of the room, the most crowded, and removed from either door or window. "The conservatories are cool," said the Earl, but did not offer to lead her there. Florence was well aware that the conservatories were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees; consequently no spot was ever better suited for flirtation—perhaps for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leant gracefully back, and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was anything but a ball-room man—for though his figure was faultless, and his dancing just enough to show it off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have; he could not pay a compliment if he did not feel it—he would not, if he thought it was expected; therefore, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, jr., he would have been a great bore in society; as it was, he was a most delightful young man—so much proper reserve.

The gallopade in Gustave roused the Earl from a reverie.

"Are you too much fatigued to join in the galloppe, Miss Neville?"

"Oh yes! I never galloppe—it fatigues me so. Is it possible you like that romp, Lord St. Clyde?"

The earl persisted, but Florence would not dance; he persuaded her, but she would not listen; he condescended to repeat the request, and allowed a compliment to escape him; no, Florence was firm; the Earl said no more, but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with her brightest smile.

"I am too selfish, my lord; that galloppe is so inspiring that I cannot resist it."

A change came over the spirit of St. Clyde; he was another creature; and Florence was herself again all triumphant. The next moment the dancers were thrown into confusion, there was a rush towards the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through the crowd towards the conservatories, with a fainting figure in his arms; it was Florence Neville!

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water. "It was my fault!" exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice; "I made her dance—good God, how lovely she looks! she does not revive; what shall we do?"

"Has no one salts?" cried Emma; "call my uncle; I think we had better go home; who has any salts?" The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh, Florence opened her wide beautiful eyes, and started up.

"Was it not well done?"

"Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager; *cusinnnia!*"

"My dear Florence, how you frightened me!"

"Never mind—hush, here they come; now take papa to the ball room for my beaver, and leave the rest to me."

Emma did as she was desired, and forbore to ask any question until they got home; then she anxiously enquired, "did he propose?"

"No! provoking man! but very nearly—did I not faint well?"

"Yes; i will not do, Florence; that man does not care for you."

"Never mind that; he shall propose."

"But you don't care for him."

"*Qui importe?* he shall propose."

"Never."

"I will make him! Remember this is only the first ball of the season!"

Lady Monteagle gave a *fete* at her villa at Putney's. Mr. and Miss Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite boquet, but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing towards her; therefore she prudently droped it into the centre of a large myrtle bush.

"You have no boquet, Miss Neville," was one of his lordship's first remarks; "are you not fond of flowers?"

"Yes, passionately," said Florence, "but I have lost mine; I am sorry, for I fear I shall not easily find another so beautiful."

"Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its placewith this?" was the instant reply. Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the smile was art, but the blush nature—for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her face, and the next moment she found herself walking with him, while Mr. Nevile was speaking to the hostess, whose gaunt daughter was looking very spitefully. Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she had engaged him in an anticipated flirtation.—They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed,

"Do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?"

"No," said Florence, "but it must be very pretty; do you know it my lord?"

"Yes, my heart."

"Then tell me what these mean!" exclaimed the beauty, quite innocently, as she offered him his boquet, which was composed of a white rose, a pink rose bud, some myrtle, and one geranium.—The Earl hesitated, and laughed; then suddenly recovering himself, he said,

"They speak in their simple language, the sentiment that I dare not express."

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—the laugh encouraged the Earl—

"Florence, forgive me, if—"

"Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you everywhere, and here you are, all alone!" cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

"Oh, not alone," said Florence, rather annoyed; "Lord St. Clyde—why where is—"

The Earl was gone.

"Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to-day?" said Emma to her cousin, in the evening.

"Not quite, but as nearly as possible; I declare I will never speak to Sir Percy Hope again."

Time! time! can nothing stay thee!

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had had four proposals; of course she had refused them, although they had not been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. Still she continued her gay and giddy round—till she said, "he shall propose," until the last opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leant back in her box deaf to the strains of the Grisi—regardless of the adulation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gaiety. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them, she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face. It was Lord St. Clyde—those mild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her champion; then winding her cashmere round her, she placed her arm within that of Sir Piercy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell. She said, "not at home" to every one, and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way, as she drew them up.

"Like me, poor harp!" she sighed, "you are sinking, spoiling from neglect."

Suddenly the door opened and a visiter was announced.

"Not at home," cried Florence hastily.

"Pardon me for once if I disobey," said a voice, and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued—"I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come, Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you, a long, perhaps a last farewell."

"Farewell!" said Florence, dropping her harp key; "this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?"

"No," replied the Earl, "I am going to seek in Italy the happiness which is denied me here."

"Italy!" exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires on the Earl—"dear, bright, sunny Italy! my own fair land."

"Is it yours, Miss Neville?" said St. Clyde, eagerly.

"Yes, my lord, Florence was my birth place, and my home for fourteen happy years."

Lord St. Clyde paused—nothing is so awkward as a pause in a tete-a-tete; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said, hastily,

"I will not interrupt you any longer—farewell—perhaps we may meet again."

"Perhaps we may—good by," said Florence, extending her hand—it was slightly, very slightly pressed, and she was alone. For a moment she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the ground, she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's; she turned away, and leaning on the marble slab of the beautiful mirror, she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

"Beauty, beauty!" murmured she, "paltry gift—since it could not win St. Clyde!" And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into tears.

"Florence! my own idolized!" said a voice close to her. She turned and uttered a real, genuine, unartificial shriek.

The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet.

* * * * * * *

"Well, Florence,," said Emma Neville to the Countess of St. Clyde, one day, you must really give me a lesson on proposals; how well you managed your husband's—teach me your art."

"No, no, you are mistaken," laughed Florence; "no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. Take care how you make nets, they never answer; men are shockingly sharp-sighted now."

Last Moments of the Brother of Napoleon.—Berard, the physician who attended Lucien Bonaparte on his death-bed, states that he died as he had lived, a confirmed and consistent Christian, sustained, in the midst of most grievous pains, "by the faith which looks through death." His intellectual faculties seemed to acquire vigor as he approached his end, notwithstanding the functions of his stomach, his sense of touch, of hearing, and of sight, were wholly destroyed. With him, "the mortal" seemed to have "put on immortality" even before the spirit had quitted its frail tenement. Such a triumph is a nobler one than that of Austerlitz.—*Evening Signal.*

The Graces.—As the poets represented the graces under the figures of women, so the furies too. Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art, and care of nature; yet if boldness be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

THE TULIP MANIA.—From the year 1734 to 1737, the tulip speculation raged in Holland to a still greater extent, if possible, than the multicaulis speculation did in this country, two or three years ago. Many of the Dutch, from the greatest to the meanest, disposed of their all to engage in the trade. The tulips sold at a most extravagant price. A Spanish cabinet, valued at £1000, and £300 besides, were once given for one of the *Semper Augustus* variety; and another gentleman sold three stalks of the same flower for £1000. A collection of tulips was sold by the executors of an estate, for £9000, or about $45,000.

PORSON.—This celebrated professor of Greek in the Cambridge University, was a confirmed sot, and when he was so drunk he could not articulate English, he would utter Greek with the greatest fluency. The memory of this man was most remarkable. He has been known to give the product of a sum, of which the multiplicand and multiplier were of nine figures, in one minute, and without the assistance of paper or pencil.

NEW PRINTING PRESS.—In Oporto, Portugal, there is a printing press constructed upon a principle entirely different from any we ever saw or heard of before. The impression is imparted from the types to the paper, by the weight of a large stone, which is raised and lowered by a rope and pully attached to the ceiling!

ORIGIN OF STEAM POWER.—It is said that during the reign of Louis the thirteenth, a man confined in the Bicetre, as a monomaniac, first discovered in the application of the steam of boiling water, a substitute for the power of man and the force of water, in directing various mechanical operations.

A GENTLEMAN.—Whoever is open, generous and true, of humane and affable demeanor, honorable in himself and candid in his judgment of others, is a gentleman; and such may be found in *all* ranks of life.

HISTORY.—We might be taught many useful lessons from history, were we disposed to learn from it. But the light which experience gives, is too often like a lantern on the stern of a boat, which shines only on the waves behind it.

MUSIC.—The late Samuel Taylor Coleridge used to say, that good music never tired him, nor sent him to sleep; but that he felt physically refreshed and strengthened by it. So also used Milton to say.

A ROGUE.—Some writer whose name we have forgotten, nor does it make any difference what it is, defines a rogue as a "roundabout fool—a fool *in circumbendibus*."

EXERCISE.—Last winter two of our fat citizens were scolded at a party by a friend, for their laziness. "Pardon me," said one of them, "I walk twice a day around my great neighbor yonder."

SLEEP.—Men sleep during periods of distressing excitement—felons rest calmly the night before they die—and Indians, in the interval of torture, have slumbered at the stake.

PRIDE OF BIRTH.—This is the most ridiculous of all vanities. It is like roasting the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

GENIUS FEMININE.—Something feminine is discoverable in every man of genius.

ANGER.—An angel incapable of feeling anger, must envy the man who can feel and yet conquer it.

MEMORY.—Memory is the only paradise we are sure of always preserving. Even our first parents could not be driven out of it.

DIFFERENCE OF CHARACTER.—A slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

A MARRIAGE RECEIPT.—If you wish to make a match that will displease all the world, run away with and marry an heiress.

THE HEDGEHOG.—It is said that this animal is proof against all poisons.

The Fire and its Victims.

"Insatiate Archer! could not *one* suffice?
Thy shaft flew twice, and twice *our* peace was slain."

The melancholy death of GEORGE B. BENJAMIN, Jr. and JOHN EATON, two of our estimable young Firemen, who fell a sacrifice to the flames at the destructive fire on the morning of the 26th inst., has called a large circle of acquaintances, and particularly the Fire Company of which they were members, to mourn over the loss they have sustained. The shaft of death is always ready to be discharged by the "insatiate archer," and no one is gifted with the foresight to know who will be the next victim. The cheek which now mantles with the glow of health, is liable to be blanched by the "fell destroyer" before another sun-set. He who moves with buoyant step and animated spirits, is subject the next moment to be shrouded in death. The premature decease of the two amiable young men, for whom we are called to mourn, furnishes proof of the uncertainty of life. Employed in the praise-worthy act of assisting their fellow citizens to check the raging element, at a moment unlooked-for, they were no more.

To the bereaved friends, this dispensation under such painful circumstances, is truly afflicting. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and it is our duty, "where we cannot unravel, to learn to trust."

MEMENTO.

May roses amaranthine deck their urns,
Love crown their memory. They fell when young
Two luckless victims to an early tomb.
In bloom of life, they fell not like the flower
Autumnal, lapsing in an age mature,
But like a lily of the vernal morn,
They bloomed awhile, and faded ere 'twas noon.
Such the mysterious calls of Providence.

To the Editor of the Gem:

Your last paper contains a beautiful piece, which appears to be orignal, entitled "WOMAN." A number of the ladies of Rochester, being together at a party, were so perfectly pleased with the piece alluded to, that they passed a "vote of thanks to the author, (if original,) for the chaste and beautiful manner in which he has represented 'WOMAN' in so few words." CONSTANTIA

Rochester, August 25, 1840.

☞ The Publishers of the GEM avail themselves of this method to gratefully acknowledge the commendation of their semi-monthly, contained in the above note. The piece alluded to is original. To contribute to the rational amusement as well as the literary information and taste of the ladies, is the constant study of the Publishers. They are proud to know their exertions for the attainment of these objects have thus far been successful; and if the periodical in future, sustain the title by which it is introduced into the family sanctuary, (and every effort shall be used so to maintain its character,) it will afford them the most delightful gratification at witnessing the result of their labors.

MORE PEACHES.—T. B. HAMILTON, Esq. presented us, on Monday morning, with a yellow Malacaton peach, 9¼ inches in circumference, from a tree budded in 1835. The average size of the peaches on the tree is 9 inches. The largest peaches exhibited in the show-case of Mr. L. B. SWAN, in 1835, were from Hon. Thomas Kempshall and Mr. R. Harrington, and measured 9¼ inches. The records of the size and description of fruit exhibited in this city 1835, are in the hands of Mr. Bateham, and may afford interest to compare the appearance and description of fruit in that year, with fruit of this year.

ANOTHER.—Mr. Ira Carpenter presented us a Pine-apple Cling-stone peach, on Monday, from his garden on Sophia street, weighing 8 ounces, and measuring 9¼ inches.

LARGER STILL.—After writing the above article, we were presented with a basket of most magnificent specimens of several varieties of the delicious fruit, by Mr. JOHN H. THOMPSON, which were grown in his garden in this city. One of the lot is, as far as our knowledge extends, emphatically *the peach of peaches*. It is of the yellow Malacaton variety, and measures over *ten and one eighth inches in circumference*. Several others in the lot measured nine inches. In richness and variety of color as well as in size, the specimens were a luxury to look upon, and we were much gratified to find that their *internal qualities* corresponded with their *personal appearance*. Altogether the present was one to call for a printer's warmest thanks.

MASTODON.—We last night paid a visit to Mr. Koch's mastodon—and only regret that his skeleton cannot be accommodated with lodgings better suited to his enormous dimensions. He is now in a glass case about nine feet high, and fifteen feet long. The bones are all exhibited, entirely in their proper connection. The bones of the legs and thigs are in their proper position, as also the terrific looking head and jaws. The vertebrae are, however, in three separate places, each, including the tail, about ten feet long. The entire length of the animal is thirty feet—his height fifteen feet. If we recollect that the bulkiest animal known—the elephant—is only nine feet high, and about fifteen feet long, we shall get some idea of the enormous proportions of this huge animal.

Dr. Horner, well known as one of the most distinguished anatomists, if we mistake not, in Philadelphia, has been, within a few days, a frequent visitor at Mr. Koch's Rooms, and has examined with a great deal of care the numerous remains on exhibition there. He is, if we are rightly informed, of opinion that Mr. Koch has succeeded in bring to light a specimen of the *Tetracaulodon*, of Godman—a species whose existence was doubted at the time that distinguished naturalist announced it.

Dr. Horner has been greatly interested by the vertebrae of the animal—which must in so many respects have resembled the human, and which Mr. Koch has taken the liberty to designate as a giant fourteen feet high. If it be the spinal column of a man, he must have been at least fourteen feet high. And if there were "giants in those days," it is no more than we have read of. We presume, however, that the bones in question are a very equivocal guide in this case. We cannot close this statement, without expressing our surprise that Mr. Koch's rich additions to the *Fanna* of this country have excited so little interest at the east. That gentleman, by his indefatigable researches, has contributed more toward clearing up doubtful points, connected with the subject of fossil remains, than almost any other living man in the country. Doubtless, Cuvier, if he were now on the stage, and apprised of Mr. Koch's labors and enthusiasm, would not have been insensible to either. But his recent rare and rich discoveries make about as little impression on all the learned sensibilities of our eastern savans, as if they had been the remains of some stray poodle or grimalkin. So we judge, at any rate, from the notices of the newspapers. Some of them of the "penny-wise" order, think it good matter for a pun, and others, from whom something better might be expected, dispatch it in the briefest possible manner.—*St. Louis Gazette.*

The Deceased Young Firemen.

The following tributes to the memories of the worthy and lamented young Firemen whose death at the late fire in this city, has cast so general a gloom over the minds of the community, we copy from the Evening Advocate of the 27th ult.:

MR. GEORGE B. BENJAMIN, JR.

The untimely death of GEORGE B. BENJAMIN, JR. at the fire on the morning of the 26th inst., together with the circumstances attending it, call for something more than an ordinary notice. His death at any time, even from natural causes, would not only be considered an afflicting event by a numerous circle of relations, but by a large number of associates; and it is perhaps unnecessary to say, that his *premature* death, while in the discharge of his duty as a Fireman, has lacerated the hearts of all who knew him.

In October, 1837, in connexion with a number of other young men, he assisted in the organization of Bucket Company No. 1, the first of the kind ever formed in this city. He was one of its most active members—never absent from his post, unless detained by circumstances over which he had no control. He acted as a private member until February 5th, 1839, when he was elected Foreman of the Company, which office he held until his term expired, when he tendered his resignation and again entered the ranks. He continued in the Company until July, '39, when it was disbanded.

In September of the same year, he joined Fire Co. No. 1; and it is no disparagement to the members of the other Companies to say, that a more active Fireman could not be found in the Department. At the sound of the tocsin, he was promptly at his post; and on more than one occasion, previous to his death, he has exposed his life to scorching blaze, on the giddy height, or beneath *the crumbling walls!*

At the fire this morning, previous to his descent into the river, he was unusually active. His voice was often heard above all others, urging his companions '*To the Rescue*,' exerting himself, for the last time, in the cause he had espoused, and manifesting a disposition to do every thing in his power for 'other's good.' When ordered to descend the ladder into the river, with the pipe, he promptly complied. Ah! little did he think that DEATH would meet him there, or that he was descending to a watery grave!

Those who are acquainted with him during his life, can bear witness to the many virtues he possessed. Kind and affable in his disposition—cautious in his demeanor—he was universally beloved by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance. He seemed to think the friendships he formed below were *binding*—never to be broken. He was *generous*—rather receive than do an injury. He was *liberal*—though young, the poor *never* applied to him in vain. He was forgiving—rather receive an enemy in open arms, than spurn an offer of reconciliation.

But he has gone! And the memory of his virtues will live in the hearts of many, long after his body shall have mouldered in the tomb. '*Requiescat in pace!*' S.

Rochester, Aug. 27, 1840.

MR. JOHN EATON.

Beyond the pecuniary losses sustained in consequence of the late fire, are the wounds inflicted upon the hearts of friends to the deceased. Destruction of property may be even more than remedied; but what change can restore to the arms of affection, those who are lost—never more to cheer survivors by their presence, or to mingle in the transactions of human life!

Mr. Eaton, the subject of these remarks, was an individual whom to know, was highly to esteem. Though in the spring-time of his existence, many are the friends who deplore his fate. To them it will be a melancholy pleasure to reflect, that a life, though short, yet adorned by virtues which shone even more brightly in private than in public, will long preserve his memory unwithered by any blight of time, in many a bosom now filled with sad but vain regrets. He was a member of the Methodist Church in this city, by whom the early promises he gave of future usefulness, were appreciated and admired. His widowed mother resides in Ogdensburgh, where a sister of his died last week; and additional bereavement will make her residence also a "house of mourning." The Fire Department of this city, need not be reminded of his worth.

But, farewell, *friend of a happier day*, farewell! When we pay our last tribute to all that remains of one so beloved, the tears of sensibility will be freely shed. And often in the days of our future pilgrimage, will the recollection of this departed one, remind us that all on earth which is bright, must fade, and that the most cherished bonds of affection may be sundered. H.

☞ On the last page of the Gem, will be found a number of poetical articles on this subject.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A FRAGMENT.

On the Agawam (Ipswich) river, which flows through the orient section of Massachusetts, and is remarkable for its beautiful meandering and delightful scenery diversified along its banks, stands an ancient and venerable situation, which has descended in a hereditary lineage during *two hundred* years. For its elevated and romantic view, it is inimitably beautiful; but it is not this *alone* that has endeared it to its possessors; but for having been in days gone by, the residence of one of the most *worthy* of men.

The first proprietor was Governor Bradstreet, a native of England, who early emigrated to America and attached himself to her interests. After repeated experience of his honor and ability, he was unanamously elected to preside over the affairs of Massachusetts. His prior career was one of eclat, but his meridian and last, were eminently distinguished, and shone with resplendent lustre. His able patriotic views,—his just and equitable administration, excited the admiration, gained the confidence, and won the affection, of every class of people. Various and conspicuous were the acts of benevolence which diffused his fame abroad. He exemplified the fact, that the private acts of men, if noble, are far the noblest of their lives. His was a life spent in the exercise of every virtue,—one continued scene of kindness, humanity and piety. His disinterestedness was prominent: in short he was a model o almost consummate moral purity.

But the choicest work of heaven is soon recalled to a state of perfect felicity, beyond the transient glitter of this avaricious, evil world,—removed to a region more pure than the first golden clime, to the celestial realms of light and joy, yonder where ærial forms waft grateful perfumes, to regale the weary, and where seraphs, brighter than yon gem, chant music, soft and mournful to the soul. Bradstreet sleeps in death,—not with his fathers—for they were buried in England, their native country, the land of their fathers. But a strange land received *him* with affection, and ever still retains his sacred ashes:—Yes, he sleeps alone; the wind whistles in the long grass, and sighing, passes over his lonely tomb,—the night dew sheds the sympathetic drop, and the pensive whip-poor-will sings a requiem to departed worth.

But let it not be thought, his posterity are deprived of a just sense of his merit,—but rather that they indulge sentiments worthy of the descendants of so good a man, and cherish with enthusiasm the worth of his many virtues.

CLEAVELAND.

MEMORY.—Yes, memory! thou art indeed a blessing and a curse! Sweet it is, when the wings of evening brood over the drowsy hearth, to hear the gentle whisper, as thou comest on velvet foot telling of days of by-gone pleasure, and scenes, whose little roughnesses have all been softened down by the nice touch of distance; but bitter, bitter as the sick man's draught, yet full as wholesome, to hear that whisper changed to the harsh voice of upbraiding, when thou chargest us with deeds whose harshness Time's finger cannot smother.—*Jeremy Levis.*

CONTENTMENT.—Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchate.—*Blagny.*

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

MISS SAMPSON,
THE HEROINE OF THE ROVOLUTION.

BY N. R. SMITH.

Dedicated to Miss Sarah Jane Clarke.

She stood upon the battle-field,
Her brow so soft and fair;
The curls of beauty she had shorn,
To place a helmet there;
She stood, and in the din of war,
Her eyes cast gently round;
Perhaps the youth she loved was near—
Upon the battle-ground.

Where carnage strewed the field with gore,
The maiden dared to move,
Her country's triumphs in her eye,
Her heart inspired by love.
The battle raged—an unkind shot
Pierced through her warring arm;
With scarf the oozing blood she stanched—
Her eye spoke no alarm.

Nor blanched her heart with fear to see
The battle's furious plight,
Nor when a single foe rushed forth,
And fronted her in fight,
But 'twas not so when near her stood
Her lover in the van;
And where the youthful hero fought,
The gore in torrents ran.

He knew her not in battle-dress—
Her beauty hid in war,
Nor could she by love's fondest look,
His eyes' responses draw;
Perhaps she might ere long—but while
Her bosom tried to tell,
A luckless shot that bosom struck!
The maiden reeled and fell!

She fell—but not in death's embrace,
Though she was borne away;
And ne'er again did she in war,
Her prowess-love display.
The battle won and he unscathed,
Both round the altar kneeled,
And there by hymeneal vows,
Their mutual love revealed.

HARVESTING POTATOES.—Never commence harvesting your potatoes till they have come to full maturity, or till the frost has killed the tops down. While the tops are green, the tubers are growing and improving. In digging them, use either the plough or potatoe hook. As soon as they are out of the ground, let them be picked up. Never permit them to remain out in the sun or air longer than you can possibly help. I am aware that this direction is at once in opposition to the rule of many farmers, which is, to allow their potatoes to lay out in the sun, *drying* as long as they can; and yet have them picked up on the same day they are dug, in order that as much of the earth as possible may cleave off from them. This is very bad management for potatoes designed for table use; because it renders them strong, or acrid in taste.

Every attentive observer has noticed that that part of the potatoe which happens to be uncovered in the hill, changes its color to a dark green. This portion is very much injured in taste; in fact it is unfit for use, because it has imbibed from the atmosphere deleterious qualities. As soon as potatoes are dug and exposed to the light air, this change begins. Every attentive observer has also noticed that potatoes are of the best flavor and quality after they have come to maturity and while they are in the ground. The longer they are dug and exposed to light and air, the more of this high flavor is gone, till it is wholly lost, and they become unpalateable and unwholsome. Potatoes that remain all winter in the earth where they grew, are in excellent condition for the table in the spring. In view, therefore, of all these facts, let us prescribe a rule in harvesting the potatoes, which will tend to *perpetuate through the whole season* these excellent qualities. As soon, then, as practicable after digging, remove the potatoes designed for the table to a dark bin in the cellar. After depositing thus the whole crop, or as many as are designed for the table, cover them over with earth or sand, and they will retain their excellent qualities till they begin to sprout in the spring, and require to be removed. When shipped for sea, they ought to be put into casks and covered with sand.—*Alb. Cultivator.*

☞ The following articles in relation to the young men who lost their lives at the late fire in this city, (to which allusion is made in another part of this paper,) are copied from two of our city papers:

From the Rochester Daily Democrat.

THE FIREMAN.

BY N. R. SMITH.

I.

The startling cry ran through our midst,
"A FIREMAN* is no more!"
And from the watery lodgment snatched,
His mangled form they bore.

II.

To him a fair one was betrothed—
Her heart was pledged forever,
And soon the word—"What Heaven has joined,
Let none on earth dare sever."

III.

That maiden's heart would burst with grief,
To know her lover's doom,
The word would pierce her bosom through,
And fill her soul with gloom.

IV.

A shroud is made;—she heard it said,
"It is a FIREMAN's shroud;"
Her lover was a *fireman*—
The maid then uttered loud:—

V.

"For whom, for whom, do ye prepare
That winding-sheet? O say—
Those vestments for a burial,
To wrap his form in clay?"

VI.

No answer given, the maiden flew,
And asked a passer-by—
And then her cheek at once turned pale,
And tears gushed from her eye.

VII.

No maniac look the maiden gave—
Her's was the depth of feeling,
Her eye, her voice, her every word,
Her stricken heart revealing,

VIII.

A mourner in the lengthened train,
She went in weeds of gloom,
And saw the FIREMAN that she loved,
A tenant of the tomb.

IX.

Maiden, in sorrow flee—
'Tis Heaven's own boon for grief,
And from that mine may'st thou derive
The blessing and relief.

*J. E.

From the Rochester Daily Democrat.

To the Memory of Mr. John Eaton.

Farewell, manly EATON! thy name we will cherish,
As dear to the heart of each Fireman true,
Nor in the lone grave shall thy memory perish,
For oft shall their tear-drops its grave-turf bedew.

Around thee shall flourish the Boxwood and Myrtle,
And wild flowers bloom with the green Willow tree;
While above, the sweet voice of the Thrush and the Turtle,
Uniting their song, shall thy requiem be.

Above thy lone grave shall the Eglantine blossom,
And shed all its choicest perfumes o'er thy head;
And the tears of thy loved one thy green sod shall moisten,
As she mourns o'er the grave where her EATON is laid.

Peaceful and low have the Firemen giv'n thee,
With many a tear, to Mount Hope's sacred trust,
To cherish thy ashes until the Arch Angel
Shall summons thee hence, to the home of the just.

From the Rochester Daily Whig.

EPICEDIUM.

In memory of George Benjamin, jr., and John Eaton.

(DEDICATED TO FIRE CO. NO. 1.)

Their earthly pilgrimage is o'er;
In the cold ground they're buried deep;
The midnight cry of FIRE, no more
Shall wake them from their dreamless sleep.

But yesterday, their hearts beat high
With hopes, doom'd early to decay.
How soon Life's fair illusions fly—
How soon its glories fade away!

O, calmly in their deep repose,
The youthful firemen now are sleeping.
While o'er their graves the tear-drop flows,
And many an eye is dim'd with weeping.

And many a manly bosom's swelling
With sorrows pure, and heart-felt sigh,
While gazing on the turf-clad dwelling
Of those, whose memories may not die.

Mourn for our brave, lost firemen! mourn
For worth and virtue pass'd away—
For hearts, like shatter'd lyre-strings torn,
And broken by the Spoiler's sway.

Why should we mourn! the lost and dead
Shall hear no more the death-bell chime;
Their toils are o'er—their spirits fled
To a brighter, happier clime.

From the Rochester Daily Democrat.

THE FIREMEN.

BY N. R. SMITH.

I.

The night was calm, and the sleepers round,
Felt nought but peace in their rest profound,
Till the fire-bell broke the city's sleep,
And summoned us all to rush and weep,
Where the FIREMEN lay in the Genesee bed,
The wild flames raging over the dead.

II.

"The dead had perilled their lives," all cried,
"As FIREMEN wrought, and as FIREMEN died."
The echo of feeling rent the air
For the twain so young, so good and fair,
And they who there saw their comrades' face,
Wept at the ruin of form and grace.

III.

And FIREMEN, they who their comrades knew
As brothers, when flames around them flew,
And all intent on their mighty arm,
Beheld them still the voice of alarm;
The FIREMEN felt the depth of pain,
When saw they the mangled, lovely twain.

IV.

They buried their dead with tearful eye,
The deep-toned bell was their minstrelsy,
And feeling responded then to prove
How strong their friendship, how pure their love.
Mount Hope, O! cherish the treasured dust,
Consigned by the FIREMEN to thy trust.

A Marriage on the Lakes.

MARRIED—On the 4th inst. on the steam boat Cleveland, Capt. Hart, by the Rev. Mr. Alanson, of Southport, W. T., SEYMOUR H. DAVIS, Esq., to Miss HARRIET L. JACKSON, both of the Maniton Isles.

The above is the *ordinary* mode of announcing marriages, but from information furnished us by an eye witness of this ceremony, we cannot let it pass in this ordinary manner. The happy couple, when embarking from the Isles in the splendid boat Cleveland, did not intend to tie the knot hymeneal on board, but the fact of their contemplated union being circulated, the suggestion was heartily adopted that the ceremony be there performed. The popular and worthy commander, Capt. Hart, prepared a liberal and appropriate entertainment, and while the Cleveland, the meteor of the lakes, was dancing at full speed over the blue waves, in the presence of a large circle of cabin passengers, Col. Walker, of Milwaukie, had the distinguished post of giving the smiling bride away—and two willing hearts were joined in one. The highest commendation is paid to the good order and propriety of the nautical ceremony, and to the gentlemanly and hospitable bearing of Capt. Hart on the merry occasion.—This event assures all swains and lasses who wish to lose no time in getting married, that on board the Cleveland "time and space can be annihilated in making two lovers happy!"—*Chicago American.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER IS ABROAD.—If you wish to write "rite" right, you must write it "rite," and not write it "wright," nor "right," nor "write"—but you must write "rite" right.—Again, if you write it "right," or "write," or "wright," and do not write it "rite," you do not write "rite" right—So then, you must write "rite" right, and yet you must not write "rite" "right."

REGAL RIGHTS EXPLAINED.—"Jemmy," said most facetious father to an inquisitive little fellow, who persisted in calling Victoria's husband *King* of England—"I tell you Prince Albert is no more King of England than I am master of my own family!—We are alke, my son; it is only by right of our *wives* that one is *King* and the other *master.*"

The Catacombs of Paris.

These immense excavations extend under a considerable portion of the capital, and they have no doubt furnished its building materials since the earliest times. They are no longer worked, because the streets and many of the houses had been undermined, the surface of the ground as well as buildings, occasionally fell in, and the government felt it necessary to check the farther progress of the evil. Pillars had been constructed in the most exposed situations, and as it is some time since I have heard of any accidents, I presume there are no farther apprehensions. The entrance is secured, and admittance is obtained with some difficulty; for in Europe the public authorities are more careful of life than we are, and persons having been separated from the guides, have become lost and perished in this last field of the dead. What end can be more frightful! To wander in this immense charnel-house, surrounded by the most revolting emblems of mortality, to perish in the midst of departed generations, is terrible indeed. The bones are all arranged with horrible symmetry. Pillar after pillar, and wall after wall of arms and legs and ribs, hedge in the visiter, and form a narrow path, along which he follows the guide in impressive silence. And as the torches which are carried, and which alone light up these regions impenetrable to day, shed their feeble and flickering rays upon these sad memorials of humanity, the scene is painful beyond description. And then come the columns of skulls, and you may almost fancy, as the fitful light strikes them, that they are grinning upon you with diabolical malice. The whole cavern resembles the Valley of the Shadow of Death, so powerfully described by the prophet, rendered still more strange by the display of a kind of taste in the arrangement of the materials.

I breathed freer when the portal of this great tomb closed behind me.—*Hon. Mr. Cass, in Democratic Review.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 1st, by Rev. William Wisner, of Ithaca, Mr. LOUIS CHAPIN, to Miss RACHEL L. SHEPARD, daughter of one of the publishers of this paper, all of this city.

In Hartford, Connecticut, on the 24th ult., Mr. LINSLEY E. GOULD, Printer, to Miss ELIZABETH P. BROOME.

In this city, on the 20th instant. by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. JONAS G. BILLINGS, to Miss JANE E. PADDEN, all of this city.

In Wolcott, on the 13th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Everdell, Mr. Gurdon H. Tracy, of Wolcott, to Miss Maryett Brush, of Huron.

In Castile, on Sunday last, by Rev. Robert Grisewould, Mr. George Walker, of Perry, to Miss Elizabeth Nelson, of the former place.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, Monroe county, Rochester, 26th August, 1840.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the secretary of state, of which a copy is annexed.

DARIUS PERRIN, Sheriff of Monroe county.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, August 17, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

Sir:—Notice is hereby given you, that at the next general election in this state, to be held on the second, third and fourth days of November next, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next,) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant-Governor.

Forty-two Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Samuel Works, a senator from the eighth district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place, at the next general election.

You will also take notice that one representative in the 27th congress of the United States for the twenty-eighth congressional district, consisting of the county of Monroe, is to be chosen at the said next general election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three Members of Assembly.

A Sheriff of the county in the place of Darius Perrin, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A County Clerk in the place of Ephraim Goss, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And Four Coroners in the place of those whose terms expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully, JOHN. C. SPENCER,
aug26 dtd Secretary of State.

☞ The several papers in the county of Monroe will please publish the above until after the election, and send their bills to Darius Perrin, Sheriff, immediately

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IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE LITTLE BIRD,

THAT LIVES IN ONE OF THE TREES IN MY YARD.

He came with the first spring flowers along,
With his tiny feet and his stifled song—
And he sung not loud when he first came there,
While the leaves were shut in, and the branches bare.

But the sun and the showers of spring were there,
And the silvery dews, and the balmy air—
And the leaves peep'd out to the light of day,
And the silken buds opened where they lay.

Thick foliage hung over nature's bowers,
And perfume was there from her thousand flowers;
And that wild little bird had chosen his tree,
For his evening's rest, and his morning's glee.

How he pour'd out his song to the fir t bright ray,
As Sol drove out in his car of day!—
And he still sings there with his long shrill note,
And his open bill, and his swelling throat!

Now, reader, these rhymes are a simple lay,
And are but of a simple Bird, you may say—
But, I have been lead as I've thought and heard,
That there's value to men in the life of a Bird.

ADRIAN.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

Recollections of the Land Fever.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A NEW HOME.

The years of 1835 and 1836, will long be remembered by the Western settlers—and perhaps by some few people at the East, too—as the period when the madness of speculations in lands had reached a point to which no historian of the time will be able to do justice. A faithful picture of those wild days would subject the most veracious chronicler to the charge of exaggeration; and our great-grand children can hope to obtain an adequate idea of the infatuation which led away their forefathers, only by the study of such detached facts as may be noted down by those in whose minds the feeling recollection of the delusion is still fresh. Perhaps when our literary existence shall have been sufficiently confirmed to call for the collection of Ana, something more may be gleaned from the correspondence in which were embodied the exultings of the successful, and the lamentations of the disappointed. But for the present, let us not neglect to store in the enduring pages of the Knickerbocker even the slightest reminiscences connected with the first gigantic bubble from which our country has suffered.

'Seeing is believing,' certainly, in most cases; but in the days of the land-fever we who were in the midst of the infected district, scarcely found it so. The whirl, the fervor, the flutter, the rapidity of step, the sparkling of eyes, the beating of hearts, the shaking of hands, the utter abandonment of the hour, were incredible, inconceivable. The 'man of one idea' was every where: no man had two. He who had no money, begged, borrowed, or stole it; he who had, thought he made a generous sacrifice, if he lent it at cent per cent. The tradesman forsook his shop; the farmer his plough; the merchant his counter; the lawyer his office; nay, the minister his desk, to join the general chase. Even the schoolmaster, in his longing to be 'abroad' with the rest, laid down his birch, or in the flurry of [illegible] plied it with diminished unction:

"'Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea!'"

The man with one leg, or he that had none, could at least get on board a steamer, and make for Chicago or Milwaukie; the strong, the able, and above all, the 'enterprising,' set out with his pocket map and his pocket compass, to thread the dim woods, and see with his own eyes. Who would waste time in planting, in building, in hammering iron, in making shoes, when the path to wealth lay wide and flowery before him?

A ditcher was hired by the job to do a certain piece of work in his line. "Well, John, did you make any thing?"

'Pretty well; I cleared about two dollars a day; but I should have made more by standing round;' i. e., watching the land market for bargains.

This favorite occupation of all classes was followed by its legitimate consequences. Farmers were as fond of 'standing round' as any body; and when harvest time came, it was discovered that many had quite forgotten that the best land required sowing; and grain, and of course other articles of general necessity, rose to an unprecedented price. The hordes of travelers flying through the country in all directions, were often cited as the cause of the distressing scarcity; but the true source must be sought in the diversion, or rather suspension, of the industry of the entire population. Be this as it may, of the wry faces made at the hard fare of the travelers contributed no inconsiderable portion; for they were generally city gentlemen, or at least gentlemen who had lived long enough in the city to have learned to prefer oysters to salt pork. This checked not their ardor, however, for the golden glare before their eyes had power to neutralize the hue of all present objects. On they pressed, with headlong zeal; the silent and pathless forest, the deep miry marsh, the gloom of night, and the fires of noon, beheld alike the march of the speculator. Such searching of trees for town lines! Such ransacking of the woods for section corners, ranges, and base lines! Such anxious care in indentifying spots possessing peculiar advantages! And then, alas, after all, such precious blunders!

These blunders called into action another class of operators, who became popularly known as 'land lookers.' These met you at every turn, ready to furnish 'water power,' 'pine lots,' 'choice farming tracts,' or any thing else, at a moment's notice. Bar-rooms and street-corners swarmed with these prowling gentry. It was impossible to mention any part of the country which they had not personally surveyed. They would tell you, with the gravity of astrologers, what sort of timber predominated on any given tract, drawing sage deductions as to the capabilities of the soil. Did you incline to city property? Lo! a splendid chart, setting forth the advantages of some unequalled site, and your confidential friend, the land-looker, able to tell you more than all about it, or to accompany you to the happy spot; though that he would not advise, 'bad roads,' 'nothing fit to eat,' etc.; and all this from a purely disinterested solicitude for your welfare.

These amiable individuals were, strange to tell, no favorites with the actual settlers. If they disliked the gentleman speculator, they hated with a perfect hatred him who aided by his local knowledge the immense purchases of non-residents.—These short-sighted and prejudiced persons forgot the honor and distinction which must result from their insignificant farms being surrounded by the possessions of the magnates of the land. They saw only the solitude which would probably be entailed on them for years; and it was counted actual treason in a settler to give any facilities to the land-looker, of whatever grade. 'Let the land-shark do his own hunting,' was their frequent reply to applicants of this kind; and some thought them quite right. Yet this state of feeling among the Hard-handed, was not without its inconvenient results to city gentlemen, as witness the case of our friend Mr. Willoughby, a very prim and smart bachelor, from ———.

It was when the whirlwind was at its height, that a gentleman wearing the air of a bank director, at the very least—or in other words, that of an uncommonly fat pigeon—drew bridle at the bars in front of one of the roughest log houses in the county of ———. The horse and his rider were loaded with all those unnecessary defences, and cumbrous comforts which the fashion of the time prescribed in such cases. Blankets, valise, saddle-bags, and holsters, nearly covered the steed; a most voluminous enwrapment of India-rubber cloth completely enveloped the rider. The gallant sorrel seemed indeed fit for his burden. He looked as if he might have swam any stream in Michigan,

"Barded from counter to tail,
And the rider arm'd complete in coat of mail;"

yet he seemed a little jaded, and hung his head languidly, while his master accosted the tall and meagre tenant of the log cabin.

This individual and his dwelling resembled each other, in an unusual degree. The house was, as we have said, of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half filled in with clay; its 'looped and windowed raggedness' rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets that had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner's hat, open at the top and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly easy and self satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

'Can you tell me, my friend, ———' civilly began Mr. Willoughby.

'Oh! friend!' interrupted the settler; 'who told you I was your friend? Friends is scuss in these parts.'

'You have at least no reason to be otherwise,' replied the traveler, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially when there was no use in getting angry.

'I don't know that,' was the reply. 'What fetch'd you into these woods?'

'If I should say 'my horse,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question.'

'Jist as you like,' said the other, turning on his heel, and walking off.

'I wished merely to ask you,' resumed Mr. Willoughby, talking after this nonchalent son of the forest, 'whether this is Mr. Pepper's land.'

'How do you know it ain't mine?'

'I'm not likely to know, at present, it seems,' said the traveler, whose patience was getting a little frayed. And taking out his memorandum book, he ran over his minutes: 'South half of North-west quarter of section fourteen ———.' Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?'

'Where did you get so much news? You ain't the sheriff, be ye?'

'Pop!' screamed a white-headed urchin from the house, 'Mam says supper's ready.'

'So ain't I,' replied the papa: 'I've got all my chores to do yet. And he busied himself at a log pig-stye on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squealing multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

Mr. Willoughby looked at the westering sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees which shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch, and then at his note-book; and after all, at his predicament—on the whole, an unpleasant pros-

pect. But at this moment a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveler's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Ledyard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties; though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was, that Mr. Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air, to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

He naturally looked at the lady as he approached the door, but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children, and Mr. Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband; as tall, as bony, as ragged, and twice as cross looking.

'Malviny Jane!' she exclaimed, in no dulcet treble, 'be done a-paddlin' in that 'ere water! If I come there, I'll ——'

'You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess!' was the reply.

'Why, what's she a-doin?'

'Well, I guess if you look, you'll see!' responded Miss Malvina, coolly, as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff, as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr. Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was about to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

'I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam,' he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr. Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

'Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to-night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm.'

'I don't know nothing about it; you must ask the old man,' said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new comer; 'with *my* will, we'll lodge nobody."

This was not not very encouring, but it was a poor night for the woods, so our traveler persevered, and making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

And in truth he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts.—The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fire place, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried—a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet could not help it. The schoolmaster (it was his week) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally, when the children cried too loud. An old grey-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger; for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though sometimes compelled, by the fear of starvation, or the longing for whiskey to degrade himself by labor. Near the only window was placed the work bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoe-maker, who in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favorite ditty of the west:

'All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe,
All down by the banks of the river O-hio;'

and children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface, was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding afterward a bowl of salt, another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy; plates and knives dropped in afterward, at the discretion of the company.

Another call of 'Pop! pop!' brought in the host from the pig-stye; the heavy rain which had now began to fall, having no doubt expedited the performance of the chores. Mr. Willoughby, who had established himself resolutely, took advantage of a very cloudy assent from the proprietor, to lead his horse to a shed, and to deposit in a corner his cumbrous outer gear; while the company used in turn the iron skillet which served as a wash-basin, dipping the water from a large trough outside, overflowing with the abundant drippings of the eaves. Those who had no pocket handkerchiefs, contented themselves with a nondescript article which seemed to stand for a family towel; and when this was concluded, all seriously addressed themselves to the demolition of the potatoes. The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly all the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little meagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.

'An't my victuals good enough for you?'

'Oh!—the potatoes are excellent, but I'm very fond of tea.'

'So be I, but I can't have everything I want—can you?'

This produced a laugh from the shoe-maker, who seemed to think his patron very witty, while the school-master, not knowing but the stranger might be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

The rain which now poured violently, not only outside but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr. Willoughby cool; and finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccups, he withdrew from the table, and seating himself on the shoe-maker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

Two double beds, and the long cradle, seemed all the sleeping apparatus; but there was a ladder which doubtless led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well stored with the usual articles, among which a tea-pot and cannister shone conspicuous, so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr. Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.

The eating ceased not until the hoop was empty, and then the company arose and stretched themselves, and began to guess it was about time to go to bed. Mr. Willoughby inquired what was to be done with his horse.

'Well! I s'pose he can stay where he is.'

'But what can he have to eat?'

'I reckon you won't get nothing for him, without you turn him out on the mash.'

'He would get off, to a certainty!'

'Tie his legs.'

The unfortunate traveler argued in vain. Hay was 'scuss,' and potatoes was 'scusser'; and in short the 'mash' was the only resource, and these natural meadows afford but poor picking after the first of October. But to the 'mash' was the good steed despatched, inglorlously hampered, with the privilege of muncing wild grass in the rain, after his day's journey.

Then came the question of lodging for his master. The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed, and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep 'up chamber' with the boys.

Mr. Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

'Well just as you like,' said his host, 'but Solomon sleeps there, and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than I should.'

This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr. Willoughby once more cast woful glances toward the ladder.

But now the schoolmaster, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoe-maker to the guest, who was oblized to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in those times.

The storm continued through the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power.—The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach, and when our traveler slept, it was only to dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children so thoroughly, that they crawled shivering down the ladder, and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

But morning came at last; and our friend, who had no desire farther to test the vaunted hospitality of a western settler, was not among the latest astir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the night, Mr. Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing, at least, hoping for something for breakfast besides potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse, and when he had saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house, and enquired what he was to pay for his entertainment—laying somewhat of a stress on the last word.

His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar.

Mr. Willoughby took out his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leathern palm outspread to receive it, happening to look toward the hearth, and perceiving preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long pent-up vexation burst forth.

'I really must say, Mr. Pepper ——,' he began; his tone was that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh.

'If this is your boasted western hospitality, I can tell you ——'

'You'd better tell me what the dickens you are peppering me up this fashion for! My name is'nt Pepper, no more than yours is! May be that *is* your name; you seem pretty warm.'

'Your name not Pepper! Pray, what is it then?'

'Ah! there's the thing now! You land-hunters ought to know sich things without asking.

'Land-hunter! I'm no land-hunter!'

'Well! you 're a land-shark, then—swallowin' up poor men's farms. The less I see of such cattle, the better I'm pleased.'

'Confound you!' said Mr. Willoughby, who waxed warm, 'I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I would'nt take your whole state for a gift.'

'What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for, then?'

And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr. Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a 'hunting party,' had completely misled both host and hostess. And to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.

'You needn't judge our new country folks by me,' said Mr. Handy, for such proved to be his name; 'any man in these parts would as soon bite off his own nose, as to snub a civil traveler, that wanted a supper and a night's lodging. But some how or other, your lots o' fixin', and your askin' after that 'ere Pepper—one of the worst land-sharks we 've ever had here—made me mad; and I know I treated you worse than an Indian.'

'Humph!' said Solomon.

'But,' continued the host, 'you shall see whether my old woman can't set a good breakfast, when she 's a mind to. Come, you shan't stir a step till you 've had breakfast; and just take back this plaguey dollar. I wonder it didn't burn my fingers when I took it!'

Mrs. Handy set forth her very best, and a famous breakfast it was, considering the times.—And before it was finished, the hunting party made their appearance, having had some difficulty in finding their companion, who had made no very uncommon mistake as to the section corners and town lines.

'I'll tell ye what,' said Mr. Handy, confidentially, as the cavalcade with its baggage ponies, loaded with tents, gun-cases, and hampers of provision, was getting into order for a march to the prairies, 'I'll tell ye what; if you 've occasion to stop any where in the Bush, you 'd better tell 'em at the first goin' off that you a'n't land-hunters.'

Mr. Willoughby had already had 'a caution.'

A poor woman went to an eminent eccentric surgeon, to inquire what was the proper treatment for some bodily wound. 'Put on a cataplasm,' was the answer. 'But, doct[illegible]s for a little child.' 'Then put on [illegible]n.'

'I came off with flying colors,' as the painter said when he fell from the ladder, 'with palette o'er his thumb.'

'I'm monarch of all I survey,' as the blind man very solemnly remarked.

FREEDOM'S WREATH.

We'll search the earth, the air, the sea,
To cull a gallant WREATH for *Thee*;
And every field for Freedom fought,
And vale, and shore, and mount, where aught
Of Liberty could ere be found,
Shall be our blooming harvest-ground.
From victor's arch, from martyr's pall,
Triumphal or funeral,
For law, and equal rights, and life,
Who won or fell in holy strife.
In garlands, *Laurels*, hang upon
Thermopylæ and Marathon;
And on Philippi's fatal field,
The *Cypress* mourns thy broken shield.
On Runymede the blooming *Rose*,
On Bannockburn the *Thistle* grows;
And on the banks of Boyne its leaves
Green Erin's *Shamrock* wildly weaves;
Though prostrate now, brave Poland's *Oak*
To tyrants bent not till it broke;
In France, in sunny France we'll get
The *Fleur-de-Lis* and *Violet*,
From consecrated mound and vale
Of Huguenot and Liberal.
Old Bunker Hill and Yorktown's shore
Will yield green *Bays* till time's no more,
And *Sea-Grass* and the *Corals* grow
Below Atlantic Seas, below
The waves of Erie and Champlain,
In rostral trophies round the slain.
Tobacco's pungent leaves proclaim
That Indians nought but death could tame,
Of martyr'd men a continent,
Stern Freedom's mighty monument.
The *Cactus* thrives in Mexico;
Columbia bears the *Cacao*;
Swart Hayti's stubborn isle supplies
Its *Palm*-tree towering towar'd the skies,
From which to pluck to fill thy Crown,
Some branches worthy thy renown;
On sad Bengal's ensanguin'd plains,
The ancient *Banyan* yet remains;
In Italy and Hungary,
The *Vine* spreads its airy clusters free;
O'er all, uprears th' encrested Dove,
Her *Olive*, peaceful sign of Love.
Aye, may the CHAPLET flourish bright,
Reflecting like the heavens thy light;
With glory, aye thy brow be bound,
With glory, aye thy head be crown'd,
While Earth, and Air, and Sky, and Sea,
Yield up their glorious WREATH to *Thee!*

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

HAPPINESS.

Let the *capitalist* and the *miser* hoard their precious metals; let the great and mighty sway their sceptre over the territories which are in subjection to their rod; let all the pomp of courtly splendor be arranged to dazzle the eyes of the beholder; let all the honors which the world can bestow upon a person, and the wealth of the Indies be at his command, and he cannot be a happy being, if he is a libertine; if he sets at naught the blessed religion of our Savior. Can that man or that woman rejoice in their being, who is un- the dictatorial rod of his *Satanic Majesty?* Can he, who sets at defiance the wholsome laws of his Creator, feel that inward pleasure that a disciple of the Most High enjoys? It is impossible. We know from experience, that when we were a stranger to God's holy requirements, we knew not what happiness consisted of. We little knew, what a blessed ray of light the promises of the Savior conveyed to the soul of the afflicted, while groaning under the diseases which our frail systems are subject to; expecting exery hour to to be launched into the presence of God. But we are now acquainted with the religion of Christ; and we feel that there is no comfort to be taken, while one lives a stranger and a foreigner to the laws of his Heavenly Father. There is no true enjoyment, to the unbeliever, of the rich merits and the word of the Messiah.

What is man's life in this world, in comparison to the never-ending time of eternity! And can that person enjoy this life, who has no hopes of a blissful immortality? It is certainly a mistake that many labor under, that the Bible is a fable, and that religion imparts no real happiness to its possessor. Could *Voltaire* have been spared a "little longer," think you that he would have still blasphemed and disowned the God who gave him being? His last moments were most wretched; and he felt, then, the almighty arm of an injured and despised God.

It is, and has been, the practice of the young, both men and women, to join the giddy dance in search of happiness; while, at the same time, they are throwing away their precious time in those amusements which are transient, and cannot, in the least, in our opinion, leave any lasting and beneficial impression upon the minds of those who are in the habit of resorting to such means to seek delight. The drunkard may, and we doubt not, enjoys himself while he is emptying his goblet of its poisonous contents. While he is ruining himself for this world, and l is soul for the world which is beyond the grave, and from whence no traveler returns, he may be happy in his own estimation, for a length of time;—but it is of short duration. He may feel himself lord of the creation; but what will surmisings of this discription avail him? They are nothing but dreams; and when he comes to himself again, he finds that he is but a polluted worm; his greatness, his treasures, and his many honors which he imagined himself to be in possession of, have fled with the strength of the alcohol, and he becomes, by degrees, sensible, that he is the same frail being that he was, before he became the slave to his artificial appetite, and yielded to the stratagems of the Prince of darkness, to enshroud his soul in woe and misery.

Happiness consists not in outward appearances. It is not the *rich* and *shining* garments, which one may lavish upon his person, nor a smiling countenance, which makes an individual enjoy this life. Far from it. Any individual may easily appear the happiest of mortals, while, at the same time, his conscience is stung by the justness of the commands of Jahovah. He feels, notwithstanding his pretended joyous spirit, that he is an alien to real comfort. The more he endeavors to be cheerful and agreeable to his associates, the more he feels miserable and wretched in his own soul. Riches can never cure a wounded spirit, which has gone astray from the path of wisdom and virtue;—all the diamonds and treasures of the ancient kings, cannot free the soul from sin and wretchedness, and give it the noble and lofty sensations, which are felt and experienced by one who loves and obeys God. Nor can all the honors which mortal man may bestow upon a person, make him happy at heart, while he is going on in sin and rebellion against that Power that created and sustains him from day to day. He who would live agreeably to himself and to others, must "do as he would be done by"—let him do the will of Heaven, and he cannot fail of being happy in this world, and in that world where sin and satan entereth not.

What do men labor and toil from one year's end to another to obtain? What are the greatest, and in fact, the only aim, of every denomination and class of men throughout the universe? We answer, that it is for nothing else, more or less, than to obtain perfect happiness. But how far are they from it! and especially those who are traveling the "broad road to ruin" and perdition! Search the world through;—in the land of civilization, and among the savages of the wilderness;—and you will find that there is but one object in view; one sole object is the cause of so much trouble and vexation through life; that they may live easier by-and-by, and enjoy life in a happier manner. But such as do not walk according to the Gospel of Christ, live upon hope of happiness in this life, which they never are sensible of, and cannot rest their hopes with certainty upon the glorious prospects of heaven, after this world's probation has expired. But with the Christian, all the darkness which hovers around the soul of the unbeliever, is dispelled, and he sees his way clear as the sun at noon-day, into the kingdom of the blessed. Let none feel themselves above the divine Ordinances; for let it be remembered, that those who are ashamed to take up their cross and follow the Savior, of them the Savior will be ashamed, before the throne of his Father, at the Great Day of retribution, when all men shall stand before the Judge, to receive their irrevocable doom. The happiness or the misery of every human being will then be sealed;—"the wicked shall be sent into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." L. W.

A "FAIR LADY'S" NAUTICAL ADVENTURE.—A singular romantic affair has just been brought to our notice, namely, that of a female sailor having arrived here some days ago in the ship Bucephalus. We understand that she is a very comely girl of eighteen, the daughter of a British officer, and related to an English nobleman, who, having the misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, was placed in an English convent, with a view ultimately of taking the veil. Whilst a boarder in this place, she, for the sake of her health, visited occasionally some friends in the neighborhood, where in the house of one she first met the object of her attachment, now an officer in one of the native regiments. Subsequently she was consigned to a convent in Dublin, to the end that she would take the veil. Here she remained some months, but resisting every argument that would induce her to do so, privation, suffering, and cruel treatment at the hands of her lady superior, were her lot; she fell sick, and was conveyed to an hospital, whence through the connivance of a young English lady, an inmate of the convent, who supplied her with the means, she made her escape in the disguise of a boy, and formed the romantic resolution of coming on to Bombay, in search of the young officer above mentioned.—We are told it would occupy a volume were we to recount all her wanderings, and the sufferings and privations of the poor young creature in her endeavors to get on board a ship bound for Bombay. This at last she accomplished. A few days after the ship sailed, the 'strange boy,' on being questioned by the captain whence she came, proved to be a young lady. A cabin was humanely allotted to her at once, and she was treated exactly like a lady passenger.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

And here is romance in real life that decidedly elucidates the saying of the poet. We understand this young lady's history has excited considerable interest and admiration among the society at Bombay. Probably the whole ample page of fiction could not present an instance of greater determination and constancy than is exemplified in this case.—*Bombay Times.*

The world is a masquerade, in which the devil appears in various disguises, but always mischievous; never so mischievous, however, as when he plays the religious hypocrite, or the fraudulent agent of the law.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, 'This is the first time that I ever rejoiced at the FALL of my best friend.'

'Good mornin' Uncle Zekel.
'Good morning Tommy, how's all your folks.'
'All's well, sir, 'cept Jake.' 'What's the matter with him?' 'Oh, he's dead.'

'Come, Bill—let's go and take a drink.'
'Have you got the metal?'
'No—I depend on your BRASS.'

HOSPITALITY—a rough board coffin, a cart, and three shovels full of earth thrown into a stranger's grave.

There is an old maid in this city who can look so allfired sour that she 'goes out' by the day, to make pickles. It saves a heap of vinegar.

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—Small potatoes have been beautifully designated as "*Juvenile Vegetables.*"

'You needn't look so almighty big!' as the boy said to the flea he was looking at through the microscope.

A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Thoughts suggested by the Death of Mrs. Ellen M. Ellis.

Oh! hast thou not beheld the glowing sun
Rise in its splendour o'er the eastern verge,
Then dart into a cloud, a dismal cloud,
And leave portentous darkness all around!
Just such a morn amid life's chequer'd scenes
Full oft appears; Hope's radiant orb gleams out,
And quick is shrouded in its pall of gloom.
How sad the change within yon little group!
A few days since, joy was triumphant there;
Love's sacred ties had bound two youthful hearts,
With all their tender sympathies, and hopes,
Close into one, and in each other blest,
The world seemed bright, the future vista clear;
A cloud has risen—that glowing morn has fled,
And sudden grief dispelled the rising joy.
The young and lovely wife—the mother fond,
Just as that holy signet marked her brow,
Went down to dust—ah, rather rose to heaven,
And left the broken heart to bleed and mourn.
Oh! is there aught to heal such poignant grief,
To stay the flood of bitterness, that whelm
Those sad and lonely ones? Earth answers, no!
In all the gaiety, her phantom joy,
She pauses not to hear the voice of woe.
But mourner, turn from earth—Behold the light
That dawns from Heav'n, and falls upon the cloud
In rainbow hues! Hark to that voice of love,
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

God bless that little one! and make it all
A sainted mother's heart could crave;
And may they yet unite, parents and child,
'Mid the bright beams of one unchanging morn.

Rochester, Sept. 1840. A. C. P.

From the N. Y. Dispatch.

The Runaway Match and the First Born.

We have more than once alluded to a little book published in Boston, entitled "A New Home: Who'll follow?" Reading it is like finding a water brook among the desert of literary trash which teems from the press; and we take much pleasure in presenting our readers with extracts. To understand the following chapter, a little introduction is necessary. The author, Mrs. Clavers, finds Everard and Cora Mansfield settled in Michigan. They were the children of wealthy parents, formerly in mercantile business in New York. Being cousins, acquaintance grew naturally with their growth, and love grew out of their acquaintance. To this, and to their union, the parents had no objection whatever, but the young parties were so young that they wished, very reasonably, that the lovers should wait three years at least. Cora and Everard could not have patience to wait, nor could they in their romance, fostered by works of imagination, bear the "distant prospect of an old fashioned wedding—all the aunts and uncles and fifteenth cousins duly invited—a great evening party, and then a stiff setting-up for company." So the story proceeds;

It must come out at last—I have put it off as long as I decently could, and I am sorry to be obliged to tell it—but this silly young couple in their dreamy folly, concluded that since all the papas and mamas were quite willing they should marry, it could be no great matter if they took the how and when into their own hands, and carved out for themselves a home in the wilderness, far from law offices and evening parties, plum cake and white satin. Accordingly, on pretence of dining with an aunt in town, [the parents were at their country seats] the imprudent pair were irrecovably joined by a certain reverend gentleman, who used to be very accommodating in that way, and the very next evening set out clandestinely for ———, some hundreds of miles west of Albany.

Children of wealthy parents, they had of course, no lack of money, and it would have pleased Cora better, on account of the romance, to have walked all the way if they could, but they concluded to use all the usual means of conveyance. A note was left, stating how they had been united, and all that, and though they very much regretted that there was no need of jumping out of a window, and that nobody pursued them; they made the most romantic trip of it that they could, and finally reached their destination; which must according to the description, have been somewhere in the Holland Purchase, which bears nothing but stones. We are obliged to skip the author's delightful description of the journey, and the reader may consider the couple as arrived at their journey's end, where, at the "hotel" of Mr. Bildad Gridley, a transplanted Yankee, the chapter following opens, with a negociation for the purchase of land for a cottage.

The arrival of our city travlers, at this secluded public, produced at first a sensation. Few passengers, save the weary pedlar, or the spruce retailer of books, clocks, or nutmegs, found their way to these penetralia of Nature. Now and then, indeed, some wandering sportsman, or some college student picturesquing during his fall vacation, or perhaps a party of surveyors, rested for the night at the Moon and Seven Stars; but usually, although those much debauched luminaries had given place to "an exact likeness," as said Mr. Gridley, "of Giner'l Lay-Fyette," his name, as was most meet, in yellow letters below the portrait, the house as if it had not borne the ambitious title of an inn, and the farming business went on with scarcely an occasional interruption.

But now the aspect of things was materially changed. Everard had signified his desire to remain in so beautiful a spot for a week or two at least, provided Mr. Gridley could board—himself "and—and—this lady," he added, for he could not call Cora his wife, though he tried.

The landlord, with a scrutinizing glance at poor Cora, said he rather guessed he could accommodate them for a spell; and then went to consult the other powers. Our "happy pair," each tormented by an undefined sense of anxiety and conscous wrong, which neither was willing to tell the other, awaited the return of honest Bildad with a *tremblement de cœur*, which they in vain endeavored to overcome. At length his jolly visage reappeared, and they were much relieved to hear him say in a more decided tone than before, "Well, sir! I guess we can 'commodate you."

And here, now I might moralize upon the humbling effects of being naughty, which would make these proud young citizens, who had felt so wondrously well satisfied with their own dignity and consequence only a week before, now await, with fearful apprehension, the fiat of a plain old farmer, who, after all, was only to board and lodge them. The old gentleman had such a fatherly look, that both Everard and Cora thought their own papas might not after all see the joke in its true light. But neither said such a word, and so I shall pass the occasion in silence.

They were shown to a small white-washed room on the second floor, possessing one window, guiltless of the paint brush, now supported by means of that curious notched fixture called a button, so different from the article to which the title of right belongs. A bed adorned with a covering on which the taste of the weaver had expatiated, in the production of innumerable squares and oblongs of blue and white; a very diminutive and exceedingly rickety table stained red;—a loooking glass of some eight inches breadth, framed in a strip of gorgeous mahogany, and showing to the charmed gazer a visage curiously elongated cross-wise, with two non-descript chairs, and an old hair trunk, bearing the initials "G. B." described in brass nails on its arched top, constituted the furniture of the apartment.

Cora busied herself in arranging things as well as she could; Mr. Gridley called her quite a handy young woman, considering she hadn't been brought up to nothing; and while this employment lasted, she managed to maintain a tolerable degree of cheerfulness; but when all was done;—and she paused to look around her, such a tide of feelings rushed upon her, that her pride at length gave way, and sitting down on the old trunk, she buried her face in her lap, and burst into a passion of tears.

Edward tried to comfort her as well as he could, but his own heart was overcharged; and after a few ineffectual efforts, he threw himself on the floor at her side, and he wept almost as heartily as she did. As soon as his feelings were relieved by this overflowing of nature, he felt heartily ashamed of himself, and lifting Cora to the window, insisted that she should look out upon the glorious prospect which it commanded. She struggled to retain her low seat, that she might indulge to the uttermost this paroxysm of remorse and misgiving: but he pursued his advantage, and held her before the window till the fresh breeze had changed the current of her sad thoughts, and thrown her rich curls into a most becoming confusion; and then, reaching the eight inch mirror, held it suddenly before her streaming eyes.—And now, like a true boy and girl, they were both seized with uncontrolable laughter, and sat down and enjoyed it to the uttermost.

"How foolish we look," said Cora, at length—"Oh, Everard! if mamma—" but at that word her pretty eyes began to fill again, and Everard declared she should not say another word.

"Let us take a walk," said he, "one of your long rambling walks. You know we have yet to find a spot lovely enough for you to live in."—And the volatile girl was all gaiety in a moment.

They were on their return after a very long ramble, when they came to a dell deep enough to make one think of listening to the talkers in Captain Symmes' world; and this Cora declared to be the very home of her dreams. This, and none other, should be her "forest sanctuary;" Qu.—What was she flying from? Here should the cottage stand, under whose lowly roof was to be realized all of bliss that poet ever painted.

"Mighty shades,
Weaving their gorgeous tracery over his head,
With the light melting thro' their high arcades,
As through a pillar'd cloister's."

Oh! it was too delicious! and all the good thoughts took flight again.

That evening after tea, Everard began his negotiations with Mr. Gridley, for the purchase of the much admired glen.

"Glen!" said honest Bildad, who sat as usual, pipe in mouth, by the front window.

Everard explained.

"Why, Lord bless ye! yes, I own two hundred and seventy-one acres jist round there, and that 'ere gulf is part on't. Ahasuerus began to make a clearin' there, but it's so plaguy lumber'd up with *stuns*, and so kind o' slanting, besides we thought it would never pay for ploughin'. So Hazy has gone to work up north here, and gets along like smoke."

"Would you be willing to sell a small place there?" inquired Everard, who felt inexpressibly sheepish when he set about buying this "stunny" spot.

Mr. Gridley stared at him in unfeigned astonishment.

After a moment's pause he answered, after the manner of his nation, by asking,

"Why, do you know anybody wishing to buy?"

"I have some thoughts of settling here myself," said his guest.

Another stare, and the landlord fell to smoking with all his might, looking withal, full of meditation.

At length—"*You* settle here!" he said, "what for, in all nature?"

"I've taken a fancy to the place," said Everard, "and if you choose to sell, I may perhaps be a purchaser."

"Well!" said the landlord laying his pipe on the window sill: "if this aint the queerest—But I'll tell ye, what, Mr. ———, I never can think of your name, if you really want this place, why, I'll—" but here he stopped again. He fixed his eyes on Everard, as if he would look through his mortal coil.

"There's one thing," proceeded he again, "may I just be so saucy as to ask you—I don't know as you'd think it a very civil question; but I don't know as we can get on without it. Are you sure," speaking very deliberately—"are you sure that you're married to this young gal?"

"Married!" said Everard, his fine eyes flashing lightning, while Poor Cora, completely humbled, felt ready to sink through the floor. "Married!" he repeated, in high indignation, which an instant's pause served to calm. "I can assure you—I can assure you—"

And he was flying after Cora, who had slipped out of the room, but the good man called him back.

"No 'casion, no 'casion! you say you sartinly are, and that's enough; but ra'ly you and your wife both look so young, that we've been plaguily puzzled what to make on't."

Everard, deeply mortified, reverted as speedily as possible to his desired purchase; and after a few observations as to the unprofitableness of the scheme, Mr. Gridley concluded, with an air of kindness, which soothed the feelings of his young auditor, "You know your own business best, I dare say; and if so be you are determined upon it, you may have it,, and make use of it as long as you like; and I 'spose you won't think o' puttin' up *much* of a house upon such a place as that—when you are on't we'll settle the matter one way or t'other."

Everard readily agreed to the proposition, for he knew himself the avowed heir of the rich bachelor uncle whose name he bore, and was little concerned about the pecuniary part of his affair.

And there was a house to be built on a green

hillside in the deep woods—and this *grande opus* fully absorbed our friends until it was completed. In taking possession of it, and in arranging the simple requisites which formed its furniture, Cora found herself happier than she had been since she left home. It must be confessed that every day brought its inconveniences; one can't at first snuff the candle well with the tongs. Here were neither pappa's sideboards, nor mamma's dressing tables; but there was the charm of *housekeeping*, and every young wife knows what a charm that is for a year or two at least; and then pride whispered, that whenever papa *did* find them out, he would acknowledge how very well they had managed to be happy in their own way.

After all, it must be confessed, that the fairy-footed Cora nourished in some unexpected nook of her warm heart, a fund of something which *she* dignified by the names of resolution, firmness, perseverance, &c., but which illnatured and severe people might perhaps have been disposed to call obstinacy, or self-will. But she was a spoiled child, and her boy-husband the most indulgent of human beings; so we must excuse her if she was a little naughty, as well as very romantic. The world's harshness soon cures romance, as well as some other things that we set out with; but Cora had as yet made no acquaintance with the world, that most severe of all teachers.

But no word yet of inquires from home. No advertisements, no rewards, no "afflicted parents." —This was rather mortifying. At length Everard ventured to propose writing to his uncle, and though Cora pretended to be quite indifferent, she was right glad to have an excuse for opening a communication with home. But no answer came. The cold winds of autumn turned the maple leaves yellow, then scarlet, then brown, and no letter!—The whole face of the earth presented to the appalled eye of the city bred beauty, but one expanse of mud—deep, tenacious, hopeless mud. No walks either by day or by evening; books all read and re-read; no sewing, for small change of dress suffices in the woods; no company but Squire Bildad or Mrs. Dart. (The squire's "gal" was teaching school for the winter, and the interesting Hazzy thought Everard "a queer stick to set all day in the house a readin," and did not much affect his society.)

Deep winter, and no word from New York.

Everand now wrote to his father, the most indulgent of fathers; but though he often saw the name of the well known firm in a stray newspaper, no notice whatever was taken of his missives. This was a turn of affairs for which he was entirely unprepared. Cora tossed her pretty head, and then cried, and said she did not care, and cried again. But now a new interest arose. The prospect of becoming a mother awakened at once the most intense delight and a terror amounting almost to agony; and Cora at length wrote to her mother.

Spring came, and with the flowers a little daughter; Cora found in the one-eyed, odd-looking widow, the kindest and most motherly of nurses, while Mr. Gridley and his family, kindly interested in their inexperienced neighbors, were not lacking in aid of any sort. So Cora made out much better than she deserved.

When she was able to venture out, the good Squire came with his wagon to fetch her to spend the day by way of change; and Cora most thankfully accepted this and other kindness of her rustic friends. A short residence in the woods modifies most suprisingly one's views on certain points.

Some travelers emigrating to far Michigan had been resting at Mr. Gridley's when Cora spent her day there, and it was to this unlucky encounter that we must ascribe the sickening of Cora's darling, who was after some days attacked with an alarming eruption. Mrs. Dart declared it the small pox, and having unfortunately less judgment than kindness, she curtained its little bed from every breath of air, and fed it with herd-teas and other rustic stimulants, till the poor little thing seemed like to stifle; and just at this juncture Everard was taken ill, with the same symptoms.

Cora bore up wonderfully for a few days, but the baby grew worse, and Everard no better. Medical aid was sought, but the doctor proved quite as much of an old woman as Mrs. Dart.

The dear baby's strength was evidently diminishing; the spots on its little cheeks assumed a livid appearance. Mrs. Dart's pale face grew paler, and Cora awaited with agony which might be read in her wild and vacant eye, the destruction of her hopes. The recollection of her undutiful conduct towards her parents was at her heart, weighing it down like a millstone. Everard, who might have assisted and comforted her, was stretched helpless; and at times slightly delirious.

"I fear the baby is going," said the kind widow with trembling lips.

The wretched mother cast one look at its altered countenance, and with a wild cry sunk senseless on the floor. Her punishment was fulfilled.

* * * * * * *

She became conscious of resting on a soft bosom—her hands were gently chafed, and a whispering voice whose thrilling sounds aroused her very soul, recalled her to a sense of her situation. She looked first at her infant's little bed. It was empty.

"My baby! my baby!" she shrieked in agony.

Her mother, her own dear mother, laid it on her bosom without a word, but she saw that it breathed in a soft sleep, and tears relieved her bursting heart.

"O, mother, mother, can you forgive?" was all that she could say; and it was enough. Her father, too, was there, and he took her in his arms and weeping blest her and forgave her.

The crisis or *turn* of the disease had been so severe as to assume the aspect of approaching dissolution, and from that hour the precious baby (the wilderness is the place to love children) began to amend, and the young papa with it. And then came such long talks about the past, the present and the future—such minute explanations of all feelings and plans. Everard and Cora seemed to live a whole year extra in these few weeks which suceeeded the time of this sore trial. And Cora was a new creature, a rational being, a mother, a matron, full of sorrow for the past, and of sage plans for the future.

The silent disregard of the letters had been systematic. The flying pair had been recognized by some persons on their journey westward; and the parents, indulgent as they were, felt that some atonement was due for this cruel disregard of their feelings, and forgetfulness of the common obligations. When months passed on without any evidence of repentance, they felt still more deeply hurt, as well as seriously anxious; and though Everard's letters relieved in some measure their solicitude for the welfare of their undutiful children, it was not until Cora wrote to her mother that the visit was resolved on which proved so opportune and so delightful.

And there was more to be told. Fortune had become weary of smiling on the long established house of Hastings & Mansfield, and heavy losses had much impaired the worldly means of these worthy people. The summer palaces on the Hudson, were about to pass into other hands, and great changes to be made in many particulars.—And Everard must get his own living. This was a thing which Cora at least had never included in her plans.

After much consultation, it was conceded on all hands that it would be rather awkward to return to Mr. J.'s office after this little excursion. A frolic is a frolic to be sure, but people don't always take the view we wish them to take of our vagaries. Mr. Mansfield proposed his Michigan lands.

And Everard and his subdued and humble but happy Cora, confessed that they had imbibed a taste for the wilderness, an unfashionable liking for early rising *deshabille*; a yearning, common to those who have lived in the free woods,

To forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

Visionary still, says the reader. Perhaps so, but to Michigan they came, and with a fine, large, fertile tract, managed by a practical farmer and his family, they find it possible to exist, and are, I had almost said, the happiest couple of my acquaintance.

CHOOSE GOOD COMPANY.—Young men are in general but too little aware how much their reputation is affected in the view of the public by the company they keep. The character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. If they seek the society of the worthy, it elevates them in the public estimation, as it is an evidence that they respect others. On the contrary, intimacy with persons of bad character always sinks a young man in the eyes of the public.

BERRY STAIN.—A teaspoonful of oil of vitrol mixed in a cup of water, will, without fail, remove any berry stains from garments, without injury to the cloth.

Of all the generous sentiments, that of love of country is most universal.

From the New York Observer.

PRAYER AT THE MAST HEAD.

A sailor recently returned from a whaling voyage, and in conversation with a pious friend, spoke of the enjoyment he had in prayer while afar in the deep. "But," inquired his friend, "in the midst of the confusion on shipboard, where could you find a place to pray?" "Oh," said he, "I always went to the mast head." I have heard of closets in various places, but never in one more peculiar than this. Peter went to the house top to pray. Others have sought the shades of the forest. I remember hearing of a youth who came home from the camp during the last war, and his pious mother asked him, "Where, John, could you find a place to pray?" He answered, "where there is a heart to pray, mother, it is easy to find a place."

And yet the sailor's closet was a favorite spot. The ear of man could not hear him as he cried mighty unto God. The gales that wafted his ship on its voyage, would bear his petitions upward toward the throne. "The voice of many waters would be the music of his sanctuary, and the angels that had charge concerning him, would listen to the swelling song concerning him." As he lifted up his heart and his voice in prayer, he was surrounded with the majesty and glory of his Maker. The "deep, deep sea" spread its illimitable expanse around him. The heavens spread out like the curtains of Jehovah's chamber, and the stars, like the jewels that adorn His crown, hung over him as he climbed the giddy mast, and bowed down to pray. Perhaps he had little imagination, and entered not into the grandeur of the scene around him. But he had a soul, a soul that felt the power of God; that loved high and holy communion with the Father of spirits, and while the others below were rioting in the mirth of a sailor's jovial life, his joy was literally to rise above the world and find intercourse with heaven.

What peace there was at that sailor's heart!—The storms might "rudely toss his floundering bark," but they could not shake his confidence in God. The ocean might yawn beneath him to swallow him in its fathomless depth, but he was sheltered in the bosom of his father's love. The frail bark might be driven at the mercy of the winds, or be dashed on the rocks, or stranded on the shore, but he had a hope that was an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil. Through the thickest darkness that enveloped him, the "star of Bethlehem" shed its celestial loveliness over his path in the trackless deep, and guided him onward and upward to the haven of his eternal rest. Thitherward from mast-head he strained his eye, and true as the needle to the pole, he pursued his way; when tempted he sought the mast-head to pray; when in despondency, at the mast-head he found joy; when the taunts of his companion filled his ear with pain and his soul with grief, he fled to the mast-head and poured out the desire of his heart, into the ear of him who hears the humblest supplicants that cry.

I love to think of this sailor. I wish I knew him, and could kneel down with him and hear him converse with God. How few would be as faithful as he! How many would neglect their closet and seldom pray in secret, unless they could have a more safe retreat; a more sacred chamber than the mast of a wave-rocked whaler. But he, "when here a sailor's pillow's pressed," walks now on the mighty deep, and where the tempest-tossed mariner cries, he answers "It is I, be not afraid."

THE MONUMENT FAIR, at Boston, up to Saturday evening, continued to be crowded to the utmost, and the sales of articles indicated anything but a dearth of means. The Salem Observer relates a prime incident which is said to have occurred at the Fair on Wednesday. The gist of it is, that among the numerous visiters, was a noble hearted, jolly tar, who, after having wandered about for some time, viewing the rich and varied articles of exhibition, suddenly came to the table of a rich and lovely young lady—when Jack, after viewing the table and eyeing the lovely young damsel, could refrain no longer, and said to a friend near by: "I swear I would give *twenty* dollars to kiss that girl." No sooner said than done. "You may," said the young lady, timidly stepping forward, and receiving a sweet kiss.—Jack, nothing daunted, planked the money, and left, feeling that he had made a good bargain.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1840.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The September No., being the 12th and last of the second volume, comes to us in its usual good mechanical style, which, as we have before said, excels most publications of its class. The present number contains some unusually interesting articles, among which we notice a review of MR. GRIMES' New System of Phrenology. The reviewer, we think, does not treat the author with a perfectly unbiassed mind; that is, he finds more faults, and raises more objections, than really exist.

The October number will be the first of the third volume. We would say to any who wish to have a cheap fund of phrenological intelligence, from some of our best writers, you may be supplied monthly, for the small amount of $2,00 a year.

LADIES' COMPANION.—The September No. of this welcome "Companion" comes to us richly laden as ever with contributions from some of the best writers we have, together with a steel plate, being a "View from Mount Ida," which is very neatly executed. The artist seems to have partaken largely of the harmony and sweetness which pervades the scene. The plate of the Fall Fashions is very neat. The $200 prize tale, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, is concluded, and it well deserves the reputation it has gained; the strength and discrimination with which the characters are drawn, and the mystery which is thrown over the whole, reflect great credit to the authoress. Another article, by the same, entitled "The Mother's Prayer," evinces all that beauty and fervor of thought which characterize all her writings.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—This is the title of a new work, just laid on our table. It is from the pen of the Hon. E. Phipps, and to those who are fond of light reading, it must be very acceptable. It abounds in descriptions of fashionable life, and is very interesting withal. WILSON, at 6 Exchange street, has it.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.—Numbers 7 and 8 of this inimitably amusing publication have been received by WILSON, 6 Exchange street. All who have read the preceding numbers—and who has not?—will procure these.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

We are informed that Alexander's Bucephalus was a fiery and unmanageable animal, save when the monarch held the reins, and by matchless skill guided his movements. But when thus guided, the noble spirited horse moved in conscious dignity, and seemed to feel that he was bearing the "conqueror of the world."

So the imagination, if left to itself, too often controls its possessor, and becomes unmanageable. But if the strong arm of reason directs and controls its mighty energies, it becomes one of man's noblest and most useful faculties.

The imagination is in constant requisition, even in the common affairs of life. But it is brought into most vigorous exercise when enployed to call up the soul-stirring events of the past. By its power, we can, not only bound

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"

and seem to stand at Egypt's fallen Thebes, there to view the entombed millions of lifeless forms, but our thoughts are transported back to former days. Though the vision may be dim, still we seem to see the hundred-gated city rising before us in all its ancient splendor, rearing high its imposing palaces, its solemn temples, and its "cloud capped towers." The lifeless forms seem as animated with souls as when their feet "entraversed here." We seem to hear the now hushed voice raised in the battle cry, and the now sightless eye sparkling with vivacity. This faculty, when united with historical facts, tends to throw an interest around the past, and to bring the characters, customs, and deeds of former days vividly before us. Historical Romance designs not to change the truth into a falsehood; but simply to bring before, and forcibly impress upon, the mind, certain truths and facts that will please as well as inform—that will interest as well as instruct. It gives us the experience of the past, which uniting with lessons from the present, we may learn wisdom for the future.

While history simply portrays men as they are viewed by the public gaze, when seen through their public actions, Romance delineates the feelings and interests as well as the actions of men. While History scarcely goes beyond the "charmed circle of court and camp," Romance gathers up the fragments that History has left, and from these presents a view of the nation at large. It paints their vices and virtues, their manners and customs, their prejudices and passions, in vivid colors. While History simply marks the boundary lines of a country, marking here and there a city, here and there a mountain, here and there a river, Romance fills up the intervening spaces. The winding rivulet, coursing its way through "margins of moss," the gently sloping hill, and the beautiful valley, all find appropriate places. These latter not only throw an interest around the former, but also give the reader a better conception of the whole. While History furnishes the materials—while it simply points to the block, Romance uses these materials, and makes the marble speak. The historian might have informed us, in a few words, of Achilles' wrath, and its direful consequences.

But had not the "transcendent genius" of a Homer seized upon these scanty materials, we should never have received the immortal verse, and the "sublime imaginings" of the Iliad.

Again, Romance makes one interested in former days; and hence he turns with pleasure to peruse the annals of those days. Who, that has read Kenilworth, has not desired to know more of England's maiden Queen? Who, that has read the "Last Days of Pompeii," has not wished to learn more about that ill-fated city?

Some will doubtless affirm, that the tendency of many romances is bad, and their influence pernicious. With equal propriety, we might say that there are false systems of philosophy, and false religions. But no one considers these facts a sufficient reason for rejecting the true religion, and discarding philosophy. The greatest blessings, if abused, degenerate into the greatest curses.—The fact is, truth, as usual, "lies midway between extremes." We would not have all fiction, or all prosing facts; and as Historical Romance skillfully blends the two, and unites them in one harmonious whole, may we not hope that the time is not far distant, when romances will be judged by their intrinsic merit? We would not have them blindly devoured, or indiscriminately condemned; but we would have them received or rejected, as one would receive or reject the works of a philosopher. By their merit should they be judged; and by this judgment should they stand or fall.

S. N. W.

'I'm in liquor,' as the mouse said ven he fell into a cider barrel.

'I'm bound to you forever,' as the cover said to the book.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

Among the recent discoveries of science, there has probably been no one, which has excited such interest throughout the scientific world, or which is destined ultimately to effect so great changes in some whole departments of art, as that of Daguerre. He has succeeded in guiding the pencil of the sun, in the delineation of natural objects, with such fidelity as to secure the most perfect portraits wherever the light of heaven falls. As might be supposed, nothing can equal, in perfection, the pictures which nature paints of herself; and the mind cannot conceive more entirely faithful representations than are furnished by the Daguerreotype.

The process by which these pictures are procured is simply this: A plate of polished silver is exposed to the vapor of iodine till a coat is formed upon its surface. It is then made to occupy the place of the ground glass, in a camera obscura, which had been previously adjusted so as to present, in the picture, all the delicate outlines it is designed to embrace. After continuing in the camera a length of time proportioned to the clearness of the atmosphere, and the intensity of the light, it is removed to a bath, and exposed to a vapor of mercury. In a short time, the picture begins to develope itself, and ultimately all the lines and spaces of light and shade are distinctly defined. It is then washed in a solution of salt to remove the undecomposed iodide.

This is a hasty mention of the general process. What the true theory of the chemical changes may be, is yet not entirely settled. Perhaps no one more satisfactory has been presented than the following:

When the plate is exposed to the iodine there is formed, on iodine or silver, a compound, which is decomposible by light. This plate, in passing to the camera, is protected from light, and not until the whole apparatus is adjusted, is this agent permitted to operate upon it. Now the picture is made up of light and shade, and various degrees and kinds of coloring, which correspond with different degrees of light and shade, so that when the slide is withdrawn, which protects the iodized surface, the light falls with different degrees of intensity upon different portions of the plate. The light, is has just been remarked, is an agent capable of decomposing this compound of iodine and silver. Where the light falls strongest, there decomposition is most rapid; and where it falls weakest decomposition is slowest. Thus, after exposure a little while to the action of the light, the surface of the plate would present to a microscopic eye, if it were possible to examine it without light, lines and spaces of more or less decomposed iodide of silver. The entirely decomposed iodide would leave the silver in a state of an extremely fine powder. The partially decomposed would leave some sections of surface coated with powdery silver, and others yet covered with the compound. In this state, protected from light, it is removed to the mercurial bath. Here, by the application of heat, the mercury in vapor is made to pass in contact with the plate. In thus passing, where there are portions of decomposed iodide, the mercury unites with the silver and forms an amalgam. This is of course comparatively without lustre, and when looked upon with particular inclination to the light must appear white. After sufficient exposure to the mercury, the plate is washed in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, to remove the undecomposed iodide. Now there is a surface made up of spaces of pure silver, so finely polished as to be a mirror, and spaces of amalgam, which, when held in such position as to have

the pure surface reflect objects, always appears white. The mass of confused images in the mirror, makes all the pure surface appear black, which when contrasted with the amalgam distributed in obedience to the relative amount of light and shade, all over the plate, constitutes the picture.

What the legitimate sphere in which nature has designed this instrument to be especially used, we may perhaps not yet have learned. If it be the copying of Egyptian hyeroglyphics, that antiquaries may view the language of the ancient people of the Nile, or if it be the general copying of sculpture and architecture for the particular benefit of artists, or if it be for the geologist and the student of nature, that he may seize upon the illustrations of his position from the field, which is alone calculated to supply them, or still if it be the delineation of the human paterns, remains yet to be determined. E. N. H.

Albany, Sept., 1840.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The "New World" and Mr. Cooper.

There is, after all, much as people may talk about the injustice, and all that sort of thing too often done to works of real merit, by your professed critics, a great deal of downright malicious pleasure, in reading a really withering criticism, executed in the rough McGrawler style of one of our practised journalists. To those who, like ourselves, are wickedly inclined to laugh over the "quarrels of Authors," and like an occasional treat of this description, we recommend the two last numbers of the "New World" newspaper.—They contain a most *scientific dissection* of some recent works of the popular American Novelist. Without assuming to decide on the truth or falsity of the reviewer's charges, we recommend the articles purely as the most ferocious and successful specimens of the clashing, Jeffrey School of criticism, which we remember to have met with in the annals of American reviewing. They are probably from the pen of Mr. PARK BENJAMIN, a name of fearful portent to the whole race of small beer poets and magazinests, and certainly do no dishonor to his reputation for fearless and caustic criticism.

Mr. COOPER must have matter of defence in reserve, or he would hardly venture to institute the numberless suits—among others one against this very "New World"—for the publication of charges so severely enforced in the papers in question; but however this may be, he cannot help writhing at the remorseless lashing he meets with from the hands of the New York Editor. It is not in the nature of man, and Mr. Cooper, we believe, has his share of human infirmities

Mr. Benjamin is far from being incapable of sustaining creditably a *joust* even with Cooper; and if the latter gentleman thinks proper to retort, we very much doubt which will come out of a protracted contest the better man.

To all who have leisure and a liking for such things, whether they acquiesce in the justice of the war on Mr. Cooper, or not, we say, send for the paper and read the articles referred to; and if you do not agree with us in thinking a couple of works most unmercifully hacked to pieces therein, we shall withdraw all pretentions, in future, to the name of CRITIC.

A lad stepped into a huckster's shop, who, by the way, did not always consider honesty as one of the cardinal virtues, and asked him to trust his father for a cheese. "I never trust any one," said he. "Why not," said the lad, "My father has trusted you, he says, more than he ever will again." "Never a farthing," said the huckster, "he owes me now." "I know it," answered the lad, "because he trusted you to set it down!"

Banner Presentation.

On the evening of the 7th inst., the young ladies of the First Presbyterian Church, presented to the members of Cataract Fire Co. No. 4, a beautifully wrought Banner. The ceremonies took place at the Rochester House. The following are the addresses on the occasion:

C. S. CLARK, Esq., in behalf of the young ladies, made the following ADDRESS:—

To the Members of Fire Co. No. 4;

GENTLEMEN—In behalf of the Young Ladies' Society of the 1st Presbyterian Church, I have the honor to present for your acceptance, the *Stand of Colors*, as a slight return for services which, in the spirit of your motto, you have so generously rendered, by contributing to increase the funds of their failing treasury. Accept it, then, with their best wishes, and let it ever prove a bright talisman to the gallant Firemen of No. 4.

"Tis the banner of beauty, the fairest, the best
Of this goodly City—"The Queen of the West;"
O'er the brows of a braver its folds may not wave,
Than the FIREMAN who perils his life but to save.

To this address, Mr. HENRY HAIGHT, on behalf of the Company, made the following reply:

LADIES—Assembled as we are this evening, for the purpose of receiving from you this beautiful *Banner*, the workmanship of your own hands, it becomes us that we should take a retrospective view of the past.

Let us cast our recollections back, and see what has been our success in years gone by, and then we shall see whether we are enabled justly to indulge those pleasing thoughts of future usefulness and honor, which I am sure reigns predominant in the heart of at least every member of the Company which I have the honor this evening to represent. The occasion seems peculiarly a fitting one, to indulge these pleasing reminiscences; to see what we have done as Fireman, and what we may still hope to accomplish.

CATARACT FIRE CO. No. 4, was organized in January, 1831, under the auspices of JAS. K. LIVINGSTON, Esq. as Foreman, and ranked among its first members some of our most worthy citizens; and it is a fact worthy of note, that nearly every person who joined the Company, upon its first organization, still survives, and are now among our most wealthy and enterprising men. It is now nearly ten years since this Company was organized, and how far it has realized the expectations of its founders, remains to be told by others. The Company have had to struggle through many hard and severe difficulties—enough to have discouraged almost any men but Firemen. Their location was a very bad one, being situated so far from the centre of the city, which always will be the rallying place in an alarm of fire. But they struggled on, being determined not to give up the good old Engine untill they had placed it in the hands of those, who, in their opinion, were worthy to possess it; and though the clouds of adversity sometimes gathered over them—though they had their full share of all the "ills which flesh is heir to," yet still they persevered. The high blaze of the glorious sun of prosperity and success would sometimes shed its refulgent rays upon them, dispelling the dark clouds of adversity, which were hovering over them,—inspiring them with new zeal and ardor, and encouraging them to go on, fulfilling faithfully all the duties of their useful calling; and we stand before you this evening, proud to boast ourselves the successors of this body of persevering and useful citizens.

The duties of a Fireman are truly "unique." To his occupation, no other bears a comparison. The soldier may boast of battles fought and victories won—may point you to his "wounds and bruises," as proud memorials of what he has suffered for his country's good. But the triumphs of a Fireman are bloodless ones. No sighing of widows, no tears and groans of orphans, are borne to our ears upon every breeze, as the sure accompaniments of his victory. But the thanks, the generous outpouring of all the gratitude of which the heart of man is susceptible, is freely and lavishly showered upon him, by those whose property he has rescued from the destroying element, or perhaps, by a fond and gratified mother, whose doting and beloved child he has borne from the devouring flame, when to all he seemed irrecoverably lost.

To the pure hearted Fireman, the consciousness of having done his duty, is the only reward for which he seeks. To obtain this, he will labor, toil and strive. His most laborious and arduous duties, generally have to be performed at an hour when, for his own health and comfort, it would seem necessary that he should enjoy that repose which the God of Nature has decreed is necessary to the existence of man. And yet how often is that repose broken! How often at such an hour, does the alarm-bell rouse him from his slumbers, calling him from his rest and quietude, to go forth and do that duty, which he has voluntarily taken upon himself! And yet how cheerfully is that call met—how soon does he obey that summons! Ere the bell has thrice tolled its alarm, he has sped him on his way with heart resolute; with a strong arm, and a determination which no danger can appal, to do his *whole duty*,—to put forth all the energy and skill with which he is endowed, to rescue from the devouring element the property, and perhaps the life of his fellow-citizens. The shout of "Rescue," is upon his lips, and his purpose is ever "onward," until he has accomplished all for which he so nobly contends.

But I need not recount to you the arduous duties performed by our Firemen—of their attachment to their calling. I need not tell you of the danger to which they are so often exposed. Yonder smouldering ruins speak far more emphatically than any language of mine can express, of the difficulties and dangers through which, in the performance of their duty, they are frequently called to pass. But the attachment of a Fireman to his Engine, is supreme. It is his very idol. It bears some comparison to that ardor with which a seaman is inspired—to the love which he bears to that vessel which has borne him on his way through sunshine and through storm; which has often bid defiance to the raging seas and the angry winds, and with nothing but a plank separating him and the great deep, has borne him on in safety and triumph, to his destined haven. You may sometimes insult a Sailor with impunity, but never his ship. He will die rather than hear that good old vessel underrated. Somewhat after this manner, does the attachment of a Fireman to his Engine, resemble that of the true hearted Sailor. He knows its power—he knows what it can perform; and when the order to "man the breaks," is heard from their Chief, he obeys with an alacrity which displays more than aught else can do, his firm confidence in his machine.

Ladies, for this rich gift which you have this evening presented us, be pleased to accept our most sincere and hearty thanks. We will take this Banner; and so long as the "Cataract" shall be heard, should discord or disunion pervade our ranks, the sight of this beautiful emblem of innocence and purity, shall recall us to our better senses. Should the fatigue and privations which we are sometimes called upon to undergo, seem to dishearten or discourage us—to retard us in the performance of our duty—to make us weary of a calling, in which is involved so much of fatigue and danger, the perseverance which you have displayed in embroidering for us, this Banner, shall cheer us on—shall animate us with a fresh desire to make ourselves the worthy possessors of this beautiful specimen of what the energy of woman may accomplish. In the language of that noble and spirit-stirring motto, we will "Aspire to serve"—to serve well that city of which we are proud to boast we are inhabitants—we will aspire to become the very "Alpha and Omega" of our Fire Department; and how far we may succeed, time only can determine.

But you, ladies, may be assured, that to this rich gift shall we ever ascribe the honor of having inspired us with a new zeal—of having given us a fresh incentive to press onward to the discharge of our duty. Yes, this Banner shall be to us as a beacon light to cheer us onward to the rescue, amid the darkness and confusion which are the sure concomitants of the midnight blaze. O'er our heads this flag shall float as long as our names shall stand registered on yonder roll; and on leaving this Company, to make room for others who shall be more ardent and zealous than we have been, we will give to them this flag—we will bid them guard it well, and to bear it aloft through all the circumstances in wich they may be placed—to preserve it from the decay and disfigurment which cruel time is ever bringing upon all things visible—we will tell to them the tale of its first existence, and bid them by all they hold sacred and dear, to love it well, and never, no never, permit its hallowed folds to wave over the heads of cowards or traitors. But may it ever be the rallying point for the energetic, the trusty and brave. Yes, thou beautiful Banner, henceforth shalt thou be called the "Flag of the Free," and

"Thy sacred folds shall forever fly,
The sign of hope and rescue nigh."

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Apostrophe to the Galaxy.

BY N. R. SMITH.

Dedicated to the Young Ladies of Miss Seward's Seminary.

I.

What are ye? attired in your robing of white,
Beyond where the sun pours forth oceans of light,
Surmounting the stars, ay, the farthest we see,
Just pencilling heaven to prove that ye be.
Your region our vision can never descry—
What are ye? in fleecy attiring on high.

II.

Bright orbs, do ye give to the comet its ray,
Careering through space with impetuous sway,
And destined as vigils, watch over expanse,
To guard other spheres from the comet's advance?

III.

What are ye? your zone, does its circuit extend
Round orbs where the angels their minstrelsey blend;
And do ye pour forth on the throng and the choir,
The splendor of light from the disk of your fire?

IV.

What are ye? If not what the muse has defined,
Then are ye not systems of beautiful mind?
The white, stainless robe ye fling out to our view,
In chasteness the image of mind among you.
In fancy's excursions behold I not there,
In your orbs so resplendent, your region so fair—
Not beings allied to the angels in birth,
Nor yet to us, grovelling apostates of earth—
Intelligents rising by intellect's force,
Still nearer to Him, of perfection the source,
With nature's immortal, all spotless in soul,
And cherishing mind as in splendor ye roll?

V.

Behold I not, grouped round your altars of praise,
Your offspring to Heaven their orisons raise;
Or cheerful and happy in youth's ardent glow,
All sporting in fields where the wild flowers grow?

VI.

Methinks I can see by your rills and bland streams,
Your poets entranced in elysian dreams,
Or waked from the phrenzy, among the green bowers
Rehearsing their numbers while culling the flowers;
The learned of your systems, philosophers wise,
Astronomers mapping the stars of your skies,
Vast oceans expanding, your landscapes serene,
Your redolent groves, and your valleys of green.

VII.

If systems of mind ye are not, still the word—
What are ye?—No answer but echo is heard.
Do ye lead in the van of the spheres as they whirl?
Is the vision of whiteness the flag ye unfurl?
And on the reverse are these emblems displayed
Of its orbs in full splendor and glory arrayed?

VIII.

What e'er ye may be, ye are bland to the view,
As ye seem to expand through the regions of blue.
We think you a stellar assemblage refined,
And with you compare the bright grouping of mind,
To show how it can, like the stars, by its glow,
Relieve our life's orb from the gloom of its wo.

TO MY BED.

Be nothing in this curtained nook,
This hallowed cloister, thought or done,
Which the pure angels might not brook
To meditate or gaze upon.

Here, nightly, may I take account
Of every action of the past;
Diminishing the grand amount
Which must be reconed for at last.

May the Great Spirit not despise
To soothe and make my slumber blest,
That no ill image may arise
To trouble or distroy my rest.

May faith here and repentance stand;
Here may hope cheer me as I lie,
And charities of heart and hand
Prospective and in memory.

A night is near when I shall creep
Within the cover of my bed,
Composing for an endless sleep
This weary breast, this weary head.

May that distressful, deep'ning night—
May the dark grief of those I love—
Be cheered by recollections bright,
Which God and conscience can approve.

Far idle hopes and idle fear,
Far ill thoughts and ill angels fly;
Be such attendants only here
As I shall covert when I die.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Suggested by the Occurrences at the Fire on the morning of the 26th ult.

All hushed was the city, and nought but the feet
Of the Watchmen was heard on the adamant street,
For night brooded over, with dark sable wing,
And Somnes awhile, had assumed to be king.
A stillness was there like the hush of the tomb,
And the pale lamps glared faintly, disclosing the gloom,
While within, all unconscious, and trusting their God,
None dreamed the destroyer was walking abroad.
Twelve o'clock, slowly struck on the old belfry bell,
And the watchman's response "twelve o'clock, all is well,"
Was re-echoed from street, lane and alley around,
And silence again brooded o'er the profound.
The mother half waked, with her babe on her arm,
Had slumbered again, re-assured that no harm
Should befal them ere morning—while close by her side,
Slept the father, secure that no ill could betide.
Hark! that cry! like a knell through the darkness it boomed,
"FIRE! FIRE! *'To the Rescue!' our city is doomed!*"
Springing up, like a troop to the tocsin's shrill blast,
All rushed "To the Rescue," each scorned to be last.
Lurid wreaths of flame and smoke,
Slowly issuing from yon pile,
Told them why that cry awoke,
Why the din of that accoil.
As by magic from her bed,
Rushed the river's torrent wave,
By our skilful Firemen led,
While they shouted "On to save!"
Dauntless 'mid the scorching fire,
Smothering smoke, and crumbling wall,
Crashing timbers! none retire,
Death could not their hearts appal!
No warrior's civic crown,
Nor fame, nor high renown,
Which heroes so much love,
Was it for which they strove.
But prompted by philanthropy,
And hearts of generous sympathy,
For "others' good" they toiled to save,
From fearful ruin's yawning grave,
The source which gave to children bread,
To mothers homes.

——— "That wall!" "take care!"
Shrieked through the crowd and rent the air,
A smothered crash that shook the ground,
A sudden gleam, a hissing sound,
And all was still.———The fire was quenched,
Hope, from the demon's grasp was wrenched,
By fearless hearts, and potent hand,—
Unscathed the threatened buildings stand,
(Save one) a monument to tell,
Where Firemen strove, where Firemen fell!
What means that groan that moans along,
From noble hearts amid the throng?
Alas! the truth too soon is told;
Two noble youth, too rashly bold,
With ardent zeal for "other's good,"
Too near the crumbling ruin stood—
Oh! would to heaven that this were all,
But ah! beneath that fallen wall
Their bleeding, mangled bodies lie!
And tears suffuse the Fireman's eye.
The city mourns! the muffled bell
Tolls out the Firemen's sad farewell!
Consoling faith points upward, now
The amaranth adorns their brow;
Bright garlands, wove by seraphs' hands,
Their trophies are—and angel bands
Strike up the pæan of the skies,
And welcome them to Paradise!

ADOLPHUS.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

On reading a proposition to erect a monument to the deceased young Firemen,

On loved Mount Hope, that consecrated ground,
Let a sequestered, lovely spot be found;
The FIREMEN there in sweet repose be laid,
Their graves be honor'd by the willow's shade;
Let the sweet briar and lowly myrtle vine,
In fond embrace around their graves entwine,
And the wild rose and modest violet bloom,
And shed their sweetest fragrance o'er their tomb;
There let the feathered songsters chaunt their lay,
And warble forth their praise at break of day;
On that sweet spot a monumental stone
Be raised to tell the deed that they have done,
The chiselled marble will their honor'd name
To passing strangers, with their worth, proclaim,
And tell the stranger, 'neath the grassy sod,
Their bodies lie, their souls are with their God.

Rochester, Sept. 1840. S. L. T.

THE WIDOW.

The widow she wept, and the widow she cried,
For it was but a week since her husband had died,
And a good soul was he, but just turned of fourscore,
So, the widow delared she would marry no more.

The widow was young, and the widow was fair,
And her mourning she wore was so touching an air
That many folks said—nay, a great many swore—
'Twas a pity she vowed she would marry no more.

The widow had houses, the widow had lands,
And silver laced lackies t' obey her commands,
A carriage to ride in, with rhino in store,
Yet, still she declared she would marry no more.

The widow she wept, and the widow she cried,
'Twas a twelvemonth that day since her husband had died,
A gallant came in—he had been there before—
"Oh! say not, fair lady, you'll marry no more."

The widow she blushed, and the widow she smiled,—
Of her grief and her tears, for the moment beguiled,—
"Well, perhaps, once again, but although to threescore,
I should live, I'm determined I'll marry no more."

SCOTSMAN.

It is a pity that most people over-do either the active or contemplative part of life. To be continually immersed in business, is the way to become forgetful of every thing truly noble and liberal. To be wholly engaged in study, is to lose a great part of the usefulness of a social nature. How much better would it be, if people would temper action and contemplation, and use action as a relief to study!

ADVICE TO LOUNGERS.—Call on business men in business hours, only on business; do your business at once, and go about your business; that all business men may be able to do business.

Once in every ten years, every man needs his neighbor.

MARRIAGES.

In Buffalo, on Monday morning, the 14th instant, at Trinity Church, by the Rev. C. S. Hawks, Mr. JAMES MILLER, of Rochester, to Miss FRANCES D. ROSS, of the former place.

In Henderson, Ill., on the 2d instant, by E. T. Ellett, Esq., Mr. MORVAN BAKER, to Miss ALIDA LANSING.

In Pittsford, yesterday morning, the 15th inst., by Rev. W. Van Zandt of this city, JAMES H. PRATT, Esq. Cashier of the Exchange Bank of Rochester, to Miss MARIA E. BOUGHTON, daughter of Frederick Boughton, Esq. of Pittsford.

In St. Luke's Church, on the evening of the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. ELIJAH ACKLEY, to Mrs. SAMANTHA M. BARTLETT, all of this city.

On Wednesday morning, the 9th instant, by the Rev. T. Edwards, Mr. CHARLES B. HALL, of Byron, Genesee county, to Miss JANE M. BARDWELL, daughter of Reuben Bardwell, Esq. of Rochester.

In this city, by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Mr. CHARLES A. GREGORY, Merchant in New York, to Miss ABBY LODER, daughter of Mr. M. Loder, of this place.

On the 10th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. Daniel Gatens, to Miss Louisa Jeffords.

At Oswego, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Gridley, Prof. Frank Hamilton, of Rochester, to Mary G. daughter of Judge O. Hart, of the former place.

In Clinton, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Norton, Mr. JAMES W. SIBLEY, merchant of this city, to Miss MARY A. daughter of Doct. Seth Hastings of the former place.

In Binghamton, N. Y., on the 17th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Bush, Mr. Nathaniel Spear, of Wolcott, N. Y., to Miss Cordelia Melvin, of Binghamton.

In Hindsburgh, Orlerns county, on the 2nd instant, by the Rev. Mr. Chipman, Mr. FRANKLIN PARMELEE, of Albion, to Miss ADELINE, eldest daughter of John Whitney, Esq., formerly of this city.

In Mendon, on the 2nd inst., by Elder Levi Hathaway, Mr. William Gillett, to Miss Jane Eakler, all of that town.

In Alexander, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Wait, Mr. Russell A. Moore, to Miss Harriet L. Ellis.

In West Henrietta, on the 30th ult., by Elder E. J. Reynolds, Mr. THOMAS J. JEFFORDS, of North Rush, to Miss ELIZABETH A. HORTON, of the former place.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Joseph Van Anden, of Auburn, to Miss Harriet Hopkins, of this city.

In Auburn, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Josiah Hopkins, Mr. Theodoric C. Severance, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Caroline Maria, daughter of the late O. Seymour, Esq., of Canandaigua.

In Buffalo 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, of Rochester, N. B. NORTHROP, Esq. of Rochester, and Miss ELIZABETH CHAUNCEY, daughter of Hon. John Langdon, of this city.

In Geneseo, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. John N. Lewis, Mr. William Walker, Merchant, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Charles Colt, Esq., all of that village.

In Parma, August 30th, by Rev. H. B. Dodge, Rev. James B. Olcott, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Greece, to Miss Issabella H. Thrall, daughter of Ralph Thrall, Esq., of the former place.

On the 30th ult., by Rev. P. Church, Mr. John Hovey, to Miss Maria Ham.

On the 1st inst., by the same, Rev. J. W. Spoor, Pastor of the Baptist Church of Nunda, to Miss Helen Scott, of this city.

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From Colman's Miscellany for September.

BALLAD.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

Oh! Memory's dreams are pleasant dreams,
They tell us of the past:
They summon scenes of earlier years,
Too purely bright to last!
Oh! memory brings me back my home,—
Its mossy bank—its rill—
Its whispering wood,—and pictures me
The Cot beneath the hill.

She 'minds me of the blissful hours
In boyhood there I spent,
And sings me songs I used to love,
With happy voices blent:
She tells me tales I used to hear,
And well remember still;
How quick her magic wand can rear
That Cot beneath the hill!

I see its roof of yellow-thatch,
I see its eddying smoke,—
I hear the carol of the lark
That upward blithely woke;
The bleating sheep,—the lowing kine,—
The swallow, twittering shrill,
And song like foot-steps, tripping round
The Cot beneath the hill!

And pleasant memories greet me now,
Of forms and faces dear,
Which, even through the misty past,
Full fresh and fond appear!
Oh! Retrospection's wondrous power
This heart with bliss can fill,
Whene'er it paints, in lines of light,
That Cot beneath the hill!

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE DOOM:
A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

In a retired hamlet, towards the northern part of France, lived at the time of the Revolution, but as yet undisturbed by its horrors, Leon Duhesme, and his sister, Leonor—orphans and twins.—Lonely, beautiful, and idolizing each other, they resembled two blossoms on the self-same stem, as like, as lovely; the zephyr, that fanned the soft bloom of the one, the other would be sure to feel, and if the storm should come, alas! the blight must fall on both! So striking was the similarity, that only by their difference of dress were they known apart.

The orphans had reached their sixteenth year, when the peaceful inhabitants of ——— were one day alarmed by the intelligence, that a recruiting sergeant, with a file of soldiers, was within an hour's march of the village. The excitement was universal. The fond mother gazed on her boy, and clasped her hands in agony, at the fearful image which rose to her mind. She saw those little and youthful limbs—trampled in the dust by the iron hoof of battle; the fair, soft locks were stained and dim, the laughing eyes were closed, in the sunless sleep of death! The maiden wept in the arms of her betrothed, and the young and timid wife clung wildly to her husband, trembling with terror, as she heard the faint beat of a distant drum!

The crisis came at last. Every man able to bear arms, was summoned to the sergeant's presence, there to decide by lot, his future destiny.—For the first time in her life the cheek of Leonor was blanched with fear. It was Leon's turn to play the hero then. He had never before dreamed of a separation from his sister, and now, the very thought was agony; but for her sake, he struggled with his emotion.

"Even if I should draw the fatal lot, dear Leonor," he said, "I shall not be far from you, for, they say, the General's army is encamped within two day's march of this village. I shall often obtain leave of absence, and I must not shrink from danger, love!"

He clasped her to his heart, and then, with his soft lips pressing firmly together, and his slight and fragile frame nerved to unwonted strength, by his beautiful resolve, he turned, with a steady step, toward the appointed place of meeting.—The girl stood for a moment, motionless, and then slowly followed her brother.

She reached the scene, just as Leon was opening the paper he had drawn. She marked the scarcely visible start; the dark eye drooped, the clear, brown cheek flushed and paled again, the lip quivered and was calm, and Leonor knew that hope was vain!

Among the foremost in the group, was a noble looking youth, of frank and fearless mein, who opened his paper with an eagerness which showed that fear was a stranger to his soul. This was Victor St. Cloud—the pride and boast of the village. Many a bright eye glanced eagerly at his approach, for his bold bearing and manly beauty won the admiration of all; and many a pretty lip was seen to pout with vexation at the rumor of his engagement to the young and timid Louise de l'Orme; Louise! the orphan—the friendless and destitute! whose sad blue eyes were seldom lifted, save in prayer, and to whose soft, cloudless cheek, the rose of beauty and of joy was unknown, 'till it woke to life beneath the hallowed kiss of love!

He opened the paper; an exulting smile illumined his countenance, as he glanced at the contents, and he uttered an involuntary exclamation of joy. It was echoed by a piercing shriek from one of the group of women, who were awaiting the decision at a little distance, and a fair young girl rushed wildly forward, and fell fainting at his feet! The glad smile instantly gave place to an expression of mournful tenderness; his black eyes filled with tears, and raising the lifeless Louise gently in his arms, he bore her from the scene.

The stars, that smiled that night through the untroubled heaven, serene and lovely as angelic eyes, looked down on many a scene of sorrow; for the little troop was to march at sunrise, the next day. In one of the lowliest huts of the village dwelt a widow with her only son. The woman was infirm and poor. She looked to the unwearied exertions of her affectionate boy as their sole means of support. He was all the world to her; her life, her hope, her joy! And the morrow's sun would see her desolate and comfortless; for he too had drawn the fatal lot. They were seated together beside the low window of their room, and the youth held her thin, weak hand, fast locked in his. Silent they sat—the silence of despair; for to them there was no hope, not a glimpse, not the slightest chance of relief! The mother's dim eyes gazed mournfully on the face, which, for seventeen years, had been as sunshine in her darkened home.

They knelt together, before a rude picture of the Virgin, and the young man bowed his head reverently, while his mother breathed a prayer for his safety and return.

As she rose from the performance of this pious duty, a tap was heard at the door, and a youthful stranger hastily entered the hut. He was enveloped in a cloak and cap, the dark and drooping plumes of which, effectually shaded his face from observation. His mission was soon told. He had come to offer himself as a substitute for the widow's son.

"You," he said, turning to the latter, "must surely be loth to leave your only parent, alone and destitute; she would die if you are gone. I, alas! have none to mourn for me!—and my only hope of happiness is, in what I now propose: let me go in your stead."

It will readily be imagined how thankfully the widow and her son assented to his welcome proposition. The former wept tears of joy at the unlooked for reprieve, and blessed the stranger youth with all the fervor of a grateful heart. But he turned from their eager acknowledgements, and rapidly retraced his steps till he reached a lonely cottage, which he entered, and proceeding to an inner chamber, hastily closed the door.

Long before sunrise, the sleepless Leonor rose from her pillow, and hastily dressing went to her brother's apartment. She knocked; no answer was returned, and softly opening the door, she stole, with a noiseless step, to his bedside. How beautiful is the slumber of the innocent and young! His head was pillowed on his arm, while its brown curls, moist with the balmy dews of sleep, clung in graceful disorder to the fair and blue-veined temples. A tear was on his glowing cheek; but a smile, lovely as the light, and full of angelic tenderness, played round the gently parted lips.—With a gaze of unutterable affection, Leonor leaned over the slumbering boy, and kissed away the tear. Then kneeling by his side, she prayed for a few moments, silently, but with fervor, for that beloved being from whom she was so soon to part, perhaps for ever. She rose relieved, awoke the sleeper, and left him to complete her preparations for his departure.

The moment of separation arrived. It was one of agony to both; but it was soon over, for there was no time for delay. A lingering kiss—a scarcely audible farewell—another last embrace! and Leonor was left alone with her sorrow, while her brother hastened to his already assembled comrades.

One alone was missing. It was the widow's son. His name was called, but no one answered the summons. It was repeated.

"His substitute is here!" replied a low, sweet voice; and a youth unknown to all, with downcast eyes and faltering step, suddenly took his station in the ranks.

The little troop commenced its march toward the frontiers, where Dumourier, the Republican General, with his brave Carmagnoles, was steadily opposing the progress of the Prussians and the French Royalists, under the Duke of Brunswick. Two days after they joined the main army, an engagement, near Valmy, took place between the hostile forces. In that contest, short and undecisive as it was, the youthful Leon, though he fought with instinctive courage, experienced all the horror and disgust, with which a first scene of bloodshed must ever inspire a mind like his—naturally gentle, refined and sensitive, and hitherto devoted to intellectual pursuits.

One fatal incident, in particular, impressed him with an abhorrance of the fearful trade of war, which not all his after life could control.

Towards the close of the battle, he found himself near Victor St. Cloud, the gay and gallant Victor, who had fought like an inspired hero thro' the day. He was at that moment in a single and desperate combat with a Prussian of athletic frame, who, by some accident, had disarmed and brought him to the ground. Undaunted by his own defenceless condition, and the raised and threatening sword of his powerful foe, who haughtily bade him surrender, Victor sprang to his feet; but ere he could close with his enemy, a youth, whose constant presence at his side during the day, had before surprised him, suddenly rushed between him and the Prussian, and receiving in his breast the sword intended for Victor, sunk at his feet, with the red life stream gushing fast from the wound. It was the same mysterious and beautiful being who had appeared suddenly among the ranks on the morning of their march; and who, since then, had won the love and the interest of all, by his patience, sweetness, and almost unearthly loveliness of feature and expression. Astonished at the young stranger's unaccountable de-

votion to himself, and maddened by the fatal result, St. Cloud sprang forward to avenge him.—His fury lent him a supernatural strength; he wrenched the sword, yet warm with the blood of that innocent victim, from the hand of the foe, and laid him lifeless at his feet—then raising in his arms, with mournful solicitude the seemingly breathless form of the boy, he hastened from the field. "Victor!" murmured a faint, sweet voice—he stopped abruptly. It was like the voice of Louise, yet surely it issued from the pale lips that rested on his shoulders. "Victor!" it whispered again! Sickening with a sudden and vague, but dreadful apprehension, he sank on one knee to the ground, resting the stranger's head upon the other. "Dear Victor!" He wildly dashed off the military cap, that shaded the pale features of the youth—with it fell that dark hair that had so effectually disguised those features, and the fair tresses of Louise de l' Orme floated like light to the ground! Speechless with agony and horror, the lover bent over the devoted girl, who now lay motionless in his arms; and long and wildly did he gaze upon the face, beautiful even in death! Once, only once, the white lids moved, the soft, blue eyes looked up to his with a dim smile of touching and mournful tenderness; when they closed forever! Victor knew that she was dead!

For some moments he did not move; he scarcely breathed; by degrees his face grew calm, almost rigid in its expression; his lips slowly and sternly compressed, as if closing over some desperate mental resolve. Whatever this determination may have been, he sealed it with a long, long kiss upon the forehead of his lost Louise, and rising calmly, transferred her to the arms of Leon, who had been a deeply interested witness of the scene. Victor did not speak; but as he resigned his precious burden, he pointed to the battle-field, with a wild and meaning smile, and dashed once more into the thickest of the fray.

It was night. The soldiers slumbered in their tents. The battle was over; but its dreadful sounds and sights still haunted the fevered imagination of Leon. If he closed his eyes to sleep, the wan face of the murdered Louise rose before them, and he was fain to re-open and fix them on some real and less awful object, in order to displace the unearthly vision; but he could not dispel the fearful images which crowded upon his mind, and gradually, as his memory brooded, with an intense and uncontrollable power, over the scenes he had witnessed, as they became more and more terribly distinct, more painfully minute, his brain grew wild, his senses wavered, and starting from the ground, he glided out of the tent, unconscious of any definite purpose, save a vague and desperate resolution to fly from the spot; whither he knew not, cared not. On he sped, as if pursued by a demon, his light step unheard, his flitting form unheeded, by the drowsy sentinel. As he passed the bodies of the slain, lying ghastly in the moonlight, the sight only served to redouble his speed, and he flew like a spirit, winged with fear, instinctively taking the road by which he had marched, with his comrades, a few days before. We will leave the poor, crazed boy in his flight, and return to his sister.

On the afternoon of the sixth day succeeding the departure of Leon, from the village, as Leonor stood at the door of their cottage, absorbed in mournful thoughts of the absent one, her wandering glance was suddenly arrested, by the figure of a soldier, running swiftly toward her. Long before he reached her, she recognized her brother, and with a cry of pleasure and surprise hastened to meet him. Panting, breathless, almost fainting, he sank into her outstretched arms, and there the strength which seemed, until then, to have been upborne by some supernatural agency, suddenly failed; he was utterly exhausted from fatigue and want of food, and it was with much difficulty that he was enabled, by his sister's assistance to reach the cottage.

Leonor was alarmed by the extreme paleness of his face, his wild, haggard expression, and still more, by his incoherent and extravagant demonstrations of rapture at being once more with her, who was his all on earth. Gradually, however, she soothed him into calmness, and pursuaded him to account for his unexpected return. He told her, shuddering with renewed horror as he did so, of the sad and agonizing scenes he had been compelled to see and share, and of their overwhelming effect on his excited imagination. He fled from the tent, he said, in a state bordering upon frenzy, and as he passed the dead bodies that strewed the battle field, a wild fancy took possession of his heated brain; they seemed to rise up and pursue him as he flew, with their white faces and blood-stained garments gleaming strangely in the moonlight! From that horrible moment, all consciousness had forsaken him, and he knew nothing more until he found himself in the arms of his beloved sister.

Leonor listened and wept with affectionate sympathy; but the sufferer needed food and sleep; the former was soon supplied, and after bathing his fevered brow and soothing him with her gentle caresses, she persuaded him to retire for the night. Restless herself, she wandered from room to room, and at last, unable to control her anxiety, stole to her brother's apartment. He slept—alas! how different now his slumbers from that which she had watched over on the morning of his departure! Then he lay, blooming and beautiful, in the rosy rest of health and youth and innocence! Now, weak and worn with physical and mental exhaustion, the glow had left his cheeks, the sunny smile his lips! His eyes were half unclosed, as if his rest were troubled with unwholesome dreams. His lips quivered with a convulsive effort to speak: "Ah! save me, save me, Leonor!" he cried.

"Yes, yes! I will save thee, dearest!" said the pitying girl, fondly believing that the voice he loved would soothe him even in sleep. She was right. His head sank back upon the pillow, his eyes closed, his slumber gradually grew deeper and more tranquil. Leonor bent over him for a while, then turned to leave the room. The moon shone unclouded, and as she passed the open window, she was startled by the appearance of several men, who were evidently approaching the cottage. She caught the gleam of armor and her heart misgave her. "They are soldiers, they have come for Leon!" she said to herself.

Alas! it was too true, and ere they reached the gate, she had heard enough to confirm her wildest fears. From their conversation she learned, that as soon as the fugitive was missed from the camp, they had been sent in pursuit. The words which followed struck on her senses with the force of a thunderbolt.

"Poor boy!" said one, "he will pay dearly for his desertion! shot, probably—some I know have been guillotined. It is a hard fate for one so young and gentle!"

"Bah!" replied another in a brutal tone, "I have no pity to waste on cowards."

With wonderful presence of mind, Leonor repressed the shriek which had nearly burst from her lips. She withdrew hastily from the casement. She gazed around in wild despair. Was there no means of escape for the fair and innocent being who lay before her, unconscious of his danger! Suddenly a ray of moonlight fell upon his uniform, lying in a chair by the bedside; as suddenly flashed a wild thought through the mind of that heroic girl! With a trembling hand she grasped the clothes, gave a last fond look at the slumberer, and hurried from the room. She hastened to equip herself in the military garb; but ere she had completed her disguise, she heard an impatient knock at the door of the cottage, and the next moment, the sound of a heavy tramp in the room below. Dreading lest the noise had awakened Leon, she finished her task, and stole once more, with a throbbing heart to open the door of his chamber. He still slept calmly. She descended and stood before the soldiers.

"Is it I you seek?" she said.

"Ah, ha! my bird! Have we caught you at last?" The rough soldier seized her arm, as he spoke, as if fearful she would again escape.

"You may well call him a bird," said his comrade, gazing compassionately on the delicate frame of the pretended boy, "for his voice is as sweet as a nightingale's. But we must be off, we have no time to lose."

And Leonor, rejoicing in the success of her stratagem, suffered herself to be led unhesitatingly away.

The morning sun rose brightly over the tents of Dumourier's army; but it smiled on a scene of still and awful solemnity. In an open space without the camp, a file of soldiers were drawn up in a line. They were armed with muskets, and remained motionless and grave, as if awaiting their own doom of death. Facing them, and about ten yards distant, was a youth, bare-headed and disarmed. The reader will readily recognize the victim. It was Leonor Duhesme. Firm in her heroic self devotion, and exalted above all fear, by lofty and generous enthusiasm, she stood like a beautiful statue, with a face as pale as death, while her rich dark eyes, flashing with excitement, were fixed with a steady, unwavering gaze on the weapons of the band before her, loaded, as she deemed, with her doom! But it was not so to be. Several officers, deeply interested by the youth, beauty and innocence of the prisoner, had petitioned for a reprieve in his favor, and Dumourier was so touched by his unresisting, yet fearless submission to the sentence, that he was easily prevailed upon to remit it. Some punishment, however, was deemed necessary, as a warning, and it was accordingly decided that he should remain ignorant of his pardon until the last moment. In order that he might realize, in imagination at least, all the horrors of his doom, by hearing the discharge which he believed would seal it, the muskets of the soldiers were loaded with blank cartridges. In the midst of the death-like silence which prevailed for a few moments before the signal to fire was made, a faint voice as of one exhausted, came from afar, and a pale and panting figure was seen speeding, as if for life towards the spot. The next instant the word of command was given! The soldiers levelled their muskets and fired, and Leonor stood unharmed, and wondering at her safety!

Alas! the fatal report had reached another's ear less able to endure it. Leon had heard it, the gentle and tender Leon, for the toil worn stanger was he! Already enfeebled by illness, anxiety and fatigue, the sound struck to his heart with a blow as sure and deadly in its effect as if it had been itself the winged bullet of destruction! He staggered and fell to the ground! They raised him—he was dead!

One Story good till another is told.—A gentleman of considerable magnifying powers, was relating in company how a military friend of his, having his left cheek sliced off by a sabre-cut at the battle of Waterloo, had coolly picked up, replaced and bandaged with his handkerchief the stray segment, which, after a few days, was reconciled to its parent face; that is to say, the *cheek* was cured by *inosculation*, as it is termed. After this "good thing" had passed current, with the addition, of course, of a few obvious comments from the wags of the company, as to the *right* cheek having been for the moment the *left* one, &c., an old gentleman quietly took the lead, and observed that a far more remarkable occurrence had happened to a friend of *his*, a cavalry officer, at the same battle, and who, failing to parry a cut aimed at his face, had his nose clean shaven off. "Thereupon," continued the elderly narrator, "my friend stooped and repossessed himself of the deficient feature, which he clapped on his face, bound it with his handkerchief, and then went pugnaciously on, as if nothing had happened. In the sequel, he found the nose firmly united to his face—with this irregularity, however, that it was reversed, or turned *upside down*, owing to the haste with which he put it on again. This circumstance did not much disturb him, for being a great snuff taker, he was thus enabled to apply the powder without the usual *waste*—but as one consequence of the change he would sometimes complain of, as rather inconvenient, namely, that whenever he wanted to blow his nose, he was obliged to *stand on his head*."

Gambling.—Let every young man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself even to toss up for a halfpenny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling, and this ruinous crime creeps on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is engaged in his work, he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes good use of his money, even if he should win. He only gambles the more; and he is often reduced to beggary and despair. He is often tempted to commit crimes for which his life is forfeited to his country, or perhaps, he puts an end himself, to his miserable existence. If a gambler loses, he injures himself; if he wins, he injures a companion or a friend. And could any honest man enjoy money gained in such a way?—*Ten minutes' Advice to Laborers.*

Successive Degrees.—Solomons, the celebrated Violin player, gave lessons in music to King George the Third of England. He one day remarked to his august pupil, "Violin players may be divided into three classes. To the first belong those who do not know how to play at all; to the second those who play badly; to third those who play well. Your majesty has already reached the second class."

Conundrum.—Why are the ladies' dresses like rivers? Because they *rise* considerably in wet weather.—*Phil. Ledger.*

RUNAWAY POND.

This is a name given to a place in the town of Glover, Orleans county, Vt.; not where there is now a pond, but from which as the name intimates, a pond once ran away. The facts in regard to this spot were published in 1810, but by many may be forgotten. There was a pond of water about three miles in length, and some half a mile in breadth, from which issued a small steam running to the south and mingling in its course with the waters that flow into the Connecticut river. There was another small stream taking its rise a little to the north, and west of this pond, the waters of which were discharged to the north, falling into Barton river, and finally finding their way through lake Memphremagog into the St. Lawrence. On this stream there was a mill; and the owner having viewed the make of the ground to the north end or head of the pond, and finding its elevation so small as to oppose but a trifling obstacle to its running in that direction, conceived the idea of turning its course to the north, so as to aid in the operation of his mill. Accordingly on the 4th of July, himself and a number of others went with spades and shovels and commenced digging. They soon found that a few inches from the surface there was nothing but quicksand, and the moment the water began to run in that direction, this gave way very rapidly, cutting a channel, and the whole water of the pond soon appeared to rush to that point—the banks of the new stream, caving in, were swept on by the flood, so that the party were only able to escape with their lives. The owner of the mill seeing at once that there might be more water than he desired, and that his mill might be in danger, very judiciously made a rapid movement in advance of the water, and arrived just in time to apprise his wife of her danger, and enable her to escape from the mill which she was attending in her husband's absence. As the flood moved onward, it bore down every thing that opposed its progress, taking along trees, earth, and rocks, and in narrow places in the valley, the moving mass would rise often to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and again reaching a broader place, would spread out and leave immense masses of timber, stones, and earth, which after a lapse of twenty-nine years, are still visible. The beholder, who was not apprised of what had been done, was struck with absolute amazement, as the *water*, the moving cause, was wholly invisible. He saw trees, of all sizes, and every other substance, which could be accumulated, rolling onward; roaring and crashing and shaking the hills, and leaving perfect desolation in its course—the forest and the morass were both obliterated, the hills were laid low, and the valleys were exalted. It swept in this way some 20 miles, the whole distance to lake Memphremagog, where, finding nothing to resist its course, it gradually mingled its placid waters, having erected at every step the most enduring monuments of its power.

The width of the tract of this flood was from six or eight rods to near half a mile. When the mighty torrent, rolling onward, struck the mill, for whose benefit this "letting out of waters" was undertaken, it was crushed into atoms, and so completely obliterated, that not a vestige has ever been found. There was only here and there a solitary tree left to show that a forest had been there. In one of them a fish was found 20 feet from the ground.

Among the extraordinary and almost incredible exhibitions of the power of this flood is the fact that a rock was moved about half a mile, the estimated weight of which was *fifty tons!!*

The pond lay between the mountains, occupying the whole space, and on being drained, it was found to have been 70 feet in depth. Through the bed of "Runaway Pond," the whole three miles, there is now a road leading to Montpelier. The town of Glover has been greatly benefitted by the opening of this road. A delightful little village now occupies the ground that was made by the flood. It may be asked, what was the fate of the inhabitants below? The answer is, that twenty-nine years ago there was not a house, and no building except the mill, in the track over which the flood passed. Runaway Pond will long continue an object of much curiosity, and the history of its unceremonious exit, will continue to be told in generations yet to come.—*Boston Mag.*

LARGE ORGAN.—A French paper says an enormous organ is now being erected in the Abbey of St. Dennis. It contains about 6000 pipes, among which are some measuring 52 feet, and weighing 12,000 lbs. This magnificent instrument is nearly completed.

From the Philadelphia National Gazette.

A NOBLE MERCHANT.

Some ten years ago, a gentlemen in this city was unfortunate in his business and made an assignment, under which the creditors of his house received fifty per cent. of their claims, all that the assetts of himself and partner realized, and both of them received a full and honorable release of the balance of their obligations. The partnership was dissolved, and the gentleman of whom we speak made another start in business. In the face of many obstacles—and certainly not the least, the financial condition of the country—his talents, enterprize and perseverance have proved successful, and he has saved money. Yesterday he sent to each of his old creditors a check for the unpaid moiety of his debts from which he had been released, with interest added in full from the day they were first due to the date of the checks. The amount thus paid yesterday, was some fifty thousand dollars.

Splendid and touching instances of honor such as his, exalt and endear human nature. Dishonesty, meanness and ingratitude, so constantly present to every one in contact with the striving world, naturally excite doubts whether the romantic virtues which adorn the heroes of fiction have any types in actual life. But on such proof of absolute integrity as that here mentioned, though it may not wholly dissipate distrust, inspires higher confidence in that pristine excellence of character, which, uneffaced by the toils and struggles to which mankind were doomed in Eden, still yields at times the lustre of its cheering example. The legacy of a spotless and honored name left by him of whom we speak, will be a dearer one to his children than any share of fortune which his further care may secure to them.' They may point to his noble relinquishment of money as the world points to Washinton's abandonment of power—an illustrious instance of acquisition, not for self-aggrandizement, but for the ends of perfect justice to others.

In mentioning this fact it would be gratifying to add the name of the individual, but we have no authority for so doing. It is hardly necessary to say that the particulars have not been learned from himself. He whose principles are thus sound, should never look for any other encomium than the approval of his own conscience, and unless reminded of the truth, would not even reflect that he is "an honest man—the noblest work of God."

A PICTURE.—A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing, with a thoughtful brow, upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tint her soft cheek, the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round full lips, the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace, the soft swimming eyes seem lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her as her own most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young, sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas, has disappointment touched that youthful heart?—Yes, it must be so; but hist! she starts—her bosom heaves—her eyes brighten—her lips part—she speaks—listen—'Jim, you nasty fool! quit scratching that pig's back, or I'll tell mar.'—*Richmond Enquirer.*

A DEATH BED.—A death bed is a wonderful reasoner. Many a proud infidel has been humbled and refuted without a word, who but a short time before would have defied the ability of man to shake the foundation of his system. All is well so long as the curtain is up and the puppet show of life goes on; but when the rapid representation draws to a close, and every hope of a long respit is precluded, things will appear in a very different light. Would to God, I could say, that that great and awful moment was as often distinguished by the dew of repentance, as by the groan of despair.

ACQUAINTANCE TABLE.—The following statistics are copied from an old magazine of many years antiquity, but the numerical statements apply as well at present as formerly:

2 Glances	make 1 bow.
2 Bows	make 1 how ye do
6 How d'ye do's	make 1 conversat on
2 conversations	make 1 acquaintance.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"I aint goin' tew live long, mamma." "Why not, you sarpint?" Cors my trowsys is all tored out behind."

From the N. O. Picayune.

An Alligator Story—Founded on Fact.

While the music and fireworks were going on at Bayou La Branche, on Sunday evoning, an alligator popped his long black snout out of the water, and, speaking in the original Choctaw, wished politely to know what was the meaning of such proceedings.

A young gentleman present, either not understanding the language, or deeming the intrusion an insult, immediately dashed into the sea, accoutred as he was, and jumpted upon the creature's back.

Considerable splashing and floundering ensued, for the young man wanted to make a horse of the alligator, and in doing so he proved himself a 'horse,' so that there was half horse, half alligator and enough over to make a good sized catfish.

The young man succeeded, and there is no joke about this part; in dragging the alligator ashore, where he was formally introduced to the company and indulged with a view of the splendid fireworks.

As his story was translated to us by the interpreter, it seems nothing but simple curiosity brought him to the place. He meant no offence he said, but felt extremely hungry, and if any gentleman would favor him with a leg or an arm, he should esteem it as a personal obligation. He was neutral in politics, and intended to take no part in the coming contest. Though, he said, he had a proposition to offer our government, whereby he and his people wished to be employed against the Florida Indians.

His case will, in all probibility, undergo further investigation.

A PRETTY SIGHT.—We know not when we have seen in the streets a more agreeble sight than that of the naval appointment of the U. S. ship Delaware, moving in regular order, two by two, the tallest in front, which we saw on Saturday last, as the young tars were going to church. There were about forty or fifty, we believe, and were headed by two midshipmen in uniform, and two solemn looking veteran sailors closed the procession. The boys are fine, hearty young fellows, and are attired in the full garb of the well dressed sailor—with blue jackets and loose white trowsers, with white shirts, their nankin collars spread over their jackets, and guarded by a black handkerchief tied in a genuine sailor's knot.—They attend divine service regularly at the Episcipal church, of which Capt. Charles W. Skinner, the commander of the Delaware, is a member, and under whose eye the apprentices remain while in church. Their behavior is orderly, and in every respect becoming.

There is great propriety in requiring the apprentices to attend the service every Sabbath, as the moral instruction which they there receive cannot but be beneficial in the highest degree; but there is a minor object attained by their attendance, which should be duly estimated—the constant exhibition of the naval apprenticeship system to the public at large. The subject is of such vital importance to the morals and reputation of those who are destined to defend our flag on the deep, that it ought to be kept continually in view. The apprenticeship system is one of the best schemes of the day, and is truly republican in its ends and objects. It seeks to raise the sailor to the level of a respectable, intelligent and virtuous freeman, and to elevate labor at sea to as honorable a grade as it justly holds ashore. It will destroy the contemptible but too common notion that would deem profanity, extravagance, lewdness and recklessness, as necessarily connected with good seamanship, and will prove that a sailor may be highly accomplished in his profession, and yet merit the respect of the temperate and the good.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

HONOR TO THE LADIES!—We knew that when the ladies undertook to raise funds to complete the Monument, they would succeed; and now we learn from the Courier of this morning that sufficient progress has been made in settling the various accounts to authorize the belief that the net proceeds will not fall short of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—*Boston Journal.*

A KNOWING BOY.—A gentleman sent a lad to the Baltimore post office with a letter, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said—"Guess I've done the thing slick—I seen a good many folks puttin' letters into the post office through a hole, and so I watched my chance and got mine in for ntohing."

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

SAINT TERESA.

"The person of this lovely enthusiast was beautiful, and attracted the attention of all who saw her. Her religious ideas were tender and rapturous, and by the rigid discipline which she imposed upon herself, she was prepared for ecstacies and visions; and she seriously believed in the fervor of her mind, that her body was raised from earth—and that she heard the voice of God."—*History.*

She stood unmov'd and silent there,
Save where her long dark locks were giving
Their tresses to the evening air,
More like a statue than the living.
She stood unmov'd—her arms were raised,
And pointed toward the part of heaven,
Where that bright flood of glory blazed
To her fir'd soul in vision given.
The frenzied gaze of her large eye
Was wildly fasten'd on the sky,
As though she would that moment, read
The records of each coming day,
As though her soaring spirit, freed
From its strong bonds of life and clay,
Had wing'd its fearless flight away,
And pierc'd the rayless clouds that lie
Embosom'd in eternity.
Her cheek flush'd with a deeper dye,
Her eye glow'd with a brighter flame;
She clasp'd her hands in ecstacy,
And from her lips this wild song came,

Away, away—for a glorious light
Is bursting now on my wondering sight;
Its pillar of flame is shooting high,
A burning track in the beautiful sky;
And around its far off summit are roll'd,
Bright clouds in many a changing fold;
I go to the realms of the blest—farewell,
Ye who on earth in darkness dwell.

Hark! heavenly choruses now are breaking,
And children of light their songs are waking;
Behold them there, those angel bands,
With harps of gold in ivory hands,
And floating plumes whose stainless white
Is pure and soft as the bright moon light;
They go on the clouds with a lovely motion,
Like snowy swans on the waving ocean.

They call me away to those blissful bowers
Of Paradise, breathing with fadeless flowers;
They point to a City whose high walls shine,
With the hues of the jasper and diamond mine,
Through its golden streets bright waters are flowing,
And breezes of heaven are over it blowing;
And over its beauty night ne'er flings,
Darkness and gloom from her shadowy wings,

Away, away—I will hasten along,
And follow the sound of that angel song,
And that column of fire and smoke shall be
My herald and guide to eternity.
Farewell to thee, Earth, and all of thine;
An inheritance brighter and better is mine,—
For I go to join the heavenly choir,
That dwells in the light of that glorious fire.

CORNELIA.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

RAMBLES IN MIDSUMMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROCHESTER, ——, 1840.

And this is Rochester! A city of twenty thousand people, which has been called into existence as if by enchantment, where stood a frowning forest in 1812! Rochester, with its three thousand houses, its lofty ranges of warehouses, its elegant dwellings, its noble churches and splendid public buildings; its canals, lagoons, bridges, quays, boats, its huge mills of stone, like so many castles, its manufacturing establishments, and its stupendous aqueducts! Here I am, near the very spot where, in a thick wood, my namesake, Enos Stone, in the autumn of 1811, had a remarkable fight with an old she-bear, which, in anticipation of the present doctrines of Tammany Hall, was carrying out the agrarian principle by sharing his little patch of corn. *Vide* O'Reilly's History of Rochester, frontispiece, for portraits of the man and the bear, and page 250 for an account of the fight.

Rochester is built upon both sides of the Genesee river, along by the rapids immediately above the great middle cataract, and in fact extending a considerable distance below that præruption—promising, at no distant day, to grow in the direction of the lake even below the lower and principal cataract. A glance at the map of the State of New York will show the advantages possessed in a geographical view by the city of Rochester.—Its facilities for trade are very great. On the North is Lake Ontario, affording free communication with Canada, and the harbor formed by the mouth of the Genesee, answering all the purposes necessary in the prosecution of the coast-wise commerce of the lake. The Erie canal extends East and West—passing the river by an aqueduct, and soon, in its enlarged construction, to be conducted over it by one of the most stupendous works of the kind extant. The Genesee Valley Canal, after winding through the richest district of the country in the state, opens a direct communication with the Northern part of Pennsylvania, and indirectly with the valley of the Mississippi by way of Olean and the Alleghany river. To the Southwest extends the rail road to Batavia, and to the Southeast the rail road to Conandaigua.—The country around it, especially the far-famed valley of the Genesee, comprises a territory unrivalled both for its fertility and beauty; and the immense water-power afforded by the falls of the river, extending for a distance of two or three miles, renders its location as desirable as human enterprise could desire for a manufacturing town.

The planting of this city, as I have already mentioned, was begun in 1812. There was, however, a small clearing somewhere about the falls, within which an indifferent grist mill and saw mill were built at a much earlier day, by a man named Ebenezer Allen. The history of these original erections is curious, as the biography of Allen is horrible.

Early in the operations of Phelps and Gorham in this region, they obtained a cession from the Indians of a tract of twelve by twenty-four miles of land, on the Western side of the river, for the purposes of a mill yard. They afterward, viz. in 1790, deeded to Ebenezer Allen—"Indian Allen" he was called, for reasons that will presently appear—a lot of one hundred acres, immediately adjoining the rapids, upon condition of having a mill erected to grind the corn of the Indians, and for the accommodation of the few settlers who were then beginning to find their way into this country. When the Indians beheld the mill erected by Allen, and reflected upon the extent of the tract of land they had ceded away for the *yard*, they expressed their surprise in a long-drawn exclamation—"Quo-yah!"—adding, a little mill for so big a yard. Mr. Phelps himself was ever afterward known among them by the title, *Kaus-konchi-cos*—being the Seneca word for water-fall.—Allen soon afterward sold his hundred acre lot to one of the New Jersey Ogdens, by whom it was again sold to Charles Williamson, the agent of the estate of Sir William Poultney. It afterward passed into the hands of the late Col. Rochester, then of Maryland, and one or two associates, from the same state; and this lot, then and afterward known as "the hundred-acre tract," now constitutes the centre of the city, and its present value is—MILLIONS!

Ebenezer Allen, the first miller in Rochester, appears to have been a monster of iniquity. In the war of the revolution he was a tory, and according to the tales of the Indians, he was far more cruel than they. He acted in concert with them in ravaging the settlements upon the Susquehannah. Mary Jemison, "the white woman," who passed a long life with the Indians, and with whom Allen lived a considerable time after the war, assisting her in tilling her land, relates one transaction of his which makes the blood curdle to think upon. On one occasion, when on a scouting party with some Indians in the Susquehannah country, they entered a dwelling where they found a man and his wife and one child, in bed. As they entered the man sprang upon the floor to defend himself, but Allen felled him at a blow, struck off his head, and tossed it bleeding into the bed with the hapless woman. He then snatched the infant from its mother's bosom and dashed its head against the jamb of the fire place. Mary Jemison adds—but says she is not certain of its truth—that the wretch farther refined upon his cruelty by raking open the embers, and covering the body of the child therein, which was yet quivering in the agonies of death.

After the conclusion of the peace, he came to the Genesee Valley, and for several years was in habits of intimacy with Mary Jemison and her family—tilling her land, hunting with her son, &c. For a considerable period, he was in trouble with the Indians—excepting those residing in the neighborhood of Mary Jemison's reservation—the old Chief, Little Beard's people—because of his having practised a deception with a belt of wampum, and thereby violated its sanctity. After many hair-breadth escapes from their toils, he was at length taken, and by them carried to Niagara, and thence to Quebec. But regaining his liberty, he came back, went to Philadelphia, purchased goods and commenced business as an Indian trader at Mount Morris. While living at that place, he married a squaw, named Sally, by whom he had several children. Growing tired of Indian trading, he relinquished that business, and cultivated larger tracts of the Genesee lands for the production of Indian corn. He was successful, and realized handsome profits. About this time he undertook to build the mills at the falls (Rochester.) In descending the river in a boat, with his mill irons, aided by an old man named Andrews, he was believed to have murdered him by drowning. While building the mills, he intercepted a man who was removing to Niagara, and succeeded in marrying his daughter, who was very handsome. Her father passed on to Niagara, and the poor girl, when too late, discovered on being taken to his home, that she could only divide the affections and attentions of her husband with a dusky senior partner of his bed and board. But she could not flee to her father, and finally become reconciled to her fate. Her name was Lucy. Not content with two wives, Allen afterward found a pretty young squaw who had an old husband. He coaxed the latter to the river, and pushed him in. But although the old man contrived to get out of the stream, he died of the injuries he had received, and Allen took his widow home as his concubine. She did not live with him long, however, and after her desertion, he removed back to Mount Morris with his two wives, where he married a third—a girl named Morilla Gregory. But on bringing her home, the two senior wives rendered the house too hot for her comfort. They beat her severely, and the fond husband was obliged to bestow her in another house, not far off. Subsequently he had still another concubine, in one of Morilla's sisters—but she did not remain with him long.

While living at Mount Morris this last time, he succeeded in obtaining a large grant of land from the Indians, as he pretended, for his Indian children. He then took two of those children to school in Trenton, N. J., and a white son to Philadelphia; but he disposed of his grant of land to Robert Morris. He had four children by Morilla. Sally, his first squaw, was reduced to servitude, as the slave of Lucy, but she still had a fondness for the brute. Having sold his grant, and disposed of his other property in the Genesee valley, he removed to a Delaware settlement in Upper Canada, taking only his two white wives with him.—Poor Sally, however, followed him for several miles, weeping bitterly, and praying for his protection. He was not only deaf to her appeals, but he drove her back from him by violence. He died on the river De Trench, in Upper Canada, in 1814—three of his wives and their children surviving him.

With this brief story of Allen, I must close for to-day, although it had been my intention to dispose of the mills and cataracts at the present sitting. A notice of them to-morrow. Adieu.

ROCHESTER, ——, 1840.

To give a particular description of this city I shall not attempt. The mercantile streets are chiefly of brick, the stores large, and built with strength and care. Many of the private residences display both affluence and taste. I have not room to particularize; but if you wish to see about as lovely a place as the country can afford, rural, and yet in the heart of a large city, just visit the park and gardens, aye, and the mansions, too, of Dr. Backus and Harvey Ely, and their immediate neighbors. Great attention is paid to the cultivation of flowering shrubs and ornamental trees, in all their luxuriant varieties; and considering the comparative youth of the city, and considering also the fact that the inherent hostility which first settlers have to trees induced those of Rochester to commence the work of civilization by cutting down every green thing, the surprise is great to one who has watched the growth of these Western towns and cities as I have done, at the quantity of shrubbery that waves its bright verdure to the breeze. But the richness of the soil in this part of the state is such, that every tree to which the climate is congenial grows with wonderful rapidity and vigor. For instance, I have been shown cherry trees in a garden in Lyons, the trunks of which grew to a size of eight inches in diameter in as many years. Greatly, therefore, are both the comfort and beauty of Rochester

heightened by the luxuriant foliage of the trees.

The great business of Rochester is the wheat and flour trade. Its position is such that it affords the natural market for the wheat growers of the great "granary" of New York; and the water power supplied by the rapids and falls of the river in the descent, being about two hundred and sixty feet within the city limits, gives the place an advantage over all other localities in the Western region of New York. There is no other town in the world where there are so many flouring-mills, constructed upon so large a scale, and built with such expense and solidity. When these mills are all in motion, as in ordinarily good times they usually are, they are adequate to the daily manufacture of five thousand barrels of flour, and requiring daily nearly twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat. Two of these great flouring mills I have visited, and examined from the water wheels to the machinery in the attick, viz: the mill of the Messrs. Beach, and that of Mr. Harvey Ely.—The former is, I am told, the largest establishment of the kind in the United States, having sixteen runs of stones. Mr. Ely's mill, however, I believe, is considered as in all respects approaching the nearest to perfection of any of them. The situation is upon the East bank of the river, a few rods above the aqueduct. It stands upon the edge of the canal, and has either nine or twelve runs of stones, (I forget which,) and the whole edifice seems to be almost as full of machinery as the case of a watch—and this machinery seems to be of the most complete and perfect character. For instance, a boat laden with wheat may be run alongside of the mill; the wheat shovelled into a chain of ascending buckets, and carried through every process of cleaning, grinding, cooling, bolting, and being conveyed into the barrels, into which it is pressed by the machinery, ready for the cooper, as the last office, to clap in the head. And the wheat is carried through all the different processes by being handled but once. 1st. It is carried up into the fifth, or topmost loft, where it goes through one machine to fan out the remaining chaff. It goes through another machine, to be separated from chess and cockle; it is then carried through another, which cleanses it of the smut, if any; it then descends into the hopper, and being ground, it goes into the bolters, whence it passes into buckets again, and is carried up into the cooling chambers, into which it is thrown and spread for cooling. As it becomes cool, it is carried out by machinery, and brought down cool, superfine flour, and packed, as I have before described.

I do not know that I have given an intelligible idea of the mill, or the process; and perhaps some of the millers may laugh at my errors, if I have made any. If so let them write a better account, I understand what I have written respecting Mr. Ely's mill, and the others are generally, if not all, constructed upon the same principle. Mr. Ely can turn out for market four hundred barrels of flour per day. Beach's establishment will turn out five hundred; and, to say nothing of various other manufacturing establishments in different branches, there are as many of these massive flouring mills as the entire waters of the Genesee, in a dry season, can keep in motion.

Before closing this letter—and I shall be compelled to write yet another about Rochester—I ought to say something concerning the main cataracts of this remarkable geological formation.—The middle, or main falls, as they are called, after an extended rapid, descend precipitously to the depth of nine-six feet. The lower falls, situated at the village of Carthage, two miles below, consist of two steps, the one twenty-five, and the other a perpendicular plunge of eighty-four feet. The lower cataract is the most imposing, from the grandeur of the scenery immediately around—particularly the high and perpendicular rocks, and the deep abyss into which the water plunges at its second and mightiest leap; but excepting when the bed of the river is filled with water by the freshets of spring and fall, much of the primitive majesty of these cataracts is lost—especially of the great middle fall, from the circumstance that so much of the water has been diverted from its natural course, and carried off in the races of the hundred mills and manufactories. The rocks upon the Western side of the Carthage fall, hang shelving over the abyss, as at the table rock of Niagara—their impending masses threatening constantly to descend and overwhelm whatever might be in the way below. The gulf into which the water falls is deeper and darker from the great and almost pecipitous elevation of the rocks above the bed of the river before the plunge is made.—The water, maddened into foam by the upper and lesser step, is dashed into spray by the second and after lingering for a few moments in the dark circular basin beneath, as if to gather itself up and take breath, runs off through a narrow rocky channel toward the lake, four miles. It soon descends to a level with the lake, where the river becomes navigable, and forms the bay. Within a mile from these falls is an inclined plane, down the bank, by which means the articles of import and export are lowered to, or raised from, the river; and a rail-way conneets the plane with the city.

It was across the chasm I have described, just below the basin of the fall, that the celebrated Carthage bridge was constructed, about twenty-five years ago, by Elisha B. Strong, and my late lamented friend Levi H. Clarke. It was a noble structure, consisting of a single arch, the chord of which was upward of three hundred feet;—the perpendicular, from the centre to the river, being more than two hundred and fifty feet. But it fell within a few years after its completion, by reason of the insecurity of the bases of the arch, and no attempt has been made to rebuild it. Some of the timbers yet remain standing upon the Eastern side, at a dizzy height from the bottom of the precipice which they over-hang.

The great middle fall, as it is called, as I have remarked, has a perpendicular descent of ninety-six feet. The bed of the river here is much broader than at Carthage; and when the waters are at the flood, the spectacle must be as sublime as it is now picturesque and beautiful. So large a portion of the stream is now drawn off by the mill-races, that the residue, being divided as it were into rivulets by the interposing rocks above, descends, not in an unbroken sheet, but in several places, in silvery showers. Whereas, when the volume of the river is full, the floods come thundering down the precipice in a broad impetuous torrent. The formation of the rocks, and indeed the scenery generally, are picturesque, and would be far more so but for the interference of the handicraft of man with the mightier works of nature. Still, as you stand gazing upon the chasm from the Eastern side, the cascades issuing from the long line of mills and other manufactories standing upon the Western bank, to supply which the water is stolen from the river above, presents a pleasing spectacle, as they leap foaming into the deep bed of the river.

The chief public works at Rochester are the old and the new aqueducts, by which the canal crosses the river. The old aqueduct was a noble piece of work; but the new one, constructed for the enlarged canal, and now almost completed, will be a magnificent structure. It crosses the river a few yards above the old one; and the quantity of stone used in its building, much of which has been quarried on the spot from the bed of the river, has created another cataract of several feet descent.

The country around Rochester is generally level though with some exceptions. To the North, between the city and lake, there are some slight elevations, on one of which, about two miles distant, is a beautiful residence, owned and occupied by Doctor Alexander Kelsey—I beg his padon—Alexander Kelsey, Esq., I should say, since he has ceased either to kill or cure people by virtue of an M. D.'s diploma—one of the most active and respectable young men of New York.—This situation commands a fine prospect of the city, and a distinct view of Lake Ontario. His territory approaches the bank of the river, opposite the lower falls, described in my above. The landscape from Mr. Kelsey's ballustrades wears an aspect of smiling loveliness, and a teeming fertility, which is seldom equalled, and more seldom still surpassed. The neatness of the farms, the respectability of the people, the spacious farm houses, the beautiful pastures, fields, orchards, and meadows, sloping down to the river, which alternately frolics in cascades and roars in cataracts, the cheerful city, with its gilded domes and steeples, and the glittering lake in the distance, supply the doctor an enchanting scene of beauty, and all varied grace and magnificence. Mr. Kelsey has a taste for floriculture, and gardening, and few are the gentlemen who can show a better exhibition of friut trees and flowers than his. Every thing is bright and beautiful without and around him. But he needs one flower more within doors, which, were he not a bachelor, he would most certainly have. Adiue.

A pretty name is the only beauty, save that of the mind, of which age does not deprive a woman.

A FAIR DIVISION.

To the casual observer there are every day occurrences which are forgotten almost as soon as witnessed; but for the paragraphist they are rich in every essential that can give an impetus to his descriptive powers. The one we are about describing wants the magic brush of the inspired artist, who can almost make the canvass speak.—It must be seen to be understood.

Passing along one of our by-streets the other day, we beheld two chimney sweeps at the corner under the shade of a lamp-post, who had managed by some means, to get a two-cent watermelon between them. Both fellows were so black that the soot on their faces looked like flour. The larger one had the watermelon in his possession nine points of the law, the little fellow stood but a slim chance.

"Yer gwoin to eat all dat Ben?" asked the smaller one, looking daggers.

"No—nigger, I'm gwoin to gib you haf," was the friendly reply.

Little nig scratched his wool, and the water trickled from the corners of his mouth in anticipation of the glorious treat, while Ben, with the remnant of an iron hoop, sawed off the stem end of the melon, and with perfect nonchalance handed it to him.

"Whoy, Ben, you call dis haf?—it's got no red, and nuffin to eat 'cept what yer gib to de hogs."

Ben dove his sooty hands into the core of the melon, and abstacting the richest and most juicy part, threw it into the cavity of his head, where it disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

"What yer makin' a fuss about, nigger?" said he, "aint yer got de bes haf?—and yer want to git up a spree." Here his hand was again plunged into the melon, and another ration deposited away for safe keeping.

The hungry expectant now attempted to argue the point with him, and prove geometrically that his half was by far the smallest; all of which Ben listened to with the most praiseworthy attention, while his right was exploring the interior of the melon, which had now become a mere shell.

"You tell me dat you haint got your rightful share?" said he, licking his hands and looking into the hollowed melon. "Whoy you no say dat afore? Tink nigger gwoin to wait here all day to hear talk? Dar keep your own haf, and take mine too: if dere is any ting in dis world I hate, it is a mean nigger." Saying this, he handed him the shell with the utmost contempt and walked off.

This little sketch is not without its moral.—While the timid are waiting for the bounties of fortune to come to them, and arguing their claims, the daring and impudent are gahtering in the store, and making sure of whatever they touch, right or wrong.—*Balt. Clipper.*

EXCITING INCIDENT.—We saw a letter within a few days, written by a young lady, who, not many weeks since, was journeying from this place to the west. It narrates a very exciting ocurrence which took place on board the steamboat in which she was a passenger, and of which she was an eye witness. In passing down the Mississippi river, our narrator was summoned from the cabin by alarming shrieks and great commotion on deck. On going up she found that a young lady had fallen overboard, and the boat in its progress was fast leaving her behind. A gentleman on board immediately divested himself of a part of his clothing, and sprang into the river. He reached the drowning person, and upheld her in the water until a small boat came to the rescue of both.

The young lady thus snatched from a sudden death, was the daughter of an elderly gentleman who was on board the boat—foreigners, neither of whom could speak English. On reaching the deck, and recovered from her fright, she passionately embraced her deliverer, and bestowed kiss after kiss upon him, as the only way she could express her gratitude and thankfulness; while the father rushing from the cabin, eagerly proffered him a roll of bank bills. These being refused, he ran to his cabin and returned with a bag of gold, which he likewise pressed upon his acceptance; nor could either father or daughter be made to understand, or feel satisfied, why the proffered reward should not be accepted.—*Salem Observer.*

THE EFFECT OF HABIT.—A diner-out in a certain gay city, in the land of cakes, had a recess of a couple of days in one week, from his gastronomic labors. "Do you know," said he to a friend, "that I went to bed sober two nights last week, and felt very little the worse for it."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

THE SEAT OF TASTE.—By covering the tongue with parchment, sometimes in whole and sometimes in different parts, it has been determined that the ends and sides of the tongue, and a small space at the root of it, together with a small surface at the anterior and superior part of the roof of the palate, are the only portions of surface in the cavity of the mouth and throat, that can distinguish taste or sapidity by mere touch. A portion of extract of aloes, placed on any other part, gives no sensation but that of touch, until the saliva carries a solution of the sapid matter to those parts of the cavity of which mention has been made.

ORIGIN OF CHIMNIES.—During the middle ages, the Romans had not discovered the use of chimnies. At that time they made their fires in a kind of furnace, which they were obliged to cover at the time of going to rest. The first mention made of chimnies by historians, is in 1347, when a large number of them were thrown down by an earthquake which Venice experienced.

THE STORMY PETREL.—This bird, (called by sailors, Mother Carey's chickens,) is found in most parts of the world. In the Ferro islands, the inhabitants make a very useful account of it. They draw a wick through the body of the bird, which serves them as a candle, being fed by the vast proportion of oil which the fowl contains.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.—Nothing is more difficult than to endeavor to form such ideas of God as are in any degree worthy of His greatness and majesty. It is as impossible for us to comprehend Him perfectly, as it would be to hold the sea in the hollow of our hand, and compass the heavens with a span.

HINDOO WOMEN.—The forms of the Hindoo women of the high castes, are delicate and graceful; their eyes dark and languishing; their hair fine and long; their complexions glowing, as if they were radiant; and their skins remarkably polished and soft.

EMPTINESS.—On examining a field of corn, it will be found that those stalks which rise the highest, are the most empty. So it is with some men. Those who assume the greatest consequence, have generally the least share of judgment and ability.

ANGLING.—The passion for the sport of angling is so great in the neighborhood of London, that the liberty of fishing in some of the streams in the adjacent counties, is purchased at the rate of ten pounds per annum.

RIDING ON HORSEBACK.—Health and cheerfulness are pursued with a better prospect of success on horseback, than in any other manner.

THE HEAD.—The head has the most beautiful appearance as well as the highest station in the human figure.

FLOWERS.—Of all the minor creations of God, flowers seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace and joy.

GOVERNMENT.—Those who govern the best, make the least noise.

ORIGIN OF HATS.—Hats were invented for men in Paris, in 1404.

ORIGIN OF SOCKS.—Knitting stockings were invented in Spain, in 1550.

ORIGIN OF LINEN.—Linen was first made in England, 1253.

COMFORT AND ECONOMY.—We examined the other day at the house Mr. W. W. Alcott, one of the furnaces for warming buildings with heated air, noticed in this paper a few days ago, and find the article to be all that fame had pronounced it. We cannot conceive of a plan for warming buildings combining more anvantages. By passing the current from the smoke flue into sheet iron *dummy* stoves, every particle of the heat may be saved; while the conductors for conveying the heated air and discharging it into the different apartments which are to be warmed by that means, will give them a temperature which may be raised or reduced at pleasure. The whole apparatus appears to us to be perfectly secured against the possibility of setting fire to the buildings, and we have no doubt will warm a suit of rooms at one half the expense of the ordinary mode. The cost of furnace and appurtenances for warming four rooms, is about $130.

"THE MAN-AT-ARMS."—WILSON, 6 Exchange street, has placed before us another new work, "The Man-at-Arms: or, Henry Le Cerons—A Romance," by G. P. R. James, Esq., a well known author. From the hasty glance we have given it, we are inclined to the opinion, that Mr. James has done no discredit to his reputation as one of the best novel writers of the day.

WAR STEAMERS.—The English papers say that the Admirality in all future contracts with private companies for steamers to carry the mails, &c., to insert conditions that the vessels shall be built to *receive guns and a war armament*, which, however, are not required to be always on board in time of peace, but to be kept in readiness for service, to save time, should events render it necessary to convert them into war-steamers.

AMERICAN STEAM SHIPS.—Two large steam frigates are now constructing in New York for the Spanish government, the engines for which are in preparation at the Novelty Works, and the hulls at the yard of Messrs. Bell & Brown. A large steam frigate for the Russian government is is also in course of construction under the charge of Mr. Schuyler.

FASHIONS.—It is said that white neckcloths are alone fashionable at the Court of Queen Victoria. She had also recommended the abolition of mustachois.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Republican Institutions favorable to the Development of Talent.

All nations seem to atatch fallibility to all other institutions, but their own. Each points you to its own form of government as the standard of excellence, and as the best adapted to the wants of mankind. Using colored mediums and having "beams in their eyes," their visions are obscured and their views distorted.

Fully sensible that this prejudice biases every mind, still we are inclined to think, that the facts in the case clearly prove, that popular institutions are favorable to the development of talent.

To the politician, golden promises and correspondent rewards are extended. The country, humanity and truth, call loudly for Patriots, Philanthropists, and Philosophers. The fields of science and literature, all "whitening for the harvest," send forth inviting voices. Faithful watchmen are needed to rasie the cry when dangers draw near; physcians of truth to administer antidotes to diseased constitutions; and men of true moral courage, who, if need be, would fearlessly exclaim with Luther before the Diet of Worms, "I have come to fight the battle of truth, and God is on my side."

In addition to this call for men of talent, popular institutions are free from many obstacles other governments present. No borrowed plumage here avails—no venerable institutions exist to exalt one above his fellow, regardless of merits—no noble families to be first served at the feast—and no House of Lords to meet the deserving aspirant with the chilling rebuke, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther." Doubtless to men of the highest order of genius, obstacles may serve only as incitements to action. The sweet strains sent forth from the banks of the Illyssus, came from a *blind beggar* of Scio, and songs of touching simplicity and melting pathos, were penned by a *plough boy* of Scotland. But these form exceptions, not the rule. Men generally require sympathy and encouragement, and to such popular institutions extend the welcome, presenting fewer difficulties and stronger inducements.

If we turn to the past history of the world, we find these principles fully exemplified. Did ever Athens shine more resplendent than in the days of her Republic? For then appeared Æschylus, "the Shakespeare of Grecian drama," with his illustrious successors, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes. Then her best historians, Herodotus, Thucidides and Xenophon, penned their immortal productions. Then her greatest philosophers, Socrates and Plato, lived and reasoned. Then her arts flouris hed, for Phidias made the marble speak; Xeuxis and Perhassius the canvas breathe. And then appeared her matchless orators and unrivalled statesmen. There was a Phocian, an Eschines, a Demosthenes and a greater than they all, a Pericles.

If we turn to Sparta, where monarchs swayed the people's will, what a contrast appears!—Erase from the annals of that nation, her lawgiver Lycurgus and her hero Leonidas, and naught remains worthy for story to enlarge upon, or for song to perpetuate.

But we need not turn to other lands for illustrations. The struggle of '76 developed much talent and the genial influence of republican institutions brought it into vigorous exercise. There are our Hancocks, and Adames, and Jays, and Livingstons, and Hamiltons and Washingtons.—To this proud list, another no less distinguished class may be added—men who, arising from obscurity and sheding a lusture on their own age, stand as "beacon lights" to all coming time. The Philosopher who subdued the lightning to his will, was a tallow chandler's son, and a poor printer boy. Roger Sherman was "knight" of the lapstone, and Rhode Island's proudest hero, (General Greene,) once tuned his morning song by the strokes of the hammer, and adapted its chorus to the "anvil's ring."

If we come down to still later times, we point you to the "Expounder of the Constitution"—a farmer's boy; to the eloquent peace-maker of Kentucky, an indigent minister's son; to the Hero of New Orleas, left a poor orphan, and to a host of others, whose youths, oppressed by poverty, were spent in menial employments; but now are the Governors and Senators and Representatives of this mighty land.

Let worthless prose writers and cracked trained poets, (whose works are so much paper soiled,) sigh and raise the croaking cry, that Literature cannot flourish with a nation of intelligent freemen. But men of true genius have nothing to fear; for popular institutions spread open fields, adorned with the richest flowers, and loaded with fruits all ripening for the harvest.

S. N. W.

The Rochester City Cadets.

We were not able to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the organization of this spirited and splendid corps, and the ceremony of its presentation of a sword to Lieut. PITKIN, of the U. S. Army. We are pleased to learn, however, that the whole affair went off in fine style, and that it was in the highest degree creditable to the corps, and satisfactory to the numerous guests.

A highly humorous report of the organization of the corps, its progress and present condition, was made by its President, Mr. WM. S. THAYER, and a short and eloquent address was delivered by Maj. Gen. H. L. STEVENS.

The sword was presented to Lieut. PITKIN, as a token of respect on the part of the corps, and in consideration of his valuable and gratuitous services as its military instructor. The presentation was by the hand of Lieut. SAMUEL B. CHASE, Commandant of the company, who accompanied it by a speech, and was replied to by Lt. PITKIN. The speeches of both gentlemen are said to have been appropriate and highly eloquent.

These exercises were followed by an excellent entertainment, prepared by the proprietors of the Rochester House, in the best style of that popular establishment. A goodly number of ladies were present, and music and dancing closed the festivities of the evening.

The Rochester City Cadets to their Friends and Fellow Citizens.

At a late meeting of this Corps it was considered, that

Whereas, the Anniversary of our organization as a Military Company approaches, when it would be desirable to look back upon our rise and progress, and exchange gratulations with each other on our success—therefore,

Resolved, That we celebrate our First Anniversary by listening to an appropriate address from one of our fellow citizens, and by engaging in other ceremonies befitting the occasion.

And whereas, the Company was founded on a policy whose main feature was economy of expenditure, and has been liberally assisted in this object by donations from several generous minded individuals of this community—therefore it is but just and proper that some account be rendered of our stewardship and its results: wherefore,

Resolved, That the Board of Directors prepare a *Report*, which shall represent the general condition of the Corps, and be publicly submitted on the evening of our Anniversary.

In obedience to the second above Resolution, we respectfully present for the information of those here assembled, the following brief

REPORT.

It is well known to all, that in the month of September in each year a general review takes place of the divers grand battalions of invincible, indomitable, incomprehensible militia throughout the State.

At the time of such review in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, some ten or a dozen young men who for the first time had responded to their country's call, took counsel together how they might establish an Independent Volunteer Military Company which should be a source of utility and pleasure, and at the same time subject them to an individual expense but little greater than the then heavy fine imposed by law upon military, or rather unmilitary delinquents.

They enacted a Constitution, adopted By-Laws, chose their civil officers, obtained each of them a new member, and had the good fortune to secure as their Drill-Master, Lieut. L. PITKIN, of the U. S. Army. By this time they numbered a full score, all of whom were liable to perform military duty to the State. Many of them were beardless youths, but all were possessed of manly hearts.

An armory was procured and fitted up in connection with Williams' Company of Light Infantry, and subscriptions were solicited from the citizens of Rochester as had been the custom with our predecessors, the longer established Companies of the city.

About three hundred and fifty dollars were obtained in this manner from a few liberal gentlemen, nearly a fourth part of which sum was bestowed by one individual—a gentleman who is known far and wide in this region for his universal benevolence, and who nobly represents the open-hearted, open-handed natives of that gem of the ocean, the Emerald Isle.

The Corps was now equipped, and arms were obtained from the State. In about four months from its commencement it had the requisite number of members for securing commissions to its officers who were then elected and received each his appointment from head quarters at Albany.

Shortly afterwards the Company became a part of Major Williams' Battalion of Light Infantry—to name the elder branch of which is to commend. Eulogy is unnecessary. Its members are well known to you all; you have oft exchanged with them "greetings in the market-place," where, too, "they have piped unto you and ye have danced."

Our Company has labored under some peculiar difficulties, the principal of which lies in the fact, that most of our members are so situated in business as not to be complete masters of their own time: hence it follows that the Corps are never all on duty at the same time, and owing to this irregularity members cannot acquire the same proficiency in their duties as might otherwise be the case had they the same post in the ranks at all times.

Another evil, of a temporary nature, has been the entire loss of our original officers. Our Lieutenants have necessarily left the city and taken up their permanent abode elsewhere; and latterly, circumstances of a private nature have forced our Captain to resign his command, to the deep regret of all concerned.

The Company has prospered through all the difficulties of its formation and establishment and now rests on a firm basis. The roll-book shows forty-five active members, besides a number who are honorary—its debts are less than one hundred dollars—and it possesses a clear property of twelve hundred dollars. Our friends and well-wishers are numerous, and our gratitude in return is sincere and boundless. We have not only had the good will and assistance of our friends, but within a short time past men of a station high above us have condesended to honor us with their regard and extend to us marks of their favor. That this has been done in no niggard spirit, behold the token! To Major General STEVENS and his disinterested Staff are we indebted for this our rich and costly standard.

Such is the statement which we have considered due to our many friends who have so generously aided us by their purses and influence; and thus closes our First Annual Report.

After the reading of the report, Major Gen. STEVENS delivered an extemporaneous and eloquent address to the Cadets; on the conclusion of which, Lieut. CHASE, in behalf of the corps, presented the *Sword* to Lieut. PITKIN, and accompanied the presentation with the following remarks:

Lieutenant Pitkin—Sir:

In behalf of the Rochester City Cadets, I have the honor to present you a sword, as a slight testimonial of the gratitude they feel for the services you have rendered them, in their early organization, and the instructions you have imparted in the rudiments of your profession. They ask you to accept it, not as the reward of battles fought or victories achieved, but for your kindness and courtesy to the company, and that soldier-like deportment, which should ever characterize the officers of our Republican Army. And although the heroic ages are past, the tilt yard has disappeared, and the splendid tournament is over, and it is our destiny to live in the brawny age of muscular activity, yet so long as our government shall require a standing army, may the citizen and the soldier never be arrayed in interest or in feeling, against each other, but like children of the same family, go hand in hand through life.

You live in a country that is marching on with giant strides to power and greatness; and although the broad banner of peace now waves in safety above our heads, the time may come when we shall be aroused by the tramp of an invader's foot steps, and the shouts of war and conflict burst on our ears.

Take, then, this sword, consecrate its blade to the cause of your country, and never unsheath it until her wrongs imperiously demand redress.—Link with it the memories of this night, and when your heart beats with stormy promptings of ambition, remember the weapon of your side is only to be wielded against the foes of your country—alone to flash in the van of conflict, when the tide of battle is beating against the bulwarks of Liberty. Go forth with this martial token of our regard, into the ranks of our Republican army, and though I hope that blood will never dim its brightness, and that an olive wreath will be ever entwined with its glittering hilt, still you may witness the day when it will leap from the scabbard, and then may the flash of its steel be lightning to the foe and a guiding star to freemen.

Go forth whenever your country calls—be foremost in the discharge of your duty, whether in peace or in war, and be assured, through whatever scenes you may be destined to pass, the kindest feelings and the brightest hopes of friends in Rochester, will be with you—and when you shall have filled the measure of your country's service, although we can promise you no Roman triumph or gaudy mausoleum, your name shall ever live in the greatful remembrance of your countrymen.

Reply of Lieut. Pitkin.

GENTLEMEN CADETS:—I feel deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon me, by this valuable token of your kind partiality, and by the flattering sentiments which have accompanied its presentation. In return I offer you my grateful acknowledgments.

My trifling services to the Company, which have ever been rendered with much pleasure on my part, have been more than repaid by your kind attention on many previous occasions; and be assured, that the high rank you hold among the rival corps of the city, is to be attributed to a laudable ambition on your part, to elevate the standard of military attainment in our country, and a noble resolve ever to be found ready to maintain what our sires so gallantly achieved.

The honorable mention which has been made of my profession, entitles your speaker to my warmest thanks. His allusion to the chequered scenes of military life, calls to mind all that is noble and sublime in our past history; when the champions of American liberty, from the deep gloom which overspread our devoted country, saw the star of liberty rise in the ascendant, and those towns and cities which had been drenched in blood, become scenes of song and rejoicing.—Glorious change! happy Country! a bright example to our citizen soldiery, that liberty is ever the reward of virtuous valor. But our own frontier is not without incident. A short distance to the west we behold fields where during the second "war of independence," the soul, catching new impulse from all that is grand and wild in nature, urged our heroes on to deeds of daring unequalled in history or song.

On the other hand, little farther removed, we behold plains yet white with the ashes of the fallen brave, where until within a few short months, their bones lay mouldering unentombed, a scene which has too often called forth from the young aspirant for military glory, the desponding interrogatory "are republics ever thus ungrateful?" But every feeling of a patriotic heart answers, NO! If their sepulchres are not enriched with the gold of usurping tyrants or of haughty nobles, yet their memories are enshrined in the hearts of millions of happy freemen;

> ——— ——— "Their glorious names remain
> A sound that cannot die!"

Turning, however, from the contemplation of fields of carnage and blood, how grateful is the view before me! Spell-bound by the enchantment which beauty and lovliness lend to the scene, I offer a soldier's devotion; and although your fairy fingers have not left their impress upon this precious gift, your smile of encouragement is ever the soldier's richest reward.

GENTLEMEN—I accept this sword as a rich, a dear gift, valuable in itself, but thrice valuable as an assurance of that union of sentiment which will ever give success to American arms. I offer you the pledge, that it shall never be unsheathed but in the cause of right, of justice and of honor; and should my country call, the sword of the Rochester City Cadets shall be found flashing in the heat of the fight; and my motto shall be those soul-inspiring words which now float proudly on your banner,

> "True to my country—Jealous of her rights."

HORSE SHOES.—A French gentleman now in Poland, M. Jouy, has invented a new shoe for horses, for which, it is said, the Emperor of Russia has given him a reward of 50,000 roubles and a patent.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

To Miss Sarah Jane Clarke.

Soul of the Lyre, thy Minstrelsy
Comes like the zephyr's morning lute
To wake the heart to cheerful glee—
Emotion then cannot be mute.

Cease not to strike the Lyre—but oft
Let fancy, feeling, genius, mind,
Unite in strains so tender, soft,
And yet so thrilling and refined.

Rochester, Aug. 1, 1840. N. R. S.

THE WIDOW.

The widow she wept, and the widow she cried,
For it was but a week since her husband had died,
And a good soul was he, but just turned of fourscore,
So, the widow delared she would marry no more.

The widow was young, and the widow was fair,
And her mourning she wore was so touching an air
That many folks said—nay, a great many swore—
'Twas a pity she vowed she would marry no more,

The widow had houses, the widow had lands,
And silver laced lackies t' obey her commands,
A carriage to ride in, with rhino in store,
Yet, still she declared she would marry no more.

The widow she wept, and the widow she cried,
'Twas a twelvemonth that day since her husband had died,
A gallant came in—he had been there before—
"Oh! say not, fair lady, you'll marry no more."

The widow she blushed, and the widow she smiled,—
Of her grief and her tears, for the moment beguiled,—
"Well, perhaps, once again, but although to threescore,
I should live, I'm determined I'll marry no more."

SCOTSMAN.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

This world's not "all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;"
He that hath soothed a widow's wo
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

He that the christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

WELLER, SENIOR.

"Master Humphrey's Clock," by Boz, grows more rich in interest as it advances. As the attenuated hands move upon the antiquated dial of the old clock, "the minutes wing their way with pleasure." Never did clock so sweetly tell the hours. The illustrations accompanying the Nos. are excellent. Boz is fortunate in living in an age in which the art of engraving has reached such perfection, and still more fortunate in having for his cotemporaries Cruikshank and Cattermole and Brown; their inimitable illustrations add much force and effect to the graphic and peculiar delineations of Boz. In part 5, we have an illustration of a scene between Miss Benton, Mr. Weller the elder, and little Tony, Samivel's son, whom Weller, senior, pronounced the "blessedest boy that ever wos." The Illustrator has done his part faithfully. Here is the scene:—*Compiler.*

"Good ev'nin, mum," said the older Mr. Weller, looking in at the door, after a prefatory tap, "I'm afeerd we've come in rayther arter the time, mum, but the young colt being full o' wice has been a boltin' and shyin' and gettin' his leg over the traces to sich a extent that if he ain't wery soon broke in, he'll wex me into a broken heart, and than he'll never be brought out no more, except to learn his letters from the writin' on his grandfather's tombstone."

With these pathetic words, which were addressed to something outside the door, about two feet six from the ground, Mr. Weller introduced a very small boy, firmly set upon a couple of very sturdy legs, who looked as if nothing could ever knock him down. Besides having a very round face, strongly resembling Mr. Weller's, and a stout little body of exactly his build, this young gentleman, standing with his legs very wide apart, as if the top boots were familiar to them, actually winked upon the housekeeper with his infant eye, in imitation of his grandfather.

"There's a naughty boy, mum," said Mr. Weller, bursting with delight, "there's a immorral Tony. Wos there ever a little chap o' four years and eight months old as vinked his eye at a strange lady, afere?"

As little affected by this observation as by the former appeal to his feelings, Master Weller elevated in the air a small model of a coach-whip which he carried in his hand, and addressing the housekeeper with a shrill "ya—hip," inquired if she was going "down the road;" at which happy adaptation of a lesson he had been taught from infancy, Mr. Weller could restrain his feelings no longer, but gave him two-pence on the spot.

"It's in vain to deny it, mum," said Mr. Weller, "this here is a boy arter his grandfather's own heart, and beats out all the boys as ever wos or ever will be. Though at the same time mum," added Mr. Weller, trying to look gravely down upon his favorite, "it was wery wrong on him to want to jump over all the posts as we come along, and wery cruel on him to force poor grandfather to lift him cross-legged over every vun of 'em.—He wouldn't pass vun single bleseed post mum, and at the top o' the lane there's seven-and-forty on 'em all in a row, and wery close together."

Here Mr. Weller, whose feelings were in a perpetual conflict between pride in his grandson's achievements and a sense of his own responsibility, and the importance of impressing him with moral truths, burst into a fit of laughter, and suddenly checking himself, remarked in a severe tone that little boys as made their grandfathers put 'em over the posts never went to Heaven at any price.

By this time the housekeeper had made tea, and little Tony, placed on a chair beside her, with his eyes nearly on a level with the top of the table, was provided with various delicacies, which yielded him extreme entertainment. The housekeeper (who seemed rather afraid of the child, notwithstanding her caresses) patted him on the head, and declared that he was the finest boy she had ever seen.

"Wy, mum," said Mr. Weller, "I don't think you'll see a many sich, and that's the truth. But if my son Samivel would give me my vay, mum, and only dispense with his—might I venture to say the vord?"

"What word, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper, blushing slightly.

"Petticuts, mum," returned that gentleman, laying his hand upon the garments of his grandson. "If my son Samivel, mum, would only dispense with these here, you'd see sich an alteration in his appearance as the imagination can't depicter."

"But what would you have the child wear instead, Mr. Weller?" inquired the housekeeper.

"I've offered my son Samivel, mum, agen and agen," returned the old gentleman, "to purwide him at my own cost vith a suit o' clothes as 'ud be the makin' on him, and form his mind in infancy for those pursuits as I hope the family of the Vellers vill alvays dewote themselves to. Tony, my boy, tell the lady wot them clothes are as grandfather says father ought to let you vear."

"A little white hat and a little sprig weskut and little knee cords and little top-boots and a little green coat with little bright buttons and a little welwet collar," replied Tony, with great readiness and no stops.

"That's the cus-toom, mum," said Mr. Weller, looking proudly at the housekeeper: "onee make sich a model on him as that, and you'd say he *wos* a angel."

John George Washington Jefferson Smith, stand up and answer my question—What is neutre gender?

I reckon as near as I can calculate, its half horse and half alligator, with a considerable sprinkling of snappin' turtle.

You're an astonishing boy, Master Smith. Do you know your chatechise? For what end was man created?

For log cabins and hard cider.

Smart child! Has your mamma any more like you? Now can you tell me who was the strongest man?

Jonah.

Eh! Why?

Kase when the whale got him down he could not hold him.

That'll do, take your seat.

PRYING IN TO OTHER FOLK'S BUSINESS.—"What are you doing there?" inquired Jack of Tom, as he caught him peeping through a hey-hole.

"What't that to you?" said Tom; "I don't like to see a person prying into other people's business."

An editor down east advertises for "A Devil of good moral character."

The Execution of Major Andre.

Dr. Hall, of Hartford, a surgeon in the revolutionary army, was a witness to the execution of Major Andre, standing within four or five rods of the scene. Noticing some inacuracies in the article we published from the Knickerbocker a few days ago, he has called and related the following particulars. He states that Andre walked to the place of execution behind the cart, accompanied by two officers, one on each side, and stopped under the gallows. Arrived there, he immediately stepped up into the cart, when the officer of the day, Col. Scammell, said to him, if you have any thing to say, you now have an opportunity. He replied, I have nothing to say, but to have you bear witness that I die like a brave man. Col. S. then said to the hangman, do your duty. He went to work so awkwardly in attempting to put the noose over Andre's neck, that Andre took it from him and made an effort to do it himself. But his hat being in the way, he let go the rope, took off his hat and stock and laid them on the coffin, and unbuttoned his shirt collar and turned it down.—He then put the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck; took out of his pocket a white handkerchief, with which he bandaged his eyes; and a blue ribbon, which he handed to the executioner, requesting him to tie his hands behind him. This being done, Col. Scammell directed the cart to be driven away. Andre was a small man and seemed hardly to stretch the rope, and his legs dangled so much that the hangman was ordered to take hold of them and keep them straight. The body was cut down after hanging fifteen or twenty minutes, and buried near the gallows. From the location of the grave, Andre must have passed it in going to the place of execution.

The Doctor thinks the account relative to the attempts made by Washington to secure Arnold and liberate Andre must be incorrect. The court which sentenced Andre to death having been held on the 29th September, only three days before his execution, the time allowed was not by any means sufficient to permit such plans to be successfully carried out, especially the one in which Champe was said to have been concerned.

MARRIAGES.

On the 24th instant, by Alddrman Mack, WILLIAM F. CASE, Esq, of Rochester, to Miss ANNA ROWE, daughter of Daniel Rowe, Esq., of Greece.

In Canandaigua, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Seymour Ormsby, of Honeoye Falls, to Miss Livviar MaCartny, of Richmond.

In Bethany, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Stimpson, Mr. F. N. Drake, of LeRoy, to Miss A. Manwarring, of the former place.

In South Bristol, Ontario county, on the 12th instant, by Wm. W. Wilder, Esq., Mr. Ebenezer Lewis, of Owego, Tioga county, to Miss Sally S. Allen, of the former place.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, Monroe county, Rochester, 26th August, 1840.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the secretary of state, of which a copy is annexed.

DARIUS PERRIN, Sheriff of Monroe county.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, August 17, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

Sir:—Notice is hereby given you, that at the next general election in this state, to be held on the second, third and fourth days of November next, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next,) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant-Governor.

Forty-two Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Samuel Works, a senator from the eighth district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place, at the next general elecn. tio

You will also take notice that one representative in the 27th congress of the United States for the twenty-eighth congressional district, consisting of the county of Monroe, is to be chosen at the said next general election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three Members of Assembly.

A Sheriff of the county in the place of Darius Perrin, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A County Clerk in the place of Ephraim Gow, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And Four Coroners in the place of those whose terms expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully, JOHN C. SPENCER,
aug26 dtd Secretary of State.

☞ The several papers in the county of Monroe will please publish the above until after the election, and send their bills to Darius Perrin, Sheriff, immediately.

THE GEM AND AMULET
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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY

VOL. XII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1840. No. 21.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Lines to an Absent Sister.

BY MISS S. J. CLARKE.

My birth-day dawns all bright and fair—
Sister, rememberest thou
That seventeen autumns now have cast
Their shadows o'er my brow?

I will not think thou can'st forget,
I know though far apart,
Though hills and vales and lakes divide,
We still are one in heart.

I know the strong affection pure,
The changless love of thine,
I know thine earliest waking thought,
And morning prayer was mine.

We will not let this natal day
Be one for mournful thought,
For meditation sad and lone
With drear forbodings fraught.

We're young, sweet sister, still we're young,
And Peace our path hath led,
And Hope and Joy have strewn their flowers
Where'er our feet might tread.

The future—ah! we will not now
Attempt with daring hand
To draw aside the misty veil
That shrouds that shadowy land.

But gaily turn and view the past
In all its summer glow,
And think how blithly fled the hours
In birth-days long ago.

They fled in dance and gleeful play
Upon the breezy hill,
Adown whose steep and rocky side,
Poured wild the laughing rill.

Or searching in the changing wood
For pale September flower,
That bloomed still beautiful though sad
Amid the fading bowers.

The last of all their race they seemed
So lovely and so lone,
Like fair, young mourners bending by
A church-yard's hallowed stone.

And when our wanderings were o'er,
Oft with a favorite book,
We sought beneath the beechen shade
Some silent fairy nook.

And pored enraptured long o'er tales
Of lands beyond the sea,
O'er magic legends strange and wild,
And dreams of Araby.

Oh! sister those were happy days;
We knew no partings then,
And deemed life's false, delusive scenes
As lovely as our glen.

Yet still we will not now repine
Nor grieve they could not last,
But hope and pray our coming days
May be bright as the past.

Rochester, September 28, 1840.

Teachers may culivate a child's intellect and improve the mind; but the things said and done at home, are the agents in forming a child's character.

MILK.—It is said that a spoonful of horse-radish put into a pan of milk, will preserve the milk sweet for several days, either in the open air, or in a cellar, while other milk will turn sour.

THE VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

BY MISS FARDER.

A short distance from the medicinal waters of Posteny, known, according to the belief of the inhabitants of that neighborhood, since the time of the Romans, rise the ruins of an ancient church said to have formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, in proof of which assertion there still exist fantastic images of stone, which appear among the ruins like the last accents of by-past wisdom, to arrest the steps of the solitary traveler.

Near the church is a limpid spring, which, gushing forth in a sparkling volume, once slaked the thirst of the Red Cross Warriors, when their strength was exhausted by battle; and at this fountain they yet meet to wander in the moonlight, haunting with their armed and gigantic figures the hours of night, and turning them to terror, to weep over the extinction of their illustrious order, abolished for mere worldly interests.

But it is not by phantoms such as these alone—foul shapes "making night hideous," and obscuring with dark shadows the "glimpses of the moon"—that this fair spring is visited. It has also its sweet oracle for loving hearts. Each year, on the eve of the feast of St. Stephen, the holy bishop king, who with his own pious hand laid the first stone of this now ruined church, and whose blessed shadow yet hovers about the sacred spot, the maidens of the neighborhood walk in procession at midnight, to fill their pitchers at the fountain, in the full faith that ablution in its waters will double their attractions. Absorbed in fervent prayer, they kneel upon the threshold of the church; for, according to ancient rumor, whoever so honers the saint, in piety of heart, will meet on the morrow upon her path the partner of her future life.

Thus, from the earliest times, this ceremony has been observed, and the fair maidens of the hamlet have crowded to the fountain on St. Stephen's eve, to ascertain if the secret wishes of their hearts would come to pass: and we are now about to tell a loving legend to which this popular custom owes its origin.

Boritza, the daughter of Bolko, was as a rose which opens to the sweet breath of morning, but like that lovely flower there were thorns about her and around her, as if to deter the hand of love from the bright blossom which he would have aspired to wear.

Bolko was rich, and riches bring honor and credit when they are rightly used; but Bolko was a stern man, and cold as the ore with which he filled his coffers. None loved him, for his heart was closed against his kind; and even his fair child, young and beautiful and gentle as she was, wept less at his severity than at his want of tenderness. He cared not for his kind; his soul was in his chests; and Boritza was to him merely a something living which he was bound to succor and support; yet she bore even this—not without tears, for sometimes it was luxury to weep, but calmly and in silence. A sister of her father's watched over Boritza—the dragon of the Hesperides became the guardian of the young beauty: to her the very name of love was odious—it was a foul blight withering the fair face of nature—the ashes of the Dead Sea—the feast of the Barmecide, full of promise and disappointment. Her youth had passed in coldness and neglect, and her age revenged the bitterness of her buried years. Her words were harsh and cruel; and the gentle Boritza suffered so deeply from her restless and jealous tyranny, that a deep veil of sadness fell over her young beauty, which only added another charm to those with which nature had so profusely gifted her, as if to revenge her upon her persecutor.

But Boritza had a joy which was beyond the grasp even of her tiger-aunt. She loved! loved with the earnest, innocent fervor of a heart which pours itself out for the first time, like a rich odor shed on a hidden shrine. None knew how well she loved, how tenderly; and he whom she so worshipped was worthy of her affection. It was Emeric; stately as a pine tree on the mountain crest, with eyes black as the night, and hair, which, dark and gleaming as the raven's wing, clustered above a brow that might have well beseemed an Apollo or an Antinous.

Their love was secret—it was the dearer, the purer, from its mystery: for no idle tongue had linked their names together, and blighted the sacredness of their passion. They met in the leafy woods, amid the sighing of the branches, and the whispers of the wind that wandered through them in the soft moonlight, when the long shadows fell dark upon the earth, and the stars spangled the mantle of night until it shown with regal splendor; and their whispers were lower than those of the summer wind, their sighs gentler than those that wake the summer woods; their eyes outshone the stars, and their young hearts were purer than the moonlight.

But sorrow came even hither to this Eden of the soul, whence the foul serpent should have been shut out. Boritza was fond, and beautiful, and young; but Emeric was of high and ancient race; his father was proud and stern; he loved his son, but ambition was his master spirit, and he had vowed to Emeric that he should lead no bride to his paternal hearth who could not double his possessions.

And thus Boritza passed her days in tears, or in watching for the dear moment of Emeric's arrival beneath her window, when, sometimes so closely guarded as to be unable to leave her chamber, she could but extend to him through the bars of her narrow casement the small and delicate hand, which he covered with burning kisses, while she talked to him in the low tones in which passion loves to word itself.

One night they were conversing thus; painting even their fears in those sweet shadowy forms which almost robbed them of their bitterness, and striving to hope against conviction, when the jealous guardian of Boritza stole upon their confidence. The youth was half buried among the flowering branches of an acacia tree, that grew against the wall of the chateau, immediately beside the chamber of the maiden; and the hand of the fair girl, extended beyond the grating of her casement, rested lovingly among the dark curls which fell upon his shoulders, while she listened to his low whispers with a smile of pensive happiness playing about her lips.

Thus they stood when the storm burst upon them. Invective, threat and insult, were heaped upon the trembling Boritza, and her lover lingered near, unable to avert from her the bitter word or the taunting look. His heart bled, not only for her but for himself; he could not bear it long—and rushing from the garden, boldly strode into the presence of her father, Bolko.

His reception was a stern one—Bolko was as proud as the noble who despised his daughter—his pride was as tangible; he could secure it with locks and bolts, or he could draw it forth and feed upon it, and then replace it for a future scrutiny—and what had the lofty Count to show which outvalued his beloved gold? Emeric bore up bravely against the torrent of insult which was his welcome; he supplicated, he implored, and love is eloquent when the heart prompts the words; but Bolko heeded not his agony, and ere they parted

he forbade the entry of his dwelling to the soul-stricken Emeric.

The youth turned to depart; there was a struggle in his breast between his love for Boritza and the pride in which he had been nurtured from his youth; but ere he had reached the centre of the hall, he met the maiden, pale, trembling and bowed down by the terrors of the past hour, as the lily is bent by the storm which passes over it.—What had he to do with pride as he looked upon her? He forgot all save HER. And as she flung herself at the feet of her father, he knelt beside her, and again he strove to awaken feeling where it never dwelt. The sunshine fails to warm the adamant—the storm bursts over it, and leaves it cold, and hard, and inert as ever—and Bolko had become as a rock upon which external influences have no power; and he harshly dismissed the drooping Boritza to her chamber, and motioned Emeric from his presence.

As she moved away, in obedience to the paternal mandate, the maiden passed close beside her lover; and, as their eyes met, he suddenly grasped her hand, and whispered beneath his breath, "At midnight, near the Fountain of the Templars —I will be there, Boritza." The trembling girl answered him only by a look, and then, once more bowing meekly to her infuriated parent, she glided from the apartment.

It was the eve of the festival of St. Stephen, and the avocations which it brought with it to all the inhabitants of the chateau, enabled Boritza the more readily to elude observation. The hours wore on, and, as midnight approached, the maiden trembled, even amid all her love for Emeric, at the promise which she had tacitly given; for there arose upon her memory every dark story that she had heard of the spectre nights, who at that solemn hour met beside the spring, to wail over the departed glories of their order, and with their blood-stained swords bared in the moonlight to invoke vengeance on those who had wrought their overthrow. Her pulses throbbed as these tales rushed over her brain; she had been familiar with them from her childhood; and she had heard them with a perfect faith even as they had been told.

The eleventh hour came at length, and then the fond woman shook off the idle tremors of the girl, and thought only of him she loved; she forgot her terrors, and, seizing a pitcher, she waited until all was silent throughout the chateau, and with noiseless steps she stole forth, and hurried to the fountain.

The moon was up, and nearly at the full; the trees cast fantastic shadows on her path, and the leaves whispered in the wind like spirit-voices—but she had neither eyes nor ears save for him whom she sought; and he already waited her at the mystic spring. It was a sad meeting, for they met only to part—tears were there, hot and bitter tears, such as are wrung from young hearts when they first learn to suffer, which the world mocks without being able to understand, and ends by turning into gall. They vowed to each other fidelity even to the grave—a barren, profitless fidelity, for they were never to meet again; but it was almost happiness to believe that they should at least be wretched for each other's sake. They had a thousand things to say—a thousand things to ask—but they could only weep, and fold their arms fondly each about the other, and vow that from that hour their hearts should never again beat with passion until they were laid cold within the grave.

At length they parted. Ye who have never loved, seek not even to dream of such a parting! 'T were idle, vague, and empty speculation. The enthusiast who, sick with study, and pale with blighted hope, withers his strength and drains his life away in pursuit of the subtle secret by which he is to turn to gold the pebble on his path, is nearer to the goal of his wild search, than ye to comprehend the agony of two young hearts severed like theirs. Smile on, and hug yourselves in your cold ignorance—ye have escaped a pang whose memory no after-years can ever wear away!

Emeric had pressed his lips to the lips of his beloved, and then, maddened by misery, he had hurried away, for he dared not say *Farewell*. Mechanically Boritza plunged her pitcher into the spring, and when she drew it back, rested it on the border of the fountain, into which her tears fell like rain. Suddenly a soft light gleamed about her, a soft and silvery light—it was like nothing that she had ever seen before—daybreak was more shadowy, sunshine more broad, the moonrays colder and less equal. Her heart beat quickly, and, glancing timidly around, she saw beside her a form that she could not mistake. It was St. Stephen. The crowned mitre was upon his brow, the crosier in his hand, and he was looking toward her with a smile. Her knees bent under her, and her head drooped upon her bosom.

"Fear not, fair girl," said a voice which sounded like the summer wind when it murmurs among flowers, "your innocence guards you from dangers which your beauty might provoke. Weep no longer: to-morrow's sun will shine brightly to dry your tears, and remember that the first form which crosses your path after that sun has risen will be the form of him to whom your faith must be pledged for life. Repine not, but obey."

Boritza trembled, and fell prostrate to the earth; and when she ventured once more to raise her head and look around her, she was alone. She murmured a prayer and fled; and, although she dared not hope that what she had seen was indeed more than a vision of her excited imagination, she felt happier than she had been for many weeks. She wept, it is true, but her tears had soothing in them; and when she slept she dreamed of Emeric and of the Saint, and awoke only to believe that all must go well.

On the morrow at sunrise all the neighborhood was alive with pilgrims to the shrine of St. Stephen, and among the rest went Boritza, walking in silence between her father and her aunt. A shadow was on the path even as the fair girl passed the gates of Bolko's domain; the rising sun painted its outline in distinct and palpable relief —it was Emeric!—Emeric, who sought only a last look of his beloved ere he fled for ever alike his home and his country.

She said but one word to him as she passed the spot whereon he stood, but that word was 'Hope,' and then, heedless alike of the angry tones of her father, the shrill invectives of her hateful guardian, and then the passionate questions of her lover, she flew forward, and prostrated herself before the shrine of the Saint. And the legend goes on to tell that her faith met with its reward, for the noble sire of Emeric was ere long death-striken, and he had no child save him; and that the avarice of Bolko proved stronger than his pride when he saw the young Count at the feet of his daughter, and remembered that while his heart was full his hand was not empty, but that broad lands and fair castles were coupled with his love.

And so it came to pass that Boritza and Emeric were united at the alter of St. Stephen; and that, since that period, the maidens of the district on the eve of his solemn festival, dip their pitchers in the water, and pray for as fair a fate as that of Emeric's beloved, the fond, and good, and innocent Boritza.

From the Oberlin Evangelist.

PRAYER.

When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases and softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart—
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
Oh, how painfully pleasing, till hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, and loiter, are caught in the snare,
But, *looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.*
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heav'n pours its full streams through no medium but this.
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

R. S. V. P.—An old fashioned couple, in 1806, received a card of invitation to dinner from some much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the then new R. S. V. P.—This puzzled the worthy pair. It might puzzle us in these days, although most of us are a little better acquainted with the French—"*Respondez s'il vous plait.*" The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awakened by his helpmete, who said, after shaking him up, "My love I've found it out. R. V. S. P. It means—*remember six very puctual.*"

TIME.—The waters of time destroy and putrify but they can also heal and refresh.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

TOM DAVENPORT:

THE HUNTSMAN OF THE WINNEPISSIOGEE.

TOM DAVENPORT, some forty years since known as one of the most successful hunters who ever trod the wilds of the Winnepissiogee, after a long career of triumph in his favorite pursuit, suddenly took it into his head that he was haunted by the devil; and possessed with this singular idea, in order to get rid of his adversary, he one morning crept softly from his log cabin into a neighboring thicket, and hung himself upon the branch of a tree. The trunk of that giant oak still stands near the shore of the lake, and the very limb upon which poor Tom suspended himself, to elude the grasp of his pursuer, is pointed out to the curious traveler. The story of Tom Davenport is in some respects a sad one, but it is briefly told.

From boyhood, Tom had been accustomed to hunting, and was more familiar with his trap and gun, than with books or schools. He had scarcely seen more than a single book in the log hut of his father, and that was wrapped up in a neat covering of patch-work, having an emblem of the cross worked in its centre, and carefully laid upon a shelf. Morning and evening, as his parents read from its pages, and afterward knelt to their devotions, Tom knelt with them, scarcely realizing the sanctity of the rite; and in the restlessness of his imagination, thinking of almost every thing but the humble and penitent prayers, which ascended from hearts long since weaned from the vanities of the world.

Tom was not absolutely vicious, but he was wayward; restless whenever called to his task in the field, and panting only for the wild forest, or the broad bosom of the lake. His soul burned with a passion for lake and woodland scenery, and he was happy no where else. When not restrained, he would be off, while yet the stars were bright in the dome above, as the first faint rays of the coming day would pencil the curtains of the east; and roaming from covert to covert, in the forest, or from inlet to inlet along the picturesque shores of the lake, he would remain until the same stars, bright and immoveable, again twinkled in the canopy of night.

It is easily to be seen that a passion so absorbing unfitted Tom for any other pursuit than that of a hunter. Born near the lake, and having spent the first ten years of his life in the little clearing of his father, whose log cabin was for years the only human habitation within the circuit of ten miles, Tom had in infancy received impressions, which, as he grew up, ripened into a passion. He had seen his father, when the family stock of venison or salmon had diminished, go forth with his rifle or his rod, and had seen how unerringly he supplied their wants. He had gone with his father on some of these expeditions, at first carrying his pouch and flask, or box of bait; then fishing himself for the spotted salmon, and at last trying his tiny hand at the rusty trigger. Tom on these occasions was invariably in luck, and scarcely ever threw out the line from the canoe, but it was straitway hooked in the gills of a trout, or poised the rifle over his father's knee, but the shot took effect in the heart of his intended victim. Of course his father was gratified at these instances of Tom's success, in the beginning of his career, and whenever a chance wayfarer stopped at the dwelling, he was usually enlightened with the full history of Tom's juvenile exploits. Tom was of course delighted; and from day to day, as he grew older and bolder, and more experienced, he became more and more determined that he would live the life of a hunter, and none other.

Things went on well enough, until Tom had attained to the age of fifteen, when his labor and exertions were beginning to be matters of some importance to his father upon his little farm.—Tom, he had observed with regret, had exhibited no particular fondness for labor, and would much rather watch the movements of the gray squirrels that were skipping about in the edge of the forest, than hoe potatoes; and in this sort of indifference to agricultural life, the young man had grown up in almost entire ignorance of the first great employment of man. Tom knew how to snare a partridge; could bring down two wild geese at a shot, with his old double-barrelled gun, as they wheeled in grand circle upward from the adjoining lake; he could plant a bullet in the heart of the panther or the bear that growled in the thicket; and in sunshine or rain, in summer or winter, whenever Tom wanted a salmon, his hook could always find one. But as to hoeing potatoes, weed-

ing corn, or chopping wood at the door, Tom said, "he didn't know how, and didn't believe he could ever learn."

The old man would shake his head, and grumble as loudly in his vexation as a christian man should, at Tom's incorrigible idleness, as he called it; and his mother scolded and fretted away at him as a "good-for-nothing lazy lout," for fixing his fish-lines, and scouring his gun of a morning, while his father was taking care of the cows, or chopping wood at the door. Tom was sensible that he was in the fault; and being so, generally refrained from improper replies to the reproofs he so well merited; resolving in his own mind, on such occasions, to make ample amends by bringing in daily as much in value of "the products of the forest and fisheries," as should equal his father's gains at the plough. Tom, you see, was a political economist, though he knew no more about that than he did about chopping wood; and both, in his eyes, were decidedly vulgar employments, compared to hunting and fishing.

One morning, after having received a rather severe reproof from his parents for neglecting to milk the cows before sunrise; a custom which old dairy wives say should never be neglected, if you would have good wholesome milk; Tom gathered up his hunting and fishing gear, and hurried off into the forest. It was at quite an early hour. The tinkling of the cow-bell, as his father's cattle, let loose into the woods, were wending their way to the cool margin of the lake, came to his ears with rather a mournful cadence. He sat down beneath a giant oak, and resting his head upon his hand, reclined upon the carpet of grass. He thought over his own conduct and course of life; his inertness in all the plodding pursuits of husbandry; and the abundant cause his good father and mother had for their vexation. Tom was in a fair way to repentence, and might possibly have become an altered man; but just at that moment, his eye caught a glimpse of a beautiful fawn, which had apparently strayed away from its dam, and was quietly feeding upon the tender sprouts that had sprung up near the borders of the lake. The beautiful animal, unconscious of danger, looked out upon the quiet lake, and up into the forest, and fed on, while the deadly rifle was silently charged, the ball sent home, and the priming dropped carefully beneath the flint. Tom, scarcely breathing, crawled softly behind the huge trunk of the oak, and was watching to get sight of the fawn through a little opening in the bushes, where she would in a few moments, come within range of his rifle. He waited patiently for a moment. The young deer stood a fair mark for his never-failing rifle; and he was raising it to meet the line of vision marked by his eye, when, crash! down came a huge dry branch of the old oak, knocking the gun from his hand, and almost stunning him with the blow.

"Hold!" on the instant, exclaimed a hoarse voice, near him: "strike not the spotted fawn, or the curse of Chocoma be upon you!"

Before Tom Davenport could recover his bewildered senses, the fawn had bounded far back into the forest, and when at last he got upon his feet, and caught a glimpse of an old solitary Indian, who was known to live upon one of the islands of the Winnepissiogee, he was just passing round a point of land jutting out into the lake, still waving one hand menacingly, as with the other he guided his birchen canoe thro' the limpid waters.

"By heavens!" said the hunter to himself, as he gathered up his rifle, "this is a strange adventure. What! the flint is clear gone, I see, and—by all the devils in hell! the lock, too, is broken! Blast the 'cussed old imp! What shall I do?—What offering shall I now carry home? I'll try for a six-pounder in the wizard's cove."

Tom was within a hundred yards of the lake, and gathering up his fishing gear, and depositing it with his broken rifle in the bottom of the log canoe, fastened to a birch tree which bent over the margin, he pushed his boat from the shore, and was soon paddling silently over the smooth waters in the direction of the wizard's cove. This cove was a deep indentation of the lake into the shore, with a sort of natural gulf beyond, full of dark alders, through which a small brook came from the distant hills, creeping lazily into the lake.—The shores on either hand were steep, and on the eastern or left side, rocky and precipitous. The water was deep and clear, and in this still retreat, Tom remembered that he had caught finer trout than at any other spot upon the lake. No stray sun-beam had ever found its way down into this narrow glen, revealing to the finny tribes below the snares prepared for them by the dexterous angler. At high noon, as well as at night, the deep shadows of the cliff hung over the quiet waters.

Tom brought his canoe to rest, nearly in the centre of the cove, and proceeded with his sport. He was entirely successful, and was taking up his paddles in order to return, when a hoarse laugh echoed from rock to rock above him, dying away in the distance upon the waters. Startled by the sound, and looking upward, he saw the same old Indian, whom he had encountered before under the oak, carelessly swinging upon the very edge of the precipice. As quick as thought, he raised his rifle to bring him down, forgetting that he had neither lock nor flint, and that the savage was for the present beyond his reach: of all this the Indian showed that he was conscious, by laughing immoderately at Tom Davenport's discomfiture. At last he said:

"Let the Englishman keep his powder, till the Mohawk comes! The son of Chocoma is his friend. But *remember!* Strike not the spotted fawn!"

Tom was not terrified; but he was naturally superstitious, and the mysterious appearance on the very pinnacle of that cliff, of the old sagamore, whom but a short time before he had seen pass round a point in the lake more than a mile distant, puzzled him exceedingly. The singular fall of the branch of the old oak, and the mysterious warning now again repeated, were also circumstances that added not a little to his embarrassment. In a somewhat confused state of mind, Tom returned home, in season to provide the means of a dainty dinner, and as the father craved a blessing over that happy meal, all thoughts of the little vexations of the morning vanished like dew before the sun.

The old man complimented Tom on his good luck, and his mother declared that "Thomas *was* good for *something*—for fishing and hunting, if nothing else—and she guessed, after all, that Thomas *would* contrive to get an honest living somehow, and that was all any of us wanted."—Tom prudently kept his morning adventures to himself. He did not know what to make of them, and would not alarm his father or mother by the recital. He got his rifle mended, and in a few days was as successful as ever in his favorite employment.

Years passed on. His ardor never abated in the pursuit; on the contrary, his appetite for hunting seemed to grow with what it fed on.—His fame as a hunter was circulated far and wide; and parties of pleasure came up from Portsmouth and Dover to join him in his hunting and fishing expeditions. By degrees the forest melted away before the axe of the husbandman, and smiling villages now occupy the hunting grounds of the pioneers. Until the last deer was seen stalking in the wilds about Winnepissiogee, Tom Davenport had a regular hunt weekly. He had now become a tavern keeper. Roads leading to Pequawkett had been opened near his dwelling, and Tom grew wealthy without labor, and was in due time one of the best customers he had at the bar. A few years of diligent practice confirmed his habits. He was still, however, the best fisherman upon the lakes; and was wont, when a little exhilerated, to take his old rifle with him in the hope of encountering some straggler from the wilds.

Twenty years had now elapsed since the old Indian had been seen; and scarcely a deer had been noticed in the neighborhood for half that period, when one day as Tom was returning from the wizard's cove, well laden with trout and whiskey, he saw at a distance on the shore a plump deer drinking of the waters of the lake. He raised his rifle, and in the next moment the spotted fawn lay weltering in blood. The thought of Chocoma's curse, bringing sickness upon every living thing he possessed, and poisoning the fountains and the lake, rushed at once upon his thoughts; and, excited as he was by the strong stimulus in which he had indulged so long, he became from that moment possessed with the horrid belief that he was haunted by the devil, because he had killed the spotted fawn, the favorite deer of Chocoma. No persuasion could alter this belief. He was in an agony of distress and terror. The warning of the old chief was ever ringing in his ears, and the death-throes of the spotted fawn continually present to his frenzied imagination.—He was harmless toward others; and no one of his friends supposed that he meditated any violence toward himself. He had indeed been often heard to say that he could not escape the snares of the devil on earth; but his incoherent ravings were regarded as the necessary result of the intemperate habits he had so long indulged.

On a chill morning in October, just twenty-six years from the date of his adventure with the swarthy son of Chocoma under the oak, the lifeless body of Tom Davenport was found suspended from a limb of that identical old tree. He made his exit from "the world, the flesh and the devil," in the manner already related.

LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.

BONNETS.—Several fancy straw ones have recently appeared, and will be very fashionable for the sea side. Those of Italian straw are still in favor. The most fashionable style of trimming consists of white ribon, disposed in a novel kind of twist round the bottom of the crown, and a knot of a peculiar pretty form, falling on one side of the brim near the back; a single long, white, curled ostrich feather issuing from the knot, lies flat upon the brim, and droops over it towards the shoulder on the opposite side.

NEW MATERIALS.—The most remarkable for both the beauty and delicacy of their patters are the bareges of all kinds, and particularly the batiste barege, poil de chevre. Musagron, and moire d' ete, the foulards and gros de Naples chines and a variety of skins and perlees, sablees, and quadrillees.

SPENCERS.—Those of pou de soie and other silks have now entirely superseded those of velvet: they are made for the most part tight to the shape, but variously ornamented on the bosom, some with fancy silk trimming, others with rouleaus; we see also a good many trimmed with either black or white lace. Tight sleeves are very much in vogue for silk spencers.

HALF-DRESS ROBES.—We may cite among the most elegant, some that have recently appeared, composed of foulard, with a bright gris poussiene ground, with brown satin stripes, lightly edged with gold quadrilling with others shaded in different shades of blue. The corsages of these robes were made light; very open on the bosom.—Tight sleeves with sabots bordered with party-colored fringe, descending to the elbow; a corresponding fringe, encircled the bottom of the corsage, and a row of lace set on flat, and standing up, trimmed the top; the border of the skirts was furnished by a single deep bias flounce, with a heading disposed in dents de loup.

FASHIONABLE COLORS.—Light shades of green and blue are most predominant.

Riding habits are all made with very tight sleeves. The most fashionable chemisettes for that costume are of cambric, with plain square collar, like those worn by young lads: the manchetts are also of plain cambric, and are made very deep. When the habit is made open on the bosom it shows the rorsage of the chemisette, plaited and buttoned by five or six small pearl or garnet buttons, and the manchetts are trimmed to correspond. Riding hats are mostly in the shape of a gentleman's hat, but in some instances those pretty caps called casquettes a la Victoria are preferred. Several new kinds of fancy silk buttons and brandebourgs have been introduced for trimming riding habits.

GANTELETTS.—Such is the name given to the fashionable riding gloves, and is one that suits admirably well with their form, which is exactly that of the gauntlet worn by cheva'iers in the days of chivalry; it rises high upon the wrist, turning over with a lappel, but standing out from the arm so as to show the sleeves. These gloves are generally composed of yellow kid, but they may be worn in other colors.

A REMARKAELE PAIR.—Abiel Cheeney and Prudence Penfield were born in the town of Chatham, then including the present city of Middletown, in Connecticut, within twelve days of each other, in June, 1754. They were married in April, 1772, and their first child was born in July, 1773. They are now living, aged over 89, in the city of New York, in good health, and cheerful possession of their faculties, he having never been sick in his life, excepting what he supposes the effect of strains and hard work as a ship carpenter, and she complained of rheumatism occasionally. They have lived together, man and wife, over *sixty-eight years!* and furnish a case of longevity, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel.—*New York American.*

"UTMOST WIGGER OF THE LAW!"—A sign-board, near Shrewsbury, has the following classical inscription:—"All *persons* found fyghteing or truspessin on this ground will be *executed* with the utmost wigger of the law."

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

RAMBLES IN MIDSUMMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROCHESTER, ——, 1840.

Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied spot we can,
And make him, with our pikes and partizans,
A grave. SHAKSPEARE.

With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath; the ruddock would,
With charitable will, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are rare,
To winter-ground thy corse. IDEM.

The subject of the present letter will of course be anticipated from the mottoes which I have chosen as a prefix. I fear that I shall fail in imparting to it the interest, either in description or sentiment, which I could desire. But I shall nevertheless proceed, in the hope of winning the attention of the public in general, and of the citizens of New York in particular, to the subject I am taking in hand—which, though of a melancholy nature, viewed in a just spirit of Christian philosophy, may still be rendered the theme of a subdued and pleasing contemplation.

To the South of the city, distant perhaps a mile and a half, on the eastern side, and in the immediate vicinity of the Genesee river, is a beautiful and romantic hill—or rather woodland of unequal surfaces—which has been purchased, and is now ornamenting by private individuals, and by the city authorities, as a rural cemetery. It is called MOUNT HOPE, a name dear to the Christian traveler, who turns aside to rest there from his earthly pilgrimage. There was true philosophy, as well as beauty, in the practice of the ancient Israelites, who, in order to show their belief in the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body, called what we term a churchyard, or cemetery, "the house of the living." On funeral occasions they were wont to address the dead as though they were still alive—ending their benedictions with the words—"Blessed be the Lord, who causeth death and restoreth life." On retiring from a grave, or tomb, they walked reverentially backward, plucking blades of grass three times, which they as often cast behind them, saying—"They shall flourish like grass on the earth." They had great concern about the burial of their dead, and the thought of a deprivation of sepultre filled them with great unhappiness. They moreover chose pleasant places for their burial, in gardens, upon mountains, and beneath the shade of trees. To the ancient Jews, therefore, the prospect of burial, the anticipation of being interred in so beautiful a place as the Mount Hope of Rochester, would have been most grateful.

Equally careful were the Jews, likewise, in guarding their places of sepulture from rash intrusion, as consecrated and holy places. Their rabbins taught that it was not lawful to demolish tombs, or in any way to disturb the repose of the dead. They would not bury a second corpse in the same grave, even after a long time had elapsed; nor suffer a highway to be constructed over one, nor allow wood to be gathered, nor cattle to feed there. But how sadly thoughtless are Christians upon this subject! How rudely are the remains of the dead treated in our large cities, especially where the rapacious march of improvement gains admittance within the portals of the cemetery!—With what unfeeling violence have we seen the sanctuaries of the dead invaded in New York—their bones thrown by cartloads into the dock, with the offals of the shambles, or their dust scattered to the winds! "Who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried," asks Sir Thomas Browne, in his noble essay on *Hydriotaphia*—"Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither are they to be scattered?"

Even youthful Rochester has already twice committed sacrilege in this respect, by removal of the remains of the dead from the places originally selected for their long repose, in order to extend the city with less obstruction. There is, however, some excuse for the people of Rochester in regard to this matter, inasmuch as this disturbance of the dead has arisen from the unexpected multiplication of the living. In other words, those who laid out the first two cemeteries, had no expectation that the city would ever extend so far as to include them. The present citizens, therefore, have acted wisely in the selection of a yet more distant place, and guarding it from invasion by regulations which even all conquering avarice will find it difficult to break. Badly as we think of the Turks, such regulations would not be necessary to enforce respect for such a hallowed spot. And I am glad to find that the people of Rochester are imitating the Turks in this matter—at least in one respect. They are not only beautifying the ground by regulating and pruning its luxuriant brush-wood, and erecting monuments to the departed who are already sleeping beneath its sequestered shades, but they are enlivening those shades by flowering shrubs, and planting the graves with blossoms.

I took a drive with a friend over the grounds, along a path winding about like the passage of a labyrinth—now ascending a little knoll and catching a glimpse of the river, or of some rich field or a beautiful meadow through which it flows, and now descending into some lovely glen, sequestered and wild, overhung as it were, by primeval umbrage, and filled with a solitary and shady stillness. I may be mistaken in my recollection, but while surveying this hallowed territory, I thought there was a very strong resemblance between the make of the ground—though upon a much smaller scale—and the territory of the Greenwood Cemetery, in the neighborhood of New York; in regard to which I can hardly forgive myself that I have not spoken before. Such a cemetery is greatly needed by your great city; and the grounds selected upon Long Island, in your immediate vicinity, which have been so tastefully laid out by the cultivated mind and scientific hand of Major Douglass, are capable of being rendered eminently beautiful. The mazes of the serpentine paths of Greenwood are more intricate, because longer than those of Mount Hope. But both are full of beauty, and the traverse of them was a recreation that is filled with sweet remembrance.

The most ancient custom of disposing of the dead was doubtless by the interment of their bodies in graves and sepulchres. Such, certainly, was the practice of Abraham and the patriarchs. Tradition says that Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary—a proposition which certainly cannot be disproved! Moses was buried by God himself, through the interposition of angels, as Matthew Henry conjectures—adding that they doubtless gave him a magnificent funeral—another assertion which cannot be disproved.—But with great deference to that devout and learned commentator, I cannot but feel that the penning of such a conjecture verged upon presumption.

The practice of burning, however, early obtained among the ancients, to a very great extent, and that for various reasons. Some supposed fire to be the vital principle, and preferred that their bodies should be extinguished by its purifying virtue, rather than that they should be left to decay by the gross process of corruption. Others, as in the case of the bloody tyrant Sylla, would have their bodies burnt, that they might not be subject to the triumphant insults of those who would rejoice at their death. The Brahmins and their followers, in India, believe that they ensure their immortality by ending their days in fire. With others the motive of burning the dead is, that their ashes may be preserved in urns, as has been the practice of people in many nations; as King Gumbratees burnt the body of his son, and preserved the ashes in a silver urn. Manlius, the Roman consul, also burnt the body of his son. The practice was adopted by the Jews to some extent, as may be learned from the sacred writings. Nor was it confined to the nations of the East, but prevailed in Northern and Western Europe—in Britain and also in America. The Chaldeans, though fire worshippers, abhorred the burning of their bodies, however, believing it would be polluting their deity. The Eastern magi declined it for a similar reason—exposing their dead to the appetites of the vultures and dogs, and taking care only of the bones. The Egyptians, being afraid of fire, fell not into the practice, but embalmed their dead, and preserved them with the greatest possible care. The Scythians, "who swore by wind and water," according to Sir Thos. Browne, "that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air." There were likewise those of the ancients, believing that water is the origin of all things, who consigned their dead to the seas and other watery graves. For the particulars of all which, and much more valuable knowledge upon the subject, see the essay of Sir Thomas Browne, of which I have already spoken—one of the noblest treatises in the language—full of ingenious thought, deep-toned feeling, and what may be termed the grandeur of eloquence.

But the practice of incremation was not encouraged, if it was even allowed, by the early Christians. The body of the Savior was interred, and his apostles, though ever ready, when living, to give their bodies to be burnt, nevertheless declined to follow the practice of Pagans, and deposited their dead in graves—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. And since the sentence of death has passed upon all, inasmuch as all have sinned, is it not the true philosophy to render at least the external appearance of the house appointed for all living, as little revolting as possible?—Dr. Jowett, in his Christian Researches in Syria, gives a revolting account of some of the family burial places in the vicinity of Deir el Kamn.—They were small, sombre, stone buildings, having neither door nor window, and their melancholy appearance caused him to shudder while their uses were explained to him. How preferable the bright green church-yard, planted with the cypress and the ivy—emblems of immortality—and the graves decorated with flowers, not only speaking the affection of those who plant and foster them, but teaching in beautiful allegory the welcome lesson that after the winter of death is over and gone, like the blossoms of spring, "man is destined to flourish in renovated beauty and splendor." I have already adverted to the practice of the Turks in adorning their places of interment with flowers, and it has in all antiquity prevailed extensively in the East, among the Moors, and in China.

It is related of the Tyrolese that their dead slain in battle, during the wars of Napolean, were carefully reclaimed from the fields of death, and carried for sepulture to their church-yards, where flowers were planted upon their graves, which are carefully nurtured to this day. I have recently seen it stated in an essay upon this subject, that flowers are annually strewn upon the monument of Klopstock, the author of the "Messiah." It is known to all that in France, on certain religious festivals, the surviving friends of the dead visit their places of burial, and strew their graves with garlands of evergreen intertwined with flowers. In Persia chaplets of flowers are year after year hung upon the tombs of the dead by the hand of affection; and in regard to the distinguished dead, the custom is continued for ages. It is the practice in Wales, on the death of a young woman, to dress the body with flowers, and her virgin companions accompany it to the grave, bearing garlands, and strewing the blossoms upon the grave. Hence the beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans:

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to spread,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed—
Though they sigh in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift! bring ye flowers—pale flowers!

I could wish that in this, as well as in some other respects, we were less given to utilitarianism in America. At all events, I wish there were poetry, and feeling, and sentiment enough among us, to induce the people to pay more attention to the subject of which I am speaking, and to introduce the beautiful custom of planting the graves of those we have loved with the ivy and the rose, and other flowers, both of Spring and Autumn.—How beautiful the effect of a bending willow over a grave, and a rose-bush blooming in fragrance beneath it! But as a general thing in our country towns—and in the precincts of cities also—the grave yard is the most neglected spot in the neighborhood. If tablets and head-stones are erected, they are erected only to be thrown down by the heaving frosts of half a dozen winters; while thistles and brambles, the strammonium and other worthless and offensive weeds, are suffered to spread over the entire surface, rank and strong.

In addition to the ordinary head-stones and tablets designed to perpetuate the memory of the dead, the more affluent citizens of Rochester have already erected several pretty monuments, of various tasteful forms, but none of them of extravagant cost. I like to see these memorials to the departed, and to read the inscriptions—even the names of persons of whom I have never heard, with the records of their simple virtues. Epitaphs, too, so often curious and quaint—I love to read them. Of how great a portion of their interest must the Jewish places of sepulture been divested, simply by the absence of epitaphs, of which they hung none upon their monuments.—Never an epitaph has yet been discovered upon an ancient Hebrew tomb. Even the pillar of Absolom, which, it appears by the current newspapers, has lately been discovered by an antiquary now in Palestine, bears no inscription, a fact which shows—taking it for granted that it *is* Absolom's pillar—that that aspiring prince was not altogether

destitute of modesty. Calmet supposes that the Jews reasoned somewhat in this manner:—"If a monument were erected in memory of a king, a hero, a prophet, or a warrior, the tomb itself spoke sufficiently, and the memory of the person was perpetuated, together with his history, among the people." But the learned biblical lexicographer is silent in regard to the absence of epitaphs on the tombs of those in humble life—the "village Hampdens"—who possessed no such advantage for perpetuating, even for a brief period, the memory of their names; and I am free to confess that I should regret their absence, for I have often derived a melancholy pleasure in reading and pondering the inscriptions which the hand of affection has contributed, even to the humblest individual whose remains have been honored by a head-stone.

Upon this whole subject the people of Boston have set those of the entire Union a noble example in Mount Auburn; and the inhabitants of Rochester are emulating that example by the improvement of Mount Hope. I trust that ere long the people of New York will show that they have at least an equal share of taste and enterprise, and of refined and holy feeling, in causing the Greenwood Cemetery to rival both, in the beauty of its improvements, as it does in the position assigned to it by nature—remembering the remark of an old writer, "he that lieth under the hearse of heavenne is convertible into sweet herbs and flowers." Adieu.

From a late London Paper.

LIFE OF "BOZ."

Of all the authors who have lately figured among us, there has not been one who has ever been so justly and so eminently successful as the writer whom we are about to bring under the notice of our readers. Upon his first entry into the literary world he was, comparatively speaking,

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

And so indeed he remained for some very considerable time; for it was not until the publication of the "Pickwick Papers" that he obtained the notoriety which he at present, more than any other writer of the day, enjoys. Since this time his course may be compared to that of a meteor, as sudden and as bright.

Mr. Dickens' history presents little material for the biographer, so perfectly smooth has been the current of his life. Unlike some of the children of Genius, whom England has owned for her sons, his career has been altogether unchecked by those numberless rubs of fortune, those changes and chances which rarely fail to wait on the footsteps of those who reap a precarious subsistence from the pen. Mr. Dickens was born of respectable parents, his father having been reporter to the *Morning Chronicle* for many years. At an early age he was removed from school, and placed in the office of a barrister of eminence—Mr. Chitty, we believe. The pursuit of the father did not fail to produce in the subject of our sketch the *cacoethes scribendi* which distinguishes, more or less, most persons who have enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, and he obtained the situation of reporter to the same journal on the first vacancy. In the year 1834, he began to contribute for the Old Monthly Magazine, his first paper being entitled "Mrs Joseph Porter over the way"—subsequently re-published among his SKETCHES. This was followed by the "Horatio Sparkins," "The Boarding House," &c.; but it was not until the publication of the second paper, under the last title, that he assumed the *soubriequet* by which he has ever since been known—Boz, as may be found by reference to the number of the periodical above alluded to for August, 1834.

Although these several papers were well received, and noticed with a great deal of favor by the press generally, they produced no vast degree of sensation, nor did they obtain for him any notoriety as a writer. Chance, however, threw in his way what in all probability his own exertions could not have accomplished, for, during the recess of Parliament, when the journal for which, as we have said before, he was reporter, was deficient as to matter, he was enabled to obtain insertion for a series of sketches, to which he had attached the *soubriequet* which he had assumed, and which at once drew public attention to his merits. The first of these sketches, under the title of "Mediations in Monmouth street," was published somewhere in the summer of 1836, and was quickly followed by others which, together with the various papers he had already contributed to the Old Monthly Magazine, were, in 1836, re-published in three volumes, with illustrations by Cruikshank.

Immediately after this he commenced the "Pickwick Papers," the work which, by the way, may almost be considered as the foundation stone of his fortune; for we may safely say, that since the publications of the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott, there has been no work whose circulation has at all approached that of these papers.—We have been given to understand that Mr. Dickens had no great anticipation of the success which he ultimately obtained, a fact to which we should be apt to give credence, for we think that very few authors are capable of judging on such a subject, so much depending on public taste. Be that as it may, the circulation of the "Pickwick Papers" at its commencement, was but limited, and when the third number appeared, it only reached three or four thousand. This, however, soon augmented, and at its completion it boasted a sale of thirty thousand copies. This work was concluded in October, 1837, and in the March following there issued from the same publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, a new work from his pen—"The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby."

His style of writing being essentially dramatic, it was suggested in many of the reviews of the day, that Mr. Dickens should try his hand at dramatic composition; in consequence of which hint he produced an opera at the St. James Theatre, entitled "The Village Coquettes," the music of which was the composition of Mr. John Hullah; subsequently to which he likewise wrote an interlude, entitled "Is She his Wife," which was bro't forward at the same theatre, and the chief character of which was sustained by Mr. Harley.—The success of these efforts were not such as to warrant a further trial, and he has not, therefore, since this time, made any further efforts for the stage.

The success which the works of Boz have met with, and the notoriety acquired by Mr. Dickens under that *soubriequet*, induced Mr. Bently, the publisher, who was then about to start a new periodical, to enter into a treaty with the subject of of our biographical notice, in consequence of which "Bentley's Miscellany" was ushered into being in January, 1837, under the auspices of Boz. In the first number of this *melange*, there appeared an article entitled "The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble;" and in the second number, from his pen, was the commencement of a new tale, entitled "Oliver Twist." The tale of Oliver Twist was continued through the subsequent numbers of the periodical, and was afterward, in 1838, republished in three volumes. With the exception of two other papers, excellent pieces of quiet satire, entitled "The Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Every Thing," and a little sketch under the name of "Stray Chapters," our author did not insert any other articles in the Miscellany, the editing of which, in the latter end of 1838, he resigned, and was succeeded by Harrison Ainsworth. Previously, however, to this event, a work in three volumes, entitled "The Life of Grimaldi," was produced, ostensibly under the editorship of Mr. Dickens, although, for our own parts, with the exception of the preface, we must confess that we can in no way trace the master-hand of Boz in the work. The last work he has undertaken, Master Humphrey's Clock, was commenced in March of the present year, with a circulation far superior to any of his other works.

Mr. Dickens was united, about the year 1834, to Miss Hogarth, a student of the Royal Academy of Music, whose father was likewise a reporter of the *Chronicle*. Dickens had two sisters, one of whom is married to Burnet, the singer of St. James' theatre—the other died sometime since, a circumstance which had such an effect on the mind of our author, that he was for a time totally unable to carry on his professional pursuits. His great success has of course introduced him to all the *literati* of the day, and he is now a member of many societies—such as the Garrick Club, the Dramatic Authors' Society, and he is also one of the Trustees of the General Theatrical Fund.—Such are the scanty particulars which we are enabled to lay before our readers relative to this celebrated writer, and we shall now proceed to indulge in a little disquisition upon the character of his works.

Numerous opinions prevail relative to Mr. Dickens' productions. Many persons, we are aware, are disposed to look upon them as the most evanescant of the literary *ephemeræ* of the day—mere humorous specimens of the lighter kind of reading expressly calculated to be much sought for and soon forgotten—fit companions for the portfolio of carricatures—"good nonsense and nothing more." Such, we say, is the view which many persons will take of Mr. Dickens's writings, but such is not our view of them. We think him, for our own parts, a very original author, well entitled to his popularity, and the truest and most spirited delineator of the English character among the lower and middling classes of society, since the days of Smollett and Fielding. Indeed, it is with such authors as these that we must rank Boz. He has remarkable powers of observation, and great skill in communicating what he has observed—a keen sense of the ludicrous, exuberant humor, and that mastery of the pathetic which, though it seems opposed to the gift of humor, is often found in conjunction with it. Add to these qualities an unaffected style, fluent, easy and terse—a good deal of dramatic power and a great truthfulness and ability in description. What Hogarth was in painting, Dickens is in prose fiction. The same turn of mind—the same species of power displays itself in each. Like Hogarth, he takes a keen and practical view of life—is an able satirist—very successful in depicting the ludicrous side of human nature, and rendering its follies more apparent by humerous exaggeration—peculiarly skilful in his management of details, throwing in circumstances which not only serve to complete the picture before us, but to suggest indirectly antecedent effects which cannot be brought before our eyes. It is fair, however, in making this comparison, to add that it does not hold good throughout; and that Mr. Dickens is exempt from two of Hogarth's least agreeable qualities—his syniciam and coarseness in his descriptions—a merit greatly enhanced by the nature of his subjects. His works are chiefly pictures in humble life—frequently of the humblest. The reader is led thro' scenes of poverty and crime, and all the characters are made to discourse in the appropriate language of their respective classes—and yet we recollect no passage which ought to cause pain in the most sensitive delicacy, if read aloud in female society.

We have said that his satire was not misanthropic. This is eminently true. One of the qualities we most admire in him is his comprehensive spirit of humanity. The tendency of his writings is to make us practically benevolent—to excite our sympathy in behalf of the aggrieved and suffering of all classes, and especially in those who are most removed from observation. We direct our attention to the helpless victims of untoward circumstances, or a vicious system—to the imprisoned debtor—the orphan pauper—the parish apprentice—the juvenile criminal—to the tyranny which, under the combination of parental neglect and the mercenary brutality of a pedagogue, may be exercised in schools. His humanity is plain, practical, manly, altogether untainted with sentimentality. There is no mawkish wailing for ideal distress—no morbid exaggeration of the evils incident to our lot—no disposition to excite unavailing discontent. Equally exempt is he from the meretricious cant of spurious philosophy. He never endeavors to mislead our sympathies—to pervert plain notions of right and wrong—to make vice interesting—or to depict characters as they are likely not to be. We find no monsters of unmitigated villainy—no creatures blending with their crimes incongruous and romantic virtues; but very natural and unattractive combination of human qualities, in which the bad is found to predominate in such a proportion as the position of the individual would render probable.—Mr. Dickens is still young, being not past thirty.

There is one circumstance with regard to the subject of our sketch which we cannot pass over in silence, and this is the care and attention paid by Mr. Dickens to his father, for whom he has purchased an estate sufficient to render him independent.

TO PREVENT THE DESTRUCTION OF PEACH TREES.—Experiments with which we are personally acquainted have proved it beyond a doubt, that the damage done to peach trees is not by the cold of our winters, but by too early springs.—If those who have peach trees, will cover the roots a foot deep with hay or straw, they will thereby prevent the sap from ascending until the spring is fairly opened, and thus save their trees from the awful destruction, especially in the colder regions of our country.

DO NOT KILL YOUR BEES.—The common puff ball or *fungus maximus* gathered at this season of the year, and dried so as to hold fire, has a stupifying effect upon bees, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does, without the deadly effects of the fumes of the latter.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

SWISS HONESTY.—A traveler relates that in a town in Switzerland, it is customary for those who have found any thing lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the churchyard; and that there is not an example on record of an article being taken away except by the rightful owner. We doubt not that there are those who would be gratified to see the custom introduced into *this* country!

A SPANIARD'S IDEA OF THE AMERICANS.—A Spaniard was once asked how he liked the Americans. He hesitated awhile, but at length declared that he hated them. Upon being urged for his reasons, he answered, "Because they eat vinegar with their veal!"

THE GUITAR.—This instrument decidedly possesses a power of combining all those musical sounds which constitute harmony, in a much higher degree than any other of its size. It was invented by the Spaniards.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK.—In Buenos Ayres, horses are so plentiful that beggars make their rounds asking alms on horseback, and do not consider that position as diminishing in any degree, their claims to sympathy.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.—It is calculated that we receive from God 12 blessings every minute, relative to respiration, 30 relative to our understandings and will, and 6000 in relation to the different parts of the body.

PROLIFIC.—A single herring, if suffered to multiply unmolested and undiminished for twenty years, would show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we live upon.

OPULENCE.—A wit was once asked what kind of a thing opulance was. "It is a thing," he replied, "which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man."

GRECIAN FASHIONS.—The feet and ankles of Greek women are completely hid by the folds of their trowsers, which are tied like a purse just below the knee.

HOURS OF STUDY.—The morning is allowed to be the most proper time for mental efforts, when the faculties are clear and undisturbed by the bustle of the day.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.—Despotism can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press is destroyed, than night can happen before the sun is set.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—The advantages of female society, are numerous, and extend themselves over almost every custom and condition of social life.

PRIDE.—The proud heart is first—to sink before contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than any other can.

ORIGIN OF SPECTACLES.—These were first invented by Spina, a monk of Pisa, in the year 1200.

ORIGIN OF SPINNING WHEELS.—This article was invented at Brunswick, in Germany, in 1630.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.—Truth delights in the day—falsehood courts darkness.

FANNY FLSSLER AND THE MONUMENT.—This famous *danseuse* has made known her intention of giving $1000 to the Monument Fund.

TREES—The month of October is a suitable time to set out ornamental trees.

HYDROSUDOPATHY.—To the Germans we are indebted for Phrenology—Animal Magnetism—Hemœpathy—and to them we shall soon be indebted for *Hydrosudopathy*; a practice originated by Priessnitx, a German peasant, and which, when persecuted and driven from Europe, will, like every thing else of its kind, seek refuge in our country, "ever the asylum of the oppressed."

We find the following notice of it in the Philadelphia Medical Examiner:

"Within a few years past a novel method of treating disease has attained considerable notoriety in Germany, and may be regarded as the successor of Hemœpathy. It is the treatment of all diseases by cold water. It matters but little what the disease may be, the same curative method is applicable to it, with some little variation in the mode of its administration, but still the essential agent is the same—that is, pure cold water."

The difference betwehn the Homœopothist and the Hydrosudopatheist, seems to be, that the former use *nothing*, and the latter employ the same remedy largely diluted. X. Y. Z.

"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST."—This is a new work from the press of the HARPERS, and constitutes No. 106 of their Family Library.—The author is a young gentleman of Boston, who has spent a "little more than two years as a common sailor, before the mast, in the American merchant service," and in the work before us, he professes to give "an accurate and authentic narrative" of his life and adventures during that period. We have given the work a hasty glance, and consider it one of lively interest. From it may be learned a good deal of the life of a common sailor, as well as various interesting geographical facts, and many additional particulars of the manners and customs of the nations of the principal Pacific and Atlantic Islands; and those of the countries bordering on those waters.

The work may be had of WILSON, 6, Exchange street.

UNUSUAL MECHANICAL GENIUS.—It is stated in the Philadelphia Ledger that there is now on exhibition at the Franklin Institute in that city a large and perfect telescope, the whole of which is the work of a black man, who earns his "daily bread" as a stevedore on the wharves. It is said that he worked at it only at night, when the fatiguing labors of the day were over. Not only the exterior machinery is his, but the materials of the glass and lenses were prepared entirely by the ingenious black.—*Sun.*

ANOTHER PRESENTATION.

We have noticed within the last few weeks, the presentation of several elegant banners, &c. to the different military companies of this city. We now have the pleasure to notice another, which came off on the evening of the 1st inst. It was the presentation of a most beautiful and richly adorned SILVER FIRE TRUMPET to Mr. WM. P. SMITH, by Rescue Fire Company No. 1, as a token of their respect for his gentlemanly deportment and invaluable services as Foreman of the Company. To give our readers an adequate conception of its richness and beauty, would be in us a fruitless attempt. But we would say to those who wish to see it, and doubtless there are many, they can have an opportunity at the Mechanics' Fair, where, we understand, it is to be exhibited. It has upon its surface, inscribed in raised characters, all the implements of the Fire Department—fire cap, trumpet, pipe, signal, torch, hose, hooks, ladders, &c., formed into a wreath of most exquisite workmanship, within which is an appropriate and beautiful inscription, engraved by our young artist, Mr. JACKSON, in his best style. We understand the cost of it to have been about eighty-five dollars.

We are glad to see that "*Old Rescue*," by her successful efforts in battling the devouring element, is again taking her stand among the first companies of our city. She has experienced officers, who well understand their duties, and to "man the brakes," some of our most intelligent and active young citizens, whom, we doubt not, will be found "every ready" to come "To the Rescue" in the hour of danger.

The correspondence which passed between Mr. SMITH and the Committee, together with a resolution stating the reason why the presentation was not publicly made, will be found below.

Rescue Fire Company No. 1.

At a meeting of this Company, Aug. 20, 1840, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That as a testimony of our respect for the many valuable services rendered the Company by out late Foreman WM. P. SMITH, a committee be appointed to procure the making of a silver Trumpet, to be presented to him in such manner and at such time as shall hereafter be determined.

At a meeting of the Company, September 21, 1840, it was

Resolved, That in consideration of the late accident which has called forth resolutions of mourning from the Company, the Committee be directed to avoid all public display in the presentation of the Trumpet—that the same be done by letter, and that the correspondence between Mr. SMITH and the Committee, be published in the daily papers, together with a copy of these resolutions.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 29, 1830.

Mr. Wm. P. Smith—

DEAR SIR—The undersigned, a Committee appointed for that purpose by the members of Rescue Fire Company No. 1, have the distinguished honor of presenting you in their behalf, a TRUMPET, as a slight token of their respect both for the many services rendered by you to the Company while its first officer, and for the manner in which you discharged the duties of a member for the space of seven years, previous to your election to that office.

Since its organization, as you well know, Fire Company No. 1 has been an unfortunate one.—Being the oldest in the city, that spirit which prompted those who first constituted the company—that spirit which always nerves the arm of the Fireman and buoys him up under those disasters which he is heir to—lost its effect in rallying them at the sound of the tocsin, and as a natural consequence, no interest was taken in the company.—Under these circumstances it was disbanded, and

but few members remained to manage the machine at fires, or to struggle with the misfortunes by which they were beset.

The Company, however, was re-organized, and under more favorable circumstances. Some of the most respectable and influential young men in the city entered the ranks, and its building up was rapid and complete. "Ever ready" to the calls of duty and efficient in their discharge, they rendered themselves not only an honor to the city but an ornament to the Fire Department. But while in the "full blaze of their glory"—when scarcely a transient cloud appeared between them and the highest object of their ambition, and all were rejoicing at the prospect before them as a company, they were suddenly called to mourn the death of their second officer. Hope, the straw to which a drowning man will cling, seemed no longer to bear them onward and upward. That zeal which they had cherished—that happiness they had enjoyed in the service of their city—that holy ardor which had led them to victory on more than one occasion, and enabled them to triumph over every obstacle, seemed to be buried with their companion, and with them their attachment for the company.—Other causes have since transpired to increase the difficulties under which we labor—well known to our citizens and keenly realized by yourself.

But amid all these scenes of embarrassment to the company, you, sir, have been steadfast in your attachment to her interests. None have been more so. While her first officer, your kindness and uniform courtesy to the members, entitle you to their lasting gratitude. And what of prosperity we now enjoy, we can trace to none other source than that matchless perseverance which has characterized you on all occasions, and which has given you that proud pre-eminence you enjoy as a fireman.

This Trumpet has higher claims upon your affectionate regard than anything *we* can say on the subject. The liberal subscriptions of the lamented BENJAMIN and EATON aided essentially in procuring the gift. And could their voices now join with us from the confines of the grave, they would say with us—"Take this Trumpet! Proudly wear it as a Fireman's offering—a *free-will* offering from the living—the parting token of the dead!

GEO. CHARLES,
WM. H. PERKINS,
FRANCIS S. REW,
CHAS. L. WEST,
H. L. WINANTS,
J. L. STONE,
GEO. K. WATTS,
Committee.

ROCHESTER, 3d Oct. 1840.

GENTLEMEN—The beautiful present with which you have honored me, is received with all the gratitude that such a token of regard from long-tried friends, is well calculated to inspire. The value of the gift is vastly enhanced by the manner in which it is presented. Next to the consciousness of having discharged ones duty faithfully, is the satisfaction of knowing that the manner in which that duty has been discharged, is satisfactory to the friends by whom we have been surrounded in the "fiery ordeals" through which we have passed in preserving our beloved city from the ravages of the devouring element.

Be assured, then, my worthy friends, that no event of my life has afforded me higher pleasure than that which I now experience in accepting from my old comrades, this honorary emblem of the authority with which they entrusted me for years—an authority which, they are pleased thus to testify, I exercised with proper regard to their feelings, while faithfully discharging my obligations to the public, as an officer of your section of the Fire Department.

Right well do I appreciate all you have said about the difficulties which "Number One" has had to encounter from its organization down to the present time. Those difficulties were neither few nor slight, and *might* have discouraged men less resolute than our members proved themselves to be, in sustaining the efficiency and honor of the Company. But these difficulties have happily been *triumphantly encountered*, and every member of the Company may well rejoice in the present prosperous condition of its affairs, a condition the more gratifying from the bright contrast that it presents to the difficulties which the Company has gallantly overcome.

In referring to the progress of "Number One," we may well be excused for alluding to the general prosperity of the whole Fire Department with which we have the honor to be connected. With seven first rate fire engines, several of which are excellent specimens of the superior workmanship of the Rochester fire engines makers—with two Hook and Ladder and an equal number of Bucket Companies, making a total of eleven companies, with nearly four hundred members, the city of Rochester may safely challenge comparison with any similar city for the extent and excellence of her Fire Department, for the beauty and perfection of the machinery and apparatus, as well as for the zeal, energy, skill and devotion of the members throughout the whole department.

The token of approbation with which you have honored me, acquires additional and solemn interest from the last consideration referred to in the address to me, with which your beautiful present is accompanied. The fact that the sum which purchased the Trumpet, was partly contributed by our lamented comrades, EATON and BENJAMIN, will render the symbol doubly precious in my sight, as a memento of those martyrs who were suddenly swept from time to eternity, while gallantly strugling in our ranks, to arrest the flames that destroyed a stately edifice, and threatened desolation to an important section of our city.

I trust that my conduct in all the past, will be considered an ample pledge that the Trumpet with which you have now honored me, will never be silent when duty requires that the gallant Firemen should be aroused and cheered to "Rescue" life or property from the ravages of the "fiery foe."

With the assurance of my undeminished regard for the Co. in which I have served, side by side with those who now honor me with this splendid token of approbation, and with heartfelt acknowledgements for the friendly feelings which I have long experienced from my fellow members, individually and collectively, in your Company as well as throughout the whole fire department, I subscribe myself, with a full sense of the kindly spirit in which your committee have addressed me,

Your devoted friend,
WM. P. SMITH.

To GEO. CHARLES, and others.

LADIES' COMPANION.—The October number of this excellent periodical is before us, presenting the same aspect as before. On the first page we find a poetical article, entitled the "Sacred Minstrel," by Mrs. Sigourney, which is what might be expected from the lyre of so sweet a minstrel, as all acknowledge Mrs. S. to be. The next article, "The Old Deacon," by Miss Ann S. Stephens, possesses all the beauty which she is competent to give to a sad story. "Edith of Glengyle," by Robt. Hamilton, evinces much beauty of thought. "The Chain of Gold"—"A Tale of the Heart"—"Charity"—"A Poet's Life"—are all excellent prose articles.

The next number commences the volume for the ensuing year, and we would recommend all who want pleasant reading for a small sum of money, to forward $3 immediately to the publisher of the Ladies' Companion.

HORRID—Why is a lady's hair like the latest news? Because in the morning we always find it in the papers.

Another.—Why is Miss Julia's hair like the latest news? Because it is red.

Still Worser.—Why are her eyes like the late Natchez tornado? Because they are *blew*.

Worsest.—Why are nine pence given for an orange like the teeth of him who eat it? Because they *buy it*.—*Pennant.*

More Worsest.—Why is a good cat like a coward? Because she is puzzle-any-mouse. [Pusillanimous.]

Most Worsest.—Why is the Chinese question like a whole nation picking their toes? Because it is a general toe-pic. [Topic.]—*Brooklyn News.*

Keep it a-going. We've got a stumper "salted down."

"I say, Dick, why don't you make my boots shine? This will never do." "Why look here; look here, massa, dis is a little grain de no accountest blaking I eber did see. De more I rubs, 'em, massa, de wus he shines!"

A PUZZLER.—When a very eminent special pleader was asked by a country gentleman if he considered that his son was likely to succeed as a special pleader, he said, "Pray, sir, can your son eat saw-dust without butter?"

"Life, Life, Only Life—On any Condition Whatever."

This was the almost dying exclamation of the voluptuous novelist HOFFMAN. Such was his love of life—of what he called "the sweet habitute of being." He died at Berlin by pieceemeal—dictating his wild stories to the last. Strange stories they were indeed for a dying man to write. The closing scene was striking and instructive. His feet and hands, his legs and arms had for months become paralized and motionless. At length he lost all sensation—though his fancy retained its creative power. Feeling no more pain, he said to his physician, (thinking he was about to recover) "I feel no more pain, it will soon be over."—"Yes," said the medical man, giving another and more impressively solemn meaning to his words, "*it will soon be over!*" When made fully aware that he was dying, he called his wife to his bed side, and begging her to fold his motionless hands together, said, lifting his dying eyes to heaven, "*we must then think of God also!*" Shortly after the expiring flame of life glared up within him,—and fancying he might still postpone intrusive thoughts of God and eternity—he said "I shall be well enough in the evening to go on with the tale I have been inditing." He asked for the reading of the last sentence—and just as it was finished, expired. Thus passed to its solemn account a human soul, richly, gloriously gifted, but utterly faithless to the high trusts of the stewardship of genius. "It is worth a student's while," says a popular writer, "to observe how tobacco, wine and midnight, did their work upon the delicate frame of Hoffman." It is worth one's while also to observe how a profound indifference to the concerns of the soul is strengthened by habits of sinful indulgence, and the postponement of all serious thoughts of the claims of religion, till even "the death-bed" fails to be "a detector of the heart," and the infatuated spirit departs to its high audit, amidst the appalling gloom of an impenitent and reprobate state.—*Gambier Observer.*

WHALE FLESH.—The frequent capture, recently, of the small "hump back" whale, in our vicinity by one or two vessels from this port, has afforded opportunities for the gratification of many an Epicurean palate. Could the gourmands of the great metropolisses get a taste of the delicious flesh of this animal, or creature, (for it has been authoritatively banished from the ichthyological family) they would ever after care but little for venison, or buffalo, or bear, or canvass-back, or turtle, or the meat of any other rare terrestial game, quadruped or biped; for this combines the gastronomical perfections of the whole—prejudice and curled noses to the contrary notwithstanding. —*Nantucket Inquirer.*

WELL THAT WILL DO—DIVORCE EXTRAORDINARY.—The Monticello Watchman gives an account of the manner in which a justice of the peace lately disolved the hymenial chain of an unhappy pair, whom he had united but a short time before till death should part them. Upon the request of the parties to be unmarried, he placed a live cat on a block, and directing one to pull at the head and the other at the tail, while he with an axe would cut puss in two, and at the same time exclaiming, "Death parts you!" The couple then went away satisfied that they had been legally unmarried, and have not lived together since.

A LONG PASSAGE.—The following paper was taken out of a bottle hermetically sealed, picked up yesterday morning at the Lower Town landing place, and was opened by the Clerk of the market:—21 years and 5 months passage; but perhaps.....

"Amherstburg, Upper Canada, April 14, 1819. This bottle was sent adrift this day—destined for the Atlantic. Whoever picks it up will please notify it in the public papers.

"J. SEAVERIGHT."

Witness, J. Baby.—*Quebec Gaz.*

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and persuasion in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

ENTERTAINING.—"Well, sir," said one person to another, to whom he had, in a matter of business, made a very absurd offer, "do you entertain my prosposition?" "No, sir," replied the other, "but your proposition entertains me."

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

MURAT.

BY J. B. CLARKE.

The King of Naples had a perfect passion for personal encounters, and seldom lost an opportunity for gratifying it. He used to charge at the head of his column, and such was the impunity with which he was accustomed to dash in among the enemy, that the common soldiers who were often made to feel his single prowess, regarded him with superstitious fear. The Cossacs particularly, held him in such dread, that his single onset is said to have been sufficient to put a score of them to flight. Personally, Murat was the most splendid specimen of a soldier in Napoleon's armies, and he used to go into battle profusely decorated with jewels; with the Star of the Legion of Honor on his breast, and his military hat studded with diamonds. The writer of the following lines supposes him to have tempted the enemy to encounter him, by an offer of his magnificent ornaments. The snow-white plume is immortalized by Byron. On the escape of Napoleon from Elba, he rose against the allies with whom he had previously made terms; was defeated, and to the eternal shame of Europe, condemed and executed *as a traitor.*

Hurrah! for him of eagle eye!
Of kingly mien and bearing high,
And stately plume of snowy white,
And crest of diamonds flashing bright,
And studded scarf and jeweled vest
And "Star of Honor" on his breast,
And iron frame and arm of steel
Whose might 'twere death for foe to feel,
And sword whose angry thrust or blow
Ne'er failed to lay a victim low;
And voice whose clarion tones could make
The heart of bravest foeman quake,
And rouse his band to deeds of might
To storm the trench and stem the fight.
And ever where the battle's fray
Was thickest, there he bent his way,
And ever where death fiercest strode,
There, fiercer still, he ever rode,
And there that voice rang full and clear,
His foe to taunt, his band to cheer.

And see him in the battle's front,
Plunge on and court its heaviest brunt;
And see him like the lightning's flash,
Upon the serried bayonets dash!
And see the panic-stricken crowd
Roll from his path like a broken cloud!

To tempt the recreants to the fight,
He lifts his casque with jewels bright—
"See Murat's diamonds! Ho," he cries,
"Who'll come and take the princely prize?
"Enough for all—'tis Naples' King
"Presents you this brave offering!
"Then come and take them, one and all!"
They come—and see them round him fall!
With pistol shot or blow of brand
He lays the foremost of the band,
And faster as they gather round,
With dead, his broad-sword piles the ground,
And every thrust and every sweep
Adds one more carcass to the heap;
While still above the thronging fight
Waves high the plume of snowy white!
"He bears a charmed life!" they cry;
But few are left to turn and fly!
Who meets Murat in mortal strife
Should bear *himself* a "charmed life."

And see! at close of battle day,
He comes still victor from the fray,
Unharmed, untouched by blade or ball,
From slaughter's glutted carnival;
His sabre dyed from point to hilt,
With blood by his own prowess spilt;
His plume of white unsoiled and fair
As though 'twere worn in lady's hair;
His diamonds all untouched and bright
As ever blazed in ball room light,
Still stud his casque and gem his vest;
And o'en the star upon his breast,
Though in the strife it hath been made
The target of each foeman's blade,
Emblem of fame, remains to tell
That he who wears, hath won it well!
And but that his surcharged brand
Hath dripped some blood upon his hand,
And but that his cheek's ruddier glow
Betrays his pulse's quickened flow,
You scarce would deem he recent came
From toils where life is staked for fame.

* * * * * *

A dirge low and sad for the white plumed knight!
The peerless in prowess, the fearless in fight
Shall mingle no more in the battle's red toils,
Nor tempt to the strife with his glittering spoils!
Hath prowess like Murat's, consented to yield?
Hath fate pierced at length, his invisible shield?
Hath fallen the Knight in the noon of his pride,
On field that his right arm with slaughter had dyed,
And victor in death, made his conqueror's bed
Mid corses and carnage—mid dying and dead?

Ah! No; for he cometh all pinioned and bound,
And guards with fixed bayonets, compass him round!
His gem-studded casque has been torn from his head;
He wears a malefactor's cap in its stead,
And robes of the grave for his glittering vest,
And cross of the church for the star on his breast.

They've led him away to a felon's doom!
A dirge for "the Knight of the snow white plume."

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The Meeting of the Brothers.

BY MISS S. J. CLARKE.

"Among the countless interesting scenes which took place during the unprecedented Convention of the 10th ultimo - the mere recital of which would fill a volume—the following most touching incident has been related to us:

"As the delegation from New Hampshire was passing that from Alabama on Bunker Hill, the standard-bearer of the latter discovered in the standard-bearer of the former, *his own brother*, whom he had not met for years. The instant they recognized each other, they rushed together and gave vent to their feelings, and as the banners of the two distant States floated in union over the heads of the two brothers, the members of the procession joining with the immense concourse of spectators on the spot, rent the air with loud and enthusiastic cheering."—*Boston Atlas.*

They came—bright banners proudly waved
Above their manly forms,
Such forms as dauntlessly have braved
The battle's fiercest storms,
And piled with heaps of foemen slain
The damp turf of the gory plain.

One came from where the tender lime
And orange flowrets blow;
One from the northern mountain clime
Where tow'ring pine trees grow.
Though far had roamed their parted feet
In one proud, glorious cause they meet.

They saw and knew each other then—
They thought not of the scene—
They thought but of their native glen
With all its foliage green.
Love's torrent o'er their spirits swept;
They clasped each other's forms and wept.

Oh! in that warm, that fond embrace
How mem'ry wandered back,
Each bright though distant scene to trace
Of childhood's sunny track,
That seemed unto their young, fond eyes
Robed in the hues of paradise.

They heeded not the shouts that rent
All joyously the air,
As glad, unnumbered eyes were bent
Upon the brothers there;
And on each banner's gorgeous fold
That round their forms in glory rolled:

For in that trance of happiness,
A sister's smile so fair,
A mother's fond and tender kiss,
A father's fervent prayer,
Came back to them through mists of pain
And each became a child again.

Would that, o'ermastering grief and tears,
Thy spells, Oh! Love, might last.
Yet no—they woke to feel that years,
Long years of change had passed,
And childhood's hours of joy and mirth
For them no more might smile on earth.

Yet still, as talismans shall be
Through all the scenes of life,
In hours of sorrow or of glee,
Of peacefulness or strife,
Where'er their wandering steps may roam,
Those thoughts, those hallowed thoughts of home.

Rochester, October, 1840.

VERY THIN.—"I have just met your old acquaintance Dailey," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has shrunk away almost to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

"But me no butts," as the boy said to the ram.

A HINT TO THE GIRLS.—We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with an idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace or weaving a net to encase their delicate hands. Ladies, by some curious kind of hocus pocus, have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show him how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the king's French, may be good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that small kind usually found in *very shallow* waters. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which make a good wife.

Never suspect a particular person of having done you an injury, until you are certain that the injury has been committed.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., in St. Luke's Church, by Rev. H. J. Whitehouse, D. D., GEORGE W. ELLIS, of Albany, to Miss ANN MARIA JONES, of this city.

At Troy, on the 24th ult, by the Rev. Richard Cox, ANDREW J. BRACKETT, of this city, to Miss SARAH W., daughter of Lyman Garfield, Esq., of the former place.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. George W. Perkins, of Hartford, Conn., Prof. WILLARD PARKER, M. D., of New York, to Mrs. MARY ANN COST, daughter of the late Josiah Bissell, jun., of this city.

On the evening of the 11th inst, MARY, daughter of Isaac W. Hawley, aged 16 months.

In Darien, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. H. W. Smuller, Mr. William Sanbourn, of Rochester, to Miss Elizabeth F. Bailey, of the former place.

In Carthage, Jefferson county, on the 19th instant, Mr. WILLIAM H. HOUGH, editor and publisher of the Carthagenian, to Miss BELONA J., daughter of Mr. Eben Hodgkins, all of that place.

In Gates, on the 27th instant, by Caleb B. Corser, Esq. Mr. Benjamin Stanley, to Miss Lucy Ann Booth, all of the above place.

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. Thomas Dale to Miss Mary Ann Keeler.

On the 8th instant, by Rev. Mr. McKee, Mr. A. B. Mc KEE, to Miss MARGARET TATE, all of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Tooker, Mr. JAMES CALEY, to Miss ELIZABETH CHRISTIAN.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Tooker, on the 6th instant, Mr. J. G. BARBER, of LeRoy, Gen. co., to Miss HARRIET C. TABOR, of this city.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. ALBERT G. ANDERSON, to Miss ELONA DANOLDS, both of Le Roy.

At Utica, on the 30th ult., by Rev. Dr. Lansing, Mr. COURTLAND AVERY, of this city, to Miss MARY ANN BURLINGAME, of the former place.

In this city on on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. Otis R. Potter to Miss Sophia Barnett, all of this city.

In Buffalo, on the 4th instant, by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Elias P. Needham, to Miss Lorana Newbury.

In Rochester, on the 8th instant, by the same, Mr. Charles H. Jenner, to Miss Thersa Burrows.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, Monroe county, Rochester, 26th August, 1840.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the secretary of state, of which a copy is annexed.

DARIUS PERRIN, Sheriff of Monroe county.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, August 17, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

Sir:—Notice is hereby given you, that at the next general election in this state, to be held on the second, third and fourth days of November next, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next,) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant-Governor.

Forty-two Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Samuel Works, a senator from the eighth district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place, at the next general election.

You will also take notice that one representative in the 27th congress of the United States for the twenty-eighth congressional district, consisting of the county of Monroe, is to be chosen at the said next general election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three Members of Assembly.

A Sheriff of the county in the place of Darius Perrin, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A County Clerk in the place of Ephraim Goss, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And Four Coroners in the place of those whose terms expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully, JOHN C. SPENCER,
Secretary of State.

☞ The several papers in the county of Monroe will please publish the above until after the election, and send their bills to Darius Perrin, Sheriff, immediately.

THE GEM AND AMULET
IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., BY
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ROCHESTER GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

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

VOL. XII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840. No. 22.

To the Autumn Forest.

BY WM. J. PEABODY.

Resplendant hues are thine!
Triumphant beauty—glorious as brief!
Burdening with holy love the heart's pure shrine
Till tears afford relief.

What though thy depths be hushed!
More eloquent in breathless silence thou
Than when the music of glad songsters gush'd
From every green robed bough.

Gone from the walks the flowers!
Thou askest not their forms thy paths to flock;
The dazzling radiance of these sunlit bowers
Their hues could not bedeck.

I love thee in the spring,
Earth crowning forest! when amid thy shades
The gentle south first waves her odorous wing,
And joy fills all the glades.

In the hot summer time,
With delight thy sombre aisles I roam,
Or soothed by some cool brooks' melodious chime,
Rest on the verdant loam.

But oh, when Autumn's hand
Hath marked thy beauteous foliage for the grave,
How doth thy splendor as entranced I stand
My willing heart enslave.

I linger then with thee,
Like some fond lover o'er his stricken bride,
Whose bright, unearthly beauty tells that she
Here may not long abide.

When my last hours are come,
Great God! ere yet life's span shall all be fill'd
And these warm lips in death be ever dumb,
This beating heart be stilled;

Bathe Thou in hues as blest—
Let gleams of Heaven about my spirit play!
So that my soul to its eternal rest,
In glory pass away.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

A CHAPTER ON PROPOSALS.

Mr. Editor: Your correspondent, who is a man somewhat advanced in years, and capable of looking back upon the follies and errors of his youth with a calm and contemplative spirit, proposes to open the budget of his experience for the benefit of the rising generation, and to give, through your pages, an occasional lesson therefrom to the crowds of youth and beauty who assemble monthly at your literary feasts. For himself, age has long since blunted his sensibilities too much to endanger his becoming discomposed by a review of youthful follies, and his *incognito* will effectually preserve him from any serious harm, either from the laugh or sneer which may be provoked by a plain and unvarnished recital of his early experience.

As will have been understood by the title to this essay, I propose to offer at present a few remarks upon the subject of matrimonial proposals. So much has been said, thought, written, and *done*, upon this subject, that the man who could actually offer any thing like a new, genuine, and efficient chart to the lorn and frightened mariner upon the uncertain sea of love, must indeed be a genius, the rail road track of whose imagination diverges far from the ordinary highway of human thoughts.

Your humble correspondent proposes no such lofty flight. For him it shall be sufficient, if he succeeds in selecting among the many awkward modes now in vogue, of asking a lady's heart, that which is least so; nothing doubting, but that by so doing he will confer a lasting favor upon the many individuals who are doomed to tread the dark and shadowy path toward that fairy land from whose bourne (take the word of a happy husband of thirty years' experience for it,) no traveller ever *wishes* to return.

If, unfortunately, the veil of obscurity which still hangs between us and the past, did not shut out from our eager gaze, among other valuable learning, the minutia of the science of courtship, as it must have been understood by the Pyamuses, Phaons, and Leanders of a former world, doubtless many a valuable lesson might be derived from the experience of men who succeeded so well in gaining the affections of the beautiful and gifted fair ones of their own sunny climes. What modern lover would not give half his wits, to learn the first tender word of affection, which, breathed through a crevice in the cruel wall that divided her from her adorer, melted the heart of the lovely but ill-starred Thisbe?—or learn, at still greater cost, if possible, the initiatory language of his love, for whom, when subsequently faithless and perjured, the broken-hearted Sappho leaped from Leucate's steep, or for whose sake the fair and persecuted Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus, sought and found death in the deep waters of the Hellespont? Alas! the dark wave of oblivion has half hid from our view the particulars of these veritable and affecting histories, and we seek in vain at the fountains of classic light, for a single ray to illuminate this dark and perplexing subject.

But to enter more minutely into the subject, allow me to give, as in the outset I have proposed, a brief account of an early adventure:

> ——— 'quaeque ipse *miserrima* vidi
> Et quorum, pars magna, fui.'

It will not be deemed vanity at my age to say, that at twenty-five I was possessed of a full share of the ordinary personal charms of youth. Within a little of the Chesterfield standard of height, five feet ten, with locks black and glossy as the raven's wing (alas! the driven snow is not whiter now!) with fair complexion, cheeks glowing with the red tide of youth and health, and possessing what is considered sufficient good sense and education for all the practical purposes of life, it may be thought that my experience in matters of the heart ought to have proved an exception to the rule that "the course of true love never did run smoth." But alas! not so! It was my fortune to become acquainted with a young lady possessed of so many charms, mental, moral, and personal, and so super-eminent in each, that it was indeed impossible for me to avoid falling, as I did, desperately in love with her.

As far as glances of the eye, tremors of the voice, and occasional inuendoes, might go, I doubt not that I succeeded full well in imparting to her a knowledge of the state of my heart; and I will not presume upon your patience so much as to detail the ecstacy of joy with which I first discovered, or fancied that I discovered, through similar media, a reciprocity of feeling on the part of the young lady. Let it suffice to say that this was the case, and that the time came when it was incumbent on me to make a distinct avowal of my love. This, after long and perplexing mental debate, I resolved to do by letter; and after writing some forty epistles on as many sheets of gilded satin-paper, I finally succeeded in forming a letter, amounting to about six lines, containing as I thought the condensed quintessence of every thing that could or ought to be said on the subject. Of this precious *morceau*, I retain now but slight recollection. That it abounded with terms expressive of pure, warm, ardent, glowing, undying, everlasting and unprecedented affection, I have not the least doubt. But unfortunately, this little specimen of epistolary excellence was scarcely finished, when chancing to peruse some of the experiences of a predecessor in the paths of love, I read that nothing was more unwise or dangerous, than making an offer of one's hand and heart by means of pen and paper.

With the credulity of a simple mind, I at once gave implicit credence to this doctrine, and frightened at the fearful precipice which I had so narrowly avoided, I immediately destroyed my letter, and resolved to declare myself in person, with my own lips and voice, and to hear with my own ears the reply which was to seal my destiny.

Never did an Alexander, a Wallace, or a Napolean, feel the inspiriting effects of a heroic resolution more powerfully than I felt the influence of this. I had resolved. I would execute! I walked the streets with a proud consciousness of the heroism of my resolution; and in the height of my pride, fairly feared lest, in the words of the poet, I should 'strike the stars with my lofty head.' But sensible of the imperfection of human powers, and conscious that mine, in particular, were liable to fail on so delicate an emergency, I resolved at least to write and commit to memory my declaratory speech. This undignified and foolish thing I did. Instead of trusting to the warm outpouring of an ingenuous heart, which in some way at least would have managed to make itself understood and *felt*, I committed to memory a cold formula of words, to be delivered as the schoolboy recites his speech, of which it is sufficient for the purposes of this article to recollect the following sentence: "Miss Adams! will you allow me to offer you my hand and heart?"

The fearful hour arrived. The evening for my wonted visit approached, and I found myself seated by the side of my adored in the summer evening twilight. The last rays of the setting sun had gradually disappeared from the rosy clouds that lingered about the west. The full moon rode high in heaven, and one by one the glorious stars became visible:

> "In such a night
> Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,
> Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
> To come again to Carthage."

The open window by which we sat looked out upon a garden stored with a profusion of rich and rare flowers, from which there exaled and rose around us, a delicious fragrance, forming a fit atmosphere for such a scene. The time, the silence, the scenery, every thing was appropriate; and she, the beautiful, the almost unearthly, seemed by intuition to understand my thoughts and intention, as with head bent down, she gazed earnestly (and with a slight blush upon the fair cheeks around which her auburn curls were playing,) upon a moss-rose which she was earnestly engaged in pulling to pieces. I was employed in the equally serious occupation of opening and shutting a small fancy snuff-box which I held in my hand.

Alas! where now was the Alexandrian or Neopolitan courage that had inspired me? I felt my valor oozing out of the palms of my hands! But at length, summoning resolution, like a man upon the scaffold who wishes to die with at least *seeming* fortitude, or to use a more forcible illustration, gathering together and concentrating, as it were, all the energies of my mind, after the manner of one about to submit to that most inhuman of all earthly tortures, the extraction of a tooth; I say, with such energy as this, I raised my eyes to those of Isabella, and in the language of my prepared speech said, "MISS ADAMS!"

The unnecessary and startling emphasis with which this rather formal commencement was delivered, seriously frightened both parties. The rose dropped from her fingers, the box from mine; and I was only able to follow up this impressive exordium with some common-place remark about the beauty of the evening, after which we relapsed into our former silence.

Gathering however, energy from defeat, I made, after a slight pause, a second attempt:

"*Miss Adams*," said I, in a slow, solemn, sepulchral voice, "*will you, will you—will you*——allow me to offer you———to offer you———*a pinch of snuff?*"

"With pleasure, sir," replied a soft, sweet voice, which, in contrast with my own, sounded like a

strain of soft music following up the tumblings of an earthquake. I felt my eyes starting from my head. I *felt* the red blood mantling over face, brow and neck. I *felt* the veins on my neck were swollen like the streams of spring. I *heard* the loud beating of my heart; and in an agony of both bodily and mental pain, to which the rack, the wheel, and the gibbet, were paradise, I rushed from the room, hurried to my home, entered my own chamber; locked, doubly, trebly locked my door, lest any one should observe my shame, and vented my spleen in idle imprecations upon my now stupidity.

An hour's walk across my chamber served, however, to calm my spirits; and with a composure that seemed really supernatural, compared with my recent violent agitation, I sat down and wrote:

"Dear Isabella: Take pity on an unhappy youth, who is too deeply in love with you to utter three consecutive words in your presence! I am miserable till I hear from you.'

This note was immediately despatched, and in half an hour I was the happiest man in the universe. My Isabella proved a pattern of excellence. I was never offended with her but once, and then she dispelled my wrath, by asking me, in a mock-serious tone of voice: "Will you—will you—will you—allow me to offer you——a pinch of snuff?" Senex.

From the "Token" for 1841.

THE MADONNA.

A TRANSLATED SKETCH—BY NATHANIEL GREEN.

The day had been sultry. Resolved to avail myself of the approach of evening to catch a breath of fresh air upon the sea shore, I provided myself with a guide, and sallied from the gates of Syracuse. Before wandering far, I suddenly caught sight of the most interesting group my eyes had ever beheld. Upon a high, square pedestal, in a nich which on one side had suffered from time and the elements, a marble image of the Madonna stood before me. Countless creeping plants twined around the Shrine; a gentle breeze played among the dark-green leaves which intercepted the last rays of the setting sun, and threw their tremulous shadows upon the pale marble face of the image.

The dark clouds that were rolling up from Etna, were tinged with a golden purple; and before me lay the sea, quiet and unruffled as the blue heavens it reflected.

Mount Etna, the sun, the sea—what were they, compared with the maiden who knelt before the image of the Virgin, with her family, in prayer? The fires of Etna flashed in her deep blue eye, and as I afterwards learned, the commotion of the volcanoe was but too true an exponent of her troubled heart. Her mouth was slightly parted—she prayed. But alas! the voluptuousness of earthly passions glowed upon her swelling lip.—Convulsively she clasped her delicate and almost transparent hands, while irrepressible emotion was legible in her trembling frame. Her humid eyes constantly wandered from the marble image, scanning the distance with such earnestness and power, that had I stood upon the summit of Etna, or lain in the depths of the sea, that look would have drawn me irresistably thence. It was but too evident, that those eyes had lost some object which no Madonna could restore to their longing sight. Her fair mother, upon whose placid features sat the blessed light of inward peace, knelt by her side. The mother was teaching a little girl of about six years to pray, and pointing to a cross sculptured upon the square stone pedestal. In a cradle near them lay a sweetly-smiling infant, with its innocent eyes directed to the cross and the Madonna above it. There were also other women and maidens, kneeling before the image, but I heeded them not—absorbed as I was in the strangely expressive face of that praying girl.

"*She, also, prays in vain!*"

Shrinking with sudden terror, I gazed around. Had my guide spoken? "Did you say something, Geronimo?"

"Yes, my lord—I meant that prayer would never help the fair Marcella more."

I was silent.

"Old Etna has been a long time quiet. Pietro will soon rise again from the sea, and drag her with him under the waves."

These words, to me, were perfectly enigmatical. Etna—Pietro—I could not seize the connection. Gerenimo perceived it.

"So you know not the story?"

"What story?"

"Of Pietro and Hermosa. Fifty years are now past and gone."

"What was it, Geronimo?"

"Pietro was the handsomest youth in Syracuse; Hermosa, the fairest of Marcella's family. Pietro was poor, Hermosa, rich. Pietro loved Hermosa. So far it is a common story. They could not be united—how natural! Hermosa must marry another.

"During a terrible eruption of Mount Etna, poor Pietro, here from this place—I know not exactly how—threw himself into the sea. But he had no rest there; at times he comes again upon earth, in a form so fair and seductive, that the maiden who unfortunately beholds, must love him, and is irrevocably lost. On the evening before the wedding day, Pietro sinks again beneath the waves, leaving his betrothed in despair. Hermosa was his first victim; the sea closed over her beauteous form. Eight days ago, Marcella's betrothed lover disappeared. I am satisfied he was no other than Pietro, and that he will surely compel her to follow him. He usually does this during an eruption of Etna. She is the fourth maiden of whom Pietro has robbed her family. How sad it is to know her impending fate, and be unable to afford her succor!"

* * * * * * *

Six months afterwards, I found myself again in Syracuse. My first visit was to the Madonna's shrine. The same family were kneeling before it. Marcella's mother and sisters were clad in deep mourning. Marcella was not there. The benignant face of the Madonna was now completely hid by the luxuriant vines. She hears and sees no more. The large cross was partially covered by the foliage, and seemed to have increased in size.

Old Geronimo wept while he related to me how the delicate form of Marcella become a prey to the fury of the waves.

I am not superstitious; but I could not look upon the little child in the cradle, upon the sea beneath, and Mount Etna above me, without a shudder.

From Bentley's Miscellany for October.

Lines Touching the Line.

A Yankee of genius, by no means a lubber,
Invented some ships built of tough India rubber,
Which would walk in half no time all over creation,
So, thinking he'd found out a boon for his nation,
To Congress he offer'd his Macintosh fleet,
Which he guess'd would all other craft very soon beat;
But Congress his vessels thought fit to decline,
Lest, in sailing across, they should *rub out the line!* J.S.

From the Providence Journal.

IMMORTALITY AND THE GRAVE.

We had a little boy that was advancing towards his fourth year. He was our only son; he had nothing of the boisterous happiness of childhood about him; but seemed to live in a tranquil enjoyment of the delights that nature had scattered at his feet; and he grew in the breeze and the sunshine, a creature of pure and gentle elements.—He had few affections, but they were unusally strong. Two beings he loved with an intense passion; his mother, and a kind and single-hearted man, who delighted to have my little boy by his side when he weeded his garden, who culled for him the brightest rosebuds, and who would hold him for hours in his arms, to look at the swallows as they dipped their rapid wings into the clear and silent stream that flowed by my cottage. If ever two human beings were entirely happy, it was this honest man and my poor child, as they wandered about from the rising to the setting of the sun, exchanging those most innocent thoughts, which the rough touch of worldly feelings will in a moment destroy—but which rest upon the untainted soul like bloom upon the ripening fruit.—The boy gradually sickened; there was languor in his eyes which told of growing disease; there was a torpor in his movements which spoke of feebleness and pain. The spring came but he did not float upon its gales like the butterfly. While the crocus leaped out upon the earth to proclaim the approaching hours of renovation, the work of decay was begun in the sappling whose blossoms and fruit shone so richly in my dreams. I saw him once more enjoy the sunshine—but it was in his nurse's arms.

The crisis quickly approached. I sat by his bed for two days and nights, regardless of any thing in the world but my sick boy. The wrestling with death of a firm mind and a mature body must be fearful; but who can gaze without shuddering upon the agonies of infancy? Who can see the burning fever pass over the trembling lips of childhood, like the hurricane sweeping over the lilly, without shrinking from the sight of this contest between weakness and power? I looked out for a moment from the chamber of suffering, upon the face of the bright and tranquil world—when I turned again to my boy, the hand of love was closing his eyes.

I now knew, for the first time, what it is to have death about our hearths. The excitement of hope and fear in a moment passes away; and the contest between feeling and reason begins, with its alternation of passion and listlessness. It is some time before the image of death gets possession of the mind. We sleep, perchance, amidst a feverish dream of gloomy and indistinct remembrances—the object of our grief, it may be, has seemed to us present, in health and animation—we wake in a struggle between the shadowy and the real world—and we require an effort of the intellect to believe that the being we have loved is no more than a clod of the valley.

I followed my boy to the grave. I looked down into the deep, deep resting place they had prepared for my child. At that moment a gleam of sunshine suddenly burst upon the scene. I thought of the dim morning of death, and the "day-spring" of immortality; and I turned for comfort unto Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

SCIENCE OF WOOD-SAWING.

There are few employments in life, however humble, to which a certain degree of importance is not attached by some one or other. Of this truth we were convinced yesterday. Passing through Royal street, we saw a fellow engaged in the scientific work of wood-sawing. His 'horse' riggled and reeled as if it had the blind staggers; his saw groaned as if its teeth had been operated upon by a dentist, and his clothes shook about him like the bells of a Turkish "jingling jonny."—Two brothers of the saw stood on each side of him in a kind of "stand at eace" position, with their saws hung over their shoulders like the harps of wandering minstrels. They seemed to regard the efforts of the active member of the trio with mingled feelings of pity and professional contempt.—One of them at length broke silence, and addressing the other said, pointing at the same time to the would-be wood-sawer.

"How difficult to learn our business, Bill, aint it?"

"Can never be done, Jim, 'cept in case a feller goes to it young, and has a hextraordinary genus."

"I have knowed, aye as many as twenty to try it, myself," says Jim, "but it was a complete failure—no go. They were obliged to turn to some less scientific business, such as watch making and the likes."

"Then that there's the reason," said Bill, "that our business is like banking, there's a monopoly in it; why, if every feller, such as broken down speculators and music-masters out of employment could take up the saw, the business wouldn't be worth a follerin."

"Well, I pities a feller," continues Jim, "like this here man what's a sawing, who seems anxious to succeed but haint the ability. Do you think he will ever come to any thing?"

"No," replied the other, "it ain't in his natur. He may do very well on pine wood, where it haint got no knots, but he will never succeed at live oak or hickory, The consekvence is, that he can never arrive at the top of his purfession, no how he can fix it."

After this critisism on the merits of wood-sawing, we withdrew.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Giue it to 'em.—The following anecdote of the glorious days of seventy six we do not remember to have met before. The battle of Bunker's Hill had already begun and was raging with fury, when a little spare faced captain of a company of six volunteers from Concord, N. H., arrived as far as Winter Hill, much fatigued by the day's march and the heat of the day, but still pressing steadily forward. Information being received at head quarters of this reinforcement, an express was immediately sent for them to hurry along, as their assistance was very much needed. The captain thinking to hurry faster might disable his men for action, replied, "Don't think it best to hurry—may be all killed when we get there!" On arriving at Charlestown Neck the request was repeated, the lines being in imminent danger; and the captain made the same laconic reply. At length he came up to the scene of action, and bringing his men up square to the line, he pulled off his chapeau, and swinging it in the air, he exclaimed—"Now my boys, *give it to 'em! give it to 'em! give it to 'em!*—*Picayune.*

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Connubial Symptoms.

I do dislike this married life,—
Its comforts I detest:
Saturday nights and washing days,
Sundays and all the rest;
All men have their antipathies,
And mine are centered here,
I'll never be a married man,
A husband—it is clear.

But then I have a loving heart,
A gentle, yielding mind,
And bear a vast affection for
The *whole* of woman kind;
And lately I've had cause to fear
My dreaded doom is cast;
A pair of eyes will make of me
A married man at last!

I do dislike Miss Fanny Wright
And think her system wrong;
Without at least a book and priest
'Twere hard to get along;
But then you see I would be free,
And range the world around,
O I cannot consent to be
With Hymen's fetters bound!

I never loved a business life
As married men must do;
I never could support a wife,
A dozen children too;
Tho' I have heard a poet sing,
In numbers most divine,
The beauties of the 'cotton trade,'
Sweets of the 'sugar line!'

And now, alas, with love I burn,
Alack, what shall I do?
I dare not seek a fond return,
For wedlock must ensue;
O Cupid, 'twas a wicked deed
On me your spells to cast,
Two lovely eyes will make of me
A married man at last.

A STORY OF THE ORLEANS REGENCY.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XV., when the government of France was entrusted to the Regent Orleans, a young Breton gentleman named Montlonis, the descendant of an ancient but decayed family, came to Paris on receiving a commission in the guards of the young king.—For some time he performed his duties without any thing occurring to render his career of marked interest. One evening, however in the month of November, 1725, while he was walking along one of the streets leading to the Louvre, wrapped closely up in his cloak to defend him from the severity of the weather, and with his hand upon his sword hilt by way of precaution, he felt his arm grasped suddenly by a passing stranger, and heard the whispered salutation—"You are here, George, punctual to the hour. Follow me."

The christian name of Montlouis was Pierre, and he therefore saw at once that the stranger had made a mistake; but the natural thoughtlessness and adventurous spirit of youth led him to form an instantaneous resolution of following the stranger at his invitation. Accordingly, without another word passing between them, the pair moved onward along the street Saint Honore, and after a walk of about five minutes, came to an open alley, where the stranger stopped for an instant, and merely remarking, "This is the place," turned down the passage. A sort of dark avenue was then crossed, and finally M. Montlouis was led by his guide down several steps, which conducted them into a dark apartment, or rather a cave, as the young officer thought. Though he could see no one, Montlouis was not long in discovering that he was in the midst of a pretty large assemblage of persons. He heard their whispers, and felt, from the heated atmosphere of the place, that many persons were breathing in it. In a few moments, moreover, his presence seemed to have been announced, for many individuals came up and grasped his hand, uttering friendly salutations at the same time in low and indistinct tones.

It may be imagined that the guardsman, who well knew the dangers of the times, was by no means satisfied with the result, as far as it had appeared, of his adventure. His first impression was, that he was in the presence of a band of robbers. But this suspicion was speedily removed. Some individuals of the party began noiselessly to light a number of candles, at the completion of which operation M. Montlouis was enabled distinctly to see the whole scene before him. The apartment was indeed a cave, a long cave at one end of which a black curtain hung, concealing from view a small portion of the space. From behind this place, Montlouis heard the sobs and moanings of one or more female voices. In the open lighted space about thirty persons were assembled, all of them wrapt in long cloaks, similar to those worn by the young guardsmen, and to which the mistake was doubtless owing which had brought him there. The party were all individuals of grave and sombre aspect.

Montlouis covered his face as much as possible, and kept back from view, in the hope that no one would observe the error which had been committed. After a time a man of about fifty years of age, reverend in appearance, and having long hair falling upon his shoulders, came forward and stood beside a dark object in the centre of the assemblage, which was covered with a dark cloth, being evidently a bier or coffin. "My friends," said the person, "I think we are all present. Peace be with you." As these words were uttered, one of the party an attendant seemingly, went to the door by which Montlouis had entered, and locked it. "Now," thought the officer, who began to see clearly the nature of the meeting upon which he had intruded himself so rashly, "now I cannot retreat if discovered, and may pay dearly for my folly." He had not much time to indulge in these meditations. The former speaker continued his address. "My brethren," said he, "let us now offer up our prayers for our friend Bertrand de Brunen, who has quitted this vale of tears, and whose virtuous daughter, our beloved sister, entreats—"

At this point, one of the attendants advanced to the clergyman, for such he evidently was, and whispered a few words in his ear. Instantly he turned his eyes upon Montlouis, with a degree of evident surprise and alarm. He attempted indeed to continue his address, but his voice faltered, and his thoughts were obviously occupied with another subject. The confusion of the pastor soon extended to the whole assembly. They separated from Montlouis, and stared on him with an expression at once of menace and dismay. Seeing this, the officer resolved to disclose the truth.—"Gentlemen," said he, "I am no spy. I give my word of honor, I am not. I am Monsieur de Montlouis," continued the guardsman, who, himself trained to respect his family name, believed that to others also it must convey the assurance of unblemished honor in the bearer.

What would have been the issue of this matter it is hard to say. But just as Montlouis was repeating his assertion, a noise was heard, and from behind the black veil already mentioned, a young female hastily issued. "Extinguish the lights," cried she in tones of alarm; "we are in danger!" Montlouis was much struck by the face and figure of this lady. Before her request could be obeyed by those present, the noise increased, loud knocks resounded on the outer door of the cave, and a voice exclaimed from without, "Open, in the name of the King!" On hearing this summons, the general exclamation of "We are betrayed!" came from the lips of the persons present, and catching up the bier, most of them disappeared by a low passage which had been previously unnoticed by Montlouis. Scarcely had they effected their escape when the outer door gave way before the strokes of its assailants, and the room or cave was instantly filled with men wearing the dress of the civil force.

At this moment Montlouis and the young female spoken of were almost the only parties present. One of the intruders, a person who seemed to be their leader, and, touching her on the shoulder, exclaimed, "I arrest you in the king's name!"—Then turning to those who accompanied him, he said, "This is Mademoiselle de Brunen; take her in charge." "Fear nothing," he continued, addressing her, "no outrage will be permitted; we have an order from the king to conduct you to the convent of ——"

Mademoiselle de Brunen took a close and agitated survey of the man who addressed her, and then, starting back as from a noxious reptile, she exclaimed, "Begone! touch me not! I know you wretch," she continued, "you are no servant of the king. Here, friend, leave me not, let me not fall into this man's hands!"

The person of whom she spoke laid hands upon her, nevertheless, to drag her away, and no one would probably have interfered, had not her youth and her beauty stirred up the pity of Montlouis.

"Let go the lady," cried he, unsheathing his sword, "or, whoever you may be, you shall have to answer to me."

No reply was made by the other, who continued his attempts to carry off the lady, and was forcibly thrown aside by Montlouis. Before any one could interfere, an active combat had commenced between the pair. Rapid passes were exchanged, and at length Montlouis laid his antagonist at his feet. In an instant afterward, the lights were extinguished, and the young guardsman found himself drawn backward by unseen arms into the private passage by which the party had previously disappeared. A gentle voice whispered in his ear, "Follow me," and he felt the hand of Mademoiselle de Brunen grasp his own, and lead him onward through the darkness. When they stopped, Montlouis looked around him, and found that they had issued into one of the streets of Paris.

Several coaches stood at the spot. Mademoiselle de Brunen left him, and entered one of the vehicles, but immediately afterward a person came up to the officer and said, "If Monsieur de Montlouis will do Mademoiselle de Brunen the honor of assisting in the completion of the sad ceremony which has been disturbed, she will feel gratified." He at once assented, and was conducted to one of the vehicles. "Forward!" cried a voice, and the whole of the carriages started at a rapid pace along the streets. After passing the barriers of the city, the travellers continued their route for a considerable distance, until they reached a lonely house surrounded by lofty walls. Here the carriages stopped, and the whole party left them.—The bier was conveyed silently through the house into a garden where a grave was found ready prepared. Rapidly and silently the ceremony of interment was gone through, and then, with mournful farewell signs, the whole assemblage separated, each apparently taking his own way.

M. de Montlouis stood in the meantime a little apart. At the close of the funeral rite he was left alone with Mademoiselle Brunen. She came up to him, her eyes filled with tears.

"You have saved my life and honor, sir," said she at length, "but, I fear, at the cost, or at least the imminent risk of your own." "Speak not of it, lady," said Montlouis. "You have been witness to an assemblage," continued she, "of our persecuted protestant brethren, who, at great peril to themselves, have dared to perform the last rites to my father, though he was a victim marked out by Cardinal Dubois and his creatures. I know not how you came among us; but you have saved me from the power of one who, under the pretext of converting me, had previously endeavored to tempt me to ruin. Whether he had the regent's authority for his late attempt, I cannot say, but I know well that he is one whose death will not be left unavenged by Dubois. You are lost, utterly lost, and I have been the unhappy cause!"

Montlouis endeavored to assure her of the causeless nature of her fears, but he failed to make his argument good. "There is one way," said the lady, hesitatingly, "there is—there appeared to me but one way in which you may be saved."—The young officer conjectured the cause of her hesitation. "Dear lady," said he, "fortune appears to have thrown us strangely together, and to have united our fates at one decisive blow,—But, believe me, if to relieve us from this extremity, it be necessary to take steps that might appear improper at another moment, I will not presume upon them."

"You partly comprehend me," said Mademoiselle de Brunen, "but I will speak plainly. It would be folly, as well as base ingratitude, to permit the indulgence of childish feelings at the cost of your life I have passports for myself and servants to go to Holland. I have friends there.—You must fly with me; it is our duty to recompense you for all that you have lost by me. You will find an asylum there." After a pause, she added, with a tremulous voice, "You must fly! If not, I too will remain, for I could not live after having destroyed you!"

Need we tell the reader the issue? M. Montlouis fled to Holland. A short time after these events, he was hung in effigy by the Cardinal Dubois's orders, in Paris, but he was consoled for it by the attentions of a lovely wife and many kind friends in a foreign land.

Modesty.—Beauty is never so lovely and attractive as when it is hidden beneath the veil of retiring modesty. The beautiful flower of the garden that most attracts and charms the senses, never appears so lovely as when it is beheld sweetly peeping from the midst of its curtain of green leaves, which serves to partially protect it from the sun and elements, and renders its charms doubly interesting and beautiful.

The most proper manner of punishing an envious person, is to load him with benefits.

The thought of evil frequently derives its origin from idleness.

When you speak, let it be in such a manner as not to require an explanation.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The Tones of those I Love.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

Oh, gently sounds the mellow flute
Upon the evening breeze,
And soft the cadence of the lute
As wind notes 'moug the trees.

And blythe, oh, blythe is heard on high
The wild bird's artless song,
And silver stream 'neath summer sky,
In music glides along.

And proud, oh, proud the clarion's voice,
Where hostile banners float;
It bids the warrior's heart rejoice
With each exulting note.

And sweet, oh, sweet at twilight's hour
The wild harp of the wind;
It hath a strange, mysterious power,
Like magic o'er the mind.

Yet there are sounds my heart doth prize,
All these, all these above—
A deeper spell within them lies—
The tones of those I love.

Rochester, October 29, 1840.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

RAMBLES IN MIDSUMMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

VALLEY OF THE GENESEE, ——, 1840.

Although entirely familiar with the country on the direct route from Albany to Niagara and Buffalo, both on the Ridge road and by the old turnpike running farther inland, from Canandaigua, through Avon, Le Roy and Batavia, to Buffalo, I had never traversed the far famed valley of the Genesee. I therefore determined upon an *episode* in my tour, that would enable me to view this beautiful valley, and visit the upper falls of the Genesee, and the stupendous work in progress upon the Genesee Valley Canal, which is to carry that channel of artificial navigation *over* and *thro'* the mountain between Nunda and Portage. Our route from Rochester was on the eastern side of the river, through a country of unvarying beauty and fertility, twenty miles to Avon.

In the early French histories of this country, the Genesee was called the Seneka river—probably from the circumstance that its rich banks were studded with the villages of that people. I have already incidentally adverted to an invasion of this valley by the French, under the Marquis de Nonville, in 1687, and the march of the French Governor, with his motley forces, on that occasion, from Irondequoit bay, must have been by the same route. Although the sovereigns of England and France were at that time at peace, maintaining relations of stricter friendship than usual, yet the rival subjects of their respective colonies in America were exceedingly jealous of each other, especially in regard to the Indian trade, which both were striving, if not entirely to monopolize, at least to obtain as large a share as possible. The Five Nations adhered to the English—the Senecas in particular—with strong tenacity; while the Indians of the upper lakes had for the most part become as strongly attached to the French. The trade in beaver skins was the most profitable branch of this Indian commerce; and as there were but few beavers remaining in the country proper of the Five Nations, they were obliged to hunt for these furs at a distance, among other tribes and nations. It was therefore the policy of the French to cut their hunters off from this department of hunting. Hence they not only fomented hostilities between the Five Nations and the Indians in their own interest, but frequently participated directly in those hostilities themselves. The Five Nations moreover formed a kind of living barrier between the English colonies and New France, of which the government of the latter were ever jealous, and the consequence was, repeated efforts from that quarter to compass their destruction.

The immediate predecessor of M. de Nonville in the government of New France, was Monsieur de la Barre, who had been discomfited in his contests with the Five Nations, and De Nonville, arriving with strong reinforcements, early resolved to retrieve for his country the honor that had been lost. Pretexts for hostilities were not long wanting. The Five Nations were at war with several of the nations of the upper lakes, and the collisions connected with the hunting for beavers often occasioned disputes that might at any time serve to bring on a war. Availing himself of this posture of affairs, De Nonville despatched messengers to the nations of the upper lakes, offering to join them in avenging the slaughter of their warriors by the Five Nations the year before, and inviting them to take hold upon the hatchet which he then sent them—offering at the same time to join them in an expedition into the heart of the Seneca country. The hatchet was received with joy by the Indians, and orders were given by De Nonville to the officer in command at Michilimackinack, to persuade all the nations living around them to join in the expedition. The place designated for the general rendezvous seems to have been at the mouth of the Seneca river—hence the landing of De Nonville at Irondeqoit bay, as heretofore mentioned.

Preparatory to this expedition, De Nonville collected large supplies at Cadarackui, (now Kingston,) in anticipation of the march of his troops, and the Indians from the neighborhood of Quebec to that post. The advance of his army, consisting of two or three hundred Canadians, were commanded by M. Campagnie, who surprised two villages of the Five Nations, in the neighborhood of Cadarackui, and put the inhabitants to death with great cruelty, to prevent them, as it was said, from conveying intelligence of the movements of the French to their own people, as it was supposed they had done in regard to the last expedition under M. de la Barre. These people, however, had settled there at the invitation of the French, and anticipating no harm were the more easily surprised. "They were carried in cold blood to the fort, (says Dr. Colden,) and tied to stakes to be tormented by the French Indians, (Christians as they were called,) and during the torture continued singing in their country manner, and upbraiding the French with their perfidy and ingratitude."

The Senecas, however, were by no means ignorant of the movements and designs of their enemies, and seem to have entertained some expectation of aid from the English. But it was not vouchsafed them. They came to Albany for ammunition, and received presents of powder and ball in addition to their purchases of those articles. But nothing more. On taking leave of the officers at Albany, they appeared to be laboring under deep concern, and said: "Since we are to obtain no farther assistance from our brothers, we must recommend our wives and children to you. They will fly to you if any misfortune befalls us. It may be we shall never see you again; for we are resolved to behave so that our brethren will have no reason to be ashamed of us."

Several attempts of the English to sow dissensions among the upper lake Indians, and divert them from their purpose, having proved unavailing, and De Nonville's preparations for the expedition being completed, he departed from Cadarackui for the entrance of the Genesee river on the 23d of June, 1687, embarking his army in canoes, and sending one half thereof along the Northern shore of the lake, while he with the other half, passed coastwise by the Southern shore, that no accident by wind might altogether defeat the expedition. So punctually were the arrangements executed, that both divisions arrived at Irondequoit on the same day, where their Indian allies appear to have been already assembled. Immediately after landing, the canoes were hauled up, and a military defence was constructed, in which a guard of four hundred men was left, while the main body of the forces advanced upon the principal town of the Senecas—the site of which, at that time, was upon the Genesee river, within the territory now forming the town of Avon. Before departing from Irondequoit, however, a young Canadian Frenchman was shot for the crime of having conducted a party of Englishmen to the upper lakes. The charge was that of being a spy, although France and England were then at peace.

During the march, the Indians, led by a party of Indian traders, formed the van, while the regular troops and Canadian militia composed the main body of the forces. They advanced four leagues on the first day, without discovering an enemy.—On the morning of the second, scouts were dispatched in advance, who approached the cornfields of the villages without making any discoveries—a circumstance not very creditable to the sagacity of De Nonville's Indians, since they passed within pistol shot of an ambuscade of five hundred Senecas. Supposing the warriors had all fled, De Nonville pushed rapidly forward, for the purpose at least of coming up with and capturing the women, children and old men. But no sooner had the French reached the foot of the hill, (a short distance north of Comstock's hotel, between the present village of Avon and the river)—than the war-whoop of the ambuscade rang in their ears, while a well-directed volley of musketry brought many of them to the ground.

The surprise was complete, and the panic so great that the divisions of the French separated in the woods, and in their confusion fired upon each other. Availing themselves of the advantage, the Senecas rushed in upon their foes with tomahawk in hand, and the battle was fierce and bloody until De Nonville's regulars had time to rally and move again in phalanx. The brave Senecas were then repulsed; but it was an empty victory to De Nonville,—he was so dispirited by the surprise he had met, that even his Indians could not persuade him to a pursuit that day. On the following day he marched upon the villages, with a view of burning them; but that labor had been performed to his hands by the Senecas themselves. Two prisoners only were made by the invaders—old men, who were discovered in the castle—and who were cut to pieces and boiled into soup for De Nonville's allies. The invaders remained five or six days traversing the valley of the river for a few miles, and destroying the growing corn in the fields. They then returned to their canoes and back to Canada—stopping awhile at Niagara, where a small fort was erected, in which a garrison was left of one hundred men.—The Indians from the upper lakes were gratified with the erection of this post, believing that it would be of essential service in their operations against the Five Nations, whom De Nonville promised yet to assist them in subduing. But that promtse was never fulfilled. On the contrary, the fort at Niagara was so closely invested by the Five Nations, that eighty-eight of the hundred died of hunger, and but for the aid of a party of French Indians, the others would have shared the same fate. The Five Nations, moreover, afterward carried the war into Canada, even to Montreal and Quebec. The loss of the French, killed in the battle, was one hundred men and ten Indians. The Senecas had about eighty warriors slain. In the course of the expedition, De Nonville contrived to make thirteen captives, who were sent to France as trophies, and thence as slaves to the gallies.

I spent three days in this extensive and wealthy town, very pleasantly, in company, chiefly, with my old New York friend, John E. Tompkins, Esq., and George and W. H. C. Hosmer, Esquires, father and son. The Messrs. Hosmers, like myself, have a *penchant* for Indian investigations. The lady of the elder Mr. Hosmer is a native of the valley, her father having been an Indian trader, residing near the place where the turnpike crosses the river. There was a large Indian village on the opposite side of the river within her day, and she speaks the soft language of the Senecas with the same fluency and grace as her own. Her son has a fine poetical mind, and is an enthusiast upon the subject of the Indian character. Two years ago he pronounced a poem, entitled *The Pioneers*, before the literary societies of Geneva College, which was published, and was highly creditable to a young author. Many of his fugitive poetical conceptions have adorned several of our literary papers in New York; and he is now engaged upon an epic, the subject of which is the aborigines of Western New York. The chief scenes are laid in his own native and beautiful valley—the Genesee, or Genishau, as the name was formerly spelt. Mr. Hosmer, however, disputes this orthography, although it was spelt Jenishau by Sir William Johnson, and Mary Jemison, the "white woman," of whom I shall have more to say, sanctioned this orthography. The word Genesee, says Mr. Hosmer, is of Seneca origin, signifying "Pleasant Valley," or "Valley of Pleasant Waters." When a Seneca, whose place of destination is Genesee river, is thus addressed in his own dialect—"*Con-gua ese-sa gaugh-taun-day?*" that is, "Where are you going to-day?" he promptly replies—"*Gen-e-see sca-haun-day!*" that is, "To the pleasant valley river."

The battle-field of De Nonville was pointed out to me by Mr. Hosmer, and he presented me with the head of a tomahawk, deeply corroded by rust, which he dug up on the ground while searching for Indian antiquities. I am also indebted to him for several other curious specimens, fragments of Indian pottery, &c., from time to time ploughed up upon the sites of the aboriginal towns once standing in this valley—all going to prove, very conclusively, either that the aborigines were once in possession of arts that they had lost before the

discovery, or that another race of men once inhabited this country.

I have mentioned the name of John E. Tompkins. There are hundreds of New Yorkers who will know to whom I refer, when I remark that he for several years, with distinguished success, taught a private academy on the corner of Broadwpy and Dey street. Perhaps I ought to apologise for naming him thus freely; but I have a reason for doing so. He is one of the very few New Yorkers who change their pursuits to practical agriculture, and succeed. Mr. Tompkins left New York about eleven years ago, and settled down upon a small farm, midway between the villages of East and West Avon, and has become one of the best and most properous farmers farmers in the country. He has added farm to farm, until he now looks out upon a domain of four hundred and fifty acres, of the choicest land, all in a body, in the best possible order, and in a high state of cultivation. His farm-houses and his barns are in a condition to correspond. Every rod of fence, and every implement of husbandry is in the most perfect order. His black cattle are of the Devonshire breed, and every animal looks as if it had been selected for its beauty. His flock of sheep, three hundred in number, are half-breeds—Merino and Saxony—healthy and clean. Every thing was out of order when he came, and the orchards of unselected fruit. Every tree was cut down, and the choicest fruits grafted in by himself. The whole management of the farm is in his hands, and the work in every department is prosecuted under his own direction, and daily supervision.—I rode over his plantations, and observed with unalloyed gratification the perfect order and system that prevailed. This is the secret of his success. To say nothing of other grains, of pastures and meadows, he had one hundred acres of wheat, waving in the wind like a sea of emeralds. In a word, I regard him as a specimen of exactly what a farmer should be.

Avon is a large town, thirty-one miles west of Canandaigua, and yields to none in the Western part of the state in the productiveness of its soil. The fertility of the Genesee flats is proverbial, and the soil is exhaustless, since the depth of the alluvial deposite is fifteen or sixteen feet. For wheat, the uplands are considered even better than the flats. The face of the country is undulating, and it is well watered. The celebrated Avon Springs are about a mile South of the turnpike, and in several diseases are of great efficacy. I visited the principal spring, which is a very beautiful fountain—boiling in a volume of six inches diameter. The water is clear and cold, stongly impregnated with sulpher and magnesia. Dr. Salisbury, the physician here, a Bostonian, gave me a memoir upon the character and properties of the waters, which I have mislaid, and therefore am unable to state the analysis. Dr. Francis, of your city, has a high opinion of these waters, and has also written respecting them. Dr. Salisbury thinks the main spring here fully equal to the white sulpher of Virginia.

Among the natural curiosities of the town is a remarkable lake, or pond, situated in the flats, and forming almost an irregular circle, cut by a projection of high ground, which expands within the belt of water and occupies the centre. This was once the site of some Indian work, and many curious specimens of Indian antiquities have been discovered by the searches after such things. Dr. Spafford has also described a strange bulbous root, of the convolvulus family, growing upon these flats. It lies embedded in the earth like a stick of wood, three or four feet long, by five or six inches in diameter, producing a small creeping vine like that of the strawberry. It is called by the superstitious "The-Man-of-the-Ground."

Adieu.

THE VERY LAST.—The Nantucket Inquirer gives the last case of absent-mindedism. A lodger in a hotel after washing himself in the morning, wiped his face with a newspaper, and sat down to pursue the napkin; he did not discover his error until he attempted to tear off a corner to light his cigar.

A GOOD PARLIAMENT MAN.—"I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good Parliament man, for I use their language. I received two bills, the other day, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months!"

"I'll stand to my post," as our Joe said when he held on to the lamp post, finding he could go no farther.

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

SINGULAR MODE OF COURTSHIP.

The Rev. Dr. L———n, an eminent Scotch divine and professor of theology, was remarkable for absence of mind, and indifference to wordly affairs. His mind, wrapt up in lofty contemplations, could seldom stoop to the ordinary business of life; and when at any time he did stoop to secular affairs, he generally went about them in a way unlike any body else, as the history of his courtship will show. He was greatly beloved by his elders and congregation; was full of simplicity and sincerity, and entirely unacquainted with the etiquette of the world. Living the solitary, comfortless life of a bachelor, his elders gave him frequent hints that his domestic happiness would be much increased by his taking to himself a wife, and pointed out several young ladies in his congregation, any one of whom might be a fit match or companion for him.

The elders, finding all their hints had no effect in rousing the doctor to the using of the means preliminary to entering into a matrimonial alliance, at last concluded to wait upon him, and stir him up to the performance of his duty. They urged on him the advantages of marriage—its happiness—spoke of it as a divine institution, and as affording all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and in short all the sweets of domestic life. The doctor approved of all they said, and apologized for his past neglect of duty, on account of many difficult passages of Scripture he had of late been attending to, and promised to look after it "the first convenient season." The elders, however, were not to be put off any longer; they insisted on the doctor at once making use of the means, and requested from him a promise that, on Monday afternoon, he would straightway visit the house of a widow lady, a few doors from him, who had three pretty daughters, and who were the most respectable in the doctor's congregation.—To solve any difficult passage in the book of Genesis—reconcile apparent discrepancies, or clear up a knotty text, would have been an easy and an agreeable task to the doctor, compared with storming the widow's premises. But to the raising of the siege the doctor must go, and with great gravity and simplicity, gentle reader, you can imagine you see him commencing the work.

After the usual salutations were over, he said to Mrs. W———n, "my session have of late been advising me to to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you; and as you have three daughters, I would like to say a word to the eldest, if you have no objections." Miss W———n enters, and the Doctor, with his characteristic simplicity, said to her, "my session have been advising me to take a wife, and recommended me to call upon you." The young lady, who had seen some thirty summers, was not to be caught so easily; she laughed hartily at the Doctor's abruptness; hinted to him that in making a sermon, was it not necessary to say something first to introduce the subject properly, before he entered fully upon it? and as for her part, she was determined not to surrender her liberty at a moment's warning;—"the honor of her sex was concerned in her standing out." This was all a waste of time to the Doctor, and he requested to see her sister.

Miss E. W———n then entered; and to save time, the Doctor says, "my session have been advising me to take a wife, and I have been speaking to your sister who has just gone out at the door, and as she is not inclined that way, what would you think of being Mrs. L———n? "Oh Doctor, I don't know, it is rather a serious question. Marriage, you know, binds one for life, and it should not be rashly entered into—I would not consent without taking time to deliberate upon it." My time, says the Doctor, is so much occupied, and as my session has said so much to me on the business, I must finish it to-day, if I can; so you had best tell your mother to send in your youngest sister to me." In a moment comes in the honest, lively Miss Mary W———n. "Come away my child, it is getting on in the afternoon, and I must get home to my studies; I have been speaking to both of your sisters on a little business, and they have declined—I am a man of few words, and without mis-spending precious time, what would you think of being made Mrs. L——n? "Indeed, I always thought a deal of you, Doctor, and if my mother does not say against it, I have no objections. The Doctor left Miss Mary in a few minutes, enjoining her to fix the day, for any would suit him, and to send him up word a day before.

The Doctor was scarcely home, before a keen dispute arose in the family among the three young ladies, all claiming the Doctor. The eldest one said the offer was first made to her, and she did not positively refuse. The second declared that she wished only a little time think of it; and the youngest insisted that it was completely settled with her. The mother of the young ladies was in such difficulty with her daughters, that she was obliged to call upon the Doctor himself to settle the dispute. She called, and the reverend Doctor, in his characteristic way, said, "My dear Mrs. W———, I am very fond of peace in families; it is all the same thing to me, which of them, and just settle it among yourselves, and send me up word." The Doctor was married to the youngest, and one of his sons is at this day a respectable clergyman, in the "land of the mountain and the flood."

CURIOUS DEFINITION OF A KISS.

Extract from a love-letter, written in the year 1679, translated from the German.

"What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal expressing our sincere attachment; the pledge of our future union; a dumb, but at the same time audible language of a living heart; a present, which at the same time it is given, is taken from us; the impression of an ardent attachment on an ivory coral press; the striking of two flints against one another; a crimson balsam for a love wounded heart; a sweet bite of the lip; an affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweetmeat which does not satisfy hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers; the fourth degree of love.

"Woman! woman! truly she is a miracle.—Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes of folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing; ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of the rose bud. But let real calamity come to rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then. How her heart strengthens itself—how strong its purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or dities, to protect, and see her, as in a recorded instance, raising her arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless.

"Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes healing, her presence a blessing; she disputes the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away, pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurence, or goes forward to the scaffold with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the wind of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, yet untried in the furnace. In short, a woman is a miracle, a mystery.

PUZZLES.

What is that which comes with a coach, and goes with a coach, and which a coach cannot go without, and yet is of no use to a coach? *Noise.*

Why is a thought, when communicated by words, like wine? It is *expressed.*

What single English word is there, equivalent to the expression, am I able? *Amiable.*

What is that, which though your own, is seldom used by you, but is very often, and without asking your permission, used by all your acquaintances? *Your Name.*

Why is avarice like a bad memory? It is always *for-getting.*

What are the *three scruples* which every body has when they drink a glass of spirits? A *drachm dram.*

What is that which is seen when it is in-*visible?* The letter *I.*

What is that which is the beginning of eternity and the end of time? The letter *E.*

Why is a pretty girl like the hub of a wheel? Because she is surrounded by *fellows.*

Why is Fanny Ellsler like a leafless tree?—Because her *limbs* are *bare.*

Crow! turkeys, crow! your time's but short,
Thanksgiving's coming—you'll go to pot.

Woman—A Fragment.

BY THE LATE REV. C. WOLFE.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale, though no longer fair.

And the spirit that sat in her soft blue eye
Is sunk in cold mortality;
And the smile that played on her lip is fled,
And every grace has left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her parting sigh,
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone with a firmer heart
Can see all these idols of life depart;
And love the more, and soothe, and bless
Man in his utter wretchedness.

A Thunder Storm.

BY MONTGOMERY.

A thunder storm—the eloquence of Heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumbers riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt omnipotence around him thrown!
With what a gloom the ushering scene appears!
The leaves all fluttering with instictive fears;
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
And last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops pattering on the tree and bower;
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform—
All mark the coming of the thunder storm!

SHORT HAND.

A gentleman remarkable for his humor, wrote as follows to a female relative:

How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?

To which she replied—

My worthy coz, it cannot B;
U cannot come till after T.

From the Montreal Messenger.

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Mr. SUTTON told a story of a certain great physician who gave four rules for the preservation of health. When he died, his books were sold; one of which was said to contain very valuable precepts of health, but which bidders were not permitted to open, sold at a high price. When the purchaser got it home, he was at first disappointed at finding that it contained nothing more than four simple rules; but on further consideration, he was induced to put the rules in practise; by which he was restored to a state of health to which he had been long a stranger; and he often spoke of the old physician's book as the cheapest and most valuable purchase he ever made in his life. The rules were these: "Keep the head cool. Keep the feet warm. Take a light supper. Rise early."

These simple rules comprehend a vast deal more than may appear at first. A word or two on each will show this.

1. "Keep the head cool." All tight bandages on the head are very hurtful, especially to infants. The less of any kind that is worn on the head, by day or by night, the better. Children whose hair is kept thin, and who sleep without nightcaps, are far less likely to catch infectious diseases than the generality of children.

To "keep the head cool," persons must avoid every kind of excess, and maintain moderation in every pursuit and in every pleasure. The great eater and the great drinker have generally a burning forehead and cloudy brain. The passionate man and the intemperate are strangers to health, as well as to peace of mind. Even too hard study occasions an aching and burning head.

2. "Keep the feet warm." To do this, activity and exercise are necessary, that all the various circulations of the body may be properly carried on. Care must be taken to avoid getting the feet damp, or immediately to remove the effects of such an accident by rubbing the feet till dry and warm, and putting on dry stockings and shoes; or else soaking the feet in warm water and getting into bed. Cold feet always show something amiss in the general health, which ought to be found out and set to rights. This uncomfortable feeling often proceeds from indigestion and a disordered state of the stomach and bowels. The same course suggested for keeping the head cool will at the time tend to keep the feet properly warm, namely, moderation, activity and calmness of temper. An intemperate, an indolent, or an ill-tempered person, is never really in health; and as it is in the power of every one to avoid such vicious habits, and even to resist and break them off when acquired; in that sense and to that degree, every man is the disposer of his own health, and has to answer for trifling with it.

3. "Take a light supper." It is a sign of ill health when people have the strongest relish for food late in the day; and the indulgence of that irregular appetite tends to increase the evil. Formerly it was the fashion, though a very bad one, to eat substantial, and often luxurious suppers. There was then a common saying—

"After dinner sit awhile,
After supper walk a mile."

In this homely distich there is much sound wisdom. One moderate hearty meal of animal food daily, is sufficient for nourishment, and conducive to health. After taking it, a short period of comparative repose is desirable, but not the total repose of sleep. After that, several hours of activity, and then a slight repast, such as will not require much exercise of the digestive powers, when the whole system ought to be resigned to complete repose.

Those who eat a hearty supper generally have disturbed, uneasy sleep, and awake at a late hour, languid and drowsy, feeble, sullen and irritable, with a burning forehead, cold feet, and a disinclination to food and labor.

Most laboring men, however, are obliged to content themselves at mid-day with a slight refreshment, which they can carry with them, and depend on returning home to their principal meal when labor is done. In this case, the meal should be quite ready for them on their return home; and they should not go to bed directly on eating it, but employ themselves for an hour or two on some moderately active pursuit, which, being of a different nature from their daily labor, will come in as an agreeable variation; such, for instance, as gardening or carpentering, for the man who has labored through the day in the loom or on the shopboard.

4. "Rise early." Nothing is more conductive to health and excellence of every kind than early rising. All physicians agree in this; and all persons who had attained a good old age, in whatever particulars they might differ from each other, have been distinguished as early risers. Some persons require more sleep than others: but it may be laid down as a general rule, that there is no grown person to whom a period of sleep longer than seven, or, at the very most, eight hours, can be either necessary or beneficial. But a person in health may easily know how much sleep he requires. by going to bed every night at a stated time, and uniformly rising as soon as he awakes, however early that may be. By steadily pursuing this plan for a few days, or at most a few weeks, a habit will be acquired of taking just the rest that nature requires, and regularly awaking out of one sound and refreshing sleep to new vigor and activity; and when this habit is thoroughly formed it would be no less disagreeable, than useless and injurious, for such a person, having once beheld the bright morning sun, to turn on his pillow and say, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep."

WIT IN CHOOSING TEXTS.—A young preacher, in the time of James I, being appointed to hold forth before the Vice-Chancellor and heads of colleges of Oxford, chose for his text, "What, cannot ye watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the Vice Chancellor happened to be one of those heavy-headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate Vice Chancellor as often awoke, and this happened so often, that at last all present could see the joke. The Vice Chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and the talk it occasoned, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immedietely sent for the young man to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conferance which ensued between the Archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his grace procured him the honor of preaching before the king.—Here, also, he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words—"James 1st and 6th, Waver not," which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke ot the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick-sighted, exclaimed, "He is at me already;" but he was upon the whole so pleased with his clerical wit, as to make him one of his chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

Do nothing without design,

From the Ontario Repository, Oct. 28.

OUR NEIGHBORS OF ROCHESTER.—The monotony of our quiet village, was agreeably disturbed on Wednesday last, by a visit from the Rochester Union Greys, and Engine Company No. 6, of that city. They presented a fine appearance as they marched through our principal streets, the firemen bringing with them their excellent engine. Upon halting in front of Blossom's Hotel, the Greys were addressed in the absence of General Granger, in a neat and appropriate manner by Col. G. W. Bemis, who in the name of the military of Canandaigua, gave them a soldier's welcome to the hospitalities of the village.

The firemen were conducted to the Franklin House by our Chief Engineer, Mr. T. U. Bradbury, and other members of the Fire Department of this village, and were treated with that courteous attentions which were appropriate to the occasion.

We hardly know upon which body of our Rochester visitants to bestow the highest meed of praise. The performances of both were in the highest degree creditable. The Union Greys, commanded by Captain Swan, ever since their organization, have enjoyed a high reputation for their excellent military discipline, and soldier-like deportment; and we have seldom seen a military corps go through with the manual exeecise, and the various evolutions of the field, with greater precision. Though mostly young men, they exhibited the discipline and skill of veterans. Our neighbors of Rochester may be proud of their citizen soldiery, and with the *esprit de corps*, which is manifested, "the right arm of defence" in that quarter is not likely soon to be palsied.

As to the firemen of No. 6, we cannot speak in terms of praise too high. They were dressed in an unique and appropriate uniform, and in the course of the several exercises with which they favored our citizens, they manifested extraordinary promptness and activity in their movements and skill in using their machine. If the Fire Department of Rochester is entirely composed of such indomitable spirits, the citizens of that favored city, have little cause to fear any extensive ravages of the devouring element.

The procession of the military and firemen in the evening by torch light, presented a fine appearance, and to most of our citizens was a novel pageant. The firemen, each with a lighted torch, looked like so many *incendiaries*; and as we hope they have kindled a flame which will excite a becoming spirit of emulation in the firemen of our own village.

A CURIOUS RELIC.

Errands to London by Agnes Paston, the 28th day of January 1457, the year of King Henry VI. the 36th.

To pray Greenfield to send me faithfully word by writing how Clement Paston done his endeavor in learning.

And if he hath not done well, nor will not amend, pray him that he will truly belash (*whip*) him till he will amend; and so did the last master, the best he ever had at Cambridge.

And say (*tell*) Greenfield, that if he will take upon him to bring him into good rule and learning, that I may verily know he doth his endeavor, I will give him 10 marks for his labor for I had lever (*rather*) he were fairly buried than lost by default.

Item, to see how many gowns Clement hath, and they that be bare let them be raised, (*let them have a new nap set upon them.*)

He wore a short green. And a short musterdeveler's gown, (*which*) were never raised.

And a short blue gown, that was raised, and made of a side gown when I was last at London.

And a side russet gown furred with beaver was made this time two years.

And a side murray gown was made this time twelvemonth.

Item, to do make (*get made for me*) six spoons of eight ounces of troy weight, well fashioned and double gilt.

And say (*tell*) Elizabeth Paston that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen do, and somewhat to help herself therewith.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26s and 8d for her board.

And if Greenfield have done well his devoir to Clement, or will do his devoir, give him the noble, (6s. 8d.)

AGNES PASTON.

Fear the man who fears you.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SHADE TREES.—In many of the old European towns, shade trees are quite unnecessary for the protection of the inhabitants from the scorching rays of the sun. Their high walls of houses—their broad, overhanging eaves—their numerous cathedrals—their narrow streets so narrow, some of them, that carriages can only pass each other at certain points, and winding in serpentine sweeps, or striking off into long angles—all of these afford a complete shade at most hours of the day.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.—Only about two centuries and a half have expired since our pilgrim fathers approached the shores of America. No other country has made as great advances in civilization, the arts and sciences, as ours has during this period; and for these advances are mankind indebted to the peculiarly enterprising character, and the enlarged and liberal views of the great mass of the Americans.

COMPLIMENT TO A POET.—The beautiful Marguerite d'Ecosse, wife of Louis the eleventh, having discovered Alain Chartier, the poet, one day asleep in the king's antechamber, bestowed on him a kiss, saying that it was not the *man* that she saluted, but the mouth from whence issued so many fine sentiments and charming words.

SITES OF ANCIENT TOWNS.—During the middle ages, in most of the European countries, the towns stood, like eagles' nests, on the points of inaccessible rocks, in order that they might be the more easily defended against the attacks of their enemies.

IRISH REPARTEE.—The turn for repartee in the Irish of all classes, is proverbial. An English gentleman, the other day, intending to be smart upon some bricklayers' attendants, said they were "Odd Fellows." "No, plase your honor," said Pat, "we are Hod Fellows!"

INSPIRATION.—Mrs. Radcliff, it is said, used to eat indigestive suppers for the purpose of dreaming horribly: so did also Dryden and Fuseli; and truly all of these, particularly the first and last, have given ample proof of their success in their productions.

FLORENCE.—In mid-summer, the heat is excessive almost beyond credit, in Florence. The earth does not seem made for man or beast, unless for the lizard, that clings to the wall, or the serpent that lies sleeping on the rock.

AMERICAN CITIES.—A foreigner thus speaks of some of our cities: "New York is the most bustling; Philadelphia the most symmetrical; Baltimore the most picturesque; and Washington the most bewildering."

LOVE.—A writer humorously observes: "If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; and all that runs over will be yours."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—We once heard of a person who was so absent minded, that when he fell into the river, by the upsetting of a boat, he sunk twice before he recollected he could swim.

TEA.—Hyson tea is so called from the name of the merchant who first imported tea of that peculiar quality into England.

DESCRIPTIVE.—An eastern editor calls Graham, the lecturer, "a piece of animated moonshine!"

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

ORIGINAL LOVE LETTER.

The following is a verbatim copy of a letter written by a gentleman to a lady, in 1833, both of whom then lived in the eastern part of this State. It needs no comment; *it speaks for itself.*

To ——— ———

I now take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well At present and ey Hope you are the Same if my *beautifull love* You have selected enny One for youth *Loveliness* like yours you Have at Least selected one who can love no *idol* but your-Self I will tell you and rightly that solitude is the Fit sphere for *love* but how few are the *Loveiers* Whom solitude does not *Fatigue* they rush into Retirement with souls Unprepared for its stern Joys and unvarying tranquility they weary of Each other because the solitude itself to which They fled falls upon and oppress them but to me The fredom which *low* minds call Obscurity is the Alement of *love* ey do not enter the temple of Nature as the strainger but the *priest* nothing can Ever tire me of the horn and alters on which ey Sacrifice my youth and nor what nature what Wisdom once were to me now no more immeasur-Ably more than there are you to me methinks There is nothing inder hevens like the fealings Which ey have for you altho my absans ma bee More agreeabely then my company to you ey hope That you will not take enny pride in what ey Wright for it isent half as good as i mean I cant Tell when i shall see come into you to see you ey Wish to have you to answer this letter prehaps i May come in about four weeks time and when i Do come i shall bee mich pleased to enjoy your Company for a short time on a *Sunday evening* The reason that ey was so one sided was that i Had a girl in which ey had paid my addresses too But as i have my mind plased on you more ey Hope that you will rite your opinion of me soon I should like to see you very much indeep i with A deep solemnity of maner I ask a request on Which my very *love* for you depends from the Very deph of my *soul* I implore you to grant it Yea to the very letter i no nothing of you only What little ey have seen of you which is very Good indeed we are as straingers too each other As yet but I hope that wee may bee more ac-Quainted soon the girl in which I have been to see I now liave for a short time and i now want you To right your candid mind to me when I say a Short time I mean for ever and ever if you *love* Me as ey *love* you ey will leave her for *ever and Ever* ey hope you have been in my mind more or Less ever since ey saw you i dont wish you to Think i am *love sick* by no means for that is not The case but I think much of you I have had a Recommend from J B & C R which are very good Indeed i hope you will excuse my *righting* for I Havent *rite* enny in 3 years worth speaking of When I come I wish you to let me no it the reason I did not ask you for your company when I was There I have told you all ready.

******** ********

P S My pen is poor my ink is pale my *love* for You will never fail.

☞ The Dramatic Sketch of "DAVIA," by an esteemed female correspondent, has been received; but for certain reasons we have concluded to reserve it for publication in No. 1 of our ensuing volume. As the scene is happily laid, and each character "acts well his part," our readers must prepare themselves for a rich New Year's treat.

NEW PAPER.—We have received a racy little journal from Sumerville, N. J., entitled "The Literary Gem," published by L. W. Payne & Co. Belonging as it does to *our* family, (as is indicated by its title,) it has our heartiest fraternal wishes for success.

From the Lady's Book for October.

The "Good Night" of the Birds.

BY MRS. LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

It was a Sabbath evening,
In spring's most glorious time,
When tree, and shrub, and early flower
Were in their fragrant prime,
And where the cloudless sun declined,
A glow of light serene,
A blessing on the world he left
Came floating o'er the scene.

Then from the verdant hedge-row,
A gentle descant stole,
And with its tide of melody
Dissolved the listening soul;
The tenants of that leafy lodge,
Each in its downy nest,
Pour'd fourth a loud and sweet "good night,"
Before they sank to rest.

That tender parting carrol,
How wild it was, and deep,
And then, with soft harmonious close
It melted into sleep;
Methought, in yonder land of praise,
Which faith delights to view
True hearted, peaceful whisperers,
There would be room for you.

Ye give us many a lesson
Of music, high and rare,
Sweet teachers of the halls of heaven,
Say, will ye not be there?
Ye have no sins, like ours, to purge
With penitential dew:
Oh! in the clime of perfect love,
Is there no place for you?

From the Richmond Compiler.

JEWISH MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Although politely tendered with an invitation, we were unable to be present at the interesting ceremony, yesterday evening, which a friend has kindly favored us with the following sketch of:

We had the pleasure of witnessing, Wednesday afternoon, a wedding according to the form of the Jewish ritual. It took place at the Synogogue, the Rev. Mr. Cohen officiating. Our ignorance of the ancient and starred language in which this interesting ceremony was conducted, prevented us, partially, from appreciating its full force. That which we saw, was striking and beautiful. A service was repeated in the Hebrew language—a canopy raised, under which the bride and bridegroom, with those who took an active part in the service, met. Here wine was passed to the lips of the betrothed, the ring was placed on the finger of the bride, a wine glass was dashed upon the floor, and the parties were united in that holy union which both Jew and Christian believe to be of divine origin. Previous to the ceremony, the Rev. Mr. Cohen, among other remarks, mentioned that three significations had been given to the breaking of the wine glass. One implies that sorrow is ever mingled with our joy, and that the cup of sparkling bliss is liable to be dashed into fragments from our lips. Another defines it as conveying the idea that it would be as easy to reunite the broken and brittle particles of glass, as to put asunder those that were then joined together. Whether Mr. C. gave this second idea as one of the significations of this ceremony or not, we are not certain. The third meaning conveyed by the symbol, is the remembrance that it affords the Hebrew of his desolated heritage and his overthrown sanctuary. This last is a beautiful and affecting idea, and indeed it needed not that to call to the mind of the reflecting spectator the peculiar circumstances of that nation whose wedding rites he was then witnessing. It was a thrilling sight, there, with so many Gentile faces looking on, to see that canopy reared, and that rite performed, far away from the vineyards of Zion and her holy places, by those who still cling to the symbols of her ancient glory, and cherish her ancient faith, after the long lapse of generations.

COURAGE, TALL 'UNS!—The Cahawba, Alabama, Democrat states that there is a man in these diggins so tall that he has escaped the fever and ague, merely by carrying his head above the miasmatic region of the atmosphere. This is an advantage of long legs that cannot be too highly appreciated.

NOT SO BAD.—A young lady being dreadfully frightened at a bull that had broken from his pasture, called to some men who were in the neighborhood to "drive away that *gentleman cow!*"

ANOTHER ODDITY.—There is a bachelor living in this city who fancies himself a shinplaster, and will not offer himself to any lady for fear of being refused.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The Child's Autumn MusingS.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

A teacher in one of our Sabbath Schools was lately conversing with his pupils on the subject of death. The poem takes up almost literally the remarks of one of them, a boy of seven years, possessing an enthusiastic and poetic mind.

I thought that now the Autumn time
Had come so drear again,
And all the beautiful young flowers
Lay withered in the glen;

And rude winds swept the forest trees
With sad and moaning sound,
And poured the many colored leaves.
In showers upon the ground;

That all the birds that sung so sweet
E'er summer time was o'er,
Had flown away, and I should hear
Their gladsome notes no more.

They're gone to distant southern lands,
To fairer climes than ours,
Where ever verdant is the turf
And ever bright the flowers.

And then I thought that when once more
Comes back the gentle Spring,
And blue streams down the mountain side
Their waves rejoicing fling;

When in their lovely woodland homes
The flowers once more shall dwell,
And when the grass is fresh and soft
In every grove and dell;

And when the tow'ring forest trees
In budding foliage wave
That they perhaps would come again
And sing above my grave.

Rochester, October 26, 1840.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Mount Hope.

Calm, peaceful city of the slumbering dead,
Where care-worn toil and grief may find repose,
Where weary pilgrims in their narrow bed,
May rest in peace, unharmed by fate or foes.

A few short years' probation here we know;
We seem to seek those days to fill with pain;
We've no abiding city here below,
Dust unto dust will soon again.

Our future home, we'll cherish it with care,
And in its winding walks will be oft be found,
May our last quiet resting place be there
Upon Mount Hope, that consecrated ground.

How calm the scene which we from thence survey,
From where blue Allegany's hills appear,
Where Genesee pursues its devious way,
Now meandering far, and now approaching near.

Our cherished city, open to our view,
Stretched far to right and left below our feet,
And on beyond, Ontario's breast of blue,
Where Genesee's with those bright waters meet.

And rural prospect far on every side
We towns and villas, farms and forests see;
From north to south the vision spreading wide
We gaze, admire, we love and reverence thee.

Mount Hope our future dwelling place shall be,
We soon shall sleep beneath the clay-cold sod;
This "mortal coil" we leave in peace with thee,
When flee our souls to join their Father God.

Rochester, October, 1840. M.

"Trifles light as air"—editors' purses.—*Lowell News.*

Look here, you "tarnal yankee!" what do you mean by traducing the character of a useful class of society? Editors are rich—in imagination.—*Clipper.*

There are some very *poor* editors, nothwithstanding.—*Pennant.*

There is a place, we believe, in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who are so lucky as to escape, pay a bonus to the miserable fellow who gets her. There's gallantry for you.

The last case we have heard of, is that of a journeyman printer emptying his matter on the floor and getting on the galley himself. He did not discover his mistake until the foreman commenced making up.

BEAUX OF FORMER TIMES.

We question whether the celebrated Beau Brummell, and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coates, were not mere Quakers in their dress when compared with some of the distinguished dressers of the former days. Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat, a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes, with white ribbon.

On great court days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6,600; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with a sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies and pearls. King James' favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally les Dames de la Cour; for our Duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings, yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, silver, gold and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set over both suit and cloak, with diamonds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat and spurs. When the difference in the value of money is remembered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

The Germantown Telegraph states that an arithmetician in that place has figured up, and found that not less than five millions five hundred and forty-seven thousand buckwheat cakes were destroyed by the late frost. Bad news for the lovers of slap-jacks.

FALL FASHIONS.—Last Sabbath morning, a young lady was seen wending her way to church with *Elssler* buttons on her wrists, and a hole as big as ninepence in the *heel* of her stocking! says the Providence Republican Herald.

A soldier, who was once wounded in battle, set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman who laid near, with his leg shot off, immediately sung out, "Bad luck to the likes of ye—do you think nobody is killed but yerself?"

The editor of the Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph has been presented with a sun-flower measuring three feet in circumference, which he wears in his bosom.

LIKENESS.—A Yankee, speaking of his children, said he had seven sons, none of whom looked alike but Jonathan—and he didn't exactly.

"Here's what likes to lick lasses," as the Yankee pedagogue said, when castigating an unruly Miss.

"One can't have too much of a good thing," as the lady said when she married two husbands.

MARRIAGES.

On the 27th instant, at Grace Church, by Rev. W. Van Zandt, GEORGE PECK, Merchant, to HARRIET, daughter of Harvey Prindle, Esq. all of this city.

In East Mendon, on the 27th instant, by Mr. Foot, Mr. Samuel H. Rowley, of South Bristol, Ontario county, to Miss Paulina M. Mitchell, of the former place.

On the 22nd instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. Robert McCracken, to Miss Jane Porter, all of this city.

In this city, on the 22d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Stephen T. Post, of Gates to Miss Angeline Moshier, of Rochester.

In this city, on Thursday, the 22d instant, by the Rev. Washington Van Zandt, GEORGE W. WALES, Esq., Merchant of Detroit, to Miss MARY A. STONE, daughter of Enos Stone, Esq, of Rochester.

In this city, on the 20th instant, by the Rev. Jacob Chase, Major H. BUMPHREY, (for a number of years associate Editor of the Rochester Daily Advertiser,) to Miss JANE M. BROUARD, of this city.

On the 21st instant. by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. Peter S. Smith, to Miss Mary Ann Titus.

By the same, on the 22d instant, Mr. Robert McCracken, to Miss Jane Porter.

In Scottsville, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. S. A. Baker, Mr. John H. Cornell, to Miss Ophilia Buck, all of the above place.

In Bethany, on the first instant, by Rev. Russel Whiting, Mr. Nason Blood, Esq. to Mrs. Eunice West, both of the former place.

At Barre Centre, 1st inst., by the Rev. Gilbert Crawford, Col. Sanford E. Church, to Miss Ann, only daughther of David Wild, Esq.

In Borgen, by Rev. Snyder, William C. Goodenow, to Miss Eliza Buel, all of the above place.

In Mendon, by B. Smith, Esq., Mr. Barcalo Wiggins, of Lima, to Miss Mary Ann Skeels, of Springwater.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Isaac C. Goff, of Palmyra, David W. Cross, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Loraine P., daughter of Major Seth Lee, of East Bloomfield.

At Austerlitz, Columbia co, on Wednesday morning, 14th instant, by the Rev. T. Woodbridge, Mr. Fletcher Williams, of the firm of Blackman & Williams, Newark, Wayne county, to Miss Ann Eliza Ford, only daughter of Mr. Aaron Ford, of the former place.

In Brighton, on the 22d instant, by the Rev. P. Church' Mr. Lewis C. Gilbert, to Miss Mary Jane Babcock.

At Catuit Point, (Barnstable,) Mr. WILLIAM CASH to Miss AZUBAH HANDY.

Handy is Cash, in every sense,
To ploughman, sailor, or to dandy;
E'en this fond pair, some twelve months hence,
May find a *little* Cash quite Handy.

In Nantucket, BARNABAS E. BOURNE to Miss LYDIA B. LONG,

Said the bridegroom, in haste, to his bride elect,
"Don't Lydia B Long, for the torch of love burns;"
But the damsel, more wary and circumspect,
Ask'd if *this* was the "Bourne whence no trav'ler returns?"

In New Orleans, Mr. O. H. SPURR to Miss E. M. T. HUNT.

OH! *Spurr* thy mettle, gallant knight,
For such a *Hunt* is worth thy ride;
If thou pursue in winning flight,
And bring her conquer'd to thy side,
Thou wilt deserve a *Spurr* to *boot*,
For victory in so close pursuit;
At any rate it will not prove
An EM-T *Hunt*, if she doth love.
Spurr on! *Spurr* on! the thing is done!
The *Hunt* is o'er! the *Spurr* has won!

Picayune.

In New York, *Preserved Fish* to Miss Mary *Shepherd*.

Folks wonder now when men do change,
Each one to suit his wish;
But here a lovely *Shepard* lass
Has been transformed to *Fish*
Altho' 'twas strange, yet every one
Declared the lass deserved
Not only to be changed to *Fish*,
But also well *Preserved*.
And for their future happiness,
They have our kindest wishes,
With hopes that they may have their share
Of loaves and little *Fishes*.

London paper.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, Albany, 10th of October, 1840.—NOTICE.—Lands sold for arrears of taxes in May and June, 1839, pursuant to title 3, chapter 13, part 1, of the revised statutes. I hereby give notice, that unless the lands sold for arrears of taxes at the sale above mentioned, shall be redeemed on or before the 16th day of June next, by paying into the Treasury the amount for which the respective parcels or tracts of land were sold, together with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the date of sale until the day of redemption, such land so sold and remaining unredeemed, will, on application, be conveyed to the purchaser.

oct30 1aw6w BATES COOKE, Comptroller.

☞ The editor of every public newspaper in this State will give the above notice one insertion each week, for six weeks successively. Let the first paper containing the notice be sent to the Comptroller's Office, and a bill at the close of publication. The bill by law will amount to $2 75.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, Monroe county, Rochester, 26th August, 1840.—A general election is to be held in the county of Monroe, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the secretary of state, of which a copy is annexed,

DARIUS PERRIN, Sheriff of Monroe county.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, August 17, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

Sir:—Notice is hereby given you, that at the next general election in this state, to be held on the second, third and fourth days of November next, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next,) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant-Governor.

Forty-two Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Samuel Works, a senator from the eighth district, to which the county of Monroe belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place, at the next general election.

You will also take notice that one representative in the 27th congress of the United States for the twenty-eighth congressional district, consisting of the county of Monroe, is to be chosen at the said next general election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three Members of Assembly.

A Sheriff of the county in the place of Darius Perrin, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A County Clerk in the place of Ephraim Goss, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And Four Coroners in the place of those whose terms expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully, JOHN C. SPENCER,
aug26 dtd Secretary of State.

☞ The several papers in the county of Monroe will please publish the above until after the election, and send their bills to Darius Perrin, Sheriff, immediately.

THE GEM AND AMULET
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ROCHESTER GEM AND LADIES' AMULET

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

Vol. XII. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1840. No. 23.

From the New England Review.

To ——.

BY G. W. M.

Lady, I read that passing thought,
And the shade on that beautiful brow,
And a bitter lesson it has taught,
That I had not dreamed till now.

Well, be it so; I pardon thee,
In friendship we will part,
Though thy unfeeling treachery
Has deeply wrung my heart.

I've breathed in thy ear the holy vow,
But my soul knew not its pride;
And I turn in coolness from thee now,
To seek another bride.

Thou mayst be loved, and loved full well;
And it may not be in vain;
But thou ne'er canst know the binding spell
Of such love as mine has been.

But I may not speak one bitter word;
In silence I will bow;
Reproach from me thou ne'er hast heard,
And thou shalt not hear it now.

Forgive me that my bold young thought
E'er dared so high to aim;
Or that I e'er so wildly sought
Thy haughty love to claim.

The fire that led me on is gone,
And I am cool and calm;
The madness of my brain is done,
And I know now what I am:

But triumph not that thou hast bowed
A spirit wild and free,
That thou hast tamed a heart so proud
As that which knelt to thee.

That haughty smile will yet give place
To meek, though bitter tears,
And care yet mark upon thy face
The misery of years.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE WAGS.

In a town which we shall call Middletown, because it was of the middle size, dwelt a worthy shopkeeper bearing the odd name of Jeremiah Wag. By dealing in all sorts of commodities, and steady attention to his business, he had managed to keep up his respectability, and doubtless would have considerably increased his store, but for the gradual increase of his family. For several years after his marriage a new little Wag was ushered annually into the world; and though there had latterly been somewhat less of regularity, as many as ten small heads might be counted every evening in his back parlor. Jerry, the eldest boy, was however almost fourteen years of age, and therefore began to "make himself useful," by carrying out small parcels and assisting behind the counter. All the rest were, to use their parent's phrase, "dead stock," and "were eating their heads off;" for, sooth to say, they were a jolly little set, and blest with most excellent appetites. Such was the state of family matters at the time when our narrative commences.

Now, on the opposite side of the street, exactly facing the very modest board on which Jeremiah's name was painted, with the usual announcement of certain commodities in which he dealt, was another board of a very different description. On it were emblazoned the arms of his Majesty, with the supporters, a lion and and a unicorn, as the country folks said, "a fighting for the crown."

The establishment indicated by this display, was upheld by a very different class of customers to that which patronised the shop. Two or three times in each day some carriage or post-chaise would stop to change horses at the King's Arms, and occasionally "a family" took up their quarters there for the night; but the latter was a piece of good luck not often to be expected, as there were no lions to be seen in Middletown save the rampant guardian on the sign-board.

It was hay-making time, and business was very "slack" with the worthy Jeremiah; but he said that he didn't care much about it, as the country folks were earning money, part of which he trusted would find its way into his till in due course. So, after rummaging about among his stock to see if he was "out of any thing," he took his stand at the door, just to breathe a mouthful of fresh air. Titus Twist, the landlord, made his appearance at the same moment, in his own gateway, apparently with the same salubrious intent, and immediately beckoned to his neighbor to step across.

"Well, how are ye, Master Wag?" said he, when they met. "Did you observe that green chariot that stands down in the yard there, and came in more than an hour ago?" Jeremiah answered in the negative. "Well," continued mine host, "it belongs to one of the oldest, rummiest, little old gentleman I ever clapped my eyes on.—He's been asking me all sorts of questions, and seems mightily tickled with your name above all things. I think he's cracked. Howsomever, he's ordered dinner; but hush! here he comes."

The little gentleman in question seemed between sixty and seventy; but, excepting a certain sallowness of complexion, carried his years well, his motions being lively, and wearing a good humored smile, as though habitual, on his countenance.—His dress was plain, but good, and altogether becoming his apparent rank.

"I shall be back in a quarter of an hour," said he to the landlord; "I'm only going across the way to the shop to buy something;" and away he went, and, of course, was followed by Jeremiah, who, immediately on entering his shop, skipped nimbly behind the counter to wait upon his new customer.

After trying on some gloves, and purchasing two pair, the little strange gentleman looked round the shop, as though examining its contents to find something he wanted.

"Any thing else I can do for you, sir?" replied Jeremiah. "You sell almost every thing I see, Mr. Wag," observed the old gentleman. "Mr. Wag? *Your* name *is* Wag, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," replied the shop-keeper, dryly.

"Wag, Wag, Wag!" repeated the stranger, briskly. "Funny name! eh?" "It was my father's before me," observed Jeremiah, scarcely knowing what to think of the matter.

"Very good name!" continued the little gentleman. "Like it very much. Got any children? Any little Wags, eh? Like to see 'em. Fond of children—little Wags in particular—he, he!"

"Much obliged to ye for enquiring, sir," replied the senior Wag; "I've got just half a score, sorted sizes. That's the eldest!" said he, pointing to young Jerry, whose lanky limbs were at the moment displayed, spread eagle fashion, against the shelves, from the topmost of which he was reaching down some commodity for a customer.

"That's right. Bring 'em up to industry," said the little gentleman. "Well, I can't stay now, because my dinner's ready; but I see you sell Irish linen, and I want a piece for shirts; so, perhaps, you'll be so good as to look me out a good one and bring it over to me."

"You may rely," commenced Mr. Wag; but his new customer cut him short by adding, "I know that well enough," as he briskly made his exit.

The industrious shop keeper forthwith selected certain of his primest articles, folded them in a wrapper, and, at the appointed time, carried the whole across to the King's Arms.

He was immediately ushered into the presence of the eccentric elderly gentleman, who was seated behind a bottle of white and a bottle of red.—"Suppose you've dined, Master Wag?" said he, "So, come! no ceremony, sit down and take a glass of wine."

"I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure, sir," replied Jeremiah; "but I have just brought over half a dozen pieces of Irish for you to look at and choose."

"Phoo, phoo!" Quoth the small stranger, "I don't want to see them. I know nothing about 'em. Leave all to you. Only meant to have had a piece; but, as you have brought half a dozen, I may as well take 'em. 'Store's no sore,' they say. There's a fifty pound note! Reckon 'em up, and see if there's any change."

Jeremiah stared at this unusual wholesale mode of dealing, stammered his thanks and observed, that the goods would not amount to half the money.

"So much the worse," said the little gentleman. "Must see if I can't buy something else in your line, presently; but, sit down now: that's a good fellow! I want to have some talk with you."

The bashful shopkeeper hereupon perched himself on the extreme front edge of a chair, at a respectful distance from the table; but was told to draw up closer by his hospitable entertainer.—Then they took three or four glasses together, and gradually Jeremiah found himself more at home, and scrupled not to reply to the odd stranger's questions respecting his family and occupations. And so they went on chatting, till they appeared as two very old and intimate friends; for Mr. Wag was of an open, unsuspecting disposition, and talked as though he had no objection that all the world should know all about his affairs.

"Well, but, my dear Wag," said the stranger, "can't you tell what part of the country your father came from?"

"No, sir, I can't," replied Jeremiah, "he died when I was about eight years old, and the London merchant to whom he was clerk, put me to school, and after that apprenticed me to old Hicks, who lived over the way where I do now. Well, there I served my time and then married his daughter, and so came in for the property when he died; but I've increased it a pretty deal, and if I'd more capital, could make a snug thing of it by going into the wholesale, and serving village shops with grocery, and so on."

"Why don't you try it?" asked the little gentleman.

"It won't do unless one has got the *ready* to go to market with," replied Jeremiah, knowingly; "and then one must be able to give credit, and ought to keep one's own wagon to carry out goods. No, no, it won't do. Many a man has made bad worse by getting out of his depth, and, as it is, thank God, I *can live*. The only thing that puzzles me now and then is, what I shall do with all the children."

"Hark ye, my worthy Wag," said the odd stranger, "I have not got any children; so, if you'll let me pick among the lot, I don't care if I take two or three off your hands."

"Sir!" exclaimed the astonished shopkeeper.

"I mean what I say," replied the old gentleman, demurely. "Take me with you. Introduce me to your wife and family, and let us all have a friendly cup of tea together in your back parlor. Don't stare, my good Wag; but fill your glass. I don't want to buy your little Wags, but I happen to have more of the ready, as you call it, than I want; so I'll put them to school, or what you like. What say you?"

Jeremiah rubbed his eyes, as though doubtful if he were awake, and then uttered his thanks for such extraordinary kindness in the best way he was able; and about an hour after, the whimsical little old rich gentleman was sitting by the side of Mrs. Wag, with a little curly-headed Wag on each knee, while the rest were playing round, or gaz-

ing open-mouthed at the stranger with childish wonder.

By degrees all stiffness wore off; and, before the evening concluded, nothing could exceed the merriment of the whole party. The eccentric elderly gentleman had learned to call all the Wags by their names, and he played, and frolicked, and rolled upon the floor with the little people, in a style that made the parents suspect, with the landlord, that he must be "cracked."

However, at parting, he became more serious, and invited Jeremiah to come and breakfast with him in the morning, and to bring with him a copy of the names and birthdays of his children, as entered in the Family Bible. Mr. and Mrs. Wag of course lay awake for an hour that night, talking over the strange incidents of the day, and perhaps building a few castles in the air, after the style of affectionate parents for their children.

On the following morning, Jeremiah dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and repaired to fulfill his engagement. His new old friend received him in the most cordial manner, and they breakfasted together, chatting over family concerns as on the preceding day. When their repast was ended, the little gentleman read over the list of the young Wags, and smilingly observed, "A jolly set of them! We must contrive to make them all good and happy Wags if we can, eh? Eldest, Jetry, almost fourteen—useful to you in business. That's right. Leave him there, eh? Next, Thomas, almost thirteen—fond of reading—told me so. A good school first, eh? Then three girls running, Mary, Anne, and Fanny. Pack them off to a good school too. Never mind. Then comes William, eight—and Stephen, seven. Thing I know where to place them—just the right age. Perhaps can't do it at once, though. Humph. That's all I can take *at present*. The other three, Sarah, Henry, and Philip, too young. Well, my worthy Wag, you will hear about what I mean to do with them, before long, and a friend of mine will call upon you some day to consult about the best way of increasing your business. Settle all in time. No more to say now, but good bye—eh? Paid the landlord's bill before breakfast, 'cause don't like to be kept waiting. Didn't mean to have stopped longer than to change horses when I came yesterday. Glad I have though. Hope you won't be sorry. Hallo! waiter! is my carriage ready?" "At the door, sir," shouted the landlord in reply. "That's right!" exclaimed the extraordinary elderly gentleman. "Good bye, my worthy Wag. Remember me to Mrs. Wag, and give my love to all the little Wags. Ten besides yourselves! A dozen Wags in one family! Never expected to see such a sight as that! He, he, he! See it again, though, hope. Wag together, all of you, like a bundle of sticks, hope!" And, laughing and uttering similar incoherent sentences, alternately, he walked briskly along the passage to his carriage, into which he forthwith jumped, and, having repeated his valediction to the astonished shopkeeper, ordered the postilion to drive on.

Thus Jeremiah was prevented from expressing his grateful feelings for such wonderful promises, and so stood gaping in silence till the carriage was out of sight.

"Why, you seem regularly 'mazed, neighbor?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Enough to make me," replied Mr. Wag. "If one-half what I've heard this morning should come true, I shall be a lucky fellow, that's all!"

"The old fellow's cracked," observed Titus Twist. "He's a gentleman, however, every inch of him, that I will say for him. Didn't make a word about nothing. All right. Used to good living, no doubt. More's the pity, as he's cracked. He certainly ought not to be allowed to travel without a servant as he does."

"Well," observed Jeremiah, "I don't know what to say or to think about it; but, if he is cracked—humph! I don't know. It may be so. However, there's no harm done yet."

"So he's been cramming you, eh?" said mine host. "Made you a present of the moon, perhaps? They fancy strange things, and think themselves kings, and very rich in particular."

The truth of this last assertion made an impression upon our worthy shopkeeper, who communicated it to his wife; but she had taken a great fancy to the odd old gentleman, and was not to be shaken in her conviction that he would be as "good as his word."

"Well," observed her husband, "time will show; and, at all events, it was no bad thing to sell six pieces of fine linen at once. We don't have such customers every day. However, the best thing we can do is, to keep our own secret; for, if the neighbors were to hear it, we should never hear the last."

Mrs. Wag agreed to the propriety of her spouse's suggestion; but, nevertheless, was unable to refrain from dropping hints to certain gossips concerning her anticipations of coming good fortune; and the vagueness and mysterious importance of her manner, created a sensation, and caused many strange surmises. Some decided that the Wags had been so imprudent as to purchase a whole lottery ticket, and blamed them accordingly; while others shook their heads, and hinted that, with so large a family it would be a very fortunate circumstance if Jeremiah could manage so as not to go back in the world; and, for their parts, they never liked to hear folks talk mysteriously about good luck; so, for some time, the stranger's visit appeared to have produced results somewhat the reverse of beneficial; but, at the end of a month, an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, entered the shop, and requested a private interview with Mr. Wag; and as the back parlor was full of little Wags, then undergoing the ceremonies of ablution, combing, &c., he proposed that they should adjourn to the King's Arms.

When they were seated there, the stranger very deliberately proceeded to arrange a variety of papers upon the table in a business-like manner; and when his task was completed, apparently to his satisfaction, he smiled, rubbed his hands and thus addressed the wondering shopkeeper:

"My name is Stephen Goodfellow. I am an attorney, living in London, and there" (handing a card) "is my address. You will probably guess who is my client, but my instructions are to conceal his name. Well, he has consulted with me as to the best mode of carrying your intention of increasing your business into effect, and I have, consequently, had interviews with certain commercial gentlemen, and, ahem! the result is, that the thing must be done gradually, I have to present you, in the first place, with this order for a thousand pounds. You will then be so good as to sign this document, by reading which you will perceive that you *cannot* be called upon for re-payment before the expiration of three years. Ahem! don't interrupt me. That will do to begin with; but, after a little while, as you must give credit, and as some of your commodities, especially grocery, amount to considerable sums, you may want more, so—ahem!—yes, this is the paper. You are to put your signature here; and mark me, in precisely six months from this date, an account will be opened in your name with the London bankers, whose check-book I now present you with. They will have assets in their hands, and instructions to honor your drafts for any sum or sums not exceeding four thousand pounds. You understand?"

"I hear what you say, sir," stammered Jeremiah; "but really, I'm so astonished, that"——

"Well, well," observed Mr. Goodfellow, smiling, "it certainly is not an every-day transaction; but my respected client is a little eccentric, and so we must allow him to do things in his own way. He has taken a fancy to you, that's clear; and when he takes any think in hand, he doesn't mind trifles."

"But so much!" exclaimed Mr. Wag. "One thousand—four thousand—five thousand pounds! It is like a dream! Surely, sir," and he hesitated; "surely the gentleman can't be in—ahem!—in—his—right senses!"

"Sound as a bell," replied the lawyer. "I hope you will have as clear a head to carry on your new business. At present you are a little bewildered, that's plain enough; but no great marvel. However, my time is precious, so just let me have your signature, and I'm off."

He then placed the papers before Jeremiah, who, after a little more demur, and a great deal of trepidation, wrote his name twice, and received the money, order and the banker's check-book.—Mr. Goodfellow then ordered a chaise, and chatted familiary till it was ready, when he shook Mr. Wag by the hand, wished him good luck, and departed.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Mrs. Wag, when her spouse related the morning's adventure.—"He seemed so fond of the children. I knew how it would be. But you should have asked his name. I wonder who he can be! Some great lord, no doubt. Well, bless him, I say! God bles him, whoever he is. Oh, Jerry! my dear Jerry Wag! I feel as if I was a-going to cry. How foolish! Well, I can't help it, and that's the truth;" and the good housewife wiped her eyes, and then threw her arms round the neck of her dearly beloved Wag, who, albeit that he was unused to the melting mood, found his eyes suddenly grow dim, and so they performed a weeping duett together.

It is pleasant to record, that at the termination of this natural paroxysm, they neglected not to return thanks to a higher power for the wonderful change that had thus suddenly taken place in their prospects.

Their subsequent task was to take counsel together; but that was a work requiring more of calmness than they possessed for the first few days. However, by degrees, as time rolled on, the industrious couple made their arrangements, and, at the end of six months, Mr. Wag had so increased his business, that it became advisable for him to have recourse to his London bankers. In the meanwhile, he had sent his son Tom and the three eldest girls to school, agreeably to the intimation of his unknown friend, which he considered as a command that he was in duty bound to comply with. Still it appeared very extraordinary that the little elderly gentleman neither communicated with nor came to see them; but, as the whole affair was out of the common way, Jeremiah resolved industriously to avail himself of the advantages of his new position, as the best means of testifying his gratitude during his benefactor's absence.

Much marvelling, of course, there was in the town and neighborhood at the steady increase in Mr. Wag's "concern," in spite of his very plain statement that a kind friend had advanced him a considerble sum.

"Who could that friend be?" was the puzzling question which no one could answer; but his unremitting attention to business, the punctuality of his payments, and other evidences of his prosperity, sufficed to ensure him general respect, though certain envious busy-bodies would venture now and then to hint significantly that "all is not gold that glistens."

So matters went on pleasantly with the Wags till winter, when Tom and his three sisters came home for the holy-days, and the latter assisted their mother in preparing for the festivities of the season.

It was Christmas eve, and the whole of the family were congregated in the little back parlor, when young Jerry started up at the well known sound of a customer at the shop door, at which he arrived with a hop, step, and jump; and, jerking it open, beheld a little old gentleman wrapped in a large cloak.

"Please to walk in, sir," said Jerry Wag.

"Hush!" wispered the stranger, placing his fore finger on his mouth, "I want to surprise them. You're all together to-night, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jerry, smiling, for he thought he knew to whom he was speaking.

"That's right," said the odd elderly gentleman, advancing cautiously toward the darkest part of the shop, and throwing off his cloak. "Now for a Christmas frolic! Come here you rogue!—Why, you've grown taller than me. That's right! a thriving Wag! Now, mind, you go back as if nothing had happened, and give me hold of your coat tail, so that I can't be seen. That'll do.—No laughing, young monkey. There, step along."

Jerry did as he was bid, save that, though he bit his lips unmercifully, his risible muscles would not remain inactive; and thus the oddly joined pair made their way into the family apartment just as the eldest daughter had exclaimed,

"Now, mamma, it's your turn to wish!"

They were sitting in a semicircle before the fire, and the stranger and his shield, of course, stood behind them.

"Heigho!" said Mrs. Wag, "there's only *one* thing I wish for to-night, and that is the addition of *one* more to our party."

"Name! name! You must name your wish!" cried three or four juvenile voices, in full glee.

"I wish I could tell you his name," said Mrs. Wag, "but your father knows who I mean. Don't you, my dear?"

"I can't mistake you, my love," replied Jeremiah, affectionately, "and I wish he could see how happy we are. It would do his heart good, I really think."

"Who *can* he be!" exclaimed the eldest daughter.

"Perhaps it's somebody like me!" cried the little odd gentleman, stepping briskly forward.

"It is! it is!" shrieked mamma, and up jumped the whole party, and down went Mrs. Wag upon her knees, while, utterly unconscious of what she did, her arms were clasped round the neck of her benefactor, whose bodily frame, being unable to sustain her matronly weight, gave way, and so they rolled together on the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the eccentric elderly gentleman, as soon as he recovered breath, but without attempting to rise. "This is a Christmas gambol, eh! Master Wag? Eh? my merry little Wags? Needn't ask you all how you are."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah, "allow me to assist you. I hope you are not hurt."

"Hurt!" cried the little gentleman, jumping up and offering his hand to Mrs. Wag. "Hurt! why I feel myself twenty years younger than I did five minutes ago. Never mind, ma'am. Like Christmas gambols. Always did. Happen to have such a thing as a bunch of misletoe, eh?"

"I am sure, sir," whimpered Mrs. Wag—"I am sure I shall never forgive myself. To think of taking such a liberty; I—I—can't conceive how I could!" ———

"As often as ever you please, my good lady," said the eccentric, handing her a chair; "but sit down and compose yourself, while I shake hands all round;" and, turning toward Jeremiah, he commenced the ceremony, which he went through with from the eldest to the youngest, calling them all by their names, as correctly as though he were a constant visiter.

A right merry Christmas eve was that. The young Wags were, ever and anon, obliged to hold their sides, as they laughed and screamed with delight at the funny stories told by the funny little old gentleman, who romped and played with them with as much glee as though he had been the youngest of the party. So the hours passed quickly away till the unwelcome sound of "bed time" was whispered among the little circle; and then one after another departed until Mr. and Mrs. Wag were left alone with their honored guest.

The hearts of both were full, and they began to endeavor to express their feelings; but the singular old gentleman stopped by saying—"need'nt tell me. Know it all. Shall run away if you go on so. Remember, I told you I had more of the 'ready' than I knew what to do with. Could'nt have done better with it, eh? Out at interest now. Best sort of interest too. More pleasure this evening than receiving dividends, eh? Never was happier. So come, let us wind up for the night. I've a memorandum or two for you in my pocket-book," and he placed it on the table, and began to turn over divers papers, as he continued —"Hem! ha! yes! Those two. You'd better take them, my good sir. They'll admit William and Stephen to Christ Church—what they call the blue-coat school, Capital school, he"

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Don't interrupt me, that's a good fellow," said the old gentleman. "Hem! Do you ever smoke a pipe!"

"Very rarely," replied the wondering Mr. Wag.

"Well," continued his guest, "take that paper to light your next with. Put it in your pocket, and don't look at it till I'm gone. Hem! Tom's master says he will make a good scholar; so, if you've no objection, I was thinking he might as well go to college in a year or two. Not in your way, perhaps? Never mind. I know some of the big-wigs. See all right, and enter his name. Should have one person in a large family, eh?"

Here Mrs. Wag could no longer refrain from giving vent to her over-charged feelings by certain incoherent ejaculations, which terminated in a flood of tears.

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, "my spectacles want wiping;" and he took the opportunity of rubbing them and blowing his nose, while Jeremiah was comforting the wife of his bosom, and telling her not to be so foolish, although he could scarcely avoid snivelling himself.

"Hem! ahem!" resumed their guest; "think I've got some of the mince pie sticking in my throat. Stupid old fellow to eat so much, eh?"

"Better take another glass of wine, sir," said Jeremiah. "Give me leave, sir, to pour it out."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Wag, starting up and smiling through her tears, "let me! Nobody else! God bless you, sir!"

"And you, too!" ejaculated the old gentleman, gayly; "come, that's a challenge! Glasses round! Glasses round! and then we must say, good night. Don't let us make a dull end of a merry evening."

Warm benedictions were forthwith uttered, and the "compliments of the season" were wished, with more than common sincerity, by all three as their glasses met laughing together. Then, the whimsical guest tossed off his wine, jumped up, shook his hosts heartily by the hand, wished them good night and sallied into the shop to find his cloak. Mr. and Mrs. Wag followed, and expressed a hope that he would honor their Christmas dinner by his presence on the following day; but all they could draw from him was, "can't promise. Ate and drank a little to much to-night, perhaps. Getting shockingly old. See how I am in the morning. Enjoyed myself this evening.—A jolly set of Wags altogether! Merry Wags all, eh? Young and old. Well, well, Wag along happily, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Wag! Good night!" and after once more shaking hands with them, he nimbly whisked himself out at the shop door, and trotted across to the King's Arms.

No sooner were the worthy couple alone, than curiosity led them to examine the paper which their benefactor had presented to Jeremiah for the purpose of lighting his pipe; and it proved to be the promissory note which the latter had signed for the first thousand pounds. The donor's intention was plain enough, as it was regularly cancelled; so Mrs. Wag was obliged to use her pocket handkerchief once more; and her spouse, after striding three or four times rapidly across the room, felt himself also under the necessity of taking out his, and blowing his nose with unusual vehemance. Then they congratulated and comforted each other, and said their prayers, and offered up their thanks-givings with a fervor and sincerity that proved they were not unworthy of good fortune. Then they retired to rest, though not immediately to sleep, for they were each beset by strange waking dreams and beheld in their minds' eye a black clerical Wag, two long-coated little blue Wags, with yellow nether investments, and other Wags of sorted sizes, but all very happy.

On the following morning, being Chrismas day, our fortunate shop-keeper equipped himself in his best apparel, and, before breakfast, stepped across the road, and found Mr. Titus Twist rubbing his eyes in his own gateway. Mutual salutations, and "compliments of the season," were exchanged in good neighborly style, and then mine host exclaimed, "There's a box here for you, Master Wag, left by that queer little old gentleman. I'm sure he's cracked! In he comes here yesterday, just after dark, posting in his own carriage. Well, he orders up any thing as we happened to have ready, and I sets him down to as good a dinner as ever any gentleman need sit down to, though I say it, because why, you see, our larders' pretty well stocked at this season. So down he sits, rubbing his hands, and seemingly as pleased as Punch, and orders a bottle of wine; but before he'd been ten minutes at table, up he jumps, claps on his cloak and hat, and runs o' the house, and never comes back again till past eleven at night, when he pays his bill and orders horses for six o'clock this morning."

"Is he gone then?" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Off sure enough," replied Titus; "but he's left a great box for you, which I was just going to send over. So, I suppose, you and he have some dealings together."

"Yes," said Mr. Wag, "I shall have cause to bless and thank him the latest day I have to live; but I wish he had stopped here to-day. Well, God bless him, wherever he's gone. Hark ye, neighbor—you have often heard me speak of having a friend—well, that's him. I don't know why; but he's taken a fancy to me and my wife and family, and has done for us more than you'd believe, if I was to tell you. However, we can chat that over another day, as I cant stop now, as Mrs. Wag and children are waiting breakfast. But where's the box? I'll take it with me, if you please."

"If two of the strongest fellows in my yard can take it over, it 's as much as they can," replied Titus. "However, they shall try; and I hope you 'll come over this afternoon and crack a bottle of my best, to drink the little queer old gentleman's health. But, mind me he 's cracked to a certainty, and you 'll find it out some of these days."

The box was accordingly delivered, and, on being opened, was found to contain a dozen separate packages, each directed for one member of the Wag family, the largest for Jeremiah, the fater, and the smallest for little Philip, a "rising three" year old Wag. Their contents were far too various for precise specification, but could not have been more judiciously appropriated nor more gratefully received, so that Christmas day was a day of rejoicing; and the only regret felt by one and all the Wags was, that their very kind friend had not stayed to spend it with them.

When the festive season was over, matters went on as usual with Jeremiah, save that perhaps there was more of cheerfulness in his manner while pursuing his course of steady industry.—The fact was, that he never now till felt perplexed about money affairs, which were wont formerly to occupy much of his time by day, and cause him many sleepless hours by night. Those who called for payment were as welcome as those who came to pay, and consequently his credit stood high; and the travellers and London houses strove, by tempting bargains and peculiar attention in "selecting the best articles, to complete his kind orders," to keep his name upon their books. So he went on and prospered in all his undertakings, and in the course thereof visited the metropolis to make purchases, and, when there, called upon Mr. Goodfellow, who gave him a hearty welcome, but could not be pursuaded to reveal the name of his eccentric client, though he scrupled not to say that he was in good health, adding, with a smile, "and in perfect possession of his intellects."

Jeremiah next endeavored to worm the secret from his bankers, but with no better success. The partner who received him, assured him that the steady increase and respectability of his account had wrought such an impression in a quarter which he was not permitted to name, that their house would feel much pleasure in making advances, whenever any thing advantageous offered itself for purchase.

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"A good character, my dear sir," observed the banker, "is every thing in trade. We are dealers in money; and nothing pleases us more than placing it where we know it is safe, and have every reason to suppose it may be useful."

"But," observed Jeremiah, "you know nothing about me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wag," said the banker; "you are what we call a good man, and have got a back."

"A back!" exclaimed the bewildered shopkeeper.

"Yes," said the banker, smiling, "that is a good friend to your back; and, though he choose to keep himself in the background, depend upon it he 'll not forsake you so long as you go on as you have done. Therefore, buy away for ready cash as largely as you please, and we 'll honor your drafts."

On this hint Jeremiah subsequently acted, by making purchases which enabled him to serve his customers "on terms that defied all competition." Therefore, and by dint of strict attention and civility, his trade continued to increase, till he was obliged to add warehouses to his shop, and employ a regular clerk and collector, besides shopmen, porters, and wagoner.

[Continued on page 187.]

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

To a Sweetbrier Rose,

PLUCKED NEAR THE GRAVE OF COL. DRUMMOND, ON THE BATTLE GROUND OF FORT ERIE.

[Col. Drummond was killed by the blowing up of one of the bastions of the Fort.]

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

Thou tender flow'ret that wast born to wave
In quiet beauty o'er the warrior's grave,
A gentle floral scraph set to keep
A holy watch above his dreamless sleep;
And with thy perfumed breathings softly shed
A fairy incense round his lowly head.
Oh, bright and fair thy robe of brilliant hue,
Yet dread the scenes thou bring'st before my view:
A plain with hostile armies marshall'd o'er,
And beaten turf all red with human gore,
Where carnage reigns and foe meets fiercer foe,
And stern, proud, manly forms lie bleeding low,
The glittering of a thousand falchions bright,
And gorgeous banners flashing in the light,
Where sound of bursting bomb and cannon's roar,
Awake the echoes of the winding shore.
And see! the magazine—a crash, a wail—
Despair's wild cry comes swelling on the gale!
Loud answ'ring cries through all the ranks resound,
As mangled forms in death are strewn around;
A stiff'ning corse the dauntless Drummond lies,
While mingled tones of pain and terror rise!

* * * * * *

They are vanished, those scenes of ther days,
Like a morning dream, from my spirit's gaze!
And what art thou that called them into birth?
A blood nursed flower reared from the warrior's earth!

CLASSICAL.—A signboard near Shrewsbury, has the following classical inscription: "all persons found fyghting or truspessing on this ground will be executed with the utmost wigger of the law."

THE HOUR GLASS.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!
How flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by!
The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth and manhood pass,
And age with furrowed brow:
Time was—Time shall be, drain the glass—
But where in Time is *now*?

Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past—the future fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where then is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal Love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, Pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From Earth's affections wean.
To God, let votive accents rise;
With truth—with virtue live;
So all the bliss that Time denies,
Eternity shall give.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

RAMBLES IN MIDSUMMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

VALLEY OF THE GENESEE, ——, 1840.

Ten miles farther up the valley, South from Avon, stands the village of Geneseo—unrivalled for the beauty of its locality. Geneseo is a large township, having an area of thirty-six square miles.—It lies between Conesus lake on the East and the Genesee river on the West. The rich alluvial bottom lands of the river are spread out in this section to their broadest expansion. The village—the seat of justice of Livingston county—is pleasantly situated upon a site sloping to the West and enjoys a delightful prospect, stretching across the valley, and including the town of Leicester, in the county of Livingston, in which town is the village of Moscow. Were there any mountains in the neighborhood, to impart an aspect of grandeur to some portions of the scenery, the site of Geneseo would be unexcelled in its attractions.—Even as it is, divested of those ingredients so essential to the sublime, rocks and peaked mountains, the scene is as beautiful as was ever surveyed in the brightest dream of fancy. The village is neither as large nor, with one or two exceptions, is it built in as patrician-like style as I had expected to find it. But the landscape, embracing an area of perhaps fifteen miles in diameter, agreeably undulating with gentle swells and vallies—rich in the garniture of fields, agreeably interrupted by masses of woods, and enlivened by villas, bespeaking the comfortable circumstances of the owners, forms a prospect of matchless beauty. It is rendered still more picturesque by the river, which flows lazily through the midst of the valley, but disclosing only here and there a section of the stream, breaking through the bower of trees and clustering vines by which its bright waters are overarched.

This town was first settled by William and James Wadsworth, who were, I believe, its principal proprietors. They removed thither in the year 1790. Lands being cheap, and they being gentlemen of sagacity, who foresaw the rapid growth of the country in no distant perspective, they were enabled to accumulate splendid estates. The former, Gen. William Wadsworth, served with his militia command upon the Niagara frontier during the last war with England, and acquitted himself with gallantry. He died several years since. Mr. James Wadsworth yet survives in a green old age, the patriarch of the Genesee country. The whole valley of the Genesee was studded with Indian towns when the white men made their advances thither, and the country was full of Indians when he planted themselves down among them. His mansion—the abode of refinement and elegant hospitality—is finely situated at the Southern extremity of the principal street of the village, embosomed in groves of ornamental trees, thickly sprinkled among which are the elm, locust, and willow, and looking out upon a princely domain of his own, including a broad sweep of the flats. Mr. Wadsworth is a gentleman of cultivated mind and taste. He has travelled in Europe, where he selected a fine library, and being a student as well as philosopher, he is spending the evening of his days in elegant repose. Adjacent to his mansion is a large garden, rich with every description of fruit which the climate will allow, and adorned with flowers of every variety and class of beauty. Well was the beautiful situation of its estimable possessor chosen; nor can memory revert back upon his charming position, without recalling also the lines of the poet, describing the rural seat of Pliny, in Switzerland:

"This calm retirement virtuous Pliny chose;
Within these groves he sought and found repose,
When, sickening with the vulgar toils of life,
The courtly homage, the forensic strife,
He left the world which trifles hold so dear,
And joyous sprang to feast on nature here."

Three fourths of a mile North of the paternal home, at the other extremity of the village, stands the modern and more elegant mansion of Mr. James Wadsworth, junior.

It was at this point that the memorable campaign of General Sullivan, in 1779, was brought to a close. In setting this expedition on foot, it was the intention of Washington that the American forces should pass through to the great Indian and loyalist rendezvous, at Niagara; but having ravaged the most populous portions of the Indian country, Sullivan, for reasons never fully explained, proceeded no farther than Geneseo—sending a detachment across the river, however, to Little Beardstown, (now the town of Leicester.) The Indian town of Genesee, lying on the Eastern side of the river, was the largest of their populous places, containing, according to Sullivan's official report, "one hundred and thirty-eight houses, most of them very elegant. It was beautifully situated, almost encircled with a clear flat, extending for a number of miles: on which extensive fields of corn were growing, together with every kind of vegetable that could be conceived." This and the neighboring towns, together with thousands of acres of corn, were destroyed. The Indians were disposed to make a stand for the protection of their towns, but the numbers and discipline of Sullivan's troops were too much for them. Only one severe battle was fought; and that was between a detachment under Lieut. Boyd and the Indians, in which Boyd was captured. The story of his subsequent torture, at Little Beard's Town, thrills the soul with horror. At no great distance South of the village, a considerable stream, called Fall Brook, crosses the road, and descends into the river. Before it reaches the flats, it plunges abruptly into a chasm upwards of one hundred feet deep. It is a tradition of the neighborhood, that in one of the fights with Sullivan many of the Indians were driven to the brink of this precipice, whence they leaped into the gulf, and were killed by the fall. There is no mention of any such incident in the official account of Sullivan, or in the other chronicles of the day.

There are some very pleasant residences in the environs of Geneseo, one of which is occupied by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and the eldest son of the former editor of the Commercial Advertiser.

The principal object of my visit in this direction was to visit the upper falls of the Genesee, and examine the stupendous works upon the Genesee Valley Canal, that is to pierce the mountain through which, in some mighty convulsion of nature, the river forced its passage when it determined to run the wrong way. My next stage from Geneseo, therefore, was to Mount Morris, eight miles, and thence, via the Nunda Valley, to Portage, at the head of the upper falls. Between Geneseo and Mount Morris the river takes an abrubt turn to the right, descending into what is properly the Genesee valley, from a W. S. W. direction, through a narrow gorge of the mountain range, of which I shall have more to say in my next number. The valley of the Genesee, or what is apparently such, continues directly South, watered by the Canaseraga creek, about twenty miles to Dansville, in the county of Steuben.—This creek is so considerable a stream that in crossing it in my way to Mount Morris, I mistook it for the river itself, although it enters the river some distance below. The Canaseraga valley, I am told, maintains its character both for beauty and fertility, quite up to Dansville. There are splendid farms the whole distance, among which are that of the late Colonel Fitzhugh, who came from Maryland, and also that of Judge Carroll, in sight of which I did not get before crossing the valley to Mount Morris.

The village of Mount Morris is a brisk and flourishing place. The Genesee Valley Canal, after passing the river at the elbow below, which I have already attempted to describe, runs along beneath, or rather at the foot of the sloping plain upon which the village stands, and after passing some distance, bends round toward the West into Nunda Valley. This canal is now completed and in use, from Rochester to Mount Morris. A lateral canal has also been constructed hence to Dansville, at which place there are three thousand acres of rich and alluvial lands.

My course from Mount Morris was Southwestwardly across an elevated range of country about twelves miles through Brook's Grove, to Nunda, situated in a pretty deep valley. Brook's Grove is upon the brow of the hill, about two miles from Nunda, and commanding a fine view of the mountains of Allegany county, which here begin to disclose their summits in varied form and situation. The name of this estate is derived from its owner, General Micah Brooks, formerly of Ontario county, and a veteran politician of the west, in the days of Jefferson. The General has often been a member of the Legislature of this State, several times in Congress, and was a member of the Convention of 1821, which formed the present State Constitution. He was the innocent cause of the celebrated libel suit, Southwick vs. Croswell, which occurred during the high party feuds about the 1808. It was a small matter in the beginning, but because an important affair before its close. General Brooks, I believe, was charged by Croswell, then editor of the Balance, at Albany, with having voted for an increase of legislative pay—a charge warranted by the division, as it had been furnished by the reporter. This charge created some excitement among General Brook's constituents—"the sap-boilers" of the West, as they were called—and he denied it, exhibiting the legislative journals as evidence of the fact that he voted against the advance of compensation. Croswell, strong in the confidence of the vote, as it had been reported for his own paper, re-asserted the charge. Southwick, being at the time editor of the Albany Register and state printer, took the side of Brook's; and Croswell, in the heat of political excitement, rashly charged Southwith with having corruptly altered the record. Southwick prosecuted, recovered a heavy verdict, and afterward magnanimously cancelled it.

A few years since General Brooks became one of the purchasers of the Gardow Indian reservation, and removed from Ontario to the place he now occupies. His landed estates are extensive. His cottage is embosomed in a grove of various trees, principally maple, and as I have already remarked, commands an extensive view of the adjacent country, wild, picturesque and beautiful.

The Gardow Reservation, to which I have referred, and upon a section of which Gen. Brooks resides, was a tract of ten thousand acres which the Seneca Indians reserved in their sale to Robert Morris, in 1797, conferring it upon Mary Jemison, the celebrated "White Woman," who resided upon it until her decease, at a very advanced age, some ten or fifteen years ago. Mary Jemison was truly a remarkable woman. She was of Irish parents, and was born at sea on their passage to America, in 1742 or '43. Her parents settled on what was at that time the frontier of Pennsylvania. She had an uncle in the command of Washington, who fell at Braddock's defeat. In the spring of 1755, Mary, her parents, two brothers and several inmates of the house were made prisoners by a party of half a dozen Seneca Indians and four Frenchmen. They were all hurried off into the woods, and the whole party murdered afterward, Mary alone excepted. She was exposed to all the hardships and privations of a prisoner, until her arrival at a Seneca town, where she was adopted into an Indian family, as a daughter, and henceforward treated with kindness—leading a roving life, and for a season meditating upon the means of escape. These being frustrated she at length resigned herself to the Indian life and customs. At a proper age she was married to a Delaware Indian whom she loved, and by whom she had one or more children. She visited Fort Pitt several times, and occasionally resided among the Shawnee Indians.

Her husband died, and she afterward married a Seneca chief, living in the Genesee valley, at about the beginning of the war of the revolution. Her Seneca husband was a man of blood, but kind and affectionate to her. She retained her family name, Jemison, and also the English language, which she spoke fluently until the day of her death. But although she had been religiously instructed by her parents, she embraced the religion of the Indians, and in a word became thoroughly Indianized,—adopting and becoming enamoured of all their manners, habits and customs throughout. Her habits were full of incident and wild adventure. The Indians ever entertained an exalted opinion of her, as was evinced by the grant of the Gardow tract—embracing a rich section, both of intervale and upland, upon which she resided until her death. In obtaining this

grant, or reservation, moreover, she showed all the cunning of her adopted people. Mr. Thomas Morris, who conducted the treaty for his father, has told me that when the request was made to him for a reservation for "The White Woman," he supposed that they meant only a farm of some two or three hundred acres, but that the woman herself, by artfully indicating certain bounds with which he was not exactly familiar, actually overreached him, and obtained the large tract already mentioned, including the whole of the Gardow flats, and the romantic walls of rock and hill within which they are sequestered.

During the war of the revolution, her house was often the quarters of Brant and Colonel John Butler, when making their inroads upon the frontiers of the Colonies. She attended the treaty of Genesee Flatts, held by General Schuyler in 1775; and her life, taken down in writing from her own lips, in 1823, was full of incident and adventure. She would not throw off her Indian costume, even after the white population had completely surrounded her residence—but adhered to her Indian customs with the utmost tenacity to the last. She was rich, not only in lands, but in flocks and herds, and had tenants who worked her lands. One of her sons was educated a physician, and obtained a surgeon's commission in the navy—dying a few years ago on the Mediterranean station. In many respects Mary was a valuable woman—humane and benevolent—and doing great good among the people of her adoption. Adieu.

From the Ayr (Ireland) Advertiser.

A Crow Wiser than his Generation.

The proprietor of the Doonside, in this neighborhood, whose fancy for the rare and excentric leads him to have many curiosities about his fine residence on the banks of the Doon, some time ago took a young crow from his rookery, which became very tame, and which Mr. C. taught to speak several words as plainly as most parrots that have been taught to pronounce the English language with propriety. The sooty favorite was christened "Jim," and grew up to crowhood on the best terms with a dog named "Whirlie," and a fine tom cat—the trio forming a family more loving and fond than most family circles in a higher class of creation. When "Jim" got his bait, he never forgot his companions, but would flutter on all sides of it, and shout "Whirlie, Whirlie, Whirlie!" till the dog came to partake; and so well was the cat accustomed to the sound, that she invariably attended when she heard "Whirlie" called for; so that, to accommodate the party, the meal was generally enough for all three. But the crow would not give a peck till "Whirlie" and the cat were present to start fair; nor would it go to roost till all the three came to nestle at the fire-side together. But nature breaks up the strongest ties among crows as well as men. The feathered wonder turned out not to be a Jim but a Jenny crow, and as she could not go to seek a mate, by reason of her cropped wings, a mate came and sought her. Nor was his suit in vain. "Jenny" eloped, but the deuce was that the cat followed her, and after she had built her nest on the lowest branch of a tree, Grimalkin discovered her retreat, and tore it down. Her liege lord again prevailed on her to make a fresh attempt, and the lady of the house, with characteristic feelings, aided her in her efforts at building, by gatherings twigs, with which "Jenny" hopped to a high branch and completed her nest, which, when last seen, had several eggs in it. But the mischief was, whenever poor "Jenny" was fed by her lord and master, she, as usual, screeched "Whirlie, Whirlie!" and the cat, sorely troubled at the separation, and able to hear it no longer, scrambled up the tree one night last week, lay down with the crow upon the nest, and broke her eggs. The poor crow was thus forced to return to Doonside House, where she coquetts a little with the real "Jim," but again feeds and roosts with her old companions.

Respect the Ladies.—Nothing sets so wide a mark between the vulgar and the noble soul as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman, is generally, a coarse profligate or a coarse bigot—no matter which.

Degree of Happiness.—If you wish to be happy for a day, get well shaved; if for a week, get invited to a wedding; if for a month, buy a good nag; if for half a year, marry a handsome wife; but if you would be always gay and cheerful, practice temperance.

A Romance in Real Life.

A romantic incident has just occurred in the Maryland Infirmary.

Ann Dempsey, a young and interesting girl, who had been the support of an aged mother, had gone into the infirmary for the purpose of undergoing an operation for the removal of a dropsical complaint, which had assumed the form of a large tumor. She was warned of the painful and even perilous nature of the operation, but she expressed her resolution to submit to it, owing to the ardent wish that her life might be spared for her mother's sake. The operation was performed in the presence of her mother and several eminent medical men. It lasted two hours and forty minutes, and the magnitude of the tumor taken from her, may be imagined when it contained no less two gallons and a half of water. Notwithstanding the long and painful operation, singular to relate, this heroic girl never uttered a single cry; but at the conclusion tears were observed rolling down her cheeks, and being desired not to shed them, she replied that "they were tears of joy at her freedom from the incubus which had so long afflicted her." As she appeared to be in a sinking condition, the medical gentlemen, upon a consultation, deemed a fresh infusion of blood into her veins absolutely necessary. On making inquiries as to whom they could procure to provide the blood, it was ascertained that two men were in an adjoining room, one 25 and the other 30 or 40 years of age, anxiously awaiting the issue of the operation. Believing them, in the first instance, to be relatives of the poor girl, they were ushered into the room, when it turned out that the eldest was her employer, for whom she worked at shoe-binding, and the other a journeyman in the same employ, both devotedly attached to the unfortunate girl. On being made acquainted with her state, and what was required to be done for the patient, they both simultaneously volunteered to supply the blood from their veins.

Much bitterness of feeling and contention between them ensued as to which should do so, which was put an end to by the decision of the surgeons in favor of the youngest, who baring his arm, with great energy exclaimed, 'that he was willing to lose the last drop of his blood to save her life.' The blood was then carefully infused from his arm into the veins of the poor sufferer, till the young man fainted from his loss. On this taking place the elder lover implored permission to supply the remainder, but the girl recovering, it was deemed unnecessary. The poor girl began to improve, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery, but unfortunately these hopes were blasted, for unknown to the surgeons, she was afflicted with a severe diarrhœa, which increased until it became a confirmed case of cholera, from the effects of which she died on the fifth day after the operation. She was sensible to the last, and the death bed scene is represented as truly affecting. She expressed a wish to see the young man who had lost his blood for her, kissed him, and bade him cut off a lock of her hair, and begged him to be kind to her mother. She then entered into prayer with the Rev. Mr. Moody, the Chaplain to the workhouse, and in the midst of it expired.

A recipe for taking the Fever and Ague. —"A recipe for what?" Oh, don't be alarmed, you needn't try it if you don't like it. You can read it, though, without much danger, unless your blood is very thin. It is taken from the Plattville (Wisconsin) Badger:—"Put on a pair of cotton or linen pataloons, (yellow, if possible,) a long tailed, pale blue, old jean coat, a high crowned, peaked topped, straw or chip hat, and a low pair of shoes without socks: then seat yourself on a high stump next morning after the first frost, and rest your head on your hand, and your elbow on your knee, and look over the fence wishfully into the cucumber patch; if you can stand this operation for two hours without your teeth chattering, you are proof against ague: if the experiment fail, you may attribute the failure to the healthiness of the climate, and not the inefficiency of the experiment."

A Retort Professional.—A physician passing by a stone-masons', hawled out to him, "Good morning, Mr. W:—hard at work I see: you finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring him, and then I keep right on."

Progress of Improvement.

An Edinburgh paper, the Phœnix, embodies some of the changes and improvements of the last seventy years in the form of a prophecy, as if it had been uttered before the American war, Anno Domini 1770. The prophecy, if then published, would have gained little credence. It is now but a recapitulation of familiar historical events:

In seven years from this time the British empire shall be rent in twain (American war, in 1776.) In fifteen years men shall rise from the earth and fly through the air (invention of balloons, 1780.) In twenty years the French monarchy shall come to an end. A virtuous prince, (Louis XVI, 1793,) not yet king, shall in twenty-three years lay down his life on the scaffold; his wife and sister shall share the same fate. In those days news shall travel with the speed of the wind, and what was done at mid-day shall be known at the fartherest bounds of the kingdom ere the setting sun (the telegraph, 1794.) In twenty-six years a conqueror shall arise (Bonaparte) who shall water his horses in the Nile, the Jordan, the Tagus and the Borysthenes. This conqueror shall restore the chair of St. Peter, and throw down what he had restored (dethornement of Pius VII.) Finally, he whom the world could not contain, shall die a captive on a rocky island (St. Helena) neither in Europe, Asia, Africa, nor America, but in the midst of a vast ocean; a few feet of earth his empire, a willow his monument.

It those days metals shall be found which float on the water, and burn under it, (sodium, potassium, discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy.)—Ships shall stem the stormiest ocean without sails or oars, (steam ships.) Carriages shall run without horses with the speed of the wind, (locomotive engines.) The ordinary speed of the wind is thirty-five miles an hour; that of the engine in the Great Western Railway is thirty-nine.) Men shall be conveyed from India to the mighty Babylon in a month; to America in ten days; from one end of England to the other in eight hours.—Bridges shall hang by a chain over the sea, while roads shall be made under it., (the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel.)

To these days of bloodshed, shall succeed days of liberty. The negro shall no longer be bought or sold. The slave shall be set free. The Greek shall be freed from the Turk; the Catholic from the Orangeman. The very beasts in those days shall have laws to protect them. Those days shall be days of great light. Men shall plough without horses (steam plough;) they shall spin without hands (power looms;) they shall calculate by wheels (Babbage's machine;) the sun shall engrave for them (Daguerreotype;) they shall write with the lightning, (electric telegraph.) One machine shall print in one hour many thousand books, each of which shall take a man many days to read: a man may buy a book for a penny, and for a penny he may send it to the ends of the empire. They shall read the rock instead of a book (geology) and decipher the history of beings which lived and died ere man existed. In the heavens new stars shall be discovered; some, sisters of the earth; some, brothers of the sun, (the planets, five in number, discovered since the American war, and the double stars by Sir William Herschel,) and of all colors of the rainbow. In these days, likewise, they shall read the Pyramids, (Young's and Champollion's discoveries.) They shall find out the mouth of the Niger and the Magnetic Pole; the way to every thing shall have been discovered—but the way to be happy.

An able judge of the interior was once obliged to deliver the following 'charge' to the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

The last case of absence of mind which has occurred in this city, happened to Mr. Squibbs, who tied her bustle upon her head and her new French frilled morning-cap to her back, just before she descended to breakfast.

There's a man out east who is so small that he frequently gets lost, and is obliged to go about with a candle and ring a bell, to find out what's become of himself.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

THE MANSION OF GEORGE III.—The late King of England, before his ascent to the throne, was probably one of the most voluptuous princes that ever lived in Europe. Whilst he enjoyed the title of Prince of Wales, he resided at the Charlton-house—a mansion of almost unsurpassed magnificence. This mansion was razed to the ground a few years since, and some fifty or sixty houses, themselves like palaces, now occupy its site.

THE AFFECTIONS.—It seems as if our affection for any object increases in proportion to the number or degree of virtuous feelings which it calls into existence. We are, therefore, accustomed to love tenderly the being for whom we have most suffered or struggled.

CURIOUS IDEA OF BEAUTY.—Some of our Indian tribes, with a view of rendering their children beautiful, tie four boards round their heads, and thus squeeze them, while the bones are yet tender, into a square form. Others give the heads of their children, the form of a sugar loaf.

PHRENOLOGICAL.—A wag the other day, speaking of a man whose important air in our streets attracted a great deal of notice, remarked that his "bump of self-esteem was so prominent, that he could not keep his hat on in a windy day."

ANCESTRY.—Paulding, in a contribution to one of our Annuals, says, "I never knew a man boast of his ancestors, who had any just cause to be proud of any thing else."

MEDITERRANEAN BEAUTIES.—With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, corpulency is the perfection of form in a woman.

THE PARTING SPEECH.—Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is always remembered.

GRAY.—It is recorded of Gray, the poet, that his idea of human enjoyment, was to lounge on a sofa and read new novels.

A SECRET.—Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The *Acrostic* sent us by a correspondent who is generally welcome to our columns, is not the thing. There have never been above a dozen acrostics written which were fit to be published, and the one in question, is not one of the dozen.

The communication of D. S. Jr. is written in a beautiful hand, which is very well; and contains a large number of *long adjectives* and "dictionary words" generally, which is not so well. For our single self, we like a little old *Saxon English* by way of a *substantial*, with our literary repasts, as we like a hearty cut of *roast beef* in our *gastronomical* entertainments. As the literary *larder* of our correspondant lacks this essential, we must decline furnishing our board from it until he can supply the deficency.

Other communications which do not appear in our columns, are, some of them, excluded for reasons similar to those given in respect to the above two, and some for want of room.

The very pleasant Original Tale which we publish to-day, under the title of "Doleful Dick," is from the pen of a new correspondent. We are in hopes of hearing from him often, being satisfied that whatever he might choose to communicate, would prove highly acceptable to our readers.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

DOLEFUL DICK.

Richard Cheerful was as merry a fellow as the sun ever shone upon. Of a fair patrimony and classical education, at the age of twenty-four he rejoiced in the license and business of a reputable attorney. His profession gave him ample opportunity for the cultivation of literary leisure in the modern sense of the term; that is, of reading all the new novels, indulging in Byron and Shakspeare, and misappreciating Coleridge and Shelly. To this was added a sweet predilection for mispronouncing French on all inopportune occasions, with an occasional guttural interjection of the once liquid Italian. But Richard Cheerful's characteristic was other than any thing we have yet mentioned, being no less than a general affection for the younger portion of the fair sex, and an extreme susceptibility to their charms. This weakness, or as Richard termed it, "*un penchant le plus tendre pour le sexe*," was the effect of a warm constitutional temperament, combined with a good share of what the world calls sentiment. Certainly Richard was not fitted for success with the fair by any peculiar charms of his own person, for he was square shouldered, thick set and clumsy, and a rather crimson complexion, was adorned with a profusion of hair, and a bordering of whiskers, which he candidly acknowledged were "rather inclined to sandy," but which the world pronounced decidedly red. In manners, too, Richard might have relied with more certainty upon his excessive good nature than upon any artificial grace of modish acquirements. Yet Richard was not unpopular with his fair friends, and indeed was ordinarily received with a considerable degree of favor, which perhaps was no more than so harmless and convenient a creature deserved.

Thus passed the life of Richard Cheerful in his pursuits of law, literature and the fair, in an unbroken series of happy incidents. But dearly as Richard loved the sex, his attachments were general, and had not defined themselves by association with any individual. It is true he had thought of the holy and blessed state of matrimony, so much and so often that this was one of his hobbies in conversation, and it is true, too, that he had elaborated a *beau ideal* of what every wife ought to be, and what his own wife should be, but Richard had never never realized the embodiment of this ideal in the person of any of his fair friends, and it still existed only as an abstract standard in his own mind. Meanwhile he assiduously cultivated his predilection for the society of the sex, for he held with Sterne, that one can never rightly esteem an individual without a general esteem for the whole of the fair, and he did not believe in the philosophy of involving all females in a sweeping condemnation for weakness and folly, with the single exception of his own mother sister and wife.

Richard Cheerful sat one evening conversing with a fair young sylph, whose mature perfections he began to suspect would cast his cherished ideal in the shade. The hour was past eleven, for Richard had the foible, the "amiable weakness" of sometimes protracting his calls to a very late hour. The subject of conversation was his favorite theme of matrimony, on which he dilated with a pleasing, because heart-born eloquence.—He had just finished a glowing period of eulogy upon that blissful state, and sat as if constraining himself to silence in consciousness of his fervor.

"And when," responded his companion, "when shall you go to bring her here."

Richard Cheerful started back in amazement.

"To bring whom here?"

"Why the lady you have been so eloquently talking about, to be sure, or in other words the Mrs. Cheerful that is to be," said the fair creature."

"Ha, ha, ha! an excellent joke!" protested Richard Cheerful.

"No, no, you cannot make it a joke to me, Mr. Cheerful, for I had it from your most intimate friend, who told me all the particulars of the engagement, and that you were soon to bring her here."

"Ha, ha, ha! And pray, my fair one, what is the name of this extremely fortunate young lady?" interrogated Richard."

"Catherine something, I forget what," answered she, "but she lives a great way down east, in Catawa county, as yon know very well."

"And how old is this Miss Caroline somebody?" continued he.

"Catharine, not Caroline."

"Oh yes, I dare say it is," said Richard, "but how am I to remember the name? won't you tie a string round my finger so that when I look at it I shall know that it signifies Catherine somebody? Do indeed!" said Richard laughingly.

"This will do," said the young lady, as she took an emerald ring from her finger and placed it upon his: "Know, Richard Cheerful, by this symbol that the same denoteth and signifieth in law a certain person to the donor known, to wit, one Catherine ———, of——— town, Catawa county, State of New York."

Richard took his leave highly pleased with the incident. But from that hour was Richard a doomed man. Wherever he went and on every occasion, he was greeted with allusions to the fair Catharine. Rumor gave no surmame nor further addition than the locality of Catawa county, and all else was left in a beautiful mystery. In vain he protested with all the earnestness of a condemned convict that the rumor was false; from his very seriousness his friends drew confirmation of the truth of the report, and Richard Cheerful was condemned to a hopeless matrimonial engagement with the unknown Catharihe.

This finally affected the peculiar structure of his mind. At first his fine flow of spirits forsook him. He could not revive them by the harmless stimulus of society, for constant allusions to his supposed engagement, constantly fell from the lips of his fair friends, who had neither the benevolence nor the tact to avoid a subject which evidently annoyed him. Thus, like a teased turtle, Richard gradually withdrew within himself, and his mind began to prey upon itself, only to destroy its own nature and power. He became moody and reserved, neglected his business and favorite pursuits, and became careless of his person.—Time wrought its changes with a rapid hand, and in one short year, Richard Cheerful had degenerated from a very good natured bachelor, to a miserable, slovenly loafer, whose powers of mind had vanished beneath a cloud of mental despondency.

One morning, Richard suddenly disappeared. Conjecture was rife upon the occasion, but as usual was entirely at fault. In truth Richard had conceived the idea of making a descent upon the county of Catawa, in search of the unknown Catharine. How he succeeded in his quest is unknown, but it is certain that he returned in some three weeks, apparently much fatigued and travel-worn, alone, and doubly dejected.

The last time I saw Richard was on board a Western Packet. He sat moodily alone, with his legs awkwardly crossed, enveloped in a coarse mohair coat, and holding his hat in his hands in the attitude of one soliciting a contribution. The Captain of the packet was receiving fare from the

passengers, and a fair blonde of eighteen had just approached the desk.

"Your name, ma'am?" asked he.

"Brown."

"Your first name?"

"Catharine," was the softly whispered reply.

"*Catharine*, from Catawa county?" thundered Richard, dropping his hat and springing to his feet, staring with an unwonted lusture of eye into the face of the frightened girl.

"No, sir, from Detroit, where I was born and have always lived!" was the answer.

Richard wildly struck his forehead and sank back into his seat, regardless of the confusion he had created, and of the scores of eyes bent in a gaze of wonder upon him, and whispering in those tones which insanity makes so movingly and fearfully piteous:

"How long, oh, how long shall I be thus tormented?"

Richard has taken in his sign of Attorney, and his books are deeply covered with inglorious dust. He rarely makes his appearance in the full light of day, but may be seen at twilight, wending a lonely walk in the skirt of some sombre wood. His very name has been changed by common consent of the neighborhood, and even the village schoolmaster, who is the compiler of a pocket dictionary and compendous rhetorick, and is a great stickler for the notion that the sound and sense of words ought to agree, at his last visit to me proposed, as a matter of public policy as regards the progress of literature and good taste, the enactment of a law by the Legislature in these words:

"An act for the relief of Richard Cheerful.

§ 1 It shall hereafter be lawful for Richard Cheerful to be called and known in law by the name of Doleful Dick."

Certain I am that when Richard gives up the ghost no more appropriate inscription can be placed over his head than this:

"RICHARD CHEERFUL,
OBT. A. D. 18--,
AET. --,
Of a supposed Engagement to an Unknown Lady."

What tears will be shed as the young and fair read the epitaph; what tributes of sentimentality will be poured out to his memory! I only wish Richard could be restored to life to receive them.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.—The October number of Mrs. Mason's re-print of this deservedly popular Magazine, has been received.—Among its contributors we recognize some of the most able writers of Eutope. Though we ever prefer to recommend to the public patrouage, the leading periodicals of our own country, believing, as we do, that they are conducted with quite as much ability as those of any other country, still to those who choose to patronize a foreign publication of this kind, we know of but few, if any, that we could recommend more cheerfully than the Metropolitan Magazine.

THEFT.—Various of our editorial brethren make use of our "Miscellaneous Trifles;" but they have invariably *forgotten* to credit them! Though these "Trifles" may be as "light as air," still, if they are deserving of re-publication, they are certainly deserving of credit. If this *hint* is not sufficient, another still more significant will soon be given to certain editors on whom we have our eye.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TRAVELERS.—A writer in Frazier's Magazine, (an English publication,) says that the Americans, *like the English*, "seem to have taken the traveling mania." This comparison is miserbly out of joint. The writer might with equal propriety, compare a locomotive with a snail!

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Birth Day Musings.

BY J. B. CLARKE.

Another natal day has come,
Another year of life has passed;
Oh! could I read my hidden doom,
Would this be seen my *last*?
Will not some spirit hand unroll,
My destiny's dark sealed, mysterious scroll?

Perchance the page would briefly tell,
That ere another year has fled,
Will hoarse, dull tones of funeral knell,
Announce my passage to the dead;
With few to mark, and few to mourn,
My exit hence to that returnless bourne.

Perchance the page would but declare,
How all within ambition's scope,
Shall cheat my grasp, and fell despair
Hold riot on each cherished hope!
But no; to man it is not given
To read the scroll sealed by the hand of Heaven.

Why must the future always be
Unknown, unsearched by mortal eye—
To man, a dark, unfathomed sea,
Where hidden death and dangers lie?
Ah! why on life's unvoyaged deep,
Must time's dark brooding shadows always sleep!

But time himself will lift the shroud
As one by one my years go out,
And aye dispel the sullen cloud
That wraps me in this night of doubt!
Then roll on years! your swiftes flight,
Will soonest melt in morn life's rayless night.

THE WAGS.

[Concluded from page 182.]

In the meanwhile young Tom Wag studied Latin and Greek with a neighboring curate; William and Stephen were, in due course, admitted into the Blue-coat School, and the education of the other children went on precisely as had been recommended by their eccentric benefactor, whose advice Mr. and Mrs. Wag considered equivalent to commands. Still they were often uneasy about him, and more particularly after another Christmas eve had passed without his appearance.—Poor Mrs. Wag was sure he was ill, and would occasionally charge him with unkindness for not letting her know, that she might go and nurse him. But again months and months rolled away, and at last autumn arrived, and with it brought the grand *denouement* of the mystery, as suddenly and unexpectedly as their former good-luck.

All the Wags who were at home were sitting round a tea-table, in the little garden at the back of the house, and Mrs. Wag was sedately filling their cups, when one of the younger children exclaimed, "Who 's that?"

Jeremiah looked round to where the child was gazing, and behold his benefactor stealthily approaching from the back door, with an arch smile on his countenance, as though wishing to take them by surprise; but perceiving that he was discovered, he stepped nimbly forward, according to his usual custom, and holding out his hand, said, "Well, my dear Wag, how are you? How are you, my dear Mrs. Wag? and how are you, young Jerry Wag, Mary Wag, Sarah Wag, Henry Wag, and Philip Wag?"

All expressed their delight at his appearance, according to their different ages and abilities, but all were evidently delighted, and none more than the strange little gentleman himself, whose eyes sparkled with gratification as he took his seat, looked round at the joyous group, and begged to join their family party. Mrs. Wag felt somewhat tremulous at first, and doubtless her visiter perceived it, as he turned his attention to the little Wags till she had finished her table arrangements and presented him with a cup of tea.

"Thank you, my good lady," said he; "that 's as it should be. All merry Wags together, eh?"

"We—we—thank God!" whimpered Mrs. Wag, "we are—Yes! But it 's all your doing, sir, I wish I could thank—thank you—as I ought."

Here Jeremiah, perceiving that his spouse was too nervous to make an excellent speech, "took up the cudgels" of gratitude; but, saving that there could be no doubt of his sincerity, displayed no great oratorical talents. Brief, however, as his speeches, or rather ejaculation, were, the funny old gentleman stopped him by the apparently funny observation,—

"So, my good Jeremiah Wag, you do n't know where your father came from?"

"No, sir, indeed," replied the shop-keeper, marvelling at the oddity of the question.

"Well," then, I do," said his benefactor; "I was determined to find it out, because the name is so uncommon. Hard work I had, though. Merchant, to whom he was clerk, dead. Son in the West Indies. Wrote. No answer for some time—then not satisfactory. Obliged to wait till he came back. Long talk. No use. Well, well. Tell you all about it another day. Cut it short now. Found out a person at last who was intimate friend and fellow-clerk with your father. Made all right. Went down into the north. Got his register."

"Really, sir," stammered Jeremiah, "it was very kind of you, but I am sorry you should have given yourself so mush trouble; but I 'm sure, if I have any poor relations that I can be of service to in employing them, now that your bounty has put me in the way of doing well, I shall be very glad, though I never did hear talk of any."

"No, Master Jeremiah," said the eccentric old gentleman, "you have no poor relations now, nor ever had; but your father had a good-for-nothing elder brother, who left home at an early age, after your grandmother's death, and was entitled to go abroad by fair promises, which were not fulfilled. So, not having any thing agreeable to write about, he did n't write at all, like a young scamp as he was, and when the time came that he had something pleasant to communicate, it was too late, as his father was no more, and his only brother (your father) was gone nobody knew where. Well, to make a short story of it, that chap, your uncle, was knocked about in the world, sometimes up and sometimes down, bnt at last found himself pretty strong upon his legs, and then made up his mind to come back to Old England, where he found nobody to care for him, and went wandering hither and thither, spending his time at watering-places, and so on, for several years."

"And pray, sir," inquired Jeremiah, as his respected guest paused, "Have you any idea what became of him?"

"Yes, I have," replied the little gentleman, smilling significantly at his host and hostess.—"One day he arrived in a smallish town, very like this, and terribly low-spirited he was, for he 'd been ill some time before, and was fretting himself to think that he had been toiling to scrape money together, and was without children or kindred to leave it to. No very plasant reflection that, my worthy Wags, let me tell you! Well, he ordered dinner, for form's sake, at the inn, and then went yawning about the room; and then he took his stand at the window, and, looking across the road, he saw the name of Wag over a shop-door, and then——You know all the rest! The fact is, I am a Wag, you are my nephew, and you, my dear Mrs. Wag, are my niece, and so let us be merry Wags together!"

Here me might lay down the pen, were it not for our dislike to strut in borrowed plumes; and that inclineth us to inform the gentle reader that no part of this simple story is of our invention, except the last disclosure of the senior Wag's relationship to his namesake, which we ventured to add, fearing that the *truth* might appear *incredible*. The other facts occured precisely as we have stated. An elderly gentleman bearing a name more singular than Wag, returned home from India with a handsome fortune somewhat more than half a century back, and sought in vain for relatives; but one day, from the window of an inn, at which he had arrived in his own dark-green travelling chariot, he espied the shop of a namesake, whose acquaintance he instantly made his expressed hope was to discover that they were connected by some distant tie of consanguinity; but failing in that object after most minute investigation, he never withdrew his patronage. For many years he watched over the rising fortunes of the family; and as the young people arrived at maturity, provided for them as though they were his own children, to the extent of many thousand pounds; and when he died, left among them the whole of his property. Now, though the heart and conduct of this good man were truly benevolent, there can be no question respecting the motive of his actions, for he often avowed it. He was determined to *keep up* the respectability of his *name*; and with great pleasure we have to record that the few who now bear it, move in a much higher circle than would have been their lot but for him whose memory they hold in reverence, and consider as the founder of their family. Reader! imitate him, and "keep up" the respectability of your name.

"We wear soft raiment," as the pig said when he came out of the mud.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Lines addressed to a Newly Married Pair.

BY REV. A. C. LATHROP.

Sweet Friends, the mystic nuptial knot is tied,
That makes you now, no longer "twain, but one";—
That brings you bliss, till sinks life's setting sun,
Or makes you wretched, while life's stream shall glide;—
That blends your fates, while lasts your mortal breath,
Or joins your happy fortunes until death:—

That causes all your cares and tears to flow
In the same channel, and one swelling tide,
Till mounting high, and spreading far and wide,—
Or mingles joys and pleasures as you go,
Adown the path of life, all strewed with flowers,
Culled from the choicest of sweet Eden's bowers:—

That brings you sometimes joy, and ofttimes sorrow,
Commingled strangely, as the sun and shade,
So oft beheld, upon the vernal glade,
Where pours the sun to-day, the storm to-morrow:
Heaven designs that marriage shall bring bliss;
If aught of earth can comfort, it is this.

Dear Brother, let me call thee—for thou art,
In sight of human law and Christian love;—
Though not by blood can I the kindred prove,
Nor yet by *sect*, still are we of one heart,
Begotten in the image of our God,
Adopted sons and heirs, through Jesus' blood.

Dear *Brother!* in this kindred word I glory,—
Though gold or silver, thou hast next to none,
Nor yet thy name hath been renowned in story,
I love thee for the good that thou hast done,—
And I am proud to call thee more than Friend,
For Truth and Virtue on thy path attend.

Dear Brother, God hath crowned thy youthful days
With his rich blessing: for in early youth,
He "brought" thee "to the knowledge of the truth,"
And hath directed thee in all thy ways,
To whom be all the glory and the praise—
And blessed be His name, in heavenly lays.

Dear Brother, thou hast mighty powers of mind,
Well stored with sacred science, and well skilled.
In thee my highest hopes have been fulfilled;
For thou unaided by a patron kind,
Hast earned these treasures full of precious lore,
And for this world's best good, hast kept in store.

Dear Brother, thou thy time hast well improved,
In giving it to active Industry,
Providing for thy present wants, and laying by,
For future days unknown, and thy beloved.
The Idle oft become the vicious poor,
Who learn to steal, and beg from door to door.

Dear Brother, thou wast hitherto unblest
In winning to thine own a woman's heart,
But thou hast acted the true lover's part,
To think of all women—thy wife's the best,
There are enough Cœlebs, who should love the rest,
And each man take one only to his breast.

Dear Brother, now my sister give I thee;
Be kind to her whom thou hast wooed and wed,—
Be provident, and earn thy "daily bread,"—
Be prudent, pious,—happy shalt thou be,—
Be useful—mayst thou live to life's late even,
To fit thyself to die and go to heaven.

Dear Sister, only thou art left of four;
Two went to heaven in early infancy;
One in her childhood, poison caused to die;
One in old Persia sleeps—her we deplore,—
She left her home, and crossed the ocean-wave
To toil for Christ—and there rests in her grave.

Dear Sister, thou wert left alone, when young,
A hapless, little orphan-girl to roam,
With no friend near thee, and without a home,—
When I went forth, and found thee far among
A world of strangers, in a heartless land,—
I sought thee out, and took thee by the hand.

Dear Sister, thou hast made my house thy home,
Since I my loved one to the altar led,
And brought her to my humble parish-dome,
And there with her and thee have sweetly fled
Full many a precious and a happy day,
That like all fleeting things, have passed away.

Dear Sister, now I give thee unto *him*,
Who is all-worthy, and who loves thee well,
And whom thou lovest more than thou canst tell.
May thy sweet cup of bliss o'erflow its brim!
Thou hast a bosom-friend, and need not roam,
For soon will he take thee to thy "sweet home."

Dear Sister, in thy chosen one confide,—
O! love him, and him only, all thy life,
And be to him a fondly loving wife,
A pious, prudent, faithful, constant bride.
May Industry thy daily steps attend,—
Content and Meekness make thee their true friend.

Dear Sister, let thy life to love be given,
And Prudence dictate every thought and word,
For know, "a prudent wife is from the Lord,"—
And as you now indulge a hope of heaven,
Let every action be the fruit of faith,
And live for God, from this good hour till death.

Sweet Friends, I now address you both as one,
For thus you are, before all earth and heaven,
And must be till shall close life's latest even,
When each shall for the many deeds now done,
Of good or ill, in these frail forms, appear
Before His bar, whom all should love and fear.

Dear Brother,—Sister,—cherish mutual love,
And confidence, and Christian charity;—
Forgive the faults which in each one you see;
In trials and afflictions look above;—
Take my advice, as kindly as 'tis given,
And after death may we all meet in heaven.

Mr. Rodes, the American Architect at Constantinople.

LAUNCH OF HIS FIRST SHIP.—We spent the evening with our kind, agreeable companion, Mr. Rhodes. As a specimen of our countrymen, Mr. Rhodes is an interesting object to every American who visits Constantinople. He is a self-made man; and though now basking in sunshine of wealth and royal favor, retains a delightful and unaffected simplicity, which reminds us so much of home, that it is a pleasure to be with him. It is singular how much energy of mind will accomplish. Mr. Rhodes was born and lived in Rhode Island until he was fourteen years of age, and had only the advantage of a country education, under a master who had kept the same village school for twenty eight years, without adding to, or changing any of his ideas; but his pupil had a natural taste for mathematics and mechanics, and overcame all obstacles. He is now that most respectable of beings—a scientific mechanic. Mr. Rhodes accompanied Mr. Eckford from New York to Constantinople, and engaged with him in the service of the Sultan. But Mr. Eckford had not completed one vessel when he suddenly died, and the whole business devolved upon Mr. Rhodes, who determined to go away as soon as the vessel was finished, but he received such offers as induced him to remain.

The first ship launched by the American architect presented a scene of general interest. The Sultan, who takes particular pride in his navy, came down to the ship yard and had his silken tents spread, while the captain pacha, attended by two or three hundred men provided with ropes, made ready to draw the vessel, *a la Turc*, into the water.

"What are you going to do?" said Mr. Rhodes.

"To help you," answered the Turk.

"But I do not want any help," said Mr. Rhodes with surprise. "I have five or six men."

The Turk started—Mr. Rhodes gave his orders—the supporters were cut away, and in an instant the noble vessel tracked the waves with fire.—The Sultan sprang up, clasped his hands, and cried "*Mashallah!*"—wonderful! It was a miracle. Such a thing was never before seen in Turkey. This will give some idea of how little the Turks know of the reduction of *manual labor*. The next day, Mr. Rhodes was busy in the ship yard: he had off his coat, his sleeves were rolled up, and his dress all besmeared with paint: a man came to him, saying the captain pacha wanted him in a great hurry. He immediately stepped into a boat, and was rowed off to the palace.

The pacha met him, saying, "The Sultan wishes to see you."

"But I have no coat on," said Mr. Rhodes.

"I cannot help that; his sublime highness waits," replied the pacha.

So poor Rhodes was ushered into the royal presence in the most uncourtly array. His *salam* was accompanied by an apology for his dress."

"I do not want your clothes, but you," said the Sultan. From that day favors have fallen thick upon our countryman. The Sultan at once proposed to make him, instead of master of the arsenal, Constructor General of the Empire—the highest dignity he could bestow upon him in his line of business. A pacha was sent to inform him of the honor intended him.

"I cannot accept it," was Mr. Rhodes' reply.

"But the Sultan wishes to honor you."

"I know that," continued Mr. Rhodes, "but now I am a private man, and can mind my own business without any body's minding me; and if you give me this splendid decoration, you only make me a mark for the shafts of envy, and I am no more safe."

"It will cost me my life to tell the Sultan you refuse this honor," said the poor pacha turning white.

They consulted about and discussed the subject for three days: at length, as the pacha could not prevail, he ventured to tell his despotic highness what Mr. Rhodes said. The only reply was 'very well,' and the subject was dropped—but not the Sultan's more substantial favors. Mr. Rhodes showed me some rich shawls and splendid jewels which had been sent as presents to him; and he is provided with a princely establishment. His luxuriant eastern halls are ever open to the many American travellers who visit the city; and to all he shows the kindest attentions. I examined many of his drawings and models for ship-building, and became quite interested in the science.—*Southern Literary Magazine.*

Man may *exist* in what is called a state of repose, but he *lives* only in action. Life is action; and our lives are longer or shorter, not according to the number of years, but the more or less intensity with which we have acted. There is no difference between absolute rest, inactivity and death. The more active we are, the further are we removed from death—the more truly do we live. We weary of inaction much sooner than we do of exertion; and the *idle*, we all feel, are the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 7th instant, by Rev. P. Church, Mr. Henry V. Soule, to Miss Charlotte M. Conover, all of this city.

In this city, on the 2nd instant, by the Rev. Z. Hebard, Mr. Joseph Condit, of Geneva, to Miss Lydia Thorp, of Rochester.

On the 12th of Oct., by the Rev. P. B. Murray, Mr. CHANDLER M. ALTBY Jr., to Miss SUSAN PURSE, of Henrietta.

On Thursday evening last, by Rev. Prof. Dewey, Mr. Ramus Seymour, to Miss Elizabeth Davis, all of this city.

In Greece, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. M. Olcott, Mr. ELI MOULTON, to Miss HANNAH B. HALE, daughter of Dea. Orren Hale, all of that town.

In Scottsville, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr. William G. Huff, of Scottsville, to Miss Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Benjamin D. Boylan, deceased, of Newark, N. J.

In Orangeville, 7th ult., by Rev. Isaac Chichester, Mr. Giles Cowdin, to Miss Mary Ann Webster.

In Pembroke, 13th ult., by Rev. Lyman P. Judson, Mr. John W. Campbell, to Miss Eliza Durham. At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. John Hamilton, to Miss Maria Durham, all of the above place.

At Williamson, Wayne co., N. Y., on 29th ult., by Rev. Alfred C. Lathrop, Leonard P. Risingh, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Pa., to Miss Harriet J. Lathrop, of the former place, and only sister of Rev. A. C. Lathrop.

In Greece, on the 18th ult., by the Rev. H. B. Dodge, Mr. Abraham Cole, to Miss Betsey McCarty.

At Friends' Meeting, on the 29th of 10th mo., Richard B. White, of Mendon, son of Walter White, formerly of Stanford, Dutchess co., to Milocent, daughter of Nathaniel Russell, of the former place.

[The Poughkeepsie Eagle will confer a favor by copying the above.]

☞ The editor of a Western paper thus expresses his good wishes towards a couple who did'nt get married without remembering him in the cake line:—

May Heaven smile in its rich grace—
Strew your path with sacred peace—
Fill your cup with earthly joys,
And your arms with—*girls and boys!*

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FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

LINES

On the Death of Alexander Edgar Cook, who died Aug. 8, 1840, aged 2½ years.

BY M. A. H.

He was his father's darling,
A bright and happy boy;
His life was like a summer's day,
Of innocence and joy.

His voice like singing waters,
Fell softly on the ear,
So sweet the hurrying echo
Might linger long to hear.

He was his mother's cherub,
Her life's untarnished light,
Her joyous hope of morning,
Her vision dream of night.

His eyes were like the day beams,
That brightened all below;
His ringlets like the gathered gold
Of sunset's gorgeous glow.

He was his sisters' plaything,
A happy chi'd of glee,
That frolicked on the parlor floor,
Scarce higher than their knee.

His joyous bursts of pleasure
Were mild as mountain wind,
The laugh—the free, unfettered laugh
Of childhood's chainless thing.

He was his brothers' treasure,
Their bosoms' early pride,
A fair, depending blossom,
By their protecting side.

He is a blessed angel,
His home is in the sky;
He shines among those living lights,
Beneath his Maker's eye.

A freshly gathered lily,
A bud of early doom,
He's been transplanted from the earth
To bloom beyond the tomb.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

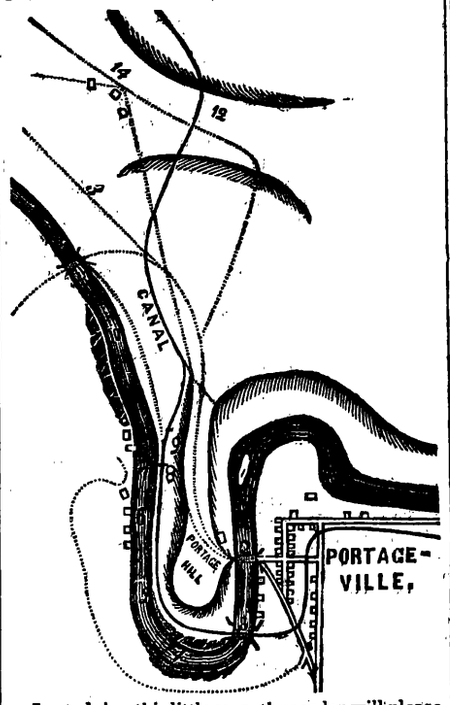
RAMBLES IN MIDSUMMER,

BY THE EDITOR.

Valley of the Genesee, ——, 1840.

I feel a greater degree of embarrassment, in commencing this letter than I have ever before experienced on a like occasion. The section of country to the border of which the reader was conducted in my last letter, is so remarkable, and so peculiar withal, that I greatly fear that I shall not be able to give an adequate description of it. To describe a landscape well by writing, the author must have the power of causing it to pass before the mental vision of the reader with all the freshness and beauty, with all the lights and shades and varied tints which could be imparted to it by the painter—or rather, he should be able to bring an impression of the scene before his reader with all the vividness and exactitude of Nature herself—giving distinctness and the true locality to mountain, wood and dell—to rock and waterfall. But whatever may have been my success in this department of composition heretofore, I am seriously apprehensive that I shall fail in imparting a just conception of the chasm of the Genesee through the mountain from Portage to the valley into which it flows from the gorge of Mount Morris, and also of the successive cataracts down which it leaps.

The playful remark was indulged in the last number of these desultory papers, that the Genesee river evidently flows in the wrong direction. The upper sources of this stream are found on the table land of Western Pennsylvania, interlocking with the head waters of the Alleghany and Susquehanna rivers and their tributary streams, which run toward the South, while the general course of the Genesee is North, through Allegany county, a corner of Genesee, and through Livingston and Monroe counties, as we have already seen, into Lake Ontario. In order to pursue this direction, the river breaks through the mountain range spoken of above. Although the general course of the river is tolerably direct, yet it has many windings, some of which are considerable. The greatest and most abrupt of these is embraced in the small district of country we are now contemplating; for the better understanding of which, together with the difficulties encountered in the construction of a great public work through this region, of which I am more particularly to speak by and by, one of the engineers has drawn the following map, which I trust you will have engraved for the Commercial:



In studying this little map, the reader will please to imagine that he is facing the South, or a S. W. direction, instead of looking toward the North, as is the rule in the consultation of maps. Thus looking, he will be enabled more intelligently to follow the track I am attempting to describe.

In my last number, the reader was conducted across an elevated district of country from Mount Morris to Brook's Grove, (No. 14 of the map,) overlooking the fine valley of Nunda, through which flows the Cashaqua creek. Descending from Brook's Grove into the valley, I again struck upon, and crossed, the Genesee valley canal—a work which will illustrate the power, if not the wisdom of our noble State—because whoever shall pass along its course, after its completion, will not be slow to admit that such a victory over such obstacles, has not often been accomplished in the history of human enterprises.

When the project of this canal was first commended to the public attention, upon the basis of the original estimates of its expense, and without any just conception of the difficulties to be encountered in its construction, I was among the number of its advocates. But while, in common with the public at large, I entirely overlooked the fact that the Genesee river affords an admirable boat navigation from the rapids at Rochester to Mount Morris, I little dreamed that estimates had been made, so fallacious that six millions would be required to perform the labor promised for less than two—I had no idea of the stupendous labor requisite for its construction, or of the small comparative value which the work promises to bear when completed. These considerations, however, can no longer be taken into the account. The State Government, so long in the hands of the friends of the present national Executive, decreed that this canal should be made. The surveys were completed, the line of the whole route definitely settled, extensive contracts made, and portions of the work executed, before the power of the State came into the hands of the present dominant party. Its completion therefore, cost what it may, has devolved upon the Whigs; and the debt thus prospectively contracted by their predecessors, is a portion of the inheritance bequeathed to them by the *ci-devant* Albany Regency—the members of which have so often been thrown into hysterical contortions at the idea of a public debt—the scrip of which they have no longer the power to sign and negotiate themselves.

The first division of this canal extends from Rochester to the dam by which it is to cross the river at Mount Morris—the first passing through the level lowland district of the lower Genesee, and the second through the valley of the Canaseraga, uniting with the Genesee at Mount Morris. The lockage of the first division is seventy and a half feet, divided into eight lift locks; and of the second, one hundred and six feet, divided into ten lift locks. The canal from Mount Morris to Dansville, however, is considered a lateral work or a branch; while the main canal itself winds around the Southern base of Mount Morris, taking a Western direction to Nunda—the starting point of the present communication.

From the village of Nunda, the canal pursues a Western course toward the Genesee river, about a mile of the distance being along the valley of the Cashaqua creek, but rapidly descending, by means of numerous locks, until it becomes necessary to cross the ridge dividing the waters of the Cashaqua from those which fall into the Genesee. These locks, I believe, are seventeen in number, some of them having a lift of twelve feet. The ridge itself, which at this point (figure 12 of the map) is forty-six chains in breadth, is crossed by the canal only be means of a vast excavation, varying in depth from twenty-three to seventy-three feet—the width of the excavation at the top, being three hundred and forty-eight feet, and at the bottom thirty-two feet. The entire length of this deep cutting is eighty-six chains, and the amount of the excavation is nearly six hundred thousand cubic yards. The difficulties of the work are likewise materially enhanced by stratifications of quick-sand.

My route was along that of the canal, until I had passed this yawning excavation, which was in a rapid state of forwardness, if not of completion. Leaving the canal then to pursue its course yet farther toward the river, along the high and perpendicular cliffs forming the rocky banks of which it winds its course round to Portageville, beyond the upper fall, I took the road inclining to the left, and leading with more directness across the mountain to the said village of Portageville—distant five miles from the deep excavation. The country continued to assume a wilder character, and the road at times wore an aspect of gloom from the thick woods of pine which overhung it. Before entering these sombre woods, however, after passing the Cashaqua ridge, glancing along the rocky course of the Genesee, on the right toward the North, the view was extensive and imposing. We could no where see the river because imbedded so deep in the rocks below; but its windings could be traced by the course of precipices sudden and lofty, and by vallies hollowed out into a variety of savage forms. But this prospect was soon shut from the view by the interruption of a yet higher range of the mountain, crowned also by dark woods of pine, between the road we were travelling and the river. Our course was thenceforward obscure, until the village of Portageville suddenly became visible, deeply sunk in the valley of the river which lay directly across our path at the Southwestern base

of the mountain, winding in its course toward us from the left, like the track of a serpent, and then bending round abruptly to the right, and entering the narrow chasm by which it cuts through the mountain, just below the aqueduct, (figure 3.)

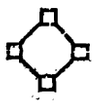
But it is necessary to return to the route of the canal, which, in order to be properly described, must be traced upward from the deep excavation to the aqueduct just mentioned. The canal having been brought from the deep cut across the Cashaqua ridge, almost to the verge of the perpendicular cliffs impending over the river, takes thence the ascending course of the stream. Approaching to within about two miles of Portageville, the mountain increases rapidly in height, and the excavation becomes severely deep, embracing a portion of rock cutting, as I should judge, from fifty to sixty feet deep. The elevation then becomes so high—being three hundred and sixty feet above the bed of the river—that a tunnel of eleven hundred and eighty feet in length has been found necessary. This vast subterranean labor might perhaps have been avoided, but for the treacherous character of the sliding shelves of this mountain. Great embarrassment has already been experienced, and heavy expense incurred, in consequence of these slides, both above and below the tunnel; and inasmuch as in their love of the picturesque and sublime, our friends of the old Albany Regency were bent upon the present line of the canal around the mountain verge—although a safer and better, and a cheaper course would have been a tunnel directly through the elevation from Cashaqua to Portageville—it would have been neither wise nor prudent for Mr. Ruggles, the commissioner last year in charge of the work upon this canal, to carry it nearer the verge of the precipice.

The entrance of the tunnel from the North is indicated by figure 9 of the map. The trunk of this tunnel is to be twenty-seven feet wide and twenty feet high. Fortunately the character of the rock (sandstone) is favorable to the progress of the work. The contractor for this section is Elisha Johnson, Esq., formerly mayor of Rochester, and one of its most enterprising citizens.—Mr. Johnson commenced this vast excavation last year, first running a shaft, or "heading," five and a half feet high nearest the roof and of the entire width required. This first shaft was struck thro' completing the entire distance, on the day of my arrival to examine the work. Some progress, moreover, had been made in the excavation, at both ends, to the whole volume required. One of the lateral drifts, for the introduction of air and light, from the river brink to the main tunnel, had also been previously completed.

The entire excavation of this tunnel, including the gallery, shaft and lateral drifts, will amount to more than twenty-five thousand cubic yards, for which the price paid is four dollars per yard. This, however, will not by a great amount cover the entire cost of the tunnel; for, since the excavation has been commenced, such is the character of the rock—thrown together, apparently, by nature, in loose masses and blocks—that it now appears that the entire roof and sides of the tunnel will require arching with solid mason work. Indeed, temporary arches of wood have been found necessary during the progress of almost every successive yard of the work. It is by far the greatest undertaking of the kind that has been attempted in our country. The engineer by whom the work has thus far been prosecuted, and with distinguished success, is an American, self-taught; and if he shall at last accomplish the work of pinning, as it were, the canal to the slippery shelf of sand which overhangs the gulf, we shall have something worth while to show to the engineers of the old world, who come over to see what their semi-barbarian brethren on this side of the water are about.

Perceiving at the outset, that his contract would require a long time for its completion, Mr. Johnson, whose daily presence was necessary, wisely determined to surround himself by his family.—He accordingly prepared "a lodge" for them in the "wilderness," which is at once an evidence of his taste and his patriotism. I say *patriotism*, because it is literally a *log-cabin*, though upon a scale far surpassing any other edifice of that name that I have ever seen. And as it was erected more than a year ago, Mr. Johnson—albeit a Van Buren man—must be considered as the father of the log-cabin party. The site selected by Mr. Johnson is wild and picturesque in a high degree. It stands upon a small plain, or table, upon the highest verge of the precipitous bank of the river so often adverted to, a few yards only from the edge, which juts out, and almost impends over the abyss, threatening to descend and overwhelm all that may be below. The site of the building is near the Southwestern section entrance of the tunnel, and is indicated on the little map by figure 8. Facing that direction, a full view is represented of the chasm of the river, and the upper and middle falls—the roar of which is incessant, and the ascending clouds of vapor of which form objects of ever-varying and incessant interest and beauty. "*Hornby Lodge*" is the name of Mr. Johnson's castle, and the grounds around it—purposely kept as wild as nature herself has made them—are called "*Tunnel Park.*"

The house, or lodge, is of itself a great curiosity. In shape it is an octagon, sixty feet in diameter, and two stories high—with wings—according to the ground-plan annexed. It is supported by the trunk of a huge oak tree, standing in the centre, from which the beams and rafters radiate to the outward circumference. It stands directly over the main tunnel, the roof of which is one hundred feet beneath the base of the lodge. The work is prosecuted, by relief parties, night and day; and while the miners were at work directly beneath the lodge, the explosions of the powder used in blasting were both heard and felt by the family, essentially disturbing their slumber at night. The ornaments of the lodge, over the doors and windows, and much of the furniture, are truly Gothic, being formed from the crookedest limbs of trees that could be found. On the whole, it is a most picturesque establishment—standing alone in its rustic beauty, and looking out fearfully upon the confined deep. I was a partaker of Mr. Johnson's hospitality for one night. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and both by day and night, I enjoyed the scene to the full. Time and again did I repair to the edge of the precipice, to gaze below and around me—not forgetting, of course, the oft-quoted description of Dover Cliffs by 'Squire Shakspeare:



"——————————How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles; Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
——————————The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

But the tunnel, though a more imposing piece of work, is in truth not more formidable than the succeeding portion of a mile, from thence to Portageville. Immediately beyond Mr. Johnson's section, for the distance of three quarters of a mile, the rocky wall of the eastern side of the river falls away, and the mountain slopes down some two hundred feet nearer to the water, than by the tunnel. And upon this short section great difficulties have been experienced from the extensive slides of the shelving side hill that have been encountered. These slides were in progress while I was there; and how long they may continue or how many thousand cubic yards of earth must be removed before a secure "foot-hold" can be obtained for the canal, remains to be seen. Beyond this sliding section, at the upper falls, (figure 5 of the map,) a spur of the mountain rock projects out to the edge of the stream, through which the channel the canal is to be cut, to the depth of one hundred and thirty-four feet. The work is in progress. Turning round this spur or promontory, in a more Southern direction, the canal crosses the river (figure 3) upon an aqueduct four hundred and forty feet long, at an elevation of fifty feet above the bed of the stream.

Having surmounted the remarkable cluster of difficulties which I have attempted to describe, the canal wends its course along the river about twenty miles, crossing the Wiscoy, Cold and Houghtons' creeks, by aqueducts of moderate length. The ascent upon these twenty miles is about ninety-two feet, mastered by ten locks. A feeder is taken from the river at this point, and the river itself is to be diverted into a new channel, over which the canal is to pass by a lattice bridge.—From this point the canal rapidly ascends the valley of Black creek, until it gains the summit dividing the waters that flow into the Genesee from those that fall into the Allegany river. This ascent is great, being two hundred and forty-four feet, surmounted by twenty-five locks. From the summit the canal descends to the Allegany river, eighty feet, by the aid of nine locks—uniting with the stream at Olean. Another difficulty to be encountered is the want of water to supply the summit level. For this purpose reservoirs will be required, of a capacity equal to a supply of thirty-two miles of the canal, for which one hundred and six cubic feet of water per mile per minute will be necessary, allowing sixty feet for evaporation, and forty feet for the locks, waste weirs, &c. Calculating the days of navigation at two hundred and forty-four, the quantity of water to be supplied by reservoirs will be one thousand six hundred and twenty-five millions of cubic feet.—These reservoirs are to be constructed on the Ischua and Oil creeks—tributaries of the Allegany—the first by constructing a dam across the valley, one thousand six hundred feet long on the top, three hundred and sixty feet broad at the base, and SEVENTY FEET HIGH—forming a basin covering five hundred and seventy-five acres, with a capacity of five hundred and eighty-eight millions of feet. The Oil creek reservoir will require a dam across the valley one thousand feet long, two hundred and eighty feet broad at the base, and fifty-five feet high. This reservoir will contain three hundred and ninety millions of feet. In addition to which it is proposed to change the outlets of four small lakes or ponds, near the head waters of the Cattaraugus creek, distant twenty miles, so as to bring their contents into the canal. It is possible, moreover that the supply from these ponds would be such as to supercede the necessity of the Oil creek reservoir, in which case it will be dispensed with, of course. Thus much as to what the Genesee Valley Canal is, and is to be; and when the entire work is done, it may, as I have already remarked, be safely boasted that such a victory over such obstacles has not been accomplished in the history of human enterprises. It will be a signal triumph of science and enterprise over obstacles the most appalling.

Dismissing the wonders of art, it remains that I should dwell for a few moments upon those of nature, at which I have already glanced incidentally, in the preceding account of the region of the deep cut, the tunnel, and Mr. Johnson's chateau. And yet I feel that I shall give no adequate description of the wonderful passage of the Genesee through the mountain, and of the three successive falls over which the stream is precipitated in its descent toward the lower Genesee valley. The course of the river is correctly delineated upon the map. The upper fall occurs at figure 5 of the map, a short distance below the bed of the river toward the East, on the right of the aqueduct, (figure 3.) An excellent though rather distant view of both the upper and middle falls, is presented from the table rock of Hornby Lodge; but the best sight of the upper fall is obtained on the West side of the river, a quarter of a mile above the middle fall, where it is terrifically beautiful. A cloud of spray usually half-veils the first breaking of the thundering torrent. After the first descent over a stair-case of rock, down which leap the white feet of the vexed waters seventy-six feet, the river becomes tranquil until it approaches the middle fall, when it again foams and flashes and frets like a chafed animal about to meet some dreaded foe.

Arriving at the *præruption*, it rushes over the fearful fall like a sea of froth, while perpendicular walls of rock more than two hundred feet high, echo back the blended thunders of both cataracts, awing the soul with their sepulchral reverberations. The locality of this second or middle fall is indicated by figure 6. The perpendicular descent of this fall is one hundred and ten feet, and it is here that the stream enters the narrow and sinuous chasm, of which I have so often spoken before, and through which it passes for miles.

For considerable distance the walls on either side—in some places more than three hundred feet high—stand as upright and regular as though masses of hewn stone had been piled on high by giants. Far down at certain points groves of pine and cedar grow close to the water's edge, bending over the troubled stream their scraggy branches, like monarchs delighting in anarchy and tempestuous commotion. Gazing upon both falls from Hornby Lodge toward evening, the declining sun changed the spray into floating fleeces of gold, throwing over the whole scene a bright enchantment. Far above the two cataracts, on the left, toward the South, the hills tower to a great height, ridged with pines and hemlock, standing like nature's sentinels to guard the wonders of the abyss from the assaults of day. The ranks of these sentinels have been sadly thinned, however, by the laborers in clearing the path for the canal, and in cutting down the rocky promontory (at figure 4 of the map) near the upper fall. When nearly opposite the middle fall, a jutting point of rock

seems placed by nature partially to hide the terrors of the cataract behind it, from the first gaze of awe stricken curiosity, preparatory to an unobstructed view of its wild and startling sublimity.

The third or lower fall, is perhaps two miles from Mr. Johnson's chateau, down the stream, in the direction of North-east. A visit to this cataract required me to retrace the line of the canal heretofore described, for a mile and a half, and then to thread a deep-tangled forest for half a mile, traversing as near to the verge of the precipice impending over the river, as prudence will allow. The river works its way as heretofore described, for miles through solid ledges of rock, from one to three hundred feet high. Standing at intervals on the brink, and looking far down upon the shadowed river below, one is impressed with the idea that untold centuries have elapsed while the flood has been wearing a channel through solid tables of rocks, so deep, precipitous and terrible. In many places the ancient pines bow themselves nearly to the waves, as if grateful to their stormy nurse for giving their leafy honors a deeper greenness.

The water at the lower fall rushes round an immense rock in its descent, close under the South-eastern bank. Fortunately for visitors, as yet the scene has been thus far permitted by man to remain in a state of nature. It is therefore as wild and romantic as can be desired. A dark screen of evergreen, hanging over the cataract so near and thick as to render it unsafe to push through it, partially hides the descending torrent of foam, which dots after its final plunge the river to a considerable distance with cream-like ornaments. Partly detached from the main wall which confines the river to its narrow bed, a huge rock partially conceals the fall, tapering upward like a sugar-loaf, and crested with everffreens. On the opposite, or Western side, the top of the rock around which the waters hurry in their maddened wrath, is level as the house-ffoor, and large enough for a company of

> Those gallant sons who shoulder guns |
> And twice a year go out a-training,

to perform their martial exercises upon. Midway from the top, the sugar loaf is united to the main buttress. The depth of this fall is ninety six feet.

But enough of rocks and water-falls for the present. The character of the rugged scenery I have attempted to describe is preserved by the river for miles below. Indeed there is one point upon which I could only gaze at a distance, while returning by the direct road to Mount Morris, (see figure 13,) in some respects more remarkable than any thing I have described. After emerging from the narrow rocky pass I have been contemplating, the river suddenly forsakes what appears to have been its natural and original channel, and darts off in a north west course, plunging into another deep gorge cut directly into the side of a vertical mountain ledge, much higher than those it had left. How the river works its way out of this strange and fantastic channel into its own bed again, I had no time to go and examine.

The geological character of the region I have been describing is not less remarkable than is its physical conformation. The sandstones below the lower falls, or rather from Mount Morris up to these falls, are fine grained, one side in general being covered with a glazing of shale. But immediately above the lower falls, commencing with the platform or table rock just described, a decided change takes place. The table rock has no glazing of shale, is coarse-grained, and presents an entirely different aspect. According to the report of the State Geologists, the latter also abounds in a species of fucoides, which for the most part is vertical, apparently having been growing on the muddy bottom, while the sand was depositing quietly around it, proving at least a nearly quiescent state of the waters of that period. This species of fucoid scarcely exceeeds in size a common pipe stem, apparently very flexible, though we rarely find them curved. Occasionally, indeed, they appear as if the tops had been bent downward and fastened to the bottom, while the sand enveloped them in that position, the stem presenting in the stone a portion of the circumference of a circle or ellipse.

This species of fucoid is found in nearly all the sandy strata from the lower falls upward to the top of the group, the upper rock of which is a mass of sandstone, more than one hundred and fifty feet thick. It is in this mass of sandstone that the tunnel for the passage of the Genesee canal is excavating. At the Northern extremity of the tunnel, where the rock is uncovered the surface presents numerous round dots, which are the ends of the fucoids, and which, on breaking the rock, are found to proceed downward, developing the stem for many inches. At this place, also, the surface of the sandstone is much worn and scratched, as if by a powerful current bearing heavy materials. There are no other rocks in the district better characterized by fossils than the two groups just described, and the fucoides are almost the only fossils contained in them.

The account of my "Midsummer Rambles" the present year, is ended. Possibly, after the election is over, I may dress up a few Autumnal sketches, including Salmon river in Oswego county, and a trip from Rochester to Niagara Falls. But this as I shall be or not be in the proper humor. Adieu.

RECAPITULATED EXPLANATIONS OF THE MAP.

1. Crescent Island, in the river on the left as you descend the mountain and cross over into the village of Portage.
2. Bridge over the Genesee.
3. Aqueduct by which the canal crosses the Genesee, now in the course of construction. It is to be 536 feet long, by 60 feet in height.
4. Deep rock excavation at the Upper Slopes, 137 feet in depth.
5. Upper falls of the Genesee river, 76 feet.
6. Middle falls, 110 feet.
7. A cascade,—[a stream flowing from the West, and falling over the ledge to the depth of 300 feet.]
8. Tunnel Park and Hornby Lodge.
9. Portage Tunnel, 1180 feet in length. 27 feet high, and 20 feet wide.
10. Lower falls, 96 feet.
11. John Rodgers' Bridge.
12. Deep cut through the Cashaqua Ridge, half a mile in length, and from 10 to 77 feet in depth. The width of the cutting, on the top, is 348 feet; at bottom, 32 feet.
13. Direct road to Mount Morris.
14. Brooks' Grove.

☞ The dotted lines indicate common roads.

EGYPT.

Below is an extract from a letter to the editor of the Boston Morning Post, from a young Bostonian, which will well repay the reader for the time bestowed upon its perusal:

GRAND CAIRO, March 15, 1840.

Friend Green: From this far-off place—the capitol of the ancient Pharaohs—the city of *Saladin*, the foe of Richard Cœur de Lion—within sight of, and almost under the mighty walls of the Pyramids—I send you a hearty shake of the hand. You know something of my former route. The facilities afforded to me in travelling in Russia enabled me to see the country more thoroughly, perhaps, than almost any foreigner who has gone before me: but whether I make any use of the information which I have collected, I have not as yet determined. I was in Turkey and Syria during a most interesting period—just when the death of the Sultan Mahmoud had occurred, and when the disaffected in all parts of the country were rife for rebellion and outrage, and also when the army of Ibrahim Pacha, triumphant over that of the Sultan, was sweeping through those parts of Syria which he had subjugated, and restoring *order* by chopping off the heads of the disaffected! Passing through Syria, I went to Damascus, and thence to Nazareth, Samaria, the sea of Gallilee, the river Jordan, and thence to Jerusalem. I also visited Bethlehem, Bethany, and all the places of interest mentioned in the life of Christ. I have gone through the whole length and breadth of the Holy Land—that hallowed soil where

> ——"trod those blessed feet,
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our redemption, to the cruel cross."

In one of the rooms of the Latin Monastery at Jerusalem, my heart leapt with joy at seeing *three copies of the Boston Morning Post!* An English traveller who had been at Jerusalem about three months before me, had brought them with him from Malta, and with most christian-like kindness, had left them behind at the Monastery, to gladden the eyes of some future pilgrim. In looking over these papers I observed an editorial article, in which you alluded to my humble self, and return you many thanks for the flattering notice.—I have also received here in Cairo a copy of the Post of 15th September, containing my letter to you from the Caucassus.

And now to Egypt. Here I have travelled thoroughly. I have been through its whole extent, from north to south, and, leaving the Nile, have passed on beyond the frontier of Egypt into Nubia. Egypt now is certainly one of the most interesting countries that a traveller can visit; he there sees before him the evidences that men of all ages have trodden upon that soil. Her mighty temples carry him back to a people from whom the knowledge and art which are now diffused all over Europe and the world, originally flowed; he sees there the towers of Roman occupation—the baths and temples built under the emperors; he has then, again, the Saracenic architecture of the middle ages, the memorials of Saladin and his followers. Evidences of the temporary occupation by the French are not wanting; and then again the great works of the *present*, which are going on under Mohammed Ali, are continually before his eyes. At one moment you meet with an ancient temple, which for more than 3,000 years has defied all the ravages of time, and close by its side you see some modern improvement, a sugar mill or a cotton factory, placed there by the Pacha, who, by introducing the arts of civilization among a barbarous people, is doing one great thing toward making them happy. In no other place in the world do you see such a mingling of the past and the present; the monument of antiquity seems literally to be shaking hands with the works of our own time. I spent many days at *Thebes*, but the glory of the "*city of the hundred gates*," which Homer sung, has long since departed. The *men* of Thebes have gone, but they have left eternal monuments behind, and "Memnon's statue which at sunrise played," still stands as firmly on its colossal pedestal as when thousands flocked out from those gates to listen to the music of its morning song. And that other statue of immense size, which was said to throw back the rays of the sun from its polished surface, as if it were of molten gold, also still remains, though fallen to the ground and broken in its fair proportions. One wanders through the immense temples that still remain, and hears nothing, unless it be his own voice or footsteps start up the echoes in the hall of a hundred columns. One of these temples has a hall in which alone are a hundred and fifty columns, many of them twelve feet in diameter and of a goodly height. Mohamed Ali has caused two of the largest temples, that were filled nearly to the roof with earth, to be entirely cleansed, and they are now as clear as when services were performed in them of old. A decree has recently been issued by the Pacha, prohibiting the export of antiquities from the country. Egypt has been, in fact, for the last century, overrun by diggers for statues, coins, sphynxes, &c.; but the Pacha now *speculates* upon his stock of columns, obelisks, &c. To ingratiate himself with the European powers, Cleopatra's Needle, which still stands upon the sea shore near Alexandria, was given to the English, but they hesitated about the *expense of bringing it away*, and there it remains. I think we might make a good speculation by swapping our Bunker Hill monument for it.

On the 13th of November, I took to my boat, over which the "star-spangled banner" had been floating for more than a month, and while

> ——"My swan like yatch
> Was gliding down the gleaming Nile"—

I watched for the meteoric dance in the heavens. The appearance of an evening sky in Egypt has always something peculiar, and on this night, as well as several succeeding, there were singular appearances in the heavens, though nothing so extraordinary as has occurred with us in the United States. I was disappointed in this, because at Cairo this phenomenon of that day has been noted in former years. My Arab boatmen all looked at me with the most profound veneration, whenever they saw me star gazing. We had an eclipse since they have been with me, and Columbus himself, I fancy, hardly gained greater influence over the poor Indians than I did over these sons of Ishmael, simply by foretelling this event in the heavens. I was looked upon as an astrologer, which, throughout all the east, is still looked upon as the most sacred of characters. Here let me mention that in the military school of the Sultan at Constantinople, astrology is still one of the sciences taught; while at Cairo, in the Pacha's school, it is dropped altogether, and in its place are studied arithmetic and European astronomy.

Two boys going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought a whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally; but on opening the box, lo and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

PLEASANT.—To get all ready to be married, and then, on the joyful day, find yourself one of a *hung jury*, with the clear prospect of two weeks incarceration. Pleasant business that.

LOVE may slumber in a maiden's heart, but it always dreams.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

Oh! mark the withered leaves that fall
In silence on the ground;
Upon the human heart they call,
And preach without a sound.

They say, "so passes man's brief year!
To-day his green leaves wave;
To-morrow, changed by time, and sere,
He drops into the grave."

Let wisdom be our sole concern,
Since life's green days how brief,
And faith and heavenly hope shall learn
A lesson from the leaf.

From the London Metropolitan.

AN ELIGIBLE MATCH.

A TALE OF A COUNTRY HOUSE—BY MRS. ABDY.

I was sitting alone in my boudoir, in a state of enviable happiness, not in the dreary indolence of having nothing to do, which would have been the heaviest punishment that malice could have inflicted upon me, but in the luxury of abundant and pleasant occupation. My guitar was on my knee, a stand of new songs was before me, a table at a little distance was covered with books and drawing materials, an embroidery frame stood beside it, which was only at present embellished by three leaves and a half finished rose; and in the distance, was a small writing table, on which lay a list of the names of ten friends from whom I have recently received letters, and a quire of Lavenue's most exquisite paper, on which I intended to indite my answers. To all these sources of delight, was added the consciousness of unbounded leisure to avail myself of them. We only had arrived a few months ago at my father's country house. I was rejoiced to think that the bustle of an unusually gay London season was over, and that I was free to repair my faded roses and exhausted spirits in the pure air and among the green leaves of the country. My parents had wisely determined to invite no company by the aid of whom they might transfer the habits of London to the quiet of the rural shades; and I looked forward to a summer of liberty, peace and well-mingled and favorite employments. I was interrupted by the entrance of my mother; she moved and spoke with remarkable animation, and held an open letter in her hand.

"Eva, my love, said she, you have often heard your father speak of Sir Terrence Ormond, an old school-fellow of his, who resides in Kilkenny."

I had not often heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. "He has lately come into a fine property, added my mother, and your dear father who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon it a short time ago, and to tell him how much he wished to renew the friendship of former years, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report had mentioned as a fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm hearted answer from Sir Terrence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was enclosed in a few lines from Captain Ormond, and he will be with us at dinner to-day.

I felt rather disconcerted that my scheme of quiet and liberty should be thus unexpectedly broken in upon by the introduction of a stranger.

Is it not rather free and easy, I asked, to take people so immediately at their word, when they utter a word of invitation?

"How dreadfully cold hearted and inhospitable Eva is," said my mother, turning to my cousin Penelope, who had just entered the room.

Now Penelope was not a young lady, but of that age when

"The green leaves all turn yellow;"

and as she possessed neither beauty, money nor talent, she chooses to imagine that her footing in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it.—Consequently, she only answered this appeal by a kind of commenting shrug, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence in her censure of coldness, and which I might construe into surprise that any fault would be found with so exemplary a daughter as myself.

"I like the manners of the Irish, exceedingly," pursued my mother, "and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society, without a formal invitation."

"You did not think so, mamma," said I, smiling, "when Miss O'Hallahorn came to spend a month with us last summer, on the plea that you had once said to her you wished she could see our tulip beds."

"The cases are not at all similar, Eva," replied my mother; "an acquaintance with Miss O'Hallahorn could lead to nothing; but Capt. Ormond, as the eldest son of a baronet of large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match."

"Very likely, said I, but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house on that account."

"Eva, I have no patience with you," exclaimed my mother, "you put me in mind of the spirit of the frozen ocean, in Lewis' romantic tales."

"Do not utter such a libel on me, mamma,—I have just been looking over some new ballads of Moore's, and I am sure they are enough to thaw all the ice of the frozen ocean." I touched the strings of my guitar, as I spoke, and began to sing

"O do not look so bright and blest;"

but I suddenly stopped myself, fearful that the words might be supposed a personal satire on my respected parent.

"You seem resolved, Eva, never to do anything to oblige me," said she.

"Willingly, I replied, if necessary; but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strew the floor with rushes, like the damsels of antiquity, or to hold a colloquy on ways and means with the cook, like notable housewives of modern times?"

"You ought to practice your last new Italian song, Eva, and to select a dress to wear this evening."

"Oh mama, have pity on me; I have been so wearied all the spring with blond and gauze, German airs and Italian cazonetts, that I had made up my mind to wear nothing but white muslin, and sing nothing but English ballads for the next month."

"Eva, the subject is too serious for raillery; your father lives up to his income, and he cannot give you a fortune; you are one and twenty; your sister Arabella is seventeen, and will come out in another year; and I know she thinks it rather hard that you should not be already married and leave a clear field to her upon her first introduction into the world."

"The poor, dear girl lamented it to me this morning, with tears in her eyes," said my cousin Penelope.

"Really, said I, half amused, and half angry, you are flatteringly anxious to get rid of me; but if Arabella wishes for a clear field of display, she may have it without waiting for my marriage.—Should she feel inclined to secure to herself this coming guest, who is so eligible a match, I shall throw no impediment in her way."

"You are talking ridiculously, Eva; Arabella is a very well principled and well mannered girl, and knows that till she is come out, her place is in the back ground; and if she ever steps from thence, it must be for the purpose of endeavoring to set off her elder sister to advantage."

"Poor Arabella!" I exclaimed; "with such a Cinderella-like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, mama, if you desire me to change my morning employment, I am quite willing to do so."

My mother, pacified by this speech, led me to the drawing room, placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian bravura.

"You remember this air," said she; "we were all enchanted at hearing Grisi sing it."

"Yes," replied I, "but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is transferred to a singer like me."

Accordingly I sung it over and over, but my voice was not very strong, and my science not very profound, my mother was not very well satisfied with the effect, and desired me to practice the sofa, and several running exercises for the voice, telling me that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for the professional singers themselves, were in the frequent habit of doing the same. It was little comfort, however, to a girl pining for ease, air and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. After an unmerciful long patience, my portfolio of drawings was produced, and all the inferior ones banished from it; my mother then accompanied me to my dressing room, and Laurette, my French maid, was summoned to the pending consultation. My mother, I am sorry to say, had always evinced a great predilection for overdressing me, and on the present occasion she was resolute in maintaining that I should appear in pink silk and blonde, with roses in my hair.

"And you must not wear your hair in bands, Eva," she continued; "it makes you look just like a nun."

My mother spoke this as if a nun was the most pitiable and degraded of all human beings.

"I will alter it to-morrow," said I; "but curls cannot be procured at a moment's notice."

Laurette, however, seemed resolute to prove that they could, for she flew to the curling irons, which she was accustomed to wield, with as little compunction as a familiar of the inquisition administers the discipline of the thumbscrew, and began to exercise her skill in the production of tier after tier of round massive curls. Just imagine my sensations, seated on a sultry July day, at the open window, with curling-irons close to my face, branches of eglantine jasmine around the window, a smooth spacious lawn beyond it, birds singing sweetly, and the south breeze softly blowing.

We were all assembled in good time to receive our visitor, my father telling me that I looked very well, and that he hoped that I was properly aware what an eligible match was coming to the house.

Captain Ormond arrived in good time, and proved to be a handsome young man, with easy agreeable manners; but as I predetermined not to like him, I prepared myself to expect that the week of his stay would pass very unpleasantly. At dinner, after he had answered a hundred most affectionate inquiries after the health of his father, my mother asked him if he had met with a family of the name of Germaine, distantly related to us, who had been staying a short time in Kilkenny the preceding summer.

He replied in the affirmative, and added, looking at me, "I fancy that I can descry something of a family likeness between Miss Warwick and Miss Germaine."

"You flatter Eva," said my mother; "Miss Germaine is reckoned very handsome; she is particularly celebrated for the beauty of her eyelashes."

I cast down my eyes at the beginning of this observation of my mother's, hurt at the mock humility of it, for Miss Germaine was not half so well looking as myself. I should not have done so, however, had I been aware of the way in which she meant to conclude her speech; for when I raised my eyes, I met those of Captain Ormond fixed on me with a half arch, half contemptuous expression, which evidently showed that he suspected me of having affected to be very timid, for the purpose of displaying eyelashes which certainly might have rivalled in length those of Miss Germaine or any other lady.

Captain Ormond, who seemed to interest himself much on the Tenantry of Sir Teriance Ormond's estate, now asked several questions of my father concerning schools, and the condition of the poor in the vicinity.

Mr. Warwick was fortunately able, consistently with truth, to give satisfactory answers, but he rather wandered into the regions of imagination in the share which he ascribed to me of all the good done in the neighborhood.

"Eva devotes herself to the poor," he said, "and is a perfect enthusiast in her love for schools. I do not wish to her a feeling so amiable, but must tell, even before you, Captain Ormond, that she is extremely blameable in often exerting herself, against the advice of those older and wiser than herself, to a degree that is prejudicial to her health."

I did not venture to rebut this accusation, although I could have done so with perfect ease; for the fact was, that I had often reproached myself for paying so little attention to the schools and poor, and resolved to do better in future.

Captain Ormond, evidently tired of my praises, now turned to Arabella, who had hitherto sat in all the appropriate quietness and reserve of a younger sister, and began a conversation with her, by asking all the questions usually addressed to young ladies—

"Are you musical?"

"I am extremely fond of music," Arabella replied, "but I sing and play very little. Eva is such a proficient, that it quite discourages me, because I know every body who hears us will make comparisons to my disadvantage."

"Probably, then, you prefer drawing," continued the captain.

"Greatly," she answered; "and I have a very attentive and clever master; but, after all, I derive more benefit from Eva than from him; she takes me with her when she sketches from nature, which she does to perfection, and I hope that I may be able to effect something in the same style, at present I am a mere copyist."

"Having such a source of gratification," pur-

sued Captain Ormond, "I dare say you prefer the country to London."

"Very much," she replied, "here I have the constant advantage of Eva's company; in London her time is so much occupied by the claims of society, that although she wishes to direct my studies, and partake my employments, she is not often able to do so.

Capt. Ormond looked at her for a moment as much as to say, "you are all in a family conspiracy," and then addressed an observation to the party in general, on the tasteful disposition of that portion of the garden which was visible from the French windows of the dining room, and Penelope undertook to answer him assuring him that it was all laid out under the superintendence of Eva.—I was happy when my mother proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room, for really I felt quite flushed and nervous under the high pressure of the flattery of my relatives.

After tea, Capt. Ormond hinted a wish to walk round the grounds, but my mother looked at my crip curls, cripper blonde trimmings, and shining satin slippers, and feared the effect on them of damp air, dewy grass and gravel walks. "I do not doubt," said she, "that you are fond of music, Captain Ormond; Eva will be happy to play and sing to you."

Accordingly I was compelled to execute Grisi's bravura. I rang it very indifferently and Captain Ormand uttered no commendation; two or three other Italian airs suggested by my mother, followed with equal want of success, and I was then on the point of recreating myself by singing "The Carrier Dove," when Arabella twitched it away and substituted a German air in its place. I could not help looking angrily at her for her officiousness; Captain Ormond saw the glance, and I fancied that his countenance expressed the thought "With all your perfections, you are not endowed with the best of tempers!" At length I left the piano, and Captain Ormand walked to a window and looked longingly on the garden, although too polite to express his wish for a stroll in it. My mother took the opportunity to whisper to me—

"You must begin to talk about books, Eva; you have not yet said a word to prove yourself literary: do you not like reading beyond every other occupation, and do I not subscribe six guineas a year for you to Saunder & Otley, and did they not send down to you yesterday a box with twenty volumes in it?"

This was all too true to be denied, and fortunately at that moment Captain Ormond approached the table on which lay a variety of books, and said to Penelope—

"I see you are reading one of Mrs. Somerville's delightful works; do you take much interest in the science of astronomy?"

"Oh! no," she replied, "I am a mere beginner, and Mrs. Somerville, easy and charming as is her style, would be too abstruse for me, but Eva is so kind as to explain it to me as I read; astronomy is one of Eva's favorite pursuits."

The captain was silent, and my father looked rather displeased at Penelope, thinking that she had overshot her mark, and that the military visitor had no *penchant* for a blue; he therefore endeavored to repair the error by saying—

"After all, Eva's taste is so simple that there is nothing in which she so much delights as a natural story of every day life; she greatly prefers Miss Martineau's Deerbrook to her political tracts.

"And Eva has a high opinion of Mrs. Ellis's 'Women of England,'" said my mother; "she thinks that the authoress so thoroughly understands all that is amiable and excellent in the female character."

"And Eva takes a deep interest in the 'Factory Boy,'" said Penelope; "she enters with so much sympathy into the cause of the oppressed."

"And Eva is extremely fond of the poems of Mrs. Hemans," said Arabella; "she never values the greatest poetical talent, unless the principles and sentiments are equally admirable."

Cruel Captain Ormond! he did not reply a word to all these observations, by which he might give us reason to guess at his own favorite style of reading, although so accommodating were his auditors, that if he had possessed a partiality for nursery traditions, they would one and all have instantly assured him that no description of literature gave me such delight as 'The Yellow Dwarf,' and 'Puss in Boots!'

My portfolio of drawing was then produced with much more success. I certainly drew very well, and Captain Ormond himself, it appeared, sketched from nature: he asked me some questions on the subject, and I was expressing myself with great fluency and some enthusiasm, when I was suddenly checked by an audible "aside" of Penelope's on the exceeding beauty of the language made use of! I was effectually silenced, and Captain Ormond, I am convinced, thought that I had learned a set of phrases by rote, and that I had now come to the end of my lesson.

A ring at the gate now announced the arrival of my brother, who had driven over early that morning, to pass the whole day with a family at a few miles distance. Arabella, counterfeiting sisterly impatience, ran out to meet him; but her real motive was to worn him of the "eligible match" that was in the drawing room. In a few minutes she re-appeared, leaning upon his arm in affected sullenness.

"I have not met with a very grateful return for my eagerness to welcome John," she said; "his salutation was, 'Why does not Eva come to meet me?' I really think," she added, playfully turning to Captain Ormond, "that I must be a most amiable creature; every body prefers Eva to me, and yet I cannot persuade myself to feel at all maliciously disposed towards her."

My brother, after his introduction to the new comer, advanced toward me, imprinted a kiss on my cheek, instead of shaking my hand in his usual rough manner, and inquired most affectionately after a slight indisposition of which I had complained the preceding evening, and wnich in the common course of events, would have completely faded from his mind; he then delivered a passage purporting to come from Miss Shelbourne, requesting the loan of my last landscape from nature, to copy, and hoping that I would not forget to write some lines for her. When Captain Ormond retired to his room that night, I am sure it was with the sensation of having been completely annoyed and beset by a very designing family.—The events of the day had been just as unpleasant to me as to himself, and I laid awake, restless and uneasy, for about two hours, and at length fell asleep, comforting myself with the persuasion that a week, as Dr. Johnson says of an hour, "may be tedious, but cannot be long."

[*Concluded in next number.*]

We publish the following from the N. O. Picayune. How is this, Thorn Creek? Speak out Butler County, from your glades and cranberry plains. Do you really have such "dancing accommodations?"

Balls in Butler County, Penn.

We give below a couple of papers which will be found immensely curious and intensely interesting, as affording an excellent idea of how fashionable parties are conducted in the Keystone State. Here is the first—a card of invitation—we would not put in a point or alter a letter for the world.

'Mr. A. Dicky you are Respectfully invited to attend at the house of Peter Finny on Friday evening the 25th day of September in order to dance the accommodations will be pie and cake twice during the night and beer or whisky four times yours respectfully Peter Finny Butler Township Septr 22 1840

PRICE FIFTY CENTS CASH

Thorn Creek Butler Co pa'

There, that's the way they invite people to "dance accommodations" in Pennsylvania, and capital accommodations they are too: pie and cake twice, and beer or whisky four times!—There's luxury for you, and all on the same evening!

The other is Mister Dr. Crawford's ticket.

'Doctor Crawford you are respectfully invited to attend at the house of Peter Finny on Friday evening the 25th day of Sept in order to dance the accommodations will be pie and cake twice during the night and beer or whisky four times price of tickets fifty cents cash Yours Respectfully Peter Finny.'

There, that's as near as we can give these beautiful ball tickets in type, but the original papers may be found framed and glazed and hung up in our office, alongside that bewitching tattered scrap of our adored Ann Royal's manuscript.

HOW TO TEACH A CHILD TO PRONOUNCE.—A lady was recently teaching a boy to spell. The boy spelt cold, but could not pronounce it. In vain his teacher asked him to think and try. At last she asked him, "what do you get when you go out upon the wet side-walk on a rainy day, and wet your feet?" "I gets a whippin."

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

"CORNWALLIS" AT WALTHAM.

On Monday the anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown was celebrated in Waltham, according to the time-honored custom. A square redoubt had been erected upon Prospect Hill, which surmounted by a British ensign, and defended by a company of artillery, was during the whole morning watched by the eyes of the collected patriots of the neighborhood with a determination which boded it to good. A body of Indians, of no inconsiderable number, and of all tribes and nations, if one might judge by the variety of their ornaments and of ther hideous paints, skulking in the woods about the fort, assisted in its defence. Early in the forenoon, from the concentration in the plain below of a force which seemed to be—to judge from the appearance of the clothing, arms and equipments—a resurrection of a part of the old continental army, it became evident that this redoubt was to become an immediate point of attack.

This expectation ere long became certain. A body of the continental infantry, assisted by a small but efficient park of field artillery, after a slight contest succeeded in carrying one of the advanced brastworks of the enemy, just at the foot of the rising ground. This breast work, composed mostly of brush wood and other combustible materials, was burned by the attacking force to prevent it from again falling into the hands of the British, when, after some very active skirmishing, in which a very severe contest between the Indians and an advanced party of riflemen was especially interested and at the time important, they were obliged to retire for want of ammunition.

This was fortunately at hand, and when the besieged party saw their determined assailants retire, it was only in preparation for a more fierce and concentrated attack. The ammunition which had been so opportunely brought up was hastily distributed. The troops partook of a hasty meal, as they held their pos tion in the iine, and refreshed by this support and by mutual pledges and animated by some heartstirring appeals from their distinguished officers, they showed the greatest anxiety to be again led to the assault. The attack was conducted by Generals Washington and Lafayette and the Count de Rochambeau in person, and was watched with eager interest by the collected women, children and aged of the neighborhood, whom the sound of firing had collected together. The besieged seemed aware that this was to be a final struggle, and it has never been our lot to witness such a heavy and well conducted firing, and such energy and determination both in attack and defence, as following the attempt upon the remaining breastwork. The cannon from the fort were brought to defend this outwork, and the artillery of the Continental army were brought to bear directly upon it. For half an hour the firing was incessent. The officers of the invading force, urging on their men with the greatest disregard of danger, even riding to and fro between the two fires, won for themselves the proudest honors that a soldier may gain. The breastwork was carried and turned; its surviving defenders, however, escaping under cover of the cannon from the redoubt and a well directed fire from the Indians, who had secured themselves in the edge of the adjacent forest.

TENDER AVOWAL IT THE WAY OF TRADE.—A young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man, who had long been enamoured but dared not speak, stood behind the counter, selling goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened every thing; at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always *fair*." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so *dear*."

A NEW WAY TO SOFTEN WATER.—Mr. Worsley of Fox river, has communicated to us a new way to soften and prepare hard water for the purpose of washing, which he thinks for convenience and use is decidedly preferable to the old way of using ashes and leaching. It is as follows: put a couple of quarts of wheat bran, enclosed in a bag, into the water when heating on the fire, and the water when heated sufficiently will be soft enough for use.—*Chicago American.*

INSECTS.—The number of insects now known is estimated at 560,000 species, Germany alone containing 14,000.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1840.

Four Hours of Peril and Terror—Rescue from the Brink of the Cataract.

We have heard of many "awful situations" and "Providential rescues," but never of a situation more truly awful than that which we are about to describe, nor of a rescue in all respects more strikingly Providential.

Mr. Kidd, one of the hands employed in the flouring mill of Avery & Thurber, just above the Middle Falls of the Genesee, in the north part of this city, (Carthage,) after dark, a few evening since, took the skiff belonging to the mill, and without communicating his design to any one, attempted to cross the river. For the purpose of improving the water power at that point, a dam has been thrown across a few feet above the middle cataract, and at low water the current for some distance above the dam, is slight. When the water is high, however, a strong current sets over the dam through its whole length, and then none but a person accustomed to manage a boat, can push one across. The river was very high on the evening in question. To add to the difficulty, Mr. Kidd had little experience in the use of oars, and when about half way across, he lost command of the boat, and found to his horror that he was rapidly drifting with the current which he could not doubt, would sweep him with his light skiff over the dam.

The dam, as we have remarked, is a few feet above the Middle Falls, the perpendicular descent of which is twenty five feet. A few rods farther down, are the Lower Falls, with a perpendicular descent of eighty four feet. Between the dam and the middle falls, as well as between the two cataracts, the current is exceedingly rapid and rough. Once over the dam, therefore, his destruction was sealed; for even should his frail bark survive the plunge over the dam and the descent of the Middle Falls and live through the intervening rapids and rocks to the brink of the Lower Falls, it could not, nor could the strongest vessel that ever floated, survive the awful plunge of eighty four feet down that tremendous cataract.

Mr. Kidd was perfectly acquainted with the localities, and fully aware of the awful perils of his situation. In the darkness of the night, there was no eye save the eye of Him to whom the midnight is as noonday, that could see, and no hand save His that could save him; and a speedy and terrible death seemed inevitable. But that eye did see, and that hand was stretched out to save, and guided his little vessel to a point of the dam somewhat higher than the rest; where after shooting nearly half way over, it *grated and finally stuck fast!*

But the terrors of his situation were even now but slightly alleviated. The river had been rising for some days, and he had reason to suppose, was still rising. His boat, rocked by the current which was sweeping under and around it, assured him how evenly balanced it was upon its pivot; how slight an adidtional force would be sufficient to destroy its equipoise, and how small a rise of the water would be sufficient to lift it off. A wave raised by a gust of wind even, or the gust of wind itself might throw it from its balance, and consign it and him to the terrible destruction over which they were suspended as by a single hair! Before and behind and around him were the mad waters of the swollen Genesee, plunging by successive leaps among the crags and down the cataracts into the dark, yawning chasm below the Lower Falls, overhung with their cloud of spray which even then fell upon him, and sending up their stunning and terrific roar, as if spreading the pall and sounding the requiem of their intended victim! How small appeared his chance of escape! But

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"

and its fountains were not congealed in the bosom of him who then most needed its genial influence, even by the terrors which surrounded him *for the four hours during which his final rescue was delayed.*

He commenced shouting for help, and though no voice answered him from the shore, and though the roar of the waters almost drowned his own, he continued it, resting at intervals to gather strength to give more energy to his shouts, for about three hours; at the end of which, the Master Miller taking his rounds outside the mill, about 10 o'clock, to see that all was safe before retiring for the night, heard one of his cries. He supposed that it was from some person on the opposite side of the river, and was at first disposed to disregard it. He heard the voice again, and thinking that it sounded like a cry of distress, determined to cross over and afford what relief might be in his power. He ran down for his boat and finding it gone and the cries being continued, he returned to the mill and rallied the hands. It was then found that Mr. Kidd was missing, and the truth respecting him was at once conjectured. On going down to the bank of the river, one of the party after a while discovered a dark spot on the edge of the dam, and no doubt now remained respecting Kidd's situation.

To rescue him from it, if possible, was now the object. Sometime was spent in trying to construct a raft; but as an attempt to bring him off by a craft so unmanageable, would be attended with vastly more danger to those making it, than chances of deliverance to him, the project was abandoned.

One of the party now volunteered an attempt which his courage made successful. With a long pole in his hands, and with a long rope made fast by one end to his body, which his comrades were to *pay out* as the phrase is, as he advanced, and with which he was to be drawn back if necessary, he bravely ventured into the water. Making his way slowly and cautiously along the inner slope of the dam, he at length reached the boat still suspended and swinging with its half-doomed passenger where it was first so providentially moored; and by means of rope, pole and oars, the whole were safely bronght ashore, and Mr. Kidd was restored as it were to life, after enduring the mental sufferings, the perils and terrors of his awful situation, more painful if possible, than death itself, for about four hours. Some idea of his intense sufferings during that time, may be derived from the fact that he has been sick in consequence of them ever since. He is doubtless thankful to have escaped even with a fit of sickness.

We have not learned the name of the brave and generous man through whose agency his rescue was accomplished.

BEARING ARMS ON THE WRONG SIDE.—Mr. Cist, the census taker of Cincinnati, has picked up divers curious and interesting facts, in the prosecution of the duties of his office, some of which we have already given. We add another: Mr. C., in the round of his domiciliary visits, found an old Highlander of 94, who bore arms throughout our Revolutionary contest, and who stoutly insisted that he ought to draw a *pension* from the United States. Mr. C. seemed inclined to the belief, that the claims of the old Scotchmen might be favorably entertained by the Government, were it not that he had borne arms *on the wrong side!*

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

FIRST PAINTING OF THE CRUCIFIXION.—Giotto, an Italian, is reputed to have been the first painter of the scene of the crucifixion. By promises of a large reward, he prevailed upon a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to the cross, in order that the painting might be drawn to the life; but no sooner was the man secured, than Giotto stabbed him in the side, caught up his brush, and commenced his labors. Having this advantage of a dead man hanging on the cross before him, his work is said to have been admirably executed.

COLOR OF THE HAIR.—That the hair is a beautiful ornament to women, is universally conceded; but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. For our part, we are no admirers of red her; yet it found admirers in the time of Elizabeth, and was in fashion.—Mary of Scotland, though she had exqusite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venitian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

THE SEASON OF LOVE.—Youth is the season of love. Then it is, that the heart is first melted in tenderness from the touch of novelty, and kindled to raptures; for it knows no end to its enjoyments or its wishes. Desire has no limits but itself. Passion, the love and expectation of pleasure, is infinite, extravagant, inexhaustible, till experience comes to kill and check it.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.—Of the seven christian churches founded in Asia by the Apostles, hardly a vestige remains. Smyrna, Ephesus, Pergamos, Sardis, Thyatira, Laodicea and Philadelphia, with all their power and magnificence, have fallen into utter decay, except that the first mentioned city remains a port of some commercial importance.

A MOVING SPEECH.—A self-conceited young limb of the law, not a thousand miles from this city, lately made his debut. After concluding it, he remarked to a witty brother, "I think I succeeded in making a very *moving speech.*" "Yes," replied his friend, "for many of the audience, I discovered, *moved out of court!*"

THE WEDDING RING.—The use of the wedding ring may be traced to the Egyptians, who placed it, as we do, on the fourth finger of the left hand, because they believed that vein or nerve ran directly to the heart. The Greeks and Romans adopted their belief, and followed their example.

TRASHING.—There is a curious custom prevalent in various parts of Yorkshire, England, among the lower classes. It is called "trashing," and signifies pelting people with old shoes, turf-sods and mud, on their return from church on their wedding day.

HUMBLE MERIT.—When Michael Adamson, an eminent French naturalist, was chosen a member of the institute, he answered, that he "could not accept the invitation, as he had no shoes."

HOW TO BECOME USEFUL.—If people were as anxious to improve their lives as they are to lengthen them, the number of drones in society would become astonishingly lessened.

BREVITY.—That writer is the most useful, who gives his readers the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time.

THE TRUE TEST.—We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

JULY.—Mark Antony named this month in homage to the memory of Julius Cæsar. Its former name was Quintilis, (the fifth month.)

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

POWER OF EARLY FORMED HABITS.

Man is a "bundle of habits." His character is made with them. They may be good in their influence or pernicious in their tendency, still they must and will be formed. Our actions, conversations and even our thoughts, are subject to their control, for we act, converse and think, as we have been in the habit of thinking, conversing and acting; and as habits must necessarily be formed, it is a subject of interesting inquiry how they are formed and what is their power. The country in which we reside, the people with whom we dwell, and the form of government under which we live, all lend their influence in fixing our habits and in moulding our characters. But it remains for the thousand and one incidents of domestic life to exert a still more powerful influence. For these, entwining themselves around the tender heart of childhood, make such abiding impressions, that neither the difficulties and anxieties of middle age can dissipate, nor the sorrows and trials of a later life wholly efface them from the tablets of the mind.

Early formed habits, for obvious reasons, are the strongest, and exert the most powerful influence in directing our course over the troubled sea of life. When forming, mere trifles may give a habit its character; but once formed, it grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength. The tender sapling becomes the majestic oak.—Fibres compose the mighty cable which holds the noble ship in her moorings. The gentle rivulet that now winds its way through "margins of moss," is but the commencement of the Niagara, which dashes down the headlong precipice and spreads its rainbows to the sun.

While the habit is being formed, the smallest circumstance may exert a powerful influence; but to alter one formed, is not the work of a moment. The rock dashing down the mountain steep, may by the smallest obstacle be diverted from its direction, when it commences its descent; but when it "rolls impetuous down," it prostrates every obstacle, and overcomes every opposing force. The powerful influence exerted by early formed habit, may be seen in every condition of life. How often do we see men deciding upon a course of conduct without reference to right or wrong, but to previous custom, even if

"The custom
Be more honored in the breach than the observance."

We see the effects of early formed habits in the Indian,

"Whose untutored mind.
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

Being taught to know no fear and to suffer without complaint, fearlessly he battles dangers in every form, and with a praiseworthy fortitude submits to his fate. Hannibal, while young, was taught to cherish a deadly hatred against the Romans, and in after life, he bent all his energies to fulfill his early vow. It was early formed habits of thinking and writing that enabled Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott to write and to send for publication, works unrevised and even unperused.—These few instances suffice to show that early formed habits possess an immense power, and as these must be formed, it becomes us to act the part of wise men, and sow good seed, knowing that if such be our conduct, we shall reap a rich and golden harvest. S. N. W.

To Correspondents.—In our next number we shall endeavor to do better justice to our correspondents, than we have been able to in this.

Protection to Grape Vines.—Hemlock boughs are said to afford a better protection to grape vines, than straw.

Sunday Morning Sun.—We are not the advocates of Sunday papers. At best, their utility is dubiful. One thing, however, is certain—their influence for good or for evil, is principally governed by the nature of their contents. Whilst some of them, if handled at all, should be handled only with the tongues, others are far less objectionable. Of the latter class is the one bearing the above title, recently established at Philadelphia, by Putnam & Kramer, the first numbers of which we have received. We but pay the Sun a merited compliment, when we add, that it is conducted with ability.

Womans's Influence.—Our amusements are insipid without woman contributes to them; our efforts of noblest ambition are feeble, unless she applauds; its rewards are valuless, unless she shares them.

Engravings, &c.—The most splendid lots of engravings and fancy articles ever brought in this city, are now to be seen, and for sale at Wilson's, Exchange street.

Warburton.—This Bishop was once addressed in a pamphlet, (with what justice we will not take it upon ourselves to say,) "To the most impudent man alive."

COMMUNICATED.

Foolishness.—There are many things done and said in this world, which are exceedingly *foolish*, in every class of society,—the religious portion of community as well as those who pay no regard to the divine Ordinances. But the most *foolish* of all, is, the chit-chat and nonsensical *jabber* of the young of both sexes, when met together in parties for the purpose of a *spree*. The conversation and *plays* at those assemblages are not only of no benefit to the parties concerned, but on the whole, have an immoral tendency, and ought not to be countenanced by those who believe that it is not in accordance with the christian character to trifle with time in any manner, from which no good can be derived in any way whatever.

An Old Maid.—According to the book of Jasher recently published, Neomah, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married to Noah. [Gals, don't despair.]

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

Drear Winter's reign is fast approaching now,
And balmy Summer's peaceful days are o'er;
Fierce northern blasts, with driving sleet and snow,
Proclaim that Autumn too is now no more.

Old Arctus' realm in icy chains is bound,
Rude Boreas roars where Zephyrs breathed perfume;
The footstep rings upon the frozen ground,
The world without is dark with clouds and gloom!

But when the shades of night around us close,
And 'gainst our dwellings drives the pelting storm,
Within our homes secure from frosts and snows,
We cluster round the happy fireside warm.

Then with the stores rich Autumn's hand has given,
And which the genial Summer suns have blest,
Kind favors granted by indulgent Heaven,
Nor Winters cold, nor storms our hearths molest.

'Tis thus with Life; when boyhood's Spring has fled,
Youth's Summer past, which never yet returned,
And Autumn bleached the hairs of Manhood's head,
And quenched the fires which in his bosom burned—

Though feeble age his trembling limbs impede,
And dim the lustre of his eagle eye,
Then Virtue's treasures stored for time of need,
His cares remove, and all his wants supply.

Though round his head grief's storms of Winter rise,
Winter which no returning Spring shall know,
His hopes are fixed above our stormy skies,
Unmoved by ills that wait on Life below.

Oh! blest is Winter's fireside; blest Old Age,
When strife of Youth and cares of Summer cease;
Thoughts of the past will oft his mind engage,
While for eternal Spring he waits in peace.

Rochester, Nov. 4, M.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

The following story is old, but a precious good one. We laughed heartily at it "long time ago," and presuming many of our readers never heard it, we serve it up for their edification:

A gentleman travelling some years since in the upper part of this State, called at a tavern and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he as well as his horse were almost exhausted with travelling. After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before. "Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts." After having refreshed himself, he inquired of the landlord how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted? The landlord replied, that shortly after they retired to rest an unknown voice was heard in a trembling and protracted accent saying, "Do you wa-a-nt to be sha-a-ved?" "Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a large room where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He then laid down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying, "*Do you wa-a-nt to be sha-a-ved?*" He arose from his bed and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed, but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent—after a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limbs of a large oak tree, which stood under his window, projected so near the house that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation, "Do you wa-a-nt to be sha-a-ved?"

Having satisfied himself that the ghost was nothing more or less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed and attempted to get asleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter and an occasional volley of oaths and curses from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed and wrapped it round him, and taking the wash-basin in his hand and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, stalked in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you wa-a-nt to be sha-a-ved?" Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it; some jumping through the windows and others tumbling head over heels down stairs. Our ghost, taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen to his own room.

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well; to which he replied in the effirmative. "Well, no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and came to ours, frightened us out of the room, and took away every dollar of our money." The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast and departed, many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

A School of Whales.—What do whales want of a *school*, papa?

To learn to *spout*. They are the greatest spouters in the world—except, perhaps, some of our noisy Congressmen.

A Hint.—"Recollect, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was leaving his house without paying the "reckoning," "recollect sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out *here*."

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE INDIAN.

BY E. HAINES.

"As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away —they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them for ever."

Behold yon dusky form! with downcast look,
Treading with slow and cautious step, among
The city crowd. Mark the deep furrows on
His wrinkled face,—his thoughtful, solemn brow—
His visage mark'd with grief. Why *should* he grieve?
Here, where gleam aloft the city spires, once
The rank thistle nodded in the evening breeze,
And the wild rabbit dug his hole, unscarr'd.
Here, lived, and *loved* and died another race.
Beneath the bright orbed sun that rolls on high,
The Indian hunter sought the panting deer,
Gazing on the moon that now smiles for us,
The Indian lover woo'd and won his mate.
Here the wigwam's blaze beamed on the tender
Helpless ones—the bright council fire glared on
The wise and strong. Now in you sedgy lake
They dipp'd their nimble limbs; and now they skim'd
Along its rocky shores, the light canoe.
Here, too, they warr'd. The loud echoing whoop—
The bloody gripe—the defying death-song,
All were here. And when the tiger-strife was
O'er, here curled the pipe of peace. And here, too,
They worshiped. From the dark bosom, was sent
Up to the Great Spirit the pure prayer.
Upon the hearts of all his law is sealed.
He knew not as the christian white man knows,
But nature's God he sees in all around,
In the evening star that sinks in beauty,
'Neath his lonely cot—the sacred orb,
That flames on him, from his high mid day throne—
The opening flower, decked in loveliest hues,
Slowly waving in the morning breeze,—
The lofty pine that braved a thousand storms—
The timid songster in his native grove—
The fearless eagle, with untired pinion
Wet in clouds—the worm that crawls beneath his feet,
And in his own proud matchless form, glowing
With spark of heav'nly light, to which he bow'd
In humble praise. Why should the old man grieve?
This has passed away. Across the ocean
Came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of
Life and death. The seeds of life were sown for us,
But death sprung up in the dark-brow'd natives'
Path, and now two centuries past, forever
Crushed a whole peculiar race. Nature's bowers
Usurped by art, and only here and there,
A stricken few remain. But how unlike
Their bold progenitors! The falcon glance,
The lion boldness now is gone. Where once
He walk'd in proud defying majesty,
Now he crawls upon the earth, reminding
Us, how miserable is man, with the
Oppressor's foot upon his neck. Read in
His melancholy look his tale of wo,
By the Christian white man wronged.—

Curs'd be the bark that brought them o'er,
The breeze that fill'd the sail;
The first that trod our peaceful shore
From past th' Atlantic gale.

We proffer'd them the friendly hand
When weak and sorely tried,
We bade them welcome to our land
From off the foaming tide.

We kindly gave them food to eat
As children of one sire,
And shelter from the wintry sleet
Beside our wigwam fire.

But as the white man grew in strength,
They spurn'd the friendly hand;
They stronger grew, until at length,
They drove us from our land.

Our fathers' graves are far behind,
Unto the West we roam,
To wilds ne'er trod by human kind
Beyond the white man's home.

Curs'd be the Christian's talk and prayer,
The arts they proudly boast;
Our fathers' land was far more fair
Before they trod our coast.

Our race is run—our setting sun
Will soon go down in gloom;
A few more years will leave not one
To tell our mournful doom.

Ontario Co., 1840.

SAILOR'S INSTRUCTION FOR DANCING.—We understand the following directions and instructions for the information of all sailors who may be inclined to trip, as all sailors from time immemorial are wont, on the light fantastic toe, were recently found among the papers of the late Sir Joseph Yorke, of facetious memory. They form a perfect VADE MECUM for the valiant defenders of our wooden walls, when they are capering ashore; and by carefully studying his manual of "dancing made easy" to tar's capacities, as census from the gun room to the ball room will be facilis indeed:

FIRST FLOUE.

LE PANTALOON.—Haul up the starboard tack, let the other craft pass, then bear up and get your head on the other tack, back and fill your partner, boxhaul her, wear round twice against the sun, in company with the opposite craft and your own, afterwards boxhaul her again and bring her up.

SECOND FIGURE.

LETE.—Shoot about two fathoms till you nearly come astern of the other craft under weigh; then make a stern board toward your berth side out for ahead; first to starboard and then to port, make sail and pass the other craft, get your head round on the other tack, another head to the starboard and port, make sail to remain in your berth, wear round back and fill and boxhaul your partner, and then heave to.

THIRD FIGURE.

LAPOULE.—Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard-arm and yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack; in the same order take your station in line with your partner, back and fill, fall on your heel and bring up your partner; she then manœuvres ahead and heaves all aback, shoots ahead again and pays off alongside you, then make all sail in company with her till nearly stern with the other line; make a stern board and cast her off to shift for herself; regain your berth in the best means in your power, and let go your anchor.

FOURTH FIGURE.

LA TRENISE.—Wear round as before, against the sun, twice box-haul the lady; range up alongside her, and make sail in company; when half way across the other shore, drop astern with the ride short, and cast off the craft; back and fill as before, and boxhaul her and yourself into your berth and bring up.

INCIDENTS AT SEA.—The schooner Delaware, bound from Texas to New York, was capsized in the Gulf of Mexico about a fortnight ago. Capt. Brookfield, two passengers, and two negroes took to the sea in one boat, while his brother Charles, and the other mate, Hoffman, together with two other negroes, left the sinking ship in another.—Captain Brookfield and his companions were at sea in this open boat one whole week, existing upon raw ham and brandy, their only provisions, until they at last made the South West Pass of the Mississippi, and landed among the pilots at Balize, towards whom Captain Brookfield expreses himself in terms of the warmest gratitude for their kind treatment.

A different fate befel the other boat, which was capsized, and the unfortunate men clung to the bottom while strength lasted, until one by one they sunk into the sea, and the poor mate, Brookfield, the captain's brother, was left clinging to the boat a maniac. When found, his senses were entirely lost, and he entreated the people who came to save him, not to take away his boat, for he was on his way to Galveston, and was having a very prosperous voyage. The poor fellow's intellect was quite gone, and he could scarcely have survived many more hours. He was picked up, saved, completely restored, and brought to New Orleans by Capt. Shell, of the ship Swan, from Philadelphia.

We gather the the above particulars from the New Orleans Picayune of the 4th November.

A NEW DRINK.—"Mr. Guzzlefunction, I have discovered a new drink for you. Suppose you try a little."

"Well, I don't care if I do, [drinks.] It has'nt got a very bad taste to it; and if my memory serves me right, it is vot they call water. I recollect of drinking some of the stuff when I was a lad."—*Louisville Jour.*

"You are determined to get me into a broil," as the partridge said to the gridiron.

THE TEETH.

Attention to the cleansing of the teeth cannot be inculcated at too early an age. The neglect of brushing and washing the teeth is invariably attended with disease and decay, which by timely and daily ablutions might have been avoided altogether. Those who have grown up in the omission of this salubrious habit should lose not an instant in availing themselves of a practice so essential to general health and cleanliness. The extremes of heat and cold are injurious to the teeth—therefore, the water with which the teeth are cleansed should be what is termed luke-warm. They should be well but gently brushed both night and morning; the brush should not be extremely hard nor extremely soft but should possess a medium quality. Should the gums bleed slightly during the operation it will have a salutary effect. The most effectual, and indeed the only means of keeping the teeth and gums in a firm and healthy state, is by using the brush daily. Those who possess good teeth should be careful to preserve them. When they are in good order, and free from tarter, the use of a soft brush once a day, with a little dentifrice occasionally, will be sufficient to keep them so; and with this the owner should rest satisfied. With respect to tooth-powder, which has afforded to quackery and impostors a spacious field for their operations, whereon the credulity of mankind has enabled them to reap a golden harvest, it is obvious to all who give themselves the trouble to think, that the simpler the ingredients of its composition the more beneficial it is likely to prove. I know of none better or more wholesome, either for cleansing the teeth or strengthing the gums, cuttle-fish, prepared chalk, and orris root, commingled together in equal quantities, which any one may procure separately from any respectable chemist, and mix himself.—*Hunter.*

Said a reverend Doctor to a younger brother of the cloth, "I have seen the marriage of Mr. Lyon and Miss Lamb." "Really," says the other, "the Millenium must surely be at hand, for the lion and the lamb will lie down together." To which a junior wearer of the cassock rejoined—"Yes, and although the little child may not LEAD them, I doubt not he will soon FOLLOW."

The most precious acquisition is that of a friend.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 23d inst., by Rev. Pharcellus Church, Mr. John D. Potter to Miss Harriet Barrett, of this city.

At Honeoye Falls, on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., by the Rev. N. F. Bruce, Doct. Herkimer B. Minor to Miss Sophia Lockwood.

In Victor, N. Y., on the 18th instant, by Rev. Waterman Burlingame, Mr. JOHN H. IVES, of Great Barrington, Mass., to Miss LYDIA C. RIPLEY, of the former place.

At South Hadley, Mass. on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Condit, Wells Southworth, Esq. of West Springfield, to to Mrs. Frances Lyon, daughter of E. T. Smith, Esq. formerly of this place.

On Thursday last, by Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Isaac Hagreen, to Miss Eliza Avenell, all of this city.

On the 9th inst., by the Rev. S. A. Baker, of Scottsville, Mr. Sanford I. Mallory, of Wheatland, to Miss Harriet Green, of Chili.

In Perrinton, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Freeman, Mr. Caleb Lyndon, jr., to Miss Elizabeth Tompkins.

In Conesus, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Ira King, of Groveland, to Miss Adaline Morris,

In Charlottee, on the 18th instant, by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Elijah S. Church, of this city, to Miss Frances Charlotte, daughter of John Moxon, Esq. of the former place.

In Scottsville, on the 7th instant, by the same, Mr. James Merriman, to Miss Elizabeth Baker.

In Kelloggsville, Cayuga county, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. N. L. Moore, Mr. ALFRED BARNUM, of Rochester, to Miss CAROLINE E. MOORE, of the former place.

At Wheatland, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. S. Haynes, of Scottsville, Mr. Lyman Smith, to Miss Clarissa Murdock, of Spencertown, Columbia co.

In the town of Parma, on the 11th instant, by the Rev J. T. Manning, Mr. Geo. H. Roberts, to Miss Ann Rosina daughter of Simeon Smith, Esq., all of that town.

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From the New-Yorker.

THE SHARK.

The sun was in his tower of noon,
High 'mid the blue of Tropic June;
The sea shone like a silver lake,
A thousand bright fish in our wake,
Sporting, leaping, glancing, swimming,
Or the sparkling surface skimming:
'Twas a lovely sight to see
The colors blend so radiantly!

'Mid them stole a phantom dark,
The prowling, never glutted Shark,
Blue-gleaming 'neath the crystal wave,
A gliding tomb—a living grave.
He seized a dolphin for his prey,
Then stealthily he stole away;
The sport went on—but back he came,
And to some other did the same!

Thus in Pleasure's syren bowers
Her votaries spend the festal hours
With song and dance gay sporting round,
Thoughtless to the tabor's sound;
Death remorseless on them steals,
He strikes—the fated victim reels;
But still the flowery dance proceeds,
And still another victim bleeds!

From the London Metropolitan.

AN ELIGIBLE MATCH.

A TALE OF A COUNTRY HOUSE—BY MRS ABDY.

[Concluded.]

The next morning, as I was tying on my straw bonnet, to take a stroll, my mother entered, for inspecting my morning costume. I have already said she had a taste for elaborate dress, and the consequence was that when I was arrayed according to her wishes, I looked much more fit for a public breakfast at a villa on the banks of the Thames, than for a quiet morning meal of a family party. My brother occupied the attention of Captain Ormond, during a great part of the time of breakfast by lively sketches of a half dozen young men whom he had met at dinner on the preceding day. Some of them were rich and some were clever, and who were all passionate admirers of Eva, and full of attentions to himself, in the hope of conciliating his good offices. Captain Ormond was evidently quite tired of the sameness in the family conversation, and I was delighted to escape to the solitude of my boudier. In about half an hour my mother entered.

"Eva," said she, "are you inclined to accompany me to the infant school?"

"Are you going alone?" I asked, suspiciously.

She unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative, and we sallied forth. On arriving there, my mother selected seven of the prettiest little ones for the purpose of repeating their lessons to me, and she had just with some care, contrived to group them round me, so that I looked like the picture of charity, encircled by children, when the door opened, and Captain Ormond appeared, conducted by Penelope.

"Ah!" exclaimed Penelope, with affected surprise; "I did not know we should find Eva here; but I cannot say I much wonder at it—really, her heart is completely in this school, she is so devotedly fond of teaching."

"It is a desirable thing," said my mother, addressing Captain Ormond, when young people show such a taste."

"I am sure," said the school-mistress, who had opened her eyes very wide at these observations, "I only wish Miss Warwick came here more frequently."

My mother cast an angry glance at her, and made a remark to Captain Ormond on my excessive love of children, pointing at the same time to a little urchin who, encouraged by a sign from herself, had just detached my bonnet from my head, and ran off in triumph with it to the farthest extremity of the room, leaving my long hair floating down to my waist. Our Coelebs, however, gave no indication that his "search for a wife" would be terminated by the morning's display of my useful qualities, any more than by the evening exhibition of my brilliant ones; and after hearing the pence and multiplication tables sung, a recitation of the history of England in verse, a solo parody on "Home, sweet home," setting forth the superior delights of the school, and a choral declaration by the whole body of scholars of their intention to go into the play ground, set very oppositely to the air, "There's nae luck about the house," he was suffered to escape in the fresh air. After walking for about an hour, we returned home, my mother desired me to fetch down a pair of screens that I had painted for a charity bazaar to show Captain Ormond. I contrived to be as long as possible in finding them. When I returned to the drawing room no one was there, but Captain Ormand was standing on the lawn just before the window, looking at a beautiful exotic, which the gardener had permitted, as a rare indulgence, to enjoy the luxury of the open air.—His back was towards me, and he was singing in a low tone. I stood to listen to him, for as he had declined joining me, in a duet the evening before, I was rather surprised to find that he had a melodious voice; the words that he sung were, to my great dismay, from a ballad by Haynes Bayly:

"This is my eldest daughter, sir,
Her mother's only care,
You praise her face—oh, sir, she is
As good as she is fair;
My angel Jane is clever too,
Accomplishments I've taught her,
I'll introduce you to her, sir—
This is my eldest daughter!"

After luncheon, my brother proposed a ride to Captain Ormond, and I felt reconciled to a circumstance which two days before I had thought a great trouble—the temporary lameness of my horse which prevented me from using it. About half an hour after the departure of the equestrians, we were all assembled in the drawing room, when a country neighbor was announced.

"I have just met your son, Mrs. Warwick," said he, "riding with a very handsome young man whom he introduced to me as Captain Ormond; I know him very well by report—his father, Sir Terriance, has just come into a fine fortune.

"He has," replied my mother, "and this young man appears well deserving of his prospects; he is remarkably well bred and amiable."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Burrows, "for I have a very high opinion of the young lady he has engaged to marry."

"Engaged to be married!" exclaimed Arabella, "it is impossible!"

"I do not know what private reasons you may have, Miss Arabella, for believing it impossible," said Mr. Burrows; "but I know it to be a positive fact. I dare say," he continued, addressing my mother, "you are acquainted with the family by name—the Mapletons, of Hilbury—they live about twenty miles from hence."

My mother, too much overcome to answer, could only bow her head.

"Well," pursued Mr. Burrows, "he is recently engaged to Julia, the third daughter, a very pretty girl, with auburn ringlets, and a most delightful voice; she has no money, but Captain Ormond's father has sufficient for both."

"Are you quite certain that there is no mistake about this engagement?" asked Penelope.

"I cannot tell what makes you fair ladies so incredulous," replied Mr. Burrows; "but I have a letter from the young lady's father, in my pocket, informing me of the engagement; so I think you will allow I am entitled to speak confidently on the subject."

Mr. Burrows shortly took his leave, and the smothered tide of family indignation, then burst forth.

"I could not have believed it possible!" exclaimed Penelope.

"He has insinuated himself into our house under false pretences," said Arabella.

"I suppose that he must stay till the end of the week," said my mother, "but I shall be very distant and cool in my manner towards him."

"Let us view the subject dispassionately," said my father; "I am just as vexed as any of you; but after all, I do not know that we have much cause to consider ourselves aggrieved; we have only been acquainted with Captain Ormond one day, and it is not very surprising that he should feel sufficiently intimate with us to confide to us an engagement which has been so recently formed."

"At all events," said my mother, "I suppose you do not expect Eva to curl her hair, and wear her best dresses, and fatigue herself with practising difficult songs while he stays?"

"Certainly not," replied my father. "I only expect Eva, and every other member of my family, to behave with the good breeding which has always characterized them."

"And perhaps, after all," gently insinuated Penelope, "we may discover that the rumor of his engagement is unfounded."

"That is not at all likely," said my mother, "Burrows is far from having any addiction to tattle and misrepresentation."

We dispersed to our several occupations. When my brother returned, he was informed of the news of the morning, which elicited from him the vehement prophecy that "Eva would be an old maid, after all!" and a decided change immediately took place in the manners of the family towards Captain Ormond. I do not mean to say that there was any coldness or rude attachment to the change; good nature and good breeding alike forbade such an evidence of disappointment; but he was allowed to go out or come in when he pleased, no one seemed to know or care whether he took notice of me or not, so far from seeing me exalted on a pedestal as the idol of my family, he beheld me treated with the occasional unceremonious freedom to which the daughter of even an affectionate family is very liable to be exposed. My father, on one occasion, had brought in an account which he had desired me to cast up for him, and told me that I was very careless, and had made the sum total quite wrong. My mother, when I kept the carriage waiting a few minutes, informed me that I was getting more unpunctual, and my brother advised me to ask Miss Shelbourne for the name of her dress-maker, saying that her gowns seemed to fit the shape a great deal better than mine. Arabella was again the good-humored, sometimes saucy, younger sister, and Penelope, the useful, worsted-winding, pattern-taking cousin, and nothing more. Strange as it may seem, Captain Ormond appeared much happier than during the first day of his visit, and evidently liked me a great deal better; he walked with me, conversed with me, went out on sketching excursions with me, and even pleaded guilty to the accusation of a fine voice, and sang duets with me, occasionally diversifying the performance by single songs, which pleased my fancy much better than

"This is my eldest daughter, sir."

He hourly gained ground in my good opinion; he was certainly not only an "eligible match," but an accomplished and engaging young man.—Captain Ormond had arrived on Thursday for a week's visit; it was Wednesday evening; tea was over; we all strolled round the grounds, for since I returned to white muslin dresses and braided hair, I had no finery to watch over, and was there-

fore permitted to enjoy the evening breezes, unchecked by my mother's admonitions.

Captain Ormond and myself had wandered to some dittance from the rest of the family; we passed into a meadow, the gate of which stood invitingly open. He offered me his arm, I accepted it, and made an observation on the beauty of the wild roses in the hedges. Captain Ormond did not reply to me.

"To-morrow," he said, at length, "I leave this delightful place. I am a most unhappy being.—I have given both Mr. and Mrs. Warwick a dozen hints to be asked to stay, but they have not been taken, to-morrow my short visit must end."

"A week is indeed a short time," I rejoined, feeling that I returned a very commonplace answer, and yet doubtful what answer I could make that would have been better.

"It is," he answered; "and yet in some respects it is a long time, because it enables us to rectify first-formed opinions, which would have been unjust and uncharitable. Will you forgive me, Miss Warwick, if I tell you that the first day of my arrival, I did not like you at all; I thought you artificial, over-dressed, full of dull play, and the spoiled child of a family who were so devotedly wrapped up in you, that they overrated your good qualities beyond the bounds of reason, and demanded that the rest of the world should perform a similar homage to you. Can you pardon me for this?"

"Yes," I said; and mentally added, "I can very well pardon you, because your construction is a great deal more favorable to us than a review of the case would have been."

"One circumstance even now perplexes me," said the Captain, "after the first day you all seemed changed; your father became easy, natural, and unaffected, and you, Miss Warwick—how can I describe the delight I have received from your accomplishments, your intellects, your excellence?"

I was on the point of disclaiming these compliments, but I remembered a maxim of Rochefoucalt's, "Le refus des louanges est un desir d' etre loue deux fois," and was silent. Captain Ormond continued, "Were you in London, I might hope to enjoy your occasional society; but now how dreary and sad a prospect is mine to live for several months away from you."

"It is lucky," thought I, "that Julia Mapleton has not, according to my father's idea, the power of rendering herself invisible at pleasure;" but strange to say, instead of smiling at the fancy I had conjured up, the tears began to flow down my cheeks.

"Dearest Eva!" exclaimed Captain Ormond, "I cannot bear the sight of those tears; I cannot leave you unless absolutely and irrevocably banished from your presence by yourself and your relations. Do not forbid me to speak to your father this evening; let me tell him how much I admire and love you."

My cheek crimsoned at the insult.

"Is it possible," said I, "that you forget that you are an engaged man?"

"You seem to be deeply versed in my concerns," said Captain Ormond with a smile, "considering that I am such a recent acquaintance; nay, you know more of me than I do of myself. I assure you I am not aware that I am an engaged man."

"Are you acquainted with the Mapletons, of Hilbury?" I asked, anxious to discover some misrepresentation in the statement of Mr. Burrows; "and do you not admire Julia, the third daughter, who has auburn ringlets, and a very fine voice?"

"Stay," he said, gently replacing it, "I think, as a countryman of mine once said, that I can satisfactorily refute the charge brought against me, by proving myself to be another person! I have a younger brother, who is in the army, as well as myself, he holds the same rank, and consequently he is generally known as Captain Ormond; he is just engaged to Julia Mapleton, and although I will not tell you that you will find her so charming a young lady as yourself, I can venture to say that you will like her very much as a sister-in-law, should you ever decide on admitting her to that honor by accepting the honor of my hand."

I need not detail the rest of our conversation; in about an hour we returned home. My mother was in the hall.

"How can you stay out so late, Eva?" she said indignantly; "you will certainly take cold."

Captain Ormond interrupted her by asking to speak in private with Mr. Warwick; she told him he would find him in the library, and then took her way to the drawing room, followed by me and saying angrily—

"I wonder what business engaged men have to want private interviews with fathers of families?"

I quickly reconciled her to the liberty Captain Ormond had taken, by informing her of his business; she eagerly embraced me.

"I congratulate you, dear Eva," she said, "on an alliance quite equal to my expectations for you, and I hope Arabella will profit by your good example; I must say, however, it is a wonder to me how the matter has been brought about."

"So it is to me," said I; and I spoke with perfect sincerity.

"You certainly," continued my mother, "appeared to great advantage the first day, and part of the second, but, after the mistake into which we were led by that stupid Mr. Burrows, you were so inanimate and indifferent, and careless, (not that I blame you for it, my dear, because I gave you permission to be so,) and we all made ourselves so dull and disagreeable, that I am sure we were enough to repulse any eligible match in the world."

Captain Ormond and my father now entered, both looking highly satisfied with the result of their conference, and the latter hardly able to contain the exhuberance of his delight; he was at all times a good natured man, but on the present occasion he was not contented to lavish his kindness on his wife, children, and future son-in-law, but actually went the length of caressing the lap-dog, and paying compliments to Penelope!

Captain Ormond was our guest during the remainder of the summer; his father gave a warm assent to his marriage, and we removed to London earlier in the winter than usual, for the purpose of buying wedding clothes.

I was at the Pantheon Bazaar, purchasing some "lady trifles," when I descried Mr. Burrows at a little distance; I ran to him, shook hands with him cordially, and stood talking with him some time, although he had never been a particular favorite of mine.

"What in the world, Eva," said my mother, when seated in the carriage, "could induce you to waste so much time prosing with that tiresome old man? I have hardly patience to look at him; he was very nearly the cause of depriving you of Captain Ormond's proposal."

I merely said I did not wish to slight an old neighbor; but in my heart I felt that I owed a peculiar obligation to Mr. Burrows; that his unintentional blunder had been the means of repairing those of my family, and that the disentanglement of my person, mind and manners from their gala garb, and restoration to their easy, every-day simplicity, had been the real cause of procuring for me all the happiness of an union of hearts, and all the advantages of an "eligible match."

Sports Abroad.—The Spanish correspondent of a Paris paper gives the following description of a European sport:

"A splendid amateur bull fight took place at the large Circus at Campo Santa Ana on Friday. The public were only admitted by tickets, obtained gratuitously from the associate amateurs. Upwards of five thousand tickets were given away, and not less than that number of persons were present. The boxes were filled with ladies, and the rest of the seats by men. The young Marquis of Valenca and the brother of the Marquis of Loule, fought the bulls on horseback; the former performed his part with particular grace; the latter was unhorsed in one encontre; and, according to usage, subsequently dismounted and fought the bull on foot. The other combattants who fought the bull on foot, belonged to the rising aristocracy for the most part; and the elegance of their varied costumes, together with the address and sang froid with which they speared the bulls, on coming on en masse, seized them by the horns and led them off, was highly applauded by the spectators. Upwards of a dozen bulls were successively brought on, and the whole went off without any serious accident. The national taste for this somewhat cruel and dangerous amusement seems quite as strong as ever. A bull fight takes place every Sunday at Campo Santa Anna, the proceeds of which go to the Cassa Pi, an institution for the maintenance and education of orphans.

Mr. Audubon, the Ornithologist, is at present in Boston. I am glad to learn from him that he has succeeded beyond all expectation in obtaining subscribers to his new work on ornithology, having nearly a thousand. His work does honor to this country, vieing with any work on natural history, of its size ever published, even in the old world.—*Providence Journal.*

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

THE FORESTS OF BRAZIL.

We copy the following from Murray's Geography, as republished by Lea & Blanchard of Philadelphia:

"The infinite variety of tints which these woods display, give them an aspect wholly different from those of Europe. Each of the lofty sons of the forest has an effect distinct from that of the rest. The brilliant white of the silver tree, the brown head of the mangoa, the purple flowers of the Brazil wood, the yellow laburnums, the deep red fungus, and the carminc colored lichens, which invest the trunks and the bark, all mingle in brilliant confusion, forming groups finely contrasted and diversified.

"The gigantic height of the palms, with their varying crowns, give to these forests an incomparable majesty. All these are interwoven with a network of creeping and climbing plants, so close as to form around the large trees a verdant wall, which the eye is unable to penetrate; and many of the flowering species, that climb up the trunks, spread forth and present the appearance of parterres hanging in the air.

"These woods are not a silent scene, unless during the deepest heat of noon, but are crowded and rendered vocal by the greatest variety of the animal tribes.

"Birds of the most singular form and most superb plumage flutter through the bushes.

"The toucan rattles his large hollow bill, the busyorioles creek out of their long pendant nests; the amorous thrush, the chattering manaken, the full tones of the nightingale, amuse the hunter; while the humming birds, rivalling in lustre diamonds, emeralds and saphires, hover round the brightest flowers, myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air; and the gayest butterflies rivalling in splendor the colors of the rainbow, flutter from flower to flower.

"Meantime the beautiful, but sometimes dangerous, race of lizards and serpants, exceeding in splendor the enamel of the flowers, glide out of the leaves and hollows of the trees. Troops of squirrels and monkeys leap from bough to bough, and large bodies of ants, issuing from their nests, creep along the ground. It concerns us here to remark, that these immense forests are rich in timber of every description for use and ornament suited either for carpentry, shipbuilding, dying or furniture. That kind especially called Brazil wood, is particularly celebrated for the beautiful red dye which it produces."

When we recollect, that this work contains a description of the most remarkable objects of nature and art in every region of the globe, what an intellectual treat may be derived from its eighteen hundred royal octavo pages. It is truly a descriptive geography. This alone, independent of all the other subjects, is worth the price of the volume.

Many, very many, will prize these elegant descriptions more than any other part of the work. They have all the charm of novelty, while at the same time they store the mind with solid and useful information.

Exterior of the City of Aleppo.—I had occasion to mention the low rentals of houses, in Aleppo, as one of the facilities which the town offers as a place of depot; but it should be stated that to keep the buildings in repair is more costly than the amount paid for rent; in fact, so little is received by the owners, that the largest house proprietor in Aleppo, who is supposed to own nearly one-fourth of the city, is by no means an opulent man. One great source of expenditure is the gardens, which cover all the roofs of the city. Seen from above, the whole town is a succession of terraces, over which is spread a rank and luxuriant vegetation, looking like an irregular plain, under which the multitudinous inhabitants circulate, the streets being all of them covered in, and lighted only by gratings from above. Looked at from the terraces, Aleppo appears a subteranean city, whose noises scarcely penetrate through the superincumbent bed of earth. It is easy to walk from one end of the city to the other, over the streets and over the houses, there being generally wooden steps or ladders which enable the wanderer to ascend or descend from one range of terraces to another.

An eminent butcher is said to have married a celebrated *danseuse* on account of the display she made with her *calves*. A wag observed upon the same marriage that *mutton* and *capers* always went together.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

TO MISS M. E. D. * * * * *.

BY MISS S. J. CLARKE.

We've parted Margaret, ne'er perchance,
Again on earth to meet,
To mingle hopes and tender thoughts
In love's communion sweet.

Though many months have fled since then,
Yet still do seem to me,
Like green spots in a desert waste,
The hours I've spent with thee.

Though drear and darkly clouded o'er
Is summer's sunny sky,
And changed to chill and piercing winds
The zephyr's gentle sigh,—

And perished is the summer rose,
Though robed in beauty's glow,
And Autumn's pale and fragile flowers
Are withered long ago,—

And bound in unrelenting chains
Is summer's fairy rill—
Yet thy bright tips and beaming eyes
Seem smiling on me still.

Thine image in it's loveliness,
In all its beauty's power,
Oft comes to me at twilight's hush
And midnight's holy hour;

And then thy voice's tender tones
So soft and yet so clear,
In dream-like music faint and low,
Steal on my raptured ear,

And wake emotions warm and fond
As by a magic call;
Regrets, rememberances—and love
The fondest of them all.

Nor time, nor distance, e'er can chill
That love's intensity,
And language can but feebly speak
Its hopes, its prayers for thee,—

That angels pure may o'er thee bend
To save from sorrow's strife,
And shield and guard thee 'mid the paths,
The thorny paths of life;—

That when earth's scenes so stained with tears
And veiled with clouds, are passed,
Thy sinless soul may find its rest
In holier realms at last.

Rochester, December 7, 1840.

A TALE OF VENICE.

"Guilt seeks a companion for the same reason that a child calls for a bed fellow, because he fears to left alone in the dark."—COLTON.

"Coloni," said Signor Marcorando, "my faithful valet, I need your assistance; but first tell me, can you keep a secret?"

"My noble master, have I ever deceived you?" replied Coloni, with the consciousness of one about to be made the confident of a superior.

"I blush that I doubted you for a moment, my good Coloni," said the coaxing Signor, "and therefore, without any hesitation, I will begin; Count Golesko has dared to refuse me the hand of his daughter in marriage."

"Has he dared?" exclaimed Coloni; and determining to show his readiness for the blackest deeds, he continued with a frowning brow, "then *of course*, he is to die."

This was all the Signor wanted—to rid the beauty of her only protector. "Do you think he should, Coloni?" replied he in a whispering tone; "if you will assist me in the undertaking, I fear not to stain my hands in such a villain's blood?"

"A fortunate circumstance, my honored sir," said Coloni, after a pause; "the Count is at present in search of a valet; I will offer myself, with your leave, and make known to you a favorable opportunity."

"Oh, my only parent! My dear father!" exclaimed the fair Sebella, do not remain late at the Doge's palace to-night; rumors are abroad that ruffians seek your life; my father, think of your lonely Sebella."

"My only child!" answered Count Golesko, "I have a scheme to communicate. Ere I can return, my household will be wrapt in the arms of sleep; and I know not the depth of those soft smiles that play on the face of my new valet, Coloni; therefore, my Sebella, will you steal from your chamber when I cast a pebble to your window, and unbolt the outer door? then may I enter and none know of my protracted return; my being abroad so late were offering too good an opportunity to those that wish me dead, for any one save yourself to be trusted with the secret."

"My kind master," exclaimed Coloni, entering the room where Marcarando sat alone, "I have news; the Count attends the palace of the Doge to-day, and returns at midnight. I loitered behind the tapestry of the saloon, to hear his last orders to the Lady Sebella—Oh! she is beautiful," he continued, "and she shall be Signor Marcorando's queen. Count Golesko has heard by some strange means, that his life is sought for, mayhap, he only pictures what he feels he deserves; however, he has trusted his daughter only with the knowledge of his late return; she is to unbolt the outer door; now, my noble master, come at twelve, stand at the corner of the great court-yard a few moments, and you will have a chance of quenching your dagger's thirst; then throw a pebble to the nearest window on the right, and the Lady Sebella is yours forever. I will be on the spot to keep off intruders."

Every clock in Venice had struck the midnight hour, and tears gently coursed each other down the pale cheeks of Sebella, as she sat listening at her chamber window; "Come, come, my father," she frequently repeated; not that she was wearied with waiting, or her patience exhausted; but that she could not drive from her fancy an apprehension that her father had met some midnight bandit. "Ah, there is the pebble, thanks to the Holy Virgin," she exclaimed, clasping her hands; she reached the entrance door, her hand trembled on the bolt. "Is it not to save a father?" were the words of encouragement she repeated, and the bolt slipped back.

The light of an Italian moon shone on a tall figure, wrapped in a long black cloak. "My own, my dear father," whispered Sebella.

"Thou art mine! mine forever!" exclaimed the deep voice of the hated Marcorando. Sebella dashed from his embrace, and would have roused the castle, had not Coloni, with a lamp in his hand, impeded her flight. Marcorando entered.

"Approach me not, Signor Marcorando, or the curse of Golesko be on thee forever!" said Sebella, in that tone which is at once the offspring of wounded and unsullied virtue.

"Golesko is no more!" said Murcorando, with a fiendish smile, "and thou art mine!"

"If prayers and entreaties failed, think'st thou that coward-like treachery could change the vows of Sebella! I tell thee, by the Holy Virgin, never!" exclaimed the maiden, driven to despair by indignation and fear. "Unhand me!" she added, much more in the style of a chieftain giving the word of command, than that of a trembling dove in the hands of a vulture; "unhand me, and I may hear thee."

"Then, my Sebella, fly with me; they father is no more; all obstacles are removed; give me thy heart and—"

"Stop, villain! murderer of my father!" she exclaimed, snatching the dagger from his belt, yet wet with the life tide of her parent, and plunging it to the hilt in her own bosom, Sebella cried,—"There, take my *heart*, it is on the point of thy dagger!"

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—We have not a doubt but many scenes, rich in humor, occur in those courts where foreigners are now every day taking final measures for the procuration of their naturalization papers.

Yesterday, Joanna Favento, a subject of the Emperor of Austria, went up before Judge Buchanan, to consumate the act of citizenship. His head was whitened over by the frosts of many winters, and there was an off hand candor in his manner when told he was an old *salt*, who had braved many an angry billow.

Testimony was given to the court that the applicant for citizenship was a sailor on board the United States frigate Constellation during the last war, and no doubt, did the State some service.

'And,' said the Judge, as he administered the oath.' 'you swear allegiance to the Constitution.'

"No, no,' said the old Italian, 'not to the Constitution, but the *Constellation—Constitation*—fine ship, very fine ship.'

It was found necessary to enter into a long explanation before he would swear allegiance to any thing but the frigate Constellation!—*N. O. Picayune.*

Candidates for office should unite the blindness of the mole with the deafness of the adder, that they may read no abuse and hear no scandal.

From Leigh Hunt's Biographical Sketches.

CLOSING YEARS OF SHERIDAN'S LIFE.

In the year 1792 Sheridan lost his first wife, whom we can never help fancying to have been of a nature too truly refined for him; and in 1705, being then in his forty-fourth year, he married hie second, Miss Ogle, daughter of Dean Winchester, a lady "young and accomplished, and ardently devoted to him;" so fascinating his fame and wit, and the power of enlivening the present moment. Miss Ogle brought him a fortune, also, of five thousand pounds; and with this sum, and fifteen thousand more, "which he contrived," says his biographer, "to raise by the sale of Drury Lane shares," an estate was bought in Surrey, where he was to live in love and happiness, till drink and his duns could endure it no longer.—For alas! he had long been in difficulties, but knew not how to retreat. A certain show of prosperity seemed so necessary to him, to convince his unspiritual soul of the presence of any kind of happiness, and thus, through perpetual show and struggle, and every species of ingenious, eloquent, and, it is feared, degrading shift,—helping his party occasionally with a promising effort, but gradually degenerating into a useless though amusing speaker,—familiarly joked at by the public, admired but disesteemed by his friends, seeing his theatrical property come to worse than nothing, without energy or perhaps power to retrieve himself by his pen, secretly assailed by disease, and at last threatened by every kind of domestic discomfort,—this unhappy and brilliant man dragged out a heavy remainder of existence between solaces that made him worse, and a loyalty to his Prince that did him no good. He died near a dying wife, amidst the threats of bailiffs, and forsaken by that Prince, and by all but his physician and a few poetic friends (God bless the imagination that leaves men in the possession of their hearts!) on Sunday, the 7th July, 1816, in Saville-row, Burlington Gardens, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age. When his accounts were settled, it was a surprise to every body to find how small a sum, comparatively speaking, improvidence had rendered him insolvent. His death should never be mentioned without adding the names of his physician, Dr. Bain, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Thomas Moore, and Lord Holland, as those of his last, and we believe, only comforters. It is a remarkable and painful instance of the predominance of the conventional and superficial in his feelings, even when they were most strongly and deeply excited that after going through life with apparently a laughing carelessness as to troubles far more humiliating, he burst into tears, and complained of his "person" being "degraded," because a bailiff had touched him! That word "person" expresses all.

GERMAN FONDNESS FOR BOWING.—Amongst the peculiarities, (says Hood) nothing strikes a stranger more, in his course up the Rhine, than the German fondness fer bowing. "Whenever a steamer passes or stops at a little town, you see a great part of the population collected on the shore ready to perform this courtesy. One or two fuglemen go through this manœvre by anticipation, as if saluting the figure-head; then the vessel ranges alongside, and off goes the covering of every head—hats and caps of every shade are flourishing in the air. Wet or dry, or schorching sun, every male from six years old to sixty, is uncovered. Some seize their caps by the top, others by the spout in front, and wave to and fro—the very baker plucks off his white cap, and holds it shaking at arms length. Meanwhile their countrymen on board, vigorously return the same; the town is passed, and the ceremony is over. But no; a man comes running at full speed down a gateway or round the corner of a street, looks eagerly for the boat, now one hundred yards distant, gives a wave with his hat or cap, and then thrusting his hands into his pockets, returns deliberately up the street or gateway, as if he had acquitted himself of an indispensable moral duty."

INFANTILE COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.—Two bulls, of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a laird's house, in the highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son, a boy between five and six years of age, belaboring with a stiff cudgel the stouter of the beligerents. "Dugald, Dugald, what are you about?" "Helping the little bull," was the gallant young hero's reply.

The American Girl's Choice.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters,
Of Scotland's lasses, England's fair,
And nymph's of Shannon's waters—
We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords and dukes there hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
And a freeman—for a lover.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SKETCH OF FAMILY CHARACTER.

While musing on what is commonly termed *human life*, I have been particularly attracted by one of its scenes, and that scene was presented in the recursive view which I had of a certain *well regulated family*, with whom it was my happiness, a few years ago, to spend a winter. The home of the family in question, is situate within a few miles of Turkey Point, on Lake Erie. The vast waters of this inland sea, a salubrious climate, and a fertile soil, form the wealth that Nature bequeathed this section of country; now the possession of an honest, industrious and hospitable community of farmers, of which my entertaining friend is a member. I have honored my host by conferring on his family the distinction of a "well regulated family," but in so doing I have only paid my honored friend that credit to which he is justly entitled. Mr. G. is a man considerably advanced in the journey of life—his locks are already deeply tinged with the silver hue of age; and the honest farmer is one who may with propriety by styled, a respectable man, of sound sense, and industrious habits. In order to develop the *present* character of the subject of this sketch, it will be necessary to cast a retrospective glance over the history of the *past*.

When Mr. G. had arrived at that period of his life at which prudence sanctioned him to chose for himself a companion, that kind and superintending Providence

"Whose arm unseen conveyed him safe,
And led him up to man,"

and to whose guiding hand he now committed his way, directed his steps to an amiable and virtuous damsel, who soon became the contented and happy wife of the now thrice happy farmer. She is now a worthy matron, sharing with her venerable spouse, the duties and the pleasures of one of the most responsible, honorable, and pleasurable stations in life, namely, the office of parents to a numerous family; with whom a smiling heaven has endowed them. Mr. and Mrs. G., in justice, be it said to their praise, *rule well their own household*. On their accession to the parental office, they conceived the importance of strictly adhering to the ancient precept, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This worthy pair now reap the fruit of their attention to this wise admonition of the Sage of Israel. The family of Mr. and Mrs. G. consists of six sons and four daughters, varying in years from 10 to 24. Both parents are strong advocates for the promotion of education; hence the education of their own children has not been neglected—on the contrary, these intelligent parents were careful early to implant in their minds, a love for knowledge as well as virtue; and in this, as in virture, example, the most efficacious instructor, was theirs. Mr. and Mrs. G. were also blessed with that abundance which seldom fails to attend virtue, prudence and industry, and consequently were able to gratify their own desires, as well as those begotten in their offspring, regarding knowledge. And now with a satisfaction of soul, these worthy parents could behold intelligence glow in every countenance and sparkle in every eye.

But it must be acknowledged that the *means* of instruction enjoyed by the blooming family of Mr. and Mrs. G. were not confined to the village school. By means of good management, rather than excessive wealth, the house of my respected friends was furnished with a *Select Library*, which was stationed in one of the most retired apartments. This room was also furnished with a large terrestrial globe, a map of the world, distinct maps of various divisions, &c. Nor must it be supposed, that the school hall, and this chamber, embraced all the chief objects to which the early attention of our young friends were invited. No. Mr. and Mrs. G. were not those who considered their children educated, when their minds were made acquainted with the fundamental principles of philosophy, and the elements of literature and science. Their hands were to be made familiar with labor, and their hearts familiar with truth and virtue. Our excellent tutors, here again held up that winning precept, example; and thereby instilled in the minds of their charge an admiration and love of industry. The boys were taught to consider agriculture as the natural occupation of man, and consequently attended with the greatest measure of enjoyment—hence they acquired a predilection for this honest pursuit.—They, like the Romans, were taught to respect the plough, and, like their father, were taught to guide it; and as the boys were all designed to be farmers, he took the greatest possible pains to make them both practical and scientific.

While Mr. G's attention was bestowed on this important branch of the boy's education, the young misses were not neglected. Mrs. G. or, as she is sometimes styled by her beloved spouse, Queen of the Diary, is not only a first rate house-keeper but also a first rate cow-keeper; she knows well what usage will produce the greatest quantity and best quality of milk. When this worthy woman became the wife of Mr. G. this was one of the many useful accomplishments which she possessed, and it was one in demand too, and one which proved highly essential to their prosperity. As Mrs. G. which, for the sake of familiarity, we shall still call her, was Queen of the Dairy, her maiden daughters were, of course, Princesses.—Well, then, there was the Princess Clarissa, the Princess Julia, the Princess Margaret, and the Princess Ann, who might all yet be Queens; hence Mrs. G. was particular to confer on each this *royal* attainment, as well as every other which had claim on their attention. Mr. and Mrs. G. did in truth aim at a thorough education of their children, while their children aimed at being what they ought to be, on their arrival at manhood and womanhood. A certain Philosopher has said, "In madhood we bear the fruits which has in youth been planted."

The farm of our enlightened husbandman is accommodated with those time and labor-saving machines, which this inventive age has so abundantly furnished, and which enable him and his sons to fulfil their daily calling with comparative ease. Indeed, the winter labor does not amount to more than sufficient exercise to meet the demands of health; so that during this season of the year, when the fields lie dormant beneath the snow, a very favorable opportunity is afforded for the cultivation of the mind; and the largest portion of time is spent in the dwelling house, which now indeed, becomes a seminary of learning, as well as a farm house. It must be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. G. were both persons of good education; and did not cease to improve their own minds when they began to cultivate those of their children. No; they themselves continued to explore the regions of knowledge, and were ever in advance of their children, and ever able to instruct them; and certain hours of the day were devoted by these trustworthy guardians in leading and guiding their precious flock to the green fields of science, and the pure fountains of intellectual enjoyment. But there was no season of the winter day more agreeable to the family of Mr. and Mrs. G., than from sunset till the hour of retiring. Supper, and the various other duties incumbent on the hour, being over, the whole family assemble in the sitting room. The old gentleman is already seated in his great arm chair, while immediately opposite sits the old lady in her easy chair, the young ladies are seated convenient to the piano-forte; Miss Clarissa is accompanied by her guitar the boys take their respective seats, Walter and Thomas accompanied by their flutes. The large circular table is furnished with the family bible, a collection of hymns and sacred music, two or three works of the old gentleman's selection, from the library, and a few periodicals of the month. The evening is ushered in by the venerable lady herself with a well chosen anthem on the piano. In the mean time, the old gentleman has selected a piece of entertaining matter, which he reads with that elegance and grace which never fails to gratify. The old gentleman does not, however, monopolize the evening. The young people, who all have voices, and have had their voices cultivated and made subject to the gentle sway of music, have a delightful concert. The young ladies have all by their mother been taught to play on the piano, and have each their evening on which to perform. Two of the young men play elegantly on the flute, while Miss Clarissa tunes very sweetly on the guitar; so the concert is generally very good. The evening entertainments of the week are agreeably diversified. At half past eight, devotional exercises begin; the old gentleman opens the Divine Oracle—a sufficient signal to secure silence and attention. After a portion of the sacred volume has been read and expounded, all unite in singing a hymn; and the evening worship is closed with prayer and benediction by the venerable sire, whose hoary head is his "crown of glory." The evening exercises combined, seldom fail to yield a large measure of pure enjoyment. At about half past nine the long and well-spent day terminates; but this hour is by no means devoid of interest. Nay, it is strikingly marked by the brightest feature of family character, mutual affection. The worthy parents now receive from their beloved ones, that tenderest and sweetest token of the heart's love, the parting kiss, while the parting hand, impelled by fond regard, goes round and round, as one after another retires.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. G., form, I think, such a circle as is rarely to be met with in the minglings of human life. But how very pleasing to witness such a scene where it does exist, in a father and mother, exhibiting in their venerable countenances a consciousness of having discharged their duty to their children, to society, and to the world. The children of these parents; a blooming circle, knit together by the sacred ties of love; filial affection glowing in every countenance; principles of integrity governing the performance of every social duty; a family where virtue is enthroned in every heart, and vice unknown as the withering blast of winter at the line; a family where truth and piety radiate on every brow; and where the bright rays of intelligence beam from every eye; a family bound together as one heart by the golden ties of affection; sharing each other's hopes and joys, and mingling their tears together; in short, a living temple, reared by the hand of Jehovah, whose inviting porches are decked with garlands by the poor.

JACOB.

Rochester, November, 1840.

Opportunities neglected are irrecoverable.
Opportunity makes the thief.

THE D'HAUTVILLE CASE.

As this case has occupied and still occupies in a considerable degree, the public attention in the eastern cities, we have thought that a statement of it, and of the decision upon it with the grounds of the decision, might be interesting to our readers also; and with this view have selected the annexed articles from the Philadelphia and New York papers:—

From the New York Express.

The D'Hautville case is the subject of much attention in different parts of the country. The circumstances which gave rise to this unfortunate controversey are briefly these. In the year 1837, Mr. David Sears, a highly respectable and wealthy citizen of Boston, Mrs. Sears and several of their children, among whom was the Respondent, made a visit to Europe. While in Paris, the latter became acquainted with the Relator, M. D'Hautville. The Respondent, then Miss Ellen Sears, was a beautiful girl of about eighteen, possessing an intellect elegantly cultivated, and the most refined manners. D'H. was a young gentleman of about twenty-five years of age, a native of Switzerland. He was the son of very respectable parents with whom he lived near Geneva. After a short acquaintance between the parties, M. D'H. made proposals of marriage to Miss Sears, which were at first rejected. These proposals were, however, renewed; and after the arrangement of some pecuniary affairs, they were married. The marriage took place at Montreux, in August, 1837. It seems that almost immediately after they were married, difficulties arose between them, and the time which the respondent spent in Europe, previously to leaving her husband to visit her father's family in Boston, was a season of great unhappiness. In the early part of 1839, Madam D'Hautville, with the consent of her husband, came to this country on a temporary visit. Since her arrival here, however, owing, as she alleges, to some views expressed in letters from her husband written to her father and herself, she became fixed in a determination not to return.—On the 27th of September, 1838, a male child, the issue of the said marriage, was born in Boston.—In the month of July, 1839, the Relator came to this country, and has since been engaged in fruitless endeavors to regain his wife and child. He succeeded so far as to have his case fully heard by the Court of General Sessions, who refused to take the child away from its mother.

A full report of this case, 300 pages octavo, has been published in Philadelphia. The reporter has given in full, the returns, answers and suggestions of the respective parties; these appear to have been prepared by their counsel, and profess to give a statement of the facts of the case, and the conclusions which they think ought to be drawn from them. Then follows the testimony, which consists of the letters that passed between the parties and others concerned, both before and after the marriage—the depositions of Mrs. Farrar, Dr. J. C. Warren, and others—the oral evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Sears, Doctors Chapman and Meigs and Miss Sears, the sister of the Respondent. We then have, in a condensed form, the arguments of counsel, with the authorities cited, and the opinion of the Court at length.—The correspondence, though certainly never intended for the public eye, is in many instances admirably written. Many of the letters contains passages touchingly beautiful and affecting.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

REPORT OF THE D'HAUTVILLE CASE.

We can truly say that we sat down to the perusal of this large volume, divested of every feeling of partiality. Knowing neither of the parties in the case, and having an undivided respect for the whole Counsel engaged therein, we approached the volume without motive or impulse unfavorable to its just examination. We have perused it thoroughly; and the result is a fixed and abiding opinion that the decision of the honorable Court was a most just and righteous decision, and that it not only must be now so considered, but that after time will present it as a precedent, which does honor to the humane spirit and legal acumen with which it is imbued.

The opening of the melo-drama, if that can be so called, which has all the preliminary elements of tragedy about it, is the first acquaintance of the parties. A person of the name of Grand, residing with his father when at home in Switzerland, on an estate called Hautville, with a large mansion and moderate means current, acquires an introduction to a young American lady, sojourning with her parents in Paris. Being accustomed to that process, according to the written declarations of his father, young Mr. Grand, (who hangs the word Hautville to his name making it Grand Hautville, with the alphabet of given names going before) ascertains certain very satisfactory truths concerning the young lady in question, and proceeds with his addresses, in a most pressing and emphatic manner. Throughout a *siege* worse than Trojan, the object of his wishes is torn with a conflicting sense of feeling, parental duty, and personal incertitude, and after open rejection and virtual rejection, consents to become the wife of Mr. Paul Daniel Gonzalve Grand D'Hautville.

If the struggle previously was dreadful, the sufferings afterwards were intolerable. The bride was removed to Switzerland, to the mansion of the D'Hautevilles, where, comparitively restrained of her ordinary liberty, she endured more mental torture than was ever endured by and prisoner in the costellated dungeons of Chillon. Not only herself but her mother, was subjected to manifestations of coldness, and ill-feeling, which could not but produce the result that ensued. The lady found that she had made a sacrifice beyond the power of nature to bear; and where she looked for comfort and consolation, she found nothing but contumely for her relations, and a fatal tyranny impending over herself.

Time only increased these horrible difficulties. The parents of Madame d'Hautville were about to return to their native country; and the situation of the wife had come to demand every sympathy and care. We can find nothing in the *detail* of the Report, to prove that she did not receive the reverse. A consumate hypocracy on the part of one in whose arms she had ventured her whole happiness, displayed itself most honiedly on paper, while the quinescence of domestic cruelty unfoldod itself in his actions. A sort of *espionage* before her friends; insulting conversations; and a general course of conduct, extremely *a la Blue-beard*, was what she was obliged to undergo.

She visits Paris and her family there, is followed *stealthily* by her husband, who had already according to the testimony of an eminent physcian, percecuted her to the verge of *madness*—and who suddenly announces his arrival, and his intention to remove her at once to Switzerland. Almost distracted by what she had already suffered—heart-broken with her prospects, she resolved to remain, and throw herself upon the protection of the American embassy near the Court of St. Cloud. There a reluctant admission is wrung foom Mr. Grand, that she may bear a mother's pains and perils in her native country. Agreement is made that occasional visits to her home shall solace her mind hereafter, under all her trials.

This agreement is afterwards openly broken by the husband; tnsults innumerable are added to previous injuries; and the result is, he comes at last to this country under an *assumed* name—claims the custody of his child in its most tender date of life—insisting that it be torn, weakly and sick as it was, from the breast of its mother, to be nursed by *him*, after a voyage over the Atlantic, amid the snows and bitter airs of Switzerland!—Humanity revolted, *love was quenched*, by the cruel and unholy proposition. Trial after trial has followed—and the upshot is, that the *mother* is decided to be in this instance, the rightful nurse and guardian of her infant son.

Throughout the whole course of this volume, we see nothing on her part but suffering, self-respect, and a proper resistance to such domestic oppressions as no human heart could endure and keep *whole;* on his part nothing but a spirit of *persecution*, most lamely concealed by affectionate expressions, which his every movement has belied.

From the New York Times & Star.

THE D'HAUTVILLE CASE.

Almost every paper noticing this case, expresses surprise that the decision in Pennsylvania should have been so directly opposite to the judicial decision in this state, in the Barry case—when, in other words, the child is given to the father in this state, and in Pennsylvania is given to the mother. There is nothing surprising in it. The decision in this state was based on the strict technicalties of the law, where the father—the legal guardian—obtains possessions of the child; whereas in Pennsylvania, the decision was rightly based upon the principles of humanity—upon the justice as well as necessity of the case, which consigns an infant to the tender care of the mother—nothing appearing in her conduct or character against her exercising her maternal duties.—And so we think the decision should have been made in the Barry case. The law should have been stripped of its technicalities, of its harsh construction, of its rigid philosophy, if indeed there is any positive law on the subject, and made to yield to the dictates of common sense and common humanity.

We cannot mould tempers in perfect unison and harmony. Cases often occur where man and wife cannot live happily together, where no actual cause of divorce exist—where the characters and conduct of both are unimpeachable. Can any law in such a case tear the infant from the breast of the mother and give it to the father? Is he equally able to protect, nourish and sustain it as the mother? We must blend other considerations in special cases than the mere rights of the father. Up to a certain age where the character of the mother is good, she should have the guardianship of the child, and if the child is tenderly used, no good father should object to have it so bestowed; beyond that age, the father, if his character is good, and he is capable of raising and sustaining the child, should possess his rights over it. After all said on this subject, it is the women who make the men; it is their natural care, anxiety and close attention to the health, morals and conduct of the child that stamps its character in after life. The father may improve and advance his child, but the impress is made by the mother; and take the case of the wife left a widow, with a large family in question. How many widows in this city have, by their energy, perseverance, industry, economy and good conduct, been enabled to raise a large family from indigence to opulence, character and rank; how frequently do we see a man sink under misfortune and a woman tower above it. The rights of women and mothers should never be lost sight of in adjudicatory cases like those of Barry and D'Hauteville. Society has a deep interest in them, and they should be studied and well understood.

The Philadelphia North American has the following views of that part of the decision which seems to sanction a *quasi* divorce:

THE D'HAUTVILLE CASE.

* * * There is one feature in the opinion of the Court on this case, which strikes us as a novelty. The doctrine that a wife may separate herself from her husband without grounds that would justify a divorce, is a new discovery in ethics. We had supposed there were but two positions in which a woman, once married, could be found—the one where the marriage contract left her, the other where she may be placed by a divorce. But it seems that there is an intermediate position, a sort of middle ground, to which she may walk, where she may stay and spend her days without any of the onerous duties imposed by marriage, or any of the disadvantages attendant on divorce. In what moral map the learned court discovered this intermediate state, this *terra incognita*, we are not told; certainly they never found it in the Bible. Hudibras indeed, appears to have had some reference to its topography in the lines—

> And where a wife, that runs away,
> May hold the law itself at bay.

We could wish their honors had informed us of the exact degree of domestic discord that would justify a wife in escaping to this neutral ground. The ladies are now left entirely in the dark on the subject. The consequence will be that some will run too soon, and some perhaps not soon enough. They should also have informed us how long a wife may remain there without forfeiting the right of return. They should have told us how the husband is to get along in the mean time, and above all, whether either of the parties could apply, successfully, for a divorce—but it seems if their honors be correct, there is no legitimate ground for a divorce. The wife cannot obtain it, because the husband has not given sufficient occasion, and the husband cannot obtain it, because he is the person in fault. Truly, as the immortal Weller would say, their situation is "wery peculiar." But seriously: are the responsibilities of the marriage contract to be thus lightly set aside? Are the duties which the solemnities of that contract impose to be thus trifled with? We trust not; the sacred mandate is—what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

GOOD SUGGESTION.—Yesterday, when the frock of a lady was seen sweeping the soiled pavements some one suggested that the ladies had better wear *suspenders.—Troy Mail.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1840.

Gen. Mercer and his Last Battle.

Gen. Mercer whose sacred dust has been recently disentombed and re-committed to the earth with the funeral honors due to the fallen brave, died in conseqnence of wounds received in the battle of Princeton (N. Jersey) Jan 3, 1777.

Notwithstanding the battle or rather the two successive engagements of that day, resulted in a substantial victory to the American arms, Gen. Mercer was taken prisoner after receiving his wounds and died in the hands of the enemy.

Two days after capturing the Hessian troops at Trenton, Gen. Washington went into quarters with his army, at that place. Cornwallis who was then at New York, immediately joined the body of his army stationed at Princeton, and as soon as possible, pushed on the greater part to attack Washington at Trenton. As usual, Washington obtained information of all his enemy's movements, and knowing that his own force was unequal to a conflict with the army coming against him, promptly resolved to elude Corwallis' attack, gain his rear, and fall upon the regiments which he had left behind him at Princeton.

To this end Gen. Washington moved out of Trenton, about midnight on the night preceding the day when Corwallis would arrive, leaving his camp fires burning in order the more effectually to deceive the reconnoitering parties of the enemy. By a circuitous rout and a forced mareh, he gained the rear of the main body of the advancing army by day-break. At sun-rise, however, the van of the American forces unexpectedly encountered near Princeton, three or four of Cornwallis' regiments who were following as a reserve corps. The enemy made a prompt and energetic charge, and the Americans were compelled to give way before their superior numbers and discipline. Washington saw that all was at stake, and with that cool courage which he always manifested when circumstonces called for the exposure of his person, he put himself at the head of his main body, and at once turned the tide of battle.

The enemy were completely defeated. A considerable number were killed, a larger number made prisoners, and the remainder retreated back into the village closely pursued by the victorious Americans. In the village the conflict was renewed. A party of the British took refuge in the college where they were attacked by artillery and compelled to a speedy surrender, and the remainder were driven out of the town.

Cornwallis heard the cannonade, and soon found that the men whom he was seeking in his front, were busy in cutting up his troops in his rear. He made a retrograde movement by a forced march; and Washington finding him advancing upon Princeton, and unwilling to expose his small army and all the fruits of the victory to his greatly superior numbers, retired in good order to Morristown, and Cornwallis re-possessed himself of Princeton.

Gen. Mercer desperately wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy during the battle, and on their retreating, was left by them in an adjacent dwelling. It was reported to Gen. Washington that he was killed, and no measures were, therefore, taken in the necessity that existed for the discharge of sterner duties, to search out and recover him. His wounds were not, however, immediately mortal, and on the re-occupation of the place by Corwillis, he of course fell into his hands as a prisoner of war. His fate and the circumstances attending it, are told in the annexed extract from Custis' Memoirs:—

"Upon the retreat of the enemy, the wounded General was conveyed to Clark's house, immediately adjoining the field of battle. The information that the Commander-in-chief first received of the fall of his old companion in arms of the war of 1755, and beloved officer, was that he had expired under his numerous wounds; and it was not until the American army was in full march for Morristown, that the chief was undeceived, and learned, to his great gratification, that Mercer, though fearfully wounded, was yet alive. Upon the first halt at Somerset Court House, Washington despatched the late Major George Lewis, his nephew, and Captain of the Horse Guard, with a flag and a letter to Lord Cornwallis, requesting that every possible attention might be shown to the wounded General, and permission that young Lewis should remain with him to minister to his wants. To both requests his Lordship yielded a willing assent, and ordered his staff-surgeon to attend upon General Mercer. Upon an examination of the wounds, the British surgeon remarked that although they were many and severe, he was disposed to believe that they would not prove dangerous. Mercer, bred to the profession of an army surgeon in Europe, said to young Lewis, "Raise up my arm, George, and this gentleman will there discover the smallest of my wounds, bnt which will prove the most fatal. Yes, sir, this is a fellow that will very soon do my business." He lived till the 12th, and expired in the arms of Lewis, admired and lamented by the whole army. During the period that he languished on the couch of suffering, he exonerated his enemies from the foul accusation which they bore not only 1777, but for half a century since, viz: of their having bayonetted a General officer after he had surrendered his sword, and become a prisoner of war—declaring that he only relinquised his sword when his arm had become powerless to wield it."

Wilkinson relates the following anecdote which is believed to be truly illustrative of Gen. Mercer's patriotism and bravery:

"An evening or two before the battle of Princeton, General Mercer being in the tent of Gen. St. Clair with several officers, the conversation turned upon some promotions then just made in the army. Gen. Mercer remarked, they were not engaged in a war of ambition, or that he should not have been there, and that every man should be content in that station in which he could be most useful—*that for his part he had but one object in view, and that was the success of the cause, and that God could witness how cheerfully he would lay down his life to secure it.* Little did he or any of the company then think that a few fleetings hours would seal the compact."

THE LATEST GHOST STORY!—The Bay State Democrat (Boston) of the 25th ult., states that the good people of Roxbury have been thrown into the greatest excitement and alarm from an incident which has occurred in a certain house in Norfolk street, occupied by two small and respectable families. It is said by the inmates of the house and many others who have visited it, that about four o'clock, P. M. a peculiar knocking commences on the doors of the house and is kept up for considerable time. This knocking was commenced several days since, and has been repeated every at about the same hour. As yet no clue to the mysterious circumstance has been discovered. Crowds of anxious visitors, fond of the marvellous and supernatural, have visited the house, and many have heard the knocking, but no one can account for it.

REMARKABLE SOAP!—Geo. Washington Busteed, 3d Avenue, between 25th and 26th streets, New York, in an article published in the Commercial Advertiser, states that he has prepared a species of *soap*, that is famous for the cure of the salt rheum, piles and variou scutaneous diseases. Whoever wishes to be *soft-soaped*, will please apply as above!

SQUINTING CURED.—Dr. W. J. Durfee of Philadelphia, a few days since, in an operation of only five minutes, cured a case of strabismus or squinting—subjecting the patient, comparatively, to no pain.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.—Stewart maintained, that it was the eternal interest of man to exempt as much as possible all sensitive beings from pain, as, when he had lost the human form, he would become a part of all inferior animals of every description, and consequently the matter of which he once consisted, would bear a portion of the pain inflicted upon beings susceptible of physical evil, to a certain degree.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—To us, the most interesting reading imaginable, is an old file of newspapers. They bring up the very age of their date, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and mark its genius and its spirit more faithfully than the most labored description of the historian. *File your newspapers.*

COXCOMBS.—These animals are formed by nature to be the fools of women. They have no recommendation but their faces, their coats, or their impudence, and spend half their days between curling tongs and looking glasses. Their whole merit is made up of dress and drivel, show and emptiness:

"A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe."

INFIDELITY.—The late Dr. Nesbit once defined infidelity in this wise: "It consists in believing every thing but the truth, and that in exact proportion to the worst of evidence; or to use the language of the poet, in making windows to shut out the light, and passages to lead to nothing."

EXTRAORDINARY DIAMOND.—There is a famous diamond in the possession of an East India Rajah, called the "Mountain of Light." It is an inch and a half in length, and an inch in breadth, rises half an inch from its gold setting, and weighs 280 carats.

SARCASM OF MR. PITT.—During war-time, a member of Parliament arose in the House of Commons, and proposed that the militia should not be ordered out of the kingdom. Mr. Pitt immediately rose from his seat, and with a sarcastic smile, said, "except in case of invasion."

TAKING IT COOLLY.—During the siege of Toulon, Junot was writing something by Napoleon's order, when a bombshell burst near him, throwing the sand upon his paper; upon which he coolly observed that he was in want of sand, and that it had come in due time.

A PRIEST-RIDDEN PEOPLE.—There is at Ajmeer, a province of Hindostan, a tomb of a Mehomedan saint, attended by eleven hundred priests, who live, not by the sweat of their own brows, but by that of the laborious and superstitious peasants.

FEMALE ORNAMENTS.—Julius Cæsar passed a law forbidding married women to wear any jewels; and by the Athenian law, it was the punishment of several crimes, that the female should be forbidden the use of ornaments.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HEROES.—The votary of war among the Romans, was distinguished by ability of head as well as of arm; while many of our modern heroes of the blade are recognized as mere appendages to their whiskers.

THE BED ROOM.—Our sleeping apartments ought not to be heated, but, on the contrary, to be kept as cool as consistent with the feelings and the health; and means ought always to be taken to secure a constant change of air in them.

THIN SHOES.—At this season of the year, the use of thin shoes by females, except it be within doors, cannot be too strictly guarded against.

IRON STEAM SHIP.—The Great Western Steam Ship Company are now building at Bristol, an immense iron Steam Boat, to run between that port and New York. It is constructed of iron plates ⅛ of an inch thick, with keel of cast iron. It is to be divided into small apartments, so that should a hole be knocked into any part of it, of which but little danger seems to be apprehended, only one compartment would be filled, and the boat would not sink. This is a decided improvement; but the manner in which the boat is to be propelled, or attempted to be propelled, we do not regard as a very great improvement, for the reason that we believe it will prove a complete failure. This is to be done by a screw placed behind, to work on the principle of skulling, and which is to turn around under the water at the stern, thereby dispensing with the use of paddles.

We are acquainted with a very ingenious young mechanic, who, some years since, obtained a patent for a screw, for propelling lake and canal boats, upon the same or a similar principle. It was a beautiful piece of mechanism; but after giving it a thorough trial, it proved to belong, most eminently, to the N. G. school. And this, we are persuaded, will be the case with the screw of the iron steam boat. Time, however, can alone determine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The lines of "S.," addressed "To Miss S. A. C.," possess one very essential poetic merit, viz: that of *jingling*; but their measure is sadly out of joint.

"Wallingford," a tale, by "B. F. G.," will appear in the first number of our new volume.

"F. H. W." in our next.

COL HASLET.—The Legislature of Delaware has appropriated $1000 for erecting a monument over the remains of the gallant Col Haslet who, with Gen. Mercer fell, in the Battle of Princeton. We see it suggested that the bones of both of these officers should sleep side by side at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, where those of Gen. M. were recently re-buried.

COMMON SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—A discussion has been going on in some of the eastern papers for a few days past, as to whom belongs the honor of having been the originator of the admirable plan of Common School Libraries. It is generally conceded, that the honor is due to JAMES WADSWORTH, Esq., of Geneseo.

MARRIAGE OF MR. WISE.—The Hon. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, was married on the 26th ult., to the accomplished daughter of the Hon. John Sergeant of Philadelphia.

We copy from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, the subjoined remarks on the depth of some of the lakes, and of the St. Lawrence river:

Lake Huron is said to be about 800 feet deep, and the depth of Canandaigua and Seneca lakes has never been satisfactorily ascertained. The early settlers, many of them, on the borders, believed they were unfathomable. The Skaneateles lake also fills a chasm of fearful depth. We wish some intelligent gentlemen, whose delightful seats overlook these waters, would sound them.

One of the most remarkable instances of deep fresh water, is a river, laid down on the map as the Saguenai, that discharges into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, some 200 miles below Quebec. It is rather a sluggish stream, but with a perceptible current, confined for a good part of its course by perpendicular rocky banks, with an average depth of nearly 800 feet. It seems to flow through an immense fissure produced by some awful convulsion of nature.

"THE TARGET KING."—This is the last *sobriquet* by which Louis Phillippe, King of the French, has been distinguished. He "stands the shot', well, having been fired at several times without' effect.

PHRENOLOGICAL "SOFT-SAWDER."—By Sam Slick.—Sam, to sell his clocks, has recourse to "soft sawder," done up in Phrenology.

"I looks at one of the young grow'd up galls airnest like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at? Nothin', says I, my dear, but a most remarkable developement. A what? says she. A remarkable developement, says I, the most remarkable, too, I ever seed since I was raised!"

"So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, it's no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you; so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then gradually one arm goes round her waist, and t'other hand goes in the head, bumpologizin' and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, music, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a sayin'—Well, he's a witch! well, how strange! lawful heart! well, I want to know!—Now I never! do tell!—as pleased all the time as any thing. Lord, squire, you never see any thing like it; it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then, I wind up by touchin' the back of her head hard, (you know, squire, what they call the "amative" bumps are located there,) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about makin' a very lovin' wife, and so on, and she jumps up a-colorin', and sayin' —It's no such a thing. You missed that guess any how. Take that for not guessin' better! and pretendin' to slap me, and all that, but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired and then boughten, arter this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes; that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of 'em by it."

The only thing agin phrenology is, its a little bit dangerous. It's only fit for an old hand like me, that's up to trap, for a raw one is amazin apt to get spooney. Taking a gal on your knee that way, with one hand on her heart that goes pitty-pat, like a watch tickin', and the other a rovin' about her head, a-discoverin' of bumps, is plaguey apt to make a fool of you without you knowing of it."

A GLORIOUS RECORD.—At New London, Connecticut, the following inscription is found on a grave-stone. The records of ancient Rome or Greece do not exhibit a noblerinstance of heroism:

"On the 20th of October, 1781, 4,000 English fell upon the town with fire and sword—700 Americans defended the fort for a whole day; but in the evening about 4 o'clock, it was taken.—The commander of the besieged, delivered up his sword to an Englishman, who immediately stabbed him; all his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted, and thus to blow the fort into the air. William Hotman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three strokes of the bayonet in his body, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends, who was also still alive, "We will endeavor to crawl to this line —we will completely wet the powder with our blood—thus will we, with the little life that remains to us, save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded." He alone had strength to accomplish his noble design. In his thirtieth year, he died on the powder which he overflowed with his blood. His friends and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lives preserved."

After this simple narrative are the following words in large characters, "HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN."

The following, by the author of "Inklings of Adventure," is the richest Willisism we have seen for a long time:

"On the top of a small leather portmanteau near by, stood two pair of varnished leather boots of a sumptuous expensiveness, slender, elegant, and without spot, except the leaf of a crushed orange blossom clinging to one of the heels."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—A young lady, whom we knew by sight, once concluded a love letter thus.—*St. L, Rep.*

"i shall rite to you agin ear long, jo cummins told me a orful story about suke tyler but I dident pay no attenshun at all to his sikenen tail
yourn till deth parts both on us"

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE LAST BOQUET.

I've seen the sun's last golden ray
Through the western forest gleaming;
The last behest of parting day,—
O'er a shadowy welkin beaming.

I've felt the Autumn's last warm breeze—
Around my temples playing;—
Whisp'ring its way through dark brown trees,—
Now hurriedly decaying.

I've heard a mother's dying breath—
Her infant's blessing breathing;
E're her faltering lips were sealed in death—
This last best gift bequeathing.

And thou hast borne me on thy bloom—
The last gay smile of Summer;—
While all the grove in one sad doom—
In wasted beauty slumber.

Like some fond dream of manhood's prime
O'er youth's unclouded story;—
You'd fain restore the halcyon time
Of golden summer's glory.

But no! sour winter's icy breath
Upon thy cheek is playing,—
Searing thy closing leaves in death
Yes! thou art fast decaying.

Yet art thou lovely,—lovelier now,
By winter's palm oppressed;
Than when the summer dyed thy brow,
And warmth thy lips caressed. J. D. R.

Hon. John Quincy Adams lectured before the Lyceum in Hartford, Conn., a few evenings since. The Courier of that city has the following sketch of his lecture:

"His subject was a definition of Faith, and he commenced his remarks by relating an anecdote of Alexander the Great and his beloved physician Philip. Alexander had contracted sickness by bathing in the Cydnus, and while Philip was preparing a remedy, the king received a letter from Parmenio, saying that his physician had been bribed by Darius to poison him. After reading the letter, Alexander placed it under his pillow and when Philip came into the room, he handed it to him with great composure, and at the same time, drank the potion which he had prepared.—Mr. A. then adverted to the criticism of this conduct in Alexander by John James Rousseau, and agreed with him that the beauty of the act consisted not in Alexander's courage, as many imagined, but in the confidence he had in his friend, which he described to be faith in *virtue*. He drew a parallel between the faith of Abraham in offering up his son Isaac, and that of Alexander in the case above mentioned. The former was faith in God—the latter faith in man; that of Alexander might have been misplaced—but Abraham's could not have been. The case of the Patriarch, was the most remarkable instance of faith in sacred, the other stood pre-eminent in profane history. The exercise of faith in God was shown to be not only a christian virtue, but important in its bearings in our social relations. When there was faith in God, there must be faith towards man—the latter was the true consequence of the former.—The difference between faith and belief was stated, and many other points touched upon, which we have not time to notice.

Mr. A. said many of his audience might think the subject of his lecture too grave for such an occasion, but he thought the signs of the times would justify him in his selection. Doctrines similar to those which were promulgated in France at the time of the French revolution, which denied the existence of an overruling Providence, and declared that death was an eternal sleep, had been publicly preached in this country by emissaries from Europe.

Mr. A. is in the 74th year of his age, and although he had traveled from Boston during the day, he did not appear fatigued, but spoke for an hour and a half with all the animation of youth.

DEAR CHAWLS—Which is the worst, going through purgatory without an umbrella, or thro' Fing Alley, with one, on a rainy day?

PETER.

We are unable to say; but as you have already experienced the latter, and will soon, probably, experience the former, it will not be long before you can judge for yourself.—*Bost. Post.*

☞ The following is a new translation of the celebrated National Revolutionary Song of France:—

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

I.

On, countrymen, on, for the day—
The proud day of glory is come!
See, the Tyrant's red banners in battle array
Are raised, and he dares to strike home!
Hark! will you not—can you not hear
The foe's fast approaching alarms?
They come! 'tis to wrest form us all we hold dear,
And slaughter our sons in our arms!

Chorus.

To arms, gallant Frenchmen! to arms! 'Tis the hour
Of freedom;—march on in the pride of your power,
And fight, till the foe to your fury shall yield,
And his life-blood dye deeply hill, valley and field.

II.

Say, whom do these traitors oppose?
These Kings leagued together for ill?
Who for years have o'erwhelm'd us with Tyranny's woes
And are forging fresh chains for us still?
'Tis France they have dared to enthral!
'Tis France they have dared to disgrace!
Oh! shame on us, countrymen, shame on us all,
If we cringe to so dastard a race!
To arms! &c.

III.

Tremble, ye traitors, whose schemes
Are alike by all parties abhorred,
Tremble! for roused from your parricide dreams,
Ye shall soon meet your fitting reward!
We are soldiers—nay, conquerors all!
Fast dishonor we're sworn to efface,
And, rely on it, fast as one hero shall fall,
Another shall rise in his place.
To arms! &c.

IV.

Ye Frenchmen—the noble—the brave—
Who can weep, e'en in war's stern alarms,
Spare, spare the poor, helpless and penitent slave,
Who is marshalled against you in arms!
But no pity for Bouille's stern band,
Who, with reckless and tiger-like force,
Would fain tear to atoms their own native land,
Without e'en a pang of remorse.
To arms! &c.

V.

We will speed on our glorious career,
When our veterans are low in the tomb,
But their patriot deeds, when they fought with us here,
In our memory forever shall bloom:
'Twas their just, their magnanimous boast,
That for us they lived, battled and died;
And we'll either avenge them on Tyranny's host,
Or be laid, to a man, by their side.
To arms! &c.

VI.

Freedom! dear freedom, sustain
Our hopes of revenge for the past,
And grant that our banner, o'er hill and o'er plain,
In triumph may float to the last!
Grant, too, that our foes may behold,
Ere death lay his seal on their eyes,
Our success in the patriot cause we uphold,
And which dearer than ever we prize.
To arms! &c.

From Audubon's Episodes.

DANGERS OF THE PRAIRIES.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which in that portion of the United States vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was fresh and blooming, as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I had moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearances as thoughtless of danger as myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could pereeive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man I had met with that day. The track which I followed was only an Indian trace, and as darkness overshaded the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night hawks were skimming over around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves, gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirt of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same time a firelight attracting my eye, I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken: I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in the household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not—he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which, in some countries, is considered evinieng the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord and sprung with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine timepiece from my breast, told the woman it was late and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck, and presented it to her.

She was all ecstacy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me in the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher knife from its scabbard, examined its edge, as I would that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

Never till that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now supposed to be about me. I returned glance for glance with my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a bullet into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returned to the hut, giving a favorable account of my observations.—I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who they knew understood not a word of English,) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be, bade them to speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure, I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised toward the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived the danger of my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunken themselves into such a condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors du combat*, and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edges. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you ——— ———, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life.—The moment was fast approaching, and that might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot: but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced upon my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was soon told. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me account of their once having been themselves in a similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their hands still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, toward the settlements.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the evening of the 3d inst., by Rev. J. Chase, Schuyler Moses, Esq. to Miss Bertha Callender, both of this city.

In this city, on the 3d inst., by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Gideon Leavenworth to Miss Martha Dannals, all of this city.

In the city of New York, on the 23d inst., by Alderman Graham, Mr. JARED COLEMAN, of this city, to Miss EMILY MATLACK, of the former place.

At St. Luke's Church, Brockport, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chipman. Mr. James Brackett, of this city, to Miss Mary A. Adams, of the former place.

In the Baptist Church in Penn Yan, on Sunday, the 29th ult., by Rev. O. Montague, Mr. GEORGE M. WINANTS to Miss MARION NASH, all of Penn Yan.

In Greece, Monroe county, Nov. 24, by the Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. Stephen Mead, of Somerset, Niagara county, to Miss Phebe Perrin, of Cuba, Allegany county.

In Gates, on the 29th ult., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. David Marshall to Miss Susan Oakley, all of Gates.

In Parma, Nov. 25, by Rev. H. B. Dodge, Mr. Penfield D. Hipp, of Penfield, to Miss Margaret Roberts, of Rochester.

In Warsaw, on the 18th ult, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Mr. John Keeny to Miss Sarah E. Hibbard.

In Perry, on the 22d ult., by Rev. Richard L. Waite, Mr. Alfred Abell to Miss Abigail M. Kent, of Covington. Also, on the 1st ult., by Mr. S. Wheat, Mr. Willard Gibbs, of Perry, to Miss Emeline Davis, of Springwater. By the same, on the 20th ult., Mr. William Moore, of Middlebury, to Miss Roxana Vennepps, of Warsaw. On the 12th ult., by Rev. Mr. Alverson, Mr. Oscar Edgerly to Miss Charlotte Kingsley, all of Perry.

In North-East, Dutchess county, on the 22d ult., by the Rev. Lee Cost, of Plattekill, Mr. MILLS HOBBIE, of Rochester, to Miss MARIA, only daughter of Jeremiah Sornberger, Esq. of the former place.

In Castile, on the 26th ult., by Elder James Reed, Mr. Samuel S. Eldridge to Miss Ann, daughter of Isaac Prentice.

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"My Country is the World, my Countrymen are all Mankind."

I love that free, that pure, exalted mind,
Which spurns the bounds of clime and native soil;
And in his fellow men can brethren find,
Whether a prince or child of care and toil!
In justice says,—by no mean prejudice confined,—
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

Could love on every heart supremely shine,
And cheer our world with its reviving beams,
Then might we feel ecstatic joy divine,
Exulting in the millennial morn's strong gleams—
The chorus swell to heaven, in notes more soft, refined,
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

No more should sinful pride contemn the poor,
Or drive the needy from some favored hall;
And not in vain the feeble help implore—
Humanity be deaf to misery's call,
But that rich truth with every feeling be combined,
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

And soon, swift as the beams of morning light,
Shall knowledge on the minds of millions pour
Illumination—which shall chase the night,
And ignorance be dispelled for evermore!
The soul's sweet chords melodies pour upon the mind,
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

I love that mind which sympathy can feel
For the oppressed and poor of every clime,
And would administer a balm to heal
The wrongs "eternity can tell, not time."
With kindness say, by no mean prejudice confined,—
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

All are my brethren. Why should I disdain
To own that God has made his creatures one?
Or why should I from righteous acts refrain,
To those whose features are unlike my own?
Such thoughts as these should not my conscience blind—
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

Who are my *neighbors*? See yon weeping slave,
Who sighs blest Freedom's hallowed air to breathe;
The meanest beggar, and the Christian brave,
And patriots who wear the laurel wreath!
All are my neighbors, round my heart entwined—
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

In every land, in every tribe I see,
Each bears the image of a gracious God;
Jews, Greeks, Barbarians, Scythians, bond or free,
Savage or tame, wherever man has trod.
And if I roam from East to West, I find,
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

Although their color may not be the same,
Still there's a kindred impress on their brow;
And when they all revere JEHOVAH'S name,
I wish no country but the world to know.
I hate no realm or hue, for God has well designed,
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

Oh! that I had a pen of greater powers,
That I might touch this theme in sweeter strains!
Oh, could I spend my life's swift flitting hours,
To aid where'er my fellow man complains!
For this shall be the feeling of my mind,
"My country is the world, my countrymen mankind!"

From the Massachusetts Journal.

THE BOLD AND BEAUTIFUL CONVICT.

Rose Mac Orne was a rare sample of Scottish beauty. Her eyes deeply blue, as Loch Lomond; glowing cheeks; hair light and glossy, parted over her broad forehead, like folds of flax colored satin; features which a shrewd and active mind had strongly developed; a tall, muscular frame of stately proportions; and a firm, elastic, rapid tread which she had acquired in early days, when

"Down the rocks she leaped along,
Like rivulets of May."

Her youth was unfortunate, for her mother had died during her infancy; and her selfish and profligate father had abandoned her before she reached the dangerous age of fifteen.

Many were anxious to take her into their service, for she was as neat and thrifty as a brownie, and had the obsequious manner of their countrymen, united with their proverbial knowledge of the most direct road to favor and fortune. Her greatest misfortune was her beauty. Often, after the most unremitting efforts to please, poor Rose was accused of a thousand faults, and dismissed by prudent wives and mothers, lest she should become too dear a servant. Scotch discrimination soon discovered the source of the difficulty, and Scotch ambition resolved to make the most of it. To lovers of her own rank she was alternately winning and disdainful—determined that none should break her charms, yet dealing out her scorn to each, as their characters would bear. With her superiors she played a deep and insidious game. Trusting to her own strength of pride, she resisted their arts, while she almost invariably made them the victims of her own. In all this, Rose Mac Orne was actuated by something more than a mere girlish love of flirtation and triumph; she was ambitious, and had formed high hopes of an opulent marriage. Many a Cantab and Oxonian, many a testy bachelor and gouty widower had got entangled in her toils, and been disentangled only by the interference of proud and prudent relations. At length, notwithstanding her modest manners and apparent artlessness, the intrigues of Rose Mac Orne became as proverbial as her beauty; and she could obtain no service in any family where there were youth to fascinate or wealthy old age to be cajoled.

Hearing an East Indiaman was about to sail, with many ladies on board, Rose resolved to seek employment among them, and succeeded in being appointed dressing maid to an elderly lady, who was going out to reside with an invalid son.—India! match making India! opened glorious prospects to Scotch ambition. Rose took unexampled pains to please her new mistress, and in two days she was a decided favorite. No wonder the gipsey felt proud of her power, for she never attempted to please, without effecting her purpose. But when was inordinate ambition known to be a safeguard either to talent or beauty? In two days Rose was to leave England, and her mistress having granted her permission to attend the races, she as a last act of kindness to one of her earliest and most favored lovers, consented to accompany him. Rose was very fond of ornaments; and it chanced that her heart was particularly set upon a large pearl pin, which her mistress said she seldom wore on account of its antique fashion. Rose had more than once signified how pretty she tho't it; and wondered, if she was rich enough to buy pearls, whether they would become her full and snowy neck. She dared not ask for it outright, and she never in her life time had thought of taking any thing dishonestly. But vanity, vanity—that foolish and contemptible passion which has "slain its tens of thousands," and that too among the fairest and brightest of God's works, prevailed over the better feelings of Rose Mac Orne. She took the envied pin—wore it to the Races—heard James Mac Intyre praise it—told him her new mistress had given it to her—and then, dreaming the discovery of the fact, began to devise schemes for exchanging the bauble.

The path of sin is steep, and every step presses one forward with accumulated power. Rose had already committed a second crime to conceal the first; and the plan of secrecy urged her to commit others. She sold the breastpin, bought a ring with the money, in the hopes that the pearl would never be inquired for, this side of India. But in this she was mistaken; that very day her mistress missed the jewel, and Rose went even deeper into falsehood than was necessary to keep up appearances.

I will not follow her through every step of this shameful struggle. It is sufficient to say that the theft was discovered, and Rose, instead of sailing for glorious, match-making India, was in a few weeks hurried on board a vessel, in which sixty-two other convicts were bound for Botany Bay.—This was a painful reverse for one so young, so beautiful, and so inordinately ambitious. She looked back upon England with feelings of grief and burning indignation—contempt of self and hatred of the laws under which she suffered. And for what had she endured this terrible conflict, which first and last, had given her more unhappiness than had been crowded into the whole of her previous existence? Why nothing but the foolish vanity of wearing a cast off pearl!

But Rose Mac Orne had a mind elastic and vigorous; it soon rebounded from depression, and began to think of new schemes of conquest. She looked around among her companions—most of them were tall and robust—some of them were very handsome women. She counted them and counted the crew. There were sixty-two convicts and fifteen men. Before they were half across the Atlantic, Rose Mac Orne had laid a plan daring enough for the helmeted Joan of Arc, in the full tide of her inspiration. She communicated the plan to the women, which they entered into heartily and warmly. Rose might have found lovers enough, notwithstanding the strict orders of the officers; but she chose but one, and that was to be the pilot! Glances and tender notes soon passed between them, unperceived by others; for the artful Rose was like a glacier when the eye of the officers was upon her; and her lover was capable of playing as deep a game as she.

At length the important hour arrived—every precaution had been taken—all things were in readiness. The vessel stood for the La Plata, to exchange cargoes and take in refreshments. They entered the huge arms of that silvery river, and cut its waters with the arrowy flight of a bird.—At length Buenos Ayres lay before them in the distance, with the broad, clear, bright moonlight spread over it like a heavenly robe. The wind died away, and the vessel lay gently moving on the bosom of that majestic river, like a child playing itself into slumber.

Midnight came—Rose had an eye like a burning glass—the crisis was at hand—all looked to her for direction. Her lover, according to his promise, had taken his turn to be pilot, and all slept save him and the convicts. He sat at the helm looking out upon the water, and listening to the "silence audible." There was a silent motion of the sails announced by a low whistle from the pilot. In twenty minutes every man was bound fast and gagged, the convicts were armed and the vessel in full prize to the prisoners! Great noise was made about the vessel seized by the women and brought triumphantly into port. The "Lady Shore," (for that was the vessel's name) was crowded with South Americans. The bravery of the women was loudly applauded, and in three days the richest young Spaniard in the city offered himself to the bold and beautiful Rose Mac Orne.—Her promise to the pilot was forgotten. The ambitious Scotch woman now wears pearls and diamonds in plenty; and most of her sister convicts are at the head of respectable families in Buenos Ayres.

The wife of Dryden, one morning, having come into his study at an unseasonable time, when he was intently employed in some composition, and finding that her husband did not attend to her, exclaimed, "Mr. Dryden, you are always poring over these musty books; I wish I was a book, for then I should have more of your company."—"Well, my dear," replied the poet, "when you do become a book, pray let it be an almanac, for then at the end of the year I shall lay you quietly on the shelf, and be able to pursue my studies without interruption."

Practice does not always make perfect. "You cough with difficulty," said a man to his sick friend. "That's strange," he replied, "for I have been practising all night."

From the Lady's Book.

The following is the "composition" to which was awarded the gold medal, in the graduating class of Rutger's Female Institute, in this city at its first commencement. The committee which awarded the prize, consisted of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, and Mr. Kinney, of Newark. Their report was not a little complimentary. Perhaps more through the eloquence of the reader, (Mr. Kinney) than from any merit of its own, it drew deeply upon the sensibilities of a very crowded audience:

LAST DAY OF EVE.

It approached the evening twilight. The mother of mankind was placed by her descendants in front of her tent, reclining on a rude couch. The western wind fanned her pale cheek and played amidst her grey locks. Near her sat her husband. Eve turned her eye upon him with a look of sadness, yet of deep affection, and as she saw his wrinkled brow, bent form, and head of snowy whiteness, seemed to call to her mind other days.

Inwardly she reproached herself. "Ah, not thus was it I saw him when given to him by our God. Where has vanished that manly form—where is the elastic step—where the eye that beamed with brightness—where now the rich and mellow voice? Alas, how changed! And it was I who tempted, who destroyed him—I the wife—the cherished companion—I bade him eat, and now what is *he*, who but for *me*, had know neither pain nor sorrow, nor age.

"And what remains of her on whose beauty he then gazed with unsated delight? A trembling, wrinkled form, just sinking into the grave.

"Where is now that paradise with its rich fruits—that balmy air which brought on every breath a tribute to each happy sense—those rays which warmed but never scorched? And sadder, sadder still, where now is that blissful intercourse with Him, who made us rich in the happiness of living? His voice is no longer in our ears—driven from bliss—from scenes so lovely—the earth cursed—sin, sorrow, and death the inheritance of our children."

Our mother was overcome by the rush of recollections. Her eyes, long dry, found new fountains, and her aged form shook with deep emotion.

It may be that Adam had been indulging in musings not unlike to these, for he was startled as if from a reverie by the emotions of his wife. The old man placed himself beside her. She laid her head on the bosom which had so often soothed its throbbings.

"What moves thee, Eve?"

"Oh, my husband, how canst thou show kindness to her who has done all this? Thou wast young and knew only happiness, and all around was formed to delight our every sense; and I, who should have strengthened thy virtue, fell, and dragged thee with me, the partner of my sin, to this depth of ruin. And after a few years of toil and anxiety, we are about to lay these worn out frames in the dust.

"But for sin we had lived in perpetual youth, and feared no change. The threatened death has worked slowly, but surely; and now with us his work is nearly done.

"The first to sin, it was meet that I should first return to dust. Had the guilt and the curse been only mine, I might endure it. But I see thee now, and I compare thee with what thou wast as it seems to me but yesterday.

"A few days will lay thee low. Let our children place us side by side in the cold earth. I know not why it is, yet it seems to me there will be comfort in our bodies dissolving together, as if there will be something of consciousness in the lifeless dust.

"Little of comfort as is now left in life, yet I cannot endure the thought that I shall utterly cease to be!

"Adam, thou hast often given me words of consolation. Is there aught can cheer me, now I am to bid thee farewell?

"Thou seest yonder sun—*thou* wilt again see *him* rise and set, he is bidding *me* a last adieu.—Sense shall soon cease forever, and no light shall again enter these eyes."

The old man wiped the tears that fell on the wrinkled brow of his partner. A sudden light was upon his countenance, as if a new lamp had been lit up in his soul. Eve saw it, and it brought to her a gleam of hope; she gazed on his face as if death had lent new powers to her faded vision.

"First of women," said Adam, "claim no pre-eminence in guilt—together we sinned—together we have borne the punishment.

"But there is redemption—there is hope.

"Whilst thinking of the fearful change which betokened to my heart that its partner was about to be taken away, heavenly light beamed on my thoughts, and taught me to understand the visions which have so often visited me on my couch.

"We shall not die—there is a costly ransom provided—we must sleep under the cold earth, but we shall rise again in the freshness of that youth which we first enjoyed; and purified from all sin, we shall walk in our Eden seven times more beautiful than when we first roved amidst its fruits and flowers. And there will be the thousands who, inheriting our evil natures, will have found a powerful Physician. And there will be that mighty Physician whose presence shall wake thousand harps to melody.

"This earth, too, so long, so greviously cursed for our sins, will come forth more than purified from every stain, and in more than the beauty of its pristine youth.

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the grave, but we shall rise together with the glad shout of gratified jubilation; and with us millions on millions of our posterity ransomed from the curse."

Adam paused, his eye fell on the face of his wife—a smile seemed to play in the brightness of hope on her pale lip, but the heart had ceased to beat, and that sleep had fallen on her which the trump of the archangel only shall disturb.

JOHN HANCOCK.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine contains the biography of John Hancock. The writer asserts that no public monument or statue has been erected to the honor of his name in our whole country. He says:—

To the memory of many others we have erected monuments and sculptured statues, and their virtues and their deeds are imperishably recorded upon the undying marble. At Savannah, a monument has been erected to the memory of the brave Pulaski; and one to Montgomery, another to Hamilton, and another to Lawrence in the city of New York. We find one to the memory of Spurzheim, a foreigner, at Mount Auburn, in Cambridge; and another at Charleston, to Harvard, the founder of the university at Cambridge which bears his name; and another at Groton, near New London; and upon the consecrated battle-ground of Lexington. While a column rears its giant proportions and lofty height to the memory of Washington, at Baltimore, a monument has also been erected at Boston, in the same burying-place where repose "unknowing and unknown" the remains of Hancock, to the PARENTS of Franklin.

It is strange that among all these and many more that we could mention, not one exists to the memory of "John Hancock." His remains sleep unnoticed beneath the soil which he, with others, freed from a tyrant's grasp, and the land which now echoes with the glad shouts of millions of freemen, contains no offering to the departed spirit of him to whom it is indebted for a large portion of its unrivalled blessings.

In the city of New York, the merchants of that great emporium of the Western world are erecting an exchange which, when completed, will rank with the noblest and most splendid edifices upon the earth. In the interior of this stately pile, let one simple niche be reserved for the statue of John Hancock, the American merchant, whose wealth was freely given, and whose life was nobly perilled in the cause of human liberty. Let an American sculptor breathe into the chiselled marble the soul, and invest it with the form, of him who should be the merchant's pride and boast; and let it stand the presiding genius of a temple reared and consecrated to the commercial interests of our great city.

MATRIMONY—PRO AND CON.—The D'Hautville case being the theme of Conversation, the Philosopher deliberately observed—"Few subjects have more perplexed me than that of marriage, but I have finally arrived at this conclusion; that it is treason against nature to marry for money; treason against policy and prudence to marry for love, and treason against society not to marry at all."

So society, the Philosopher wiped his blue spectacles with a piece of wash leather, which he always carries in his vest pocket, and his thin thrifty house-keeper, absorbed by his words of wisdom, run her needle into her thumb.—*Bost. Post.*

"I'll be hanged if I do," as the butcher said when Satan tempted him to steal a sheep.

LOVE AND SMOKING.—Doct. Macauly of St. Louis, while lecturing before the Mechanics' Institute of that place recently, told the following anecdote of smoking:

"A young gentleman, very much devoted to smoking, had paid his addresses to a young lady, whose parents objected to the union, merely because he indulged, as they thought, in the use of tobacco. The young lady, however, prepossessed in his favor, prevailed upon him to abandon the habit, that the union might take place. The antipathy of the mother, however, to smoking, continued unabated, and she was still skeptical as to the fact of his reformation on that score, and to test her daughter's account that he had given up the practice of smoking, she invited him to spend a few days at her house with the family. No symptoms of smoking appeared till one evening when the mamma, before retiring to rest, fancied she smelt something like the fumes of tobacco in his bed-room. She looked through the key-hole, and lo! and behold! the gentleman was caught in the act, puffing away, with his feet upon the grate, and thinking, no doubt, of the many happy days with his beloved object. The mother, in haste, ran down stairs, called for her daughter, said she had found him still smoking, and wished her to come up immediately and see. They flew up stairs; the mother looked again into the key-hole, saying to the daughter, "Did I not tell you he still smoked?—look in and see." "Ah, but mother," said the daughter, "*does he not smoke beautifully?*"

DEATH NOT A PAINFUL PROCESS.—It has been observed, says the Anatomy of Suicide, that many commit suicide from a notion that death from natural causes is attended with considerable agony. This is the generally received notion, but is an erroneous one. Those who have often witnessed the act of dying allow that it is not a painful process. In some delicate and irritable persons, a kind of struggle is indeed sometimes excited when respiration becomes difficult; but more frequently the dying obviously suffer nothing, and express no uneasiness. Those who die of chronic diseases, the gradation is slow and distinct. Consumptive patients are sometimes in a dying state for several days; they appear at times to suffer little, but to languish for complete dissolution; nay, we have known them to express great uneasiness when they have been recalled from the commencement of insensibility by the cries of their friends, or the efforts of the attendants to alleviate pain. In observing persons in this situation, we have always been impressed with an idea that the approach of natural death produces a sensation similar to that of falling asleep. The disturbance of respiration is the only apparent source of uneasiness to the dying; and sensibiliiy seems to be impaired just in proportion to the decrease of that function. Besides, both the impressions of present objects and those recalled by memory are influenced by the extreme debility of the patient whose wish is for absolute rest. We could never see the close of life under these circumstances without recollecting those beautiful lines of Spencer:—

"Sleep after toil—port after stormy seas;
Ease after war—death after life, doth greatly please."

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—"Hope not for perfect happiness," said Madam de Maintenon to the princess of Savoy, on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy; "there is no such thing on earth, and though there were, it does not consist in the possession of riches. Greatness is exposed to afflictions even more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed, nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confident. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other, sallies of ill humor with patient mildness. Be obliging, without putting great value on your favors. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants, who would be free themselves and have us confined. You need not be at the pains to examine whether their rights be well founded; it is enough if they are established. Pray God to keep you from jealousy.—The affections of a husband are never to be gained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behavior."

A man isolated from all others, necessarily deprived of language, intelligence and love, would be a sort of monster, without origin, without tie, without name, an undefinable something that would be regarded with terror.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1840.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Reader, another year has left us, has passed from Earth, has changed from Time to Eternity, leaving behind a thousand pangs, ten thousand thrills of pleasure. The Record of the Past! who shall penoil it? How vast the volume, how infinite its characteristics and subjects, how congregated and complex the emotions that crowd upon the tumultous waves of retrospection! Rife with agony! blessed with ecstacy!

But 1840, it is almost gone. The last throb of its feeble pulse gives token that the final aspiration is almost over. The last faint murmur is echoing, in weakening accents, away over the retreating hills, still farther and farther, till soon it will die in the misty distance, and be heard no more forever. Farewell 1840, we shall see thee no more!

But hold, MEMORY grasps thee,—HISTORY shall retain thee. Yes, the intellect of man shall triumph over the shadowings of oblivion, shall retrace its erasures, and again utter the intonations of all pains, all joys, all fears and hopes, and give back in fearful accents the stifled harrowings of vice, or in silver tones, the sweet enchantings of virtue.

With you, our patrons, we commenced a happy year. Our hopes were high, our anticipations bright, and a generous joy was mingled with every act. Have these prospects given what they promised, or what we promised ourselves? Doubtless the shade of disappointment has passed upon many a brow, and the bitter sigh pierced many a heart. And some, alas, as full of life as we, who commenced with us this volume, have gone to their changeless, eternal destiny.

Must we part now? Shall we commune together no more? With some of you we must part. To such, a kind adieu. With many of you we hope to pass another year, at least, if not many years. We hope, not without good reason, to make our visits still more agreeable and beneficial, and to lighten your way with a GEM of more brilliant lights and more intrinsic worth.—To this end we have been to considerable pains and exertion, to engage several correspondents of enviable ability, whose powers to please and instruct, may rank high with the periodical contributors of our country. We believe we faithfully redeemed our pledges of the past year; we shall exert our powers to do so the ensuing.

SNOW A SUBSTITUTE FOR EGGS.—We see it stated in Mrs. Gilman's Ladies' Annual Register for 1840, without believing it though, that "snow is a good substitute for eggs, either in puddings or pan-cakes. Two large spoonsful will, it is said, supply the place of an egg, and the article it is used in, will be equally good. The snow may be taken up from any clean spot before it is wanted, and will not lose its virtue, though the sooner it is used the better." There will probably be no harm in making the experiment as *melted snow* is rather a harmless ingredient "either in puddings or pan-cakes"

☞ "The Astorogan (Little Falls) Enterprize," a Literary and Family, after the 1st of January, will take the title of the *Mohawk Mirror*, and will be published semi-monthly, at $1 per year.

A jury being charged with an old woman, accused of stealing, moved by the infirmities and miserable appearance of the prisoner, returned the following verdict:—"We find her NOT GUILTY, and hope she will never do so any more!"

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

FAT AND LEAN.—There are among our species those who are emphatically fat and those who are emphatically lean. The former may very appropriately be described as a sort of human dodo—a rotund conglomeration of animal matter, totally divested of all angular points, and of a diameter not conceivable by persons of limited ideas; and the latter as a perpendicular column of bones, which, it is true, are covered with skin, and the skin again with habiliments—but the only idea conveyed to the mind, is that of bones.

INDELICACY OF AUTHORS.—One of the greatest literary evils of the day, is the gross indecency with which a large proportion of our most popular works of fiction abound. In this respect, however, there has been a change for the better of late years in American novels; but still in most of these there are pages which, if read to a virtuous company, would mantle the cheek with shame.

ABBOTTSFORD.—The country about Abbottsford, the residence of the late Sir Walter Scott, is represented as being very dreary, and the house itself as looking from a distance like a small, low castle, buried in stunted trees, on the side of a long, sloping upland or moor.

WHITTLING.—The Europeans understand the whittling propensities of the Yankees so well, that the only evidence they desire of the presence of a Jonathan amongst them, is to find the marks of a penknife on the fences, seats and trees of their parks and promenades.

THE PYRAMIDS.—The Egyptians, the first who entertained the doctrine of the resurrection of the spirit, embalmed their mummies and constructed their pyramids, to preserve the ancient mansion of the soul until the distant period of their reunion.

TURKISH SIMILE.—The Turks are famous for similes. On taking the principal citadel of an island, they neglected to besiege three small forts. "We have the old hen," said the Ottoman commander; "the chickens will be sure to follow."

THE EUROPEAN FASHION.—In London, the custom among equipages on the high road, is to "turn to the left," instead of "the right;" and in Paris, the young "bloods of the whip" sit on the left seat of a stanhope.

ST. GEORGE.—The renowned St. George, the tutelar saint of England, the patron of arms and chivalry, was a low, unprincipled, dishonest scoundrel, if any reliance may be placed in history.

HIGH BIRTH.—The English think as much of high birth as a monkey does of a splendid tail.—One of their distinguished writers says, "There is a *scoundrelism* about persons of low birth."

OSSIAN.—It is the opinion of many learned men, that these remarkable poems were composed by a Caledonian.

DISTINGUISHED WHELPS.—The founders of the Romans and the Turks, are both supposed to have been suckled by she-wolves.

HYPOCRITES.—There are three hells in the *hereafter* of Mahomet, the lowest of which is reserved for hypocrites.

AMBITION.—The idolators of fame possess but one leading characteristic—a disregard of the means by which they accomplish their designs.

CICERO.—Plutarch says that Cicero's stomach was so weak, that he could not eat till a late hour in the day.

YOUTHFUL GENIUS.—Earth has nothing so fervid as the conceptions of youthful genius.

ENGLISH SPORTS.

The lower classes of the Johnny Bulls occasionally indulge in recreations of a very *high* order, the tendency of which is at least to improve their bodily faculties, though their intellectual may not be materially benefitted thereby. Of these sports, the following may be taken as a fair sample:

A pole, 30 or 50 feet in height, is erected on the green, perfectly smooth, and well greased, on the top of which is firmly placed a leg of mutton, to which any one is entitled who shall succeed in climbing the pole and bringing it down. After a number shall have unsuccessfully made the attempt, not, however, without making themselves quite as glossy as the pole, perhaps one, more agile than his predecessors, succeeds in securing the prize, amidst the shouts and cheers of the spectators.

The following fete at "ground tumbling," is often given: Five or six men are placed in sacks, which are tied up firmly round their necks, their arms being enclosed, when a short race, usually of 100 yards, commences, and is prosecuted either by running, jumping or rolling, at the option of the competitors. After numerous falls and awkward exhibitions, one, more *lucky* than the rest, arrives at the desired goal, frequently with a bloody nose and bruised limbs, and obtains as his reward, a new hat or a pair of shoes.

The *ladies* also often run races for new frocks, and the girls for ribbons for their hats; but they seldom, if ever, submit to the sack operation.

But perhaps the most ludierous of the low English sports, is that of hog riding! A rude amphitheatre is constructed, into which two huge hogs, trained for the purpose, are turned, when each is mounted by a boy—the one who first *coaxes* his swinish steed three times round the circus, (for it is impossible to drive even an *educated* porker,) receives, in addition to the applause of the delighted multitude, a trifling prize. Frequently this is not very soon effected, the hogs going every way but the right one, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, who are only kept at a proper distance by the use of whips.

A little girl observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed, "Why ma, there's a geese got corsets on. It looks just like sister Sally."

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The following Odes were read at the celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims, at the First Presbyterian Church in this city, on the evening of the 22d instant:

The Landing of the Pilgrims.

AN ODE,

Written for the celebration of that event by the "Rochester Athenæum—Young Men's Association"—Dec. 22, 1840—By D. W. CHAPMAN *of Rochester.*

A bark is on the heaving deep,
By cold New England's wintry land;
And, tossing with each billow's sweep,
It nears at length the rocky strand;—
And grateful hearts are beating high
As first they tread that frozen sod,
And hail as blest the land and sky
That give FREE WORSHIP OF THEIR GOD!

They came—a stern devoted band—
From homes and kindred left afar;
And raised amidst a desert land
Their altar, like the morning star,
Which beameth on the waning night,
'Till widely o'er the waken'd earth,
As if enkindled at its light,
The full resplendant DAY hath birth.

By mount and sea, by rock and stream,
As gleamed afar that altar-fire,
Reflecting still its heavenly beam,
Rose Learning's hall and sacred spire—
And Freedom lit her torch, and flung
Her standard to its blaze unfurled,
'Till her loud shout of triumph rung
Abroad upon a startled world!

OUR PILGRIM SIRES!—with reverence tread
Above the slumber of their dust!—
The grave knows not a nobler dead,
Nor memory hath a holier trust
Than still to keep its sacred light—
Like spring with noon-day radiance crowned—
Forever beaming full and bright
Their hallowed deeds and name around!

Hymn,

Written in commemoration af the Landing of the Pilgrims—for the "Rochester Athenæum—Young Men's Association"—By W. H. C. HOSMER, *of Avon.*

They landed not, a bannered host
Eager the battle-shock to brave
Upon a rude and rocky coast
Lashed by the moaning wintry wave.

No heart-corroding thirst for gain
Far, far away lured son and sire
From pleasant homes beyond the main
Cheered by church-bell and village spire.

Frail ones, to hardship uninured,
Maid, wife and grandam, bowed and pale,
Without complaining word, endured
The buffet of the freezing gale.

They recked not though the beast of prey
By night was on his bloody walk,
And prowled the red man forth to slay,
Armed with his murderous tomahawk.

O, higher, holier motives far,
Than painful quest of golden sand,
Or love of desolating war
Nerved to high deed that little band!

What brought they to a wild remote?
Stern hearts that danger could not quell—
The *zeal* with which a MILTON wrote,
The *creed* for which a HAMPDEN fell!

Clad in coarse pilgrim garb, they came
To GIVE A MIGHTY EMPIRE BIRTH;
And kindled up an altar-flame
That lights the gloom of guilty earth.

On them devolved a mighty task!—
They robbed the bigot of his cowl,
And wrenched from Tyranny the mask
That curtained features black and foul.

An acorn in the soil by them
Was sown beneath a frowning sky,
From which an oak of giant stem
Grew up and tossed its boughs on high;

Gashed victims of the greedy sword,
While thunder shook the conflict-ground,
The best blood of their hearts have poured
Its firm, extending roots around:

And now beneath its guardian shade,
When, hunted from their native shore,
Gather THY WRONGED, O, Earth!—afraid
Of quest-hounds on the track no more.

Then honored be the Pilgrims old
Who planted well that noble Tree,
While springs a blossom from the mould,
Or roll the waters of the sea!

Proud of descent from such a stock,
Let gratitude our bosoms warm;
And EVER-HALLOWED BE THE ROCK
ON WHICH THEY LANDED IN THE STORM!

Landing of the Pilgrims.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The breaking waves dash'd high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,
They the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst the pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
—They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

A REMARKABLE LIKENESS.—"Col. W. is a fine looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You! why you are as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that! I was taken for him—I endorsed his note, and was *taken* for him by the sheriff!"—*Har. Tel.*

MARRIED:

In this city, last evening, 23d instant, by Rev. J. Chase, Mr. Perry Babcock, to Miss Amanda Hutchinson, all of this city.

In this city, on the 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. ISAAC W. LEONARD to Miss EMILY JANE ADAMS, all of this city.

In this city, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. JOHN HATCH to Miss OLIVE HODGES, all of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. John Q. Poppy, to Miss Hepzibah Hill, all of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. A. C. VAN BRUNT, to Miss SARAH MARIA FISH, all of this city.

In this city, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Elisha Tucker, Mr. B. W. DURFEE, to Miss JULIA ANN BIGNALL, all of this city.

In this city, on the evening of the 3d inst., by Rev. J. Chase, SCHUYLER MOSES, Esq. to Miss BERTHA CALLENDER, both of this city.

In this city, on the 3d inst., by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Gideon Leavenworth to Miss Martha Dannals, all of this city.

In this city, on the 23d inst., by Rev. J. Chase, Mr. HIRAM MUSSON, of Byron, Genesee county, to Miss PHEBE ANN SHAW, of Lyons, Wayne county.

In Canandaigua, on the 26th ult., by Rev. M. L. R. P. Thompson, Mr. Charles A. Keeler, of North Bristol, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Robert Royce.

In Barre, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Samuel La Mont, of Gaines, to Miss Laura Phelps, of the former place,

In Walworth, Wayne county, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Mandeville, Mr. WM. H. HAWLEY to Miss LAURA KELLY, both of Rochester.

In Brockport, Dec. 8th, by Rev. P. P. Stockton, Mr. Lucius W. Blakesly, of Rochester, to Miss Mary F. Cole, of the former place,

In Byron, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Childs, Doct. Isaac D. Fowler, to Miss Charlotte F., daughter of Ezra Coan, Esq., all of that place.

At Clyde, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Otis Morton, Mr. John Johnson, of Mccedou, to Miss Maria, daughter of Dr. John Hilleman, of the former place.

In Ohio City, on Wednesday, the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Canfield, Mr. JULIUS A. SAYLS to Miss HELEN WHITE, all of Ohio City.

In Troy, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Dr. Beman, Mr. WILLIAM W. BREWSTER, of the firm of G. A. Avery & Co. of this city, to Miss JULIA A. NOYES, of the former place.

In Penn Yan, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Ira G. Smith, Mr. Henry A. Tyler, to Miss Lydia E. Higley, all of that place.

In Rushville, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. M. Gelston, Mr. JOHN SAYRE, to Miss SARAH H. PEABODY, all of Rushville.

At St. Luke's Church, Brockport, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chipman, Mr. JAMES BRACKETT, of this city, to Miss MARY A. ADAMS, of the former place.

In the Baptist Church in Penn Yan, on Sunday, the 29th ult., by Rev. O. Montague, Mr. GEORGE M. WINANTS to Miss MARION NASH, all of Penn Yan.

In Greece, Monroe county, Nov. 24, by the Rev. J. B. Olcott, Mr. Stephen Mead, of Somerset, Niagara county, to Miss Phebe Perrin, of Cuba, Allegany county.

In Gates, on the 29th ult., by S. A. Yerkes, Esq., Mr. David Marshall to Miss Susan Oakley, all of Gates.

In Parma, Nov. 25, by Rev. H. B. Dodge, Mr. Penfield D. Hipp, of Penfield, to Miss Margaret Roberts, of Rochester.

In Warsaw, on the 16th ult, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Mr. John Keeny to Miss Sarah E. Hibbard.

In Perry, on the 22d ult., by Rev. Richard L. Waite, Mr. Alfred Abell to Miss Abigail M. Kent, of Covington. Also, on the 1st ult., by Mr. S. Wheat, Mr. Willard Gibbs, of Perry, to Miss Emeline Davis, of Springwater. By the same, on the 20th ult., Mr. William Moore, of Middlebury, to Miss Roxana Vennepps, of Warsaw. On the 12th ult., by Rev. Mr. Alverson, Mr. Oscar Edgerly to Miss Charlotte Kingsley, all of Perry.

In North-East, Dutchess county, on the 22d ult., by the Rev. Lee Cost, of Plattekill, Mr. MILLS HOBBIE, of Rochester, to Miss MARIA, only daughter of Jeremiah Sornberger, Esq. of the former place.

In Penfield, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. T. Parker, Mr. A. F. Case, to Miss Asenath L. daughter of Daniel Fuller, Jr. Esq. all of that town.

In Montreal, L. C., at Rose Mount, the residence of A. Goodenough, Esq., M. Dudley Bean, Cashier of the Union Bank, to Mary, daughter of the late Samuel Curtis, Esq., of Hartford, Conn.

In Geneseo, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. Lloyd Windsor, Mr. Riley J. Austin, to Miss Agnes Welbasky, all that village.

In Lindon, Genesee county, on the 22d October last, by Elder Leach, of Wyoming, Mr. Andrew G. Waldron, to Miss Calista Smith, both of the former place.

In Mt. Morris, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Shute, Mr. James Depew to Miss Mariah Whitenack, all of that town. Also, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Lloyd Windsor, Mr. Riley J. Austin to Miss Agnes Welbasky, all of Geneseo. Also, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Pennel, Mr. Benjamin S. Burgess, of Nunda, to Miss Cornelia Richards.

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